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The Pacific Monthly.

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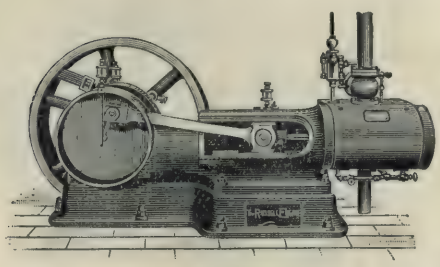
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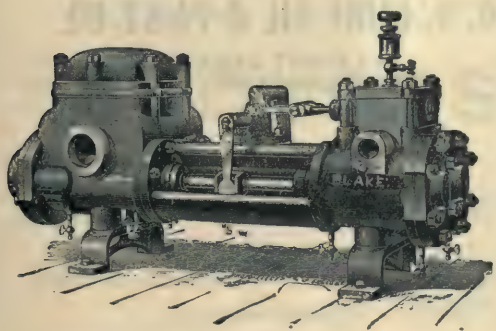
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CAMP SCENES.

See article on Oregon Emergency Corps.

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PHYSICIAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE NORTHWEST.

By CAPT. CLEVELAND ROCKWELL, Late of U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey.

THE earlier exploration of the northwest coast of America was made first in the interests of commerce. The wonderful discovery of Columbus produced such an excitement of adventure that in the thirty years succeeding that momentous event the whole world had been circumnavigated by Magellan, and the entire eastern coast of America, from Greenland to Cape Horn, explored, and the Pacific ocean discovered and navigated. The investigation of our subject carries us backward over the lapse of time and through the vistas of many years while tracing the trackless pathways of the intrepid navigators of old.

The only monuments and mile-stones left to mark those devious paths are the great capes, islands and rocks along the shores, the rivers, waterways and sounds, and, towering above them all, the glistening ice-clad peaks, set like jewels on the mountain summits, piercing the sky, and often visible from the decks of their small but venturesome vessels.

The northwest coast of America was discovered by that marine marauder, Sir Francis Drake, who made a landing in latitude 48 degrees, on the coast of Washington, in the year 1558.

The mythical Juan de Fuca, said to be a Greek pilot with one of the Spanish navigators, made a survey of the coast as far as latitude 55 degrees north, and, at all events, the great strait between Washington and British Columbia bears his name.

Among the early navigators who visited the coast were La Perouse, Mofras, Cook, Meares, Portlock, Viscaino, Lesiansky, Heceta, Quadra, Vancouver, and many others. Many of these expeditions were sent out for purposes of trade and barter in furs with the native tribes, or in the vague hope of conquest or gold.

That greatest of navigators, Captain James Cook, in the year 1778, while attempting to realize the dream of explorers and crowned heads. the discovery of a northwest passage through the continent of America, as a short route to the East Indies, sailed along the coast, and named the most prominent capes as far as Cook's inlet, in Alaska, in 60 degrees north latitude. In 1792-4, Captain George Vancouver, of the British navy, in two vessels, the Discovery and the Chatham, made a complete survey of the coast, from California to Alaska, and in his endeavors to find the hypothetical northwest passage pushed his surveys into every inlet penetrating the continent, until satisfied that a passage did not exist. To him, more than to any other of the old navigators, we owe the prominent names of the coast, from Puget sound, through the devious passages of British America and Alaska, to Cook's inlet. In naming the many places he visited, the noble families of princes, dukes, ambassadors, lords of the navy, brother officers and friends have all been remembered and their names perpetuated for ages to come.

Vancouver had been a midshipman under Captain Cook in his first voyages, and was a very industrious and most accomplished navigator. Vancouver did not discover the Columbia river, but, having

fallen in with the discoverer, Captain Gray, sent the vessel Chatham, under Lieutenant Broughton, who anchored near Astoria and with his boats explored the river as far as the present city of Vancouver. Later additions to the geographical knowledge of the coast were made by Commodores Wilkes, Belcher and others. The more accurate and detailed surveys of the coast were commenced in 1851, by the United States coast and geodetic survey, and still later the interior surveys have been begun by the geological survey.

In the course of time, complete information of the topography, hydrography, geology, botany, climate and resources of every kind will have been collected, sufficient for a history of physical geography.

In 1804-5, the memorable expedition across the continent by Captains Lewis and Clark gave to the world the first information of the interior of the country. At later dates, exploring expeditions under Fremont, Stevens and others made still further known the broad geographical features of the territory.

The title to the country was finally confirmed to the United States by the Louisiana purchase from France in 1803, and, after much contention, the consummation of the Ashburton treaty with England in 1842 defined the limits of our neighbor's territory on the north at latitude 49 degrees. The very late purchase of the great territory of Alaska from Russia extended the limits of the Northwest far towards the frozen ocean, and nearly to the Asiatic coast. The geographical outlines of the northwest coast, the great mountain chains, the general courses of the rivers, are familiar to all.

The topographical aspects are exceedingly varied. The great Cascade range of mountains, about 130 miles from and parallel with the coast line, a continuation of the Sierra Nevada chain in California, rises to a general height of 6,000 or 7,000 feet, extends into British Columbia, and is traced to the far North. The Coast range, reaching elevations of 3,000 or 4,000 feet in places, about thirty or forty miles distant from and parallel to the coast, can also be traced for long distances north and south, as a distinct mountain chain. Between these two ranges lies the Willamette valley, one of the most fertile areas of land on the surface of the earth.

Transverse ranges and spurs connect these two great mountain systems at intervals, and between them lie the Umpqua and Rogue River valleys. To the north of the Columbia no great valleys occur, the streams draining the western slope of the Cascades having but narrow valleys, with rolling country between.

Through the two mountain ranges lateral or transverse rents occur at intervals, where great streams like the Columbia and Fraser rivers, and lesser ones like the Klamath, Rogue, Umpqua, Stickeen, Skagit and Skeena break through a passage to the sea. The great gorge of the Columbia is the only transverse rent which has been cut down to a tide-water level.

East of the Cascade mountains are several independent mountain systems, as the Blue mountains, the Coeur d'Alene and the Bitter Root mountains, a chain of the Rockies, and, towards the north, the great Selkirk range.

Eastern Washington and Oregon is largely an elevated plateau of great fertility, the southeastern portion of the state extending into Nevada being a volcanic plateau of arid land. To a tourist traveling up the Columbia river, the country presents anything but an attractive appearance, and he would be likely to observe, on further inspection of the country, that the valley of the Columbia contained all the sand, and the fertile lands occupied the hills.

The lake systems of Oregon and Washington are small, many of the largest lakes being merely the widening of the river channels occasioned by the oscillations of level of the land or the outflow of basaltic lavas.

The transverse range of the Siskiyou mountains, which separates Oregon from California, is the highest of those chains, extending from the Cascades nearly to the coast, and produces a marked dissimilarity in the climates of the two regions. The Coast range through the state of Washington gradually breaks down to the northward, and gives place to the great mountain mass of the Olympics, terminating at Cape Flattery. These mountains reach an altitude of 7,000 to 8,000 feet,

retaining snow on the highest peaks throughout the summer season. Vancouver's island consists of another independent mass of rough mountains, except in the southeastern part, rising to elevations of 5,000 feet or more.

The country constituting the shores of Puget sound, including the numerous islands, is formed generally of immense stratified beds of clay, sand and gravel; but, going northward, the islands and headlands through the Canal de Haro, Rosario straits and the Gulf of Georgia become high and rocky.

Still further to the northward, through the wonderful labyrinth of fiords and inlets forming the inland navigation passages of British America, and up through the hundreds of islands of the Archipelago Alexander, in Alaska, as far as Cross sound and Glacier bay, the shores maintain their rugged, rocky character. The channels through these islands are very deep, the charts often showing 100 fathoms and no bottom; and, at the head of nearly every fiord penetrating the continent, great glaciers force their way down to the salt water. Above Cross sound the immense mountain range containing the peaks of Mounts Fairweather, Cook and Crillon commences, running northwest and culminating in Mount St. Elias, the loftiest mountain in North America. In this latitude the peninsula of Alaska projects towards the southeast, and in continuation the Fox islands, running along nearly parallel with the Arctic circle, stretch away towards the shores of Asia. The great river, Yukon, rises in British America, eastward of Mount St. Elias, traverses the whole width of Alaska, touching the Arctic circle, and flowing through many mouths into Behring sea.

To the north of this river the country is entirely unexplored, but is believed to be a sterile, treeless waste, covered with a thick growth of spagnum or moss, to the shores of the Arctic ocean.

The coast of Oregon and Washington, from the California line to Cape Flattery, runs nearly north and south, and presents no very great projections of capes, and affords but few harbors for vessels in distress.

The spurs of the Coast range of mountains often reach the seashore, and when the land first emerged from the waters the ocean reached much further inland than at present. Formerly the waves of the ocean broke directly on the shores of Young's bay and the present site of Astoria, as far as Tongue point. Afterwards the ocean currents, following along the shores, deposited the sand washed down from the cliffs, in the long beaches reaching from headland to headland, leaving an opening or entrance whose width was determined by the area of the tidal basins enclosed within.

Gradually the tide lands were built up from the silt brought down the streams, and the two great forces, the sea on one side and the enclosed waters on the other, established the present forms of the numerous small bays along the coast. Port Orford, on the southern coast of Oregon, is the largest and best summer roadstead, but it is exposed to the fury of winter gales. Destruction island, off the Washington shore, is the only spot of land on the coast large enough to be called an island.

The influence of man in improving for his benefit the conditions imposed by nature may be instanced in the works at the entrance to the Columbia river, where in place of a dangerous channel and bar a very good and secure one has been formed. The tremendous forces of nature may often be seen on our coasts in the effects produced by ocean waves breaking on the shore. In the summer of 1877, while at work on the adjacent coast, a very high tide occurred, with an immense surf rolling in from the westward, the result of some storm far out at sea. The beach had been piled up with drifting sand to a great depth, and the sea rose so high as to lash the foot of the cliffs; but one high tide sufficed to level the beach as smooth as a floor, and sweep the sand into the ocean, a result that 100,000 laborers could not have accomplished in many years.

The bottom of the ocean, off the shores of Oregon and Washington, is mainly a smooth plateau or floor, having a very gentle, regular slope many miles off the coast. The continuity of this sub-ocean plain is broken is some places by ranges of submarine hills, parallel with the Coast range. The summits of these hills are known as banks, and are the feeding-

grounds (as well as the fishing-grounds) for vast numbers of fish. The streams or currents of the ocean along the northwest coast are dominated by the effects of the Japanese stream, the great ocean current of the Pacific, which, having its rise in the warm regions of the tropics, flows past the coast of Japan, and, crossing over, loses itself on the American shores. The course and effect of this stream is very similar to the well-known Gulf stream of the Atlantic. It keeps the temperature of the ocean at nearly a constant degree of warmth throughout the year, and we shall see that it has the effect of maintaining a very modified and mild winter climate in comparatively high latitudes.

The ocean currents, however, are changed by the force and direction of the prevailing winds on this coast. For nearly half of the year, northwest winds prevail along the whole coast, while during the winter months the winds come from the southeast and southwest. The summer winds, far off the coast, are the trade winds, and blow from the southwest, gradually shifting, as the coast is approached, to the northwest. In winter the southerly winds pile up the waters along the coast, and, flowing off, produce a strong current to the northward, as is seen by the frequent presence of redwood logs cast up on the shores, a tree which hardly appears north of the California line. The prevailing winds of summer, blowing from off the ocean, maintain a very equable degree of temperature over the land, as far as their influence reaches, a temperature entirely controlled by the effects of the Japan stream. The polar current of cold, Arctic waters, flowing down through Behring straits, owing to the difference in specific gravity of warm and cold water, settles down and flows underneath the warm equatorial waters.

The winds blowing over the warm surface waters absorb the radiated heat and maintain the high annual mean temperature over our land, which we enjoy. Were it not for the great modification in climate produced by the Japan stream, the limit of perpetual snow would reach far down the slopes of the Cascade mountains, and the glaciers of Mount Hood and Mount Adams probably reach to the Columbia river. The effects of these winds are felt along the coast as far inland as the Cascade mountains.

East of that great barrier, the summers are warmer and the winters colder than on the west. The climate in other respects is very dissimilar, rain being more prevalent on the west, and snow on the east side of these mountains.

The geological features of the northwest coast are well marked. The eozoic formation is found in the Coast range and in the Blue mountains—but the greatest exemplification of any geologic age in the Northwest is the volcanic.

The Sierra Nevada and Cascade range was elevated at the close of the Jurassic period, but not to its present height. At the end of the Miocene period, simultaneously with the elevation of the Coast range, the Cascade and Sierra Nevada mountains were lifted up to their present great elevation, and, under the tremendous pressure, seem to have been rent and fissured along the entire crest from Middle California to the far North in British America. During this elevation took place the most stupendous exhibition of volcanic and eruptive energy of any age or part of the world, great floods of liquid lava and basalt pouring from the Cascade range, covering nearly the whole of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, and extending into Nevada, California and British Columbia, and into the ocean. This great deposit flowed over the country in waves and sheets, filling the beds of rivers and creeks to a depth of 2,000 to 4,000 feet, and utterly destroying all life. The gloomy canyon of the Snake river is a most striking illustration of the depth of the lava flow, where may be seen along its terraced sides the thickness of the successive sheets. The bottom of this lava flow is an unknown depth below the sea level, as can be seen in the great ocean capes and in the bluffs along the Columbia river. Towards the close of this eruption, the vents of the imprisoned fires became confined to the points known as Mounts Shasta, Hood, Rainier, etc., from which liquid lava, scoriae, pumice and ashes continued to be emitted for a long period, building up their cones to a height probably far above their present altitude. The action of glaciers and melting ice is believed to have worn away the height of

these great peaks 1,000 feet or more, and in most instances all traces of a crater have been obliterated. Crater lake occupies a crater of what was probably a great lava vent in the earlier outflow. It is 6,000 feet above the sea level, and, being nearly 2,000 feet in depth, is the deepest body of fresh water in North America. On all these great peaks of the Cascade and Sierra Nevada range, of which the most southern is Lassen's butte, in Plumas county, California, solfataras, or hot springs, abound, an evidence that the subterranean fires are not yet extinct. Mount Vesuvius was not known to be a volcano until the year 79 A. D., when it broke forth in the momentous eruption that buried the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii under a deluge of ashes and mud, and for nearly 2,000 years since has been periodically active.

There are traditions that Lassen's butte, Mounts Hood and St. Helens have given evidence of being still alive, but no great outburst of lava has probably taken place for a long period. Lassen's butte shows more signs of activity than any volcanic cone in the Sierra Nevada range, boiling springs, fumerells, geysers and mud volcanoes on a small scale being constantly active and energetic on the south side of that peak. On the peninsula of Alaska, however, and on several of the Aleutian islands, the volcano of Illiamnoe, the Redobt volcano and others are still alive and active. The great capes along the coast are generally of basaltic lavas, the result of the ancient flow; the sea, that great leveler, having eaten away the softer Tertiary deposits, leaving the harder material projecting far into the ocean.

Cape Lookout, for instance, projects two miles from the beach into deep water. It is a great basaltic dike, perpendicular along the south face, 430 feet high at the point, and nearly 1,000 feet high where the coast trail passes over.

When the Cascade range was elevated large bodies of the ocean were enclosed between that range and the Rocky mountains. The transverse fissure, now occupied by the Columbia river, was afterwards formed and served to drain the salt water from a vast portion of the interior, the sea retreating to a few of the saline lakes in Southeastern Oregon. During the cretaceous period, animal and plant life was abundant in the Northwest, as is shown by the great number of fossil remains in the valleys of the Des Chutes, Crooked and John Day rivers; also in Grand Ronde valley and Hangman's creek. Huge animals of the mastodon family wandered through the forests of the infant world, and along the grassy shores of the ancient lake grazed the gentle oreodon, unmolested by the twang of the bow-string or crack of the hunter's rifle; man had not yet appeared upon the earth.

In regard to the carboniferous measures, geologists are disposed generally to refer all the coal deposits to the Tertiary period, and class them as different forms and grades of lignite. Several deposits of coal in British America are asserted to be anthracite in character, but the anthracitic character of the deposits is claimed to be produced by heat due to local pressure only.

The coal deposits of the Northwest are found to the northward and within the Arctic circle. Coal is known to be due to the mineralized carbonaceous deposits of vegetable life; and, moreover, that life must have been very abundant and favored by the existence of a sub-tropical climate, as is shown by the fossil remains, animal and vegetable. But scientists are at a loss to account for the fact that such a climate and vegetation existed at that time in latitudes far beyond the present limits of trees, or indeed any other growth except mosses and lichens. If astronomy would admit that the poles of the earth had changed during the life of the infant world, the problem would be solved. Many authorities claim that though the poles of the earth have during past ages pointed towards far different stars than they do now, the geographical poles have always maintained the present angle with the ecliptic or plane of the earth's path around the sun, thus making the seasons always the same as now. Others, however, admit that the axis of the earth may have changed 20, 30 or 40 deg. in inclination. The subject is too involved, except for a student of science, and need not be pursued further. No thorough geological examination of the country has yet been made, and until that

is done it is impossible to study the subject in detail.

The glacial epoch is well marked in the Northwest, and all the northern canyons of the great peaks as far south as Mount Shasta still contain glaciers, many of them exceeding the celebrated glaciers of the Alps.

The glaciers become larger and reach further down the mountain sides as you go north, until Alaska is reached, where all the mountain summits are capped with wide fields of snow, and the glaciers force their way down to the sea, and every gorge is filled. During the glacial age vast fields of ice and snow covered the Northern hemisphere of both continents for a great distance from the poles to an unknown depth, driving all existing forms of animal life towards the sub-tropical zone and substituting arctic forms.

The evidence of erosive action of glaciers is unmistakable in many localities, and one of the finest effects of such action may be seen near the city of Victoria, Vancouver island. Opposite the city, across the bridge, on the reservation, is a large area of bare basaltic rock ploughed and furrowed by glacial action, the striae running from northwest to southeast. At the time the ocean wharf was building, the rock was uncovered during the process of grading a road, and the glacial markings were bright, clean and not weathered. Long grooves, generally parallel and often 10 or 12 inches deep, gouged out of the solid ledge, looked like the handiwork of a skilled stone-mason and were polished as smooth as a piece of statuary. Science is also unable to inform us of the momentous changes that must have taken place to produce the ice age, when all plant life over a large part of the Northern hemisphere was destroyed and animal life of the temperate clime driven towards subtropical regions. Some theorists have advanced the hypothesis that the surface of the sun was to a very large extent covered with spots which are now seen to prevail at successive intervals of 11½ years, and that owing to this prevalence the amount of heat and light given forth was very much lessened. This aspect of the sun being continued through many thousand years, polar conditions of climate were practically maintained over a large area of the Northern hemisphere. Gradually the ice and snow disappeared from the temperate zones, the glaciers retreated to their proper homes in the North, and life once more flourished over a smiling land.

The northwest coast, in common with all parts of the globe, has been subject to great and frequent oscillations of level, epochs of subsidence and upheaval being well marked in the Tertiary and post-Tertiary or latest geological age. These oscillations sunk the land below the surface of the ocean many thousand feet, raising it again to present elevations, as is shown by the abundance of fossil marine life on the summits of very high mountains. I have gathered shells of clams, identical with existing species, on the summit of Bald mountain, near Port Orford, 3,000 feet above the sea level. While engaged in professional duties near San Simeon, on the California coast, I discovered a bed of the "Ostrea Titan," or gigantic fossil oyster, specimens of which were two feet or more in length, with a thickness of shell near the hinges of four or five inches. A half dozen raw or on the half-shell would be a formidable dish to set before a king. Above this oyster bed was a ledge of coral rock, and there on the mountain side, among the sage-brush, blooming ceanothus and wild morning-glory, firmly cemented to the extreme point of a projecting coral rock, was the beautiful, enameled tooth of a shark. But how changed the scene; instead of some dark, unfathomed cave far beneath the blue waters, where the sea anemone opened its petals among the corals, where the fierce and predatory shark pursued its prey, the jay flew screaming down the canyon, and the wild bee hung to the nodding flowers.

The oscillations of level of the land can be studied very conveniently and near at home on the adjacent coast. There exists a long line of high cliffs between Siletz bay and the mouth of Salmon river, where the erosive action of the surf has exposed to view a great section of alternate beds of sand, gravel and marl or bog mud, in which are imbedded the roots and prostrate trunks of spruce and alder trees, of the same varieties as existing species. These trunks protrude from the banks, greatly compressed by the immense

weight of one or two hundred feet of sand and gravel, were not yet fossilized, but would burn when thrown on the campfire with but little flame, leaving an ash strongly colored with oxide of iron.

In some localities this wood has been partly carbonized, forming a semi-lignite or partial coal. These beds of fossil wood occurring as strata at three or more successive elevations in the face of the cliffs are identical in soil and vegetable products with existing tide lands, which are always formed near the level of high tides. They indicate distinct periods of repose, when the deposits of mud were forming and the trees reaching their growth. They also point to a subsidence, more or less sudden, when the deposits of sand and gravel were accumulated, followed by another cycle of building and growth. . . . Associated with the geology of the country is the study of mineralogy and the various mineral, metallic and other products of the earth.

The older mountain ranges of the Cascades, Blue mountains and Coeur d'Alenes are rich in deposits of precious and useful minerals. No portion of our country has so many and varied mineral resources as the Northwest, though the development of these hidden treasures can hardly be said to have been commenced.

The gold mining of the Northwest is principally in placer deposits. The counties of Jackson, Curry, Coos, Josephine, also Baker, Grant and Union in Eastern Oregon, are all productive of gold. Placer deposits in British Columbia, the Fraser and Stickeen rivers, and on the Yukon, all yield gold. Gold is also produced from rock quartz in Eastern Oregon and in Alaska. Silver in various ores and in lead is found and mined in great quantities in Idaho and elsewhere in the Northwest, and forms a leading industry of the country. Ores of iron, including magnetic bog and hematite varieties, are found in nearly every portion of the country, and are being worked in several localities.

Oxides and carbonates of copper occur in the southwestern counties, also chromic iron, cinnabar, platinum, tellurium and nickel. In the same region, limestone, hydraulic-cement rock, marble, granite, syenite, building sand-stones and slates, gypsum, asbestos, plumbago, brick and potters' clays, steatite and glass sand are among the valuable and varied resources of the country. Borax in the purest form, the borate of soda, is found near the sea-coast in Curry county. Chalcedony, silicified wood, jasper, carnelians and agates of great beauty are found on the banks of the Columbia and adjacent streams, particularly where the river breaks through the Coast range near Oak Point and Cathlamet. Coal is mined in a great many localities, from Coos bay to Alaska, and also east of the mountains. The most valuable coals have been found in the western foothills of the Cascades on Puget sound, on Vancouver island near Nanaimo, and at Roslyn, on the eastern slopes of the mountains.

In respect to the forests of the Northwest, the extent and value of them have been well published. The great elevated plateau east of the mountains is a treeless region, covered thinly with sage-brush, bunch-grass, juniper and dwarf pines in places, and with a little willow and cottonwood along the streams. The mountains, however, are well supplied with many varieties of trees found west of the Cascades.

It is in the western division that the flora of the country attains its richest development, and, with the exception of the Willamette and other smaller valleys, the whole northwest coast is covered with a luxuriant growth of verdure. As the palm is the characteristic tree of the tropics, so is the pine the tree of the North. Chief among the trees of the Northwest is the Douglas spruce or red fir, reaching in favored groves great height and size, and valuable for the uses of man. The redwood of the California Coast range barely steps over the state line, and its place is at once taken by the white or Oxford cedar, a variety having a very limited habitat in Oregon and found in no other part of the world. This tree having a very thin bark is easily killed by the forest fires, but still remains standing, dry and sound for many years, and it is curious to see the loggers hauling these hard white trunks to the mill to be made into lumber. The coniferous pines are represented by several species; among which are the sugar, black, silver and yellow pine. The white, lovely, yellow and

red fir, the hemlock, spruce, larch, yew, cypress, yellow and red cedar are in great numbers. Many and indeed most of these trees are exceedingly valuable to the uses of man. The deciduous trees include the white, black and yellow oak, the maple, ash, alder and laurel, besides many flowering trees.

The undergrowth in the forests is made up of many flowering trees, shrubs and plants, and the camas and wapato, flowering bulbous roots, are common, being used as food by the native tribes and Chinese. Flax is indigenous in Southern Oregon. In addition to the native woods and plants, man has introduced great varieties of each, and such is the adaptability of a generous soil and mild climate that all the trees and plants of the temperate zone and many of the sub-tropical species can be grown in some part of the Northwest. Large and varied crops of cereals and fruits are now raised on lands formerly considered useful only for grazing cattle and sheep.

The soil in most portions of the Northwest is very productive, as is well known by the large yield of wheat and other cereals grown on certain lands for many successive years, without the application of artificial fertilizers. The fertility of the land is no doubt due in a great measure to the volcanic nature of the country.

The disintegration of various lavas and basalts forms a soil rich in the mineral salts and earths adapted to the nourishment of plants and trees. Though the climate is classed as dry, as indicated by instruments used for determining relative humidity, the distinction is applicable only to the atmosphere.

The rainfall is abundant and timely to foster the growth of all plant life, and the undergrowth in the regions west of the Cascade mountains is as dense and impenetrable, though of far different character, as in the valley of the Orinoco or Amazon rivers.

The waters abound with fish, of which the various species of the salmon family are the most numerous and valued. The sturgeon, one of the oldest types of fishes, surviving the changes of thousands of years, and the taking of which was controlled by the royal perquisites of the ancient kings of England, is common—in fact, is met with every day on the sidewalks of our city. The sea is prolific of life; whales pass up and down the coast from their feeding grounds in the Arctic to their breeding grounds in the warm bays of Lower California.

Halibut and herring are caught in great quantities, and the cod-fishing grounds in Behring sea are the largest and richest in the world. Smelt and sardines visit the largest rivers in incredible numbers to deposit their spawn. Oysters, clams and other shell fish inhabit the salt-water bays, and the pholus or rock oyster bores its home in every soft rocky ledge along the coast. . . .

The fauna of the northwest coast is an interesting study, embracing every species known to the temperate zone. The black and cinnamon bear are common, and the formidable grizzly bear may be found in the mountains, if any one cares to go and look for him. The great gray wolf inhabits the gloomiest forests, but is rarely seen except when driven by deep snows to prey upon herds of sheep or cattle, and that thief of the plains, the coyote or prairie wolf, is common east of the mountains. Among the predatory animals may be mentioned the cougar or mountain lion and the Canada lynx or wildcat.

Reindeer, cariboo, elk, the mule and the Virginia deer, and the fleet-footed antelope represent the family of the cervidae.

The mouflon or big-horned sheep and the great mountain goat frequent the most inaccessible rocky peaks of the highest mountains, above the limits of perpetual snow. The fur-bearing animals, whose winter coats are sought after by man to make his winter coats, embrace numerous species, as the fur seal, sea and land otter, beaver, fisher mink, the silver, cross and red fox, muskrat and weasel or ermine. Of these animals, the fur seal is by far the most important, the capture of which is likely to lead to serious international complications. The polar bear and walrus inhabit the frozen regions, and are objects of the chase for the Northern coast tribes, and with the confinon or hair seal form their main subsistence. Harmless snakes are numerous west of the mountains, and the rattlesnake is occasionally found in the eastern portion of the country and in

Southern Oregon. Swans, geese and brant, together with nearly every known species of ducks, cranes, plover, snipe and other wading birds, are found in incredible numbers, breeding in and migrating to and from various parts of the Northwest.

Eagles, vultures, owls, hawks and buzzards are numerous, besides great varieties of song birds, and the tiny hummingbird flashes its brilliant colors through the foliage of the Alaskan summers. Grouse of several varieties, and quail are plentiful.

The Mongolian pheasant has been readily acclimated and added to the list of game birds of the country. Very many varieties of this list of animals, birds and fishes are exceedingly valuable to the uses and pursuits of man.

The varieties of the human race, indigenous to the Northwest, can be placed in two divisions, the Indian and the Aleut or Esquimaux. The vast number of natives seen and mentioned by Lewis and Clark, along the shores of the Columbia, have melted away before the advance of civilization like snow before the sun. That great numbers did exist is shown also by the numerous shell heaps, piles of kitchen middens, broken stones, pestles and mortars, arrow heads and other implements found at every advantageous point on the rivers and bays along the whole coast. Some of these deposits are laid bare by the washing away of the alluvial banks under which they have been buried for long years, as may be seen in places by the large trees growing directly over the deposits. These natives were always divided into numerous tribes, inhabiting a larger or smaller territory, and the tribal divisions were so distinctly marked and had been maintained through so many generations, that the language or dialect of one tribe could not be understood by the other. The different tribes were generally in an attitude of armed peace, or else engaged in active war, the successful contestants carrying off and making slaves of their female captives.

The fishing tribes along the coast were the least warlike or aggressive, and suffered from frequent raids and forays of their mountain neighbors. Those tribes of the interior and the North, depending more on the pursuits of the chase, were more predaceous and warlike.

The Aleuts of the Codiak peninsula and Fox islands were found to resemble in every respect of race, characteristics and mode of life the Esquimaux of the Siberian coast. Ethnologists have found that this race inhabit a circle surrounding the North Pole, and that the race types are well and distinctly marked.

Primeval man or his descendants, the aboriginal races, have, like the native race of animals, been content to pursue a life of nature, hunting, fishing, gathering the natural products of the soil and waters, or preying on each other's substance by raids and wars. With civilized man it is far different, and no view of physical geography would be complete without considering the changed aspects of the face of nature produced by the vast workings of civilized man. In the book of Genesis we are told that God gave man dominion over the earth and over every living thing, with the injunction to subdue it, and man has interpreted the text literally; for, not content with gathering the fruits and killing the animals nature presents for his sustenance, he has entered into a contest not only to take possession of the earth, but to make war upon the operations of nature herself.

Man's vast operations have not yet had the effect upon our Northwest that may be traced in other countries, but give him time and he will no doubt fulfill his contract.

The character of a race is largely influenced by its environment. It cannot be doubted that diversity of pursuits and occupation in man leads to difference in character and acquirements. The immense hordes of human beings inhabiting the wide steppes of Russia and Siberia, and the vast plains of Tartary, have for ages followed the monotonous life dictated to them by the dreary desolation of their limitless horizon.

A vast expanse of boundless prairie, barely supporting at the most favorable seasons the lives of their cattle and horses, has the natural tendency to repress all ambition and desire for elevation. They have not advanced beyond the semi-civilization of their progenitors in the occupation of tending their flocks and herds.

Their environment offers them no diversity of pursuits.

The physical geography of the Northwest shows a country so rich and varied in diversity of surface, of wide plains, smiling valleys, dense forests, broad rivers and rushing torrents, that the influence of the face of nature is inspiring. We look from some high mountain summit over the grand forests and valleys of our country, watching the clouds chase their shadows across the gorges and canyons, and, as the voices of the swaying pines, the murmur of a torrent or roar of some unseen waterfall falls upon our ear, our minds are full of thoughts that words fail to express. As we turn our faces towards the sublime height of the snow-clad mountains, lifting their peaks far above the limits of all life, our fancy takes us backward; we see again the fiery cones belching forth stones and ashes, and rivers of lava pushing their resistless course through the burning forests, and the sky covered with a sable pall, and our hearts are filled with wonder and awe.

The varied industries necessary to subdue and develop the vast resources of the country will in the future attract men of all professions and artisanships. The herdsman, the farmer, the horticulturist, the miner, the millwright, the engineer, the mechanic and cunning artificer in wood and metal, will all find material ready to his hand.

The physical characteristics of the Northwest, under a careful study of the different subjects, the climate, the soil, the varied products of nature, the inspiring influence of pastoral and sublime scenery on our moral and intellectual natures, all will develop the knowledge that in our country may be found every material and natural resource necessary to the development and well-being of the highest types of the human race.

DESPONDENCY.

Yearnings for only a glimmer
Of harvest of golden grain—
Praying to God in the darkness;
Praying for light and for rain;
For rain that this barren desert
May bloom in fullness of song—
Praying, and watching, and waiting;
Patiently waiting and long.
Oh! must our watching be futile?
Oh! must our prayers be in vain?
Oh! shall we never behold it—
The waving of rip'ning grain?
God send us aid to be faithful!
Grant that our hearts may be strong!
Grant but a glint of the laurels,
To those who watch faithful and long.
Grant us assurance of welcome
At last to proud victory's throng.

—John Liesk Tait.

HOW THE COMMANDER SAILED.

By DAVID STARR JORDAN, President of Leland Stanford, Jr. University.

ONCE there was a great sea captain, born in Jutland, in 1681, and his name was Vitus Bering. But when he went away from Denmark and became a commander in the Russian navy they called him Ivan Ivanovich Bering, for that was easier for the Russians to say. He was a man of great stature, and greater heart, strong, brave and patient, and so the Russians chose him to lead in the explorations of Siberia and North America.

And so it chanced that in the spring of 1741 Vitus Bering found himself in the little village of Petropaulski, the harbor of Peter and Paul, which is the capita of the vast uninhabitable region of moss, volcanoes and mountain torrents they call Kamchatka.

And from the village of Peter and Paul Bering sailed forth to explore the icy sea and to find North America, and to learn how to reach it from Kamchatka. There were 77 men all told on board the St. Peter, and one of them was George Wilhelm Steller, the German naturalist, clear-headed, warm-hearted and imperative, who has told the story of the voyage.

First they sailed for Gamaland, a great island, which, on the Russian maps of that day, lay in the ocean to the southeast of Kamchatka. But when the St. Peter came to where Gamaland was, they said: "Only sea and sky; a few wandering birds, and no land at all." There never was any Gamaland, but Bering did not know this, so he was surprised to find no land nearer than the bottom of the sea.

The east wind blew and the great fogs hid the sun and stars, but still Bering sailed on. Away over the sea where Gamaland was not, away to the eastward, on and on, till at last they saw before them a great belt of land. The coast was high and jagged, covered with snow in July, and lined with wild islands, between which the sea swept in swift currents. Over the scrubby forests of stunted fir a snow-capped mountain towered so high that they could see it 70 miles away. "I do not remember," Steller wrote, "of having seen a higher mountain in all Siberia and Kamchatka." And he was right, for there was none other so high in all the Russian dominions. As it was the day of St. Elias, they named the mountain for the saint, and the bay and the cape and the island, everything they saw was named for St. Elias. And they are named for St. Elias to this day; and Mount St. Elias is the highest in all North America. They found no inhabitants in St. Elias-land. They had all run away in fear at the sight of the ship and the white men. But they found a "house of timber with a fireplace, a bath-basket, a wooden spade, some mussel-shells and a whetstone," used to sharpen copper knives. Besides these articles they found in an earth hut "some smoked fish, a broken arrow and the remains of a fire." Some of these things they took away with them. So, to make everything fair, Bering left in the house "an iron kettle, a pound of tobacco, a Chinese pipe and a piece of silk cloth." But no one was there when the Indians returned to see what use they made of these unexpected presents.

They did not stay long about the bay of St. Elias. Bering knew that the summer was well along, and that if they were to learn anything of the coast they must go along it rapidly. With their few provisions and their small ship they could not spend the winter in this rough country. Many men have blamed him for going away so soon. Whether Bering did right it is not for us to say. We know Steller's opinion, but Bering's we have not heard. Steller said: "The only reason for leaving was stupid obstinacy, fear of a handful of natives, and pusil-

*I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to Peter Lauridsen, whose "Life of Vitus Bering" has been freely consulted in the preparation of this article.

animous homesickness. For 10 years Bering had equipped himself for this great enterprise; the explorations lasted 10 hours." "We have gone over to the New World," he said, "simply to bring American water to Asia."

But however this may be, Bering had none too much time for his return to Kamachatka. Half his crew were sick already, and the rest were none too strong. Those who would stay here longer, Bering said, forget "how far we are from home and what may yet befall us." So the St. Peter sailed homeward on the wings of a southeast gale. In the mist and fog the coast was invisible, though the soundings showed that land was not far away. Islands they sighted from time to time, black, inhospitable headlands, where the great surf broke before the constant gales. They sailed around the great island of Kadeah, narrowly escaping shipwreck on an island they called the Foggy one; but every island is foggy in those wild, storm-washed seas.

Once more they saw the tall, snow-capped volcanoes of the mainland, as they passed close below the seven high rocks we call the Semidi; and whenever the sun shone for a day the sea grew rougher than ever, for a break in the clouds of the north is the signal for a new storm. Salted meats and hard biscuit without change of diet brought on the disease called scurvy. This comes when men eat too much salt without fruit or vegetables, and it shows itself in loosened teeth which fall out of the shrunken gums. Affairs grew worse and worse, Bering and more than half his men were sick, and when they came to the 13 ragged, barren islands that rise above the surf in the thick mist, they landed there and carried the sick ones ashore. One of the sailors, named Shumagin, died here, and so the islands are called Shumagin to this day.

While the men searched for fresh water Steller looked everywhere for roots and berries with which to heal the men sick with scurvy. Some of the most delicious berries in the world grow on these islands; and Bering was wonderfully helped by them. The medicine chest, it was said, contained "plasters and salves for half an army," but no remedies for men who were hurt inwardly by the poor food.

At the Shumagins the sailors filled their water-casks, but they took water from a pond into which the surf had broken, and when they came to drink it the scurvy grew worse than ever. One of their boats was wrecked as they went on, and they had trouble with the Esquimaux on the shores. Still they sailed on, with the east wind behind and the thick cloud rack overhead.

Then the wind blew from the west and rose from time to time into hurricanes. "I know of no harder, more fatiguing life," wrote one of Bering's officers, "than to sail an unknown sea." And of all the seas in the world, none is rougher than the one the St. Peter sailed, and none has such a wilderness of inhospitable islands along its shores. When Bering's men thought they were half-way home they saw land to the north of them, still another wild, inhospitable cliff, topped by a snowy volcano. They called the island St. Johannes, but its real name is Atka, and there are many more such before one comes to the end, where the far west joins "the unmitigated east." Still they sailed against the west wind, which Steller said "seemed to issue from a flue, with such a whistling, roaring and rumbling that we expected every moment to lose mast and rudder, or to see the ship crushed between the breakers. The dashing of the heavy sea against the vessel sounded like cannon." They could not stand erect on the ship; they could not cook. The few who were well remained so because they did not dare to get sick. All lost "their firmness of purpose; their courage became unsteady as their teeth." Still they sailed on. It was as easy to do that as to return. Still another snow-topped island, Amchitka, came in view to the north, again to their great surprise, for they thought they were in the open sea. They knew nothing of the long line of Aleutian volcanoes which pass in a great bow from Alaska across to Kamchatka. They sailed past Attu, the last of the Aleutian islands. After a time they came to a long, steep coast, running north and south, which they took for Kamchatka. Every one was overjoyed. Bering crawl-

ed from his bed to the deck, revived by the sight of what seemed to be friendly land, and in such fashion as they could they celebrated their "happy return."

But though the land they found was very different from the Aleutian islands, and bore no volcano at its summit, they could not recognize it, nor did they find it hospitable. Medni island is a narrow backbone of rock, shaped like a crosscut saw, with wild cliffs and great reefs, over which the surf breaks on the deep green waves. There were no inhabitants, no harbors, no landing places, and the winds came down in wild gusts or "willie-waugs" from the snow-covered craggy heights. A storm carried away their mainsail, and as they drifted along, to the northward, the island came to an end in a cluster of jagged rocks. So it could not be Kamchatka. Their joy gave way to direst distress. The sailors broke out in mutiny. Nobody cared for the ship. It drifted on to the west with the gentle wind beating against a little sail at its foremast, but the ship with neither helmsman nor commander.

Soon another island loomed up before them, a shore of great flat-topped mountains, ending in huge black vertical cliffs at the sea. In a clear night they came to anchor in a little bay to the north of a black promontory now called Tolstoi Mys, the thick cape. In the great surf "the ship was tossed like a ball," the cable of their anchor snapped, and the vessel came near being crushed on the jagged rocks of the shore.

In the morning they landed in the little sandy bay north of Tolstoi, and set out in search for inhabitants. They found none, for Bering's men were the first who ever set foot on the twin Storm islands. The little bay was surrounded by high craggy steeps, without trees, overgrown by dense moss, and cut by swift brooks. The sailors, under Steller's direction, built a house in the sand, and covered it with driftwood and turf, and made its walls of the carcasses of the foxes they had killed for their skins. Everywhere swarmed the little foxes, blue foxes and white foxes, Eichkao and all his hungry family, and those of the sailors who died were devoured almost before they could be buried. Other little huts they made of driftwood and foxes, their floors dug out of the sand.

Then Commander Bering, still helpless, was placed in one of these. The vessel, when he had left it, was beached by a storm, and the crew dragged it up into the sand, where it could be all winter. The blue fox, the most greedy and selfish of animals, hung around the camp all winter, attacking the sick and devouring the dead, almost before the eyes of their friends. Of the 77, 31 died, among them Bering himself. "He was," Steller said, "buried alive; the sand kept constantly rolling down upon him from the sides of the pit and covered his feet. At first this was removed, but finally he asked that it might remain, as it furnished him a little of the warmth he so sorely needed. Soon half his body was under the sand, and his comrades had to dig him out to give him a decent burial."

So perished the great commander at the age of 60 years. The island where he died has ever since then been called Bering island. The two great "Storm islands," Bering and Medni, or Copper island, have been called for him, Komandorski, the Islands of the Commander, and the great icy sea is known as Bering sea. And his life and work, says Lauridsen, will ever stand as "living testimony of what northern perseverance is able to accomplish, even with the most humble means." In the spring of 1742 Steller and the rest made of the wreck of the St. Peter an open boat, in which they traversed the 150 miles of the icy sea between Bering island and Petropaulski, and we need not follow them further.

But their stay on Bering island is forever famous for the discovery of the "four great beasts" of the sea, on the account of which Steller's fame as a naturalist largely rests. These were the sea cow, the sea otter, the sealion and the sea bear.

In the giant kelp which grows on all the sunken reefs, like a great tawny mane, the sea cow had her home. A huge, blundering, harmless beast, feeding on kelp, shaped like a whale in body, but with a cow-like head, a split upper lip and a homely, amiable appearance, as befits a beast of great ugliness who lives

like a cow on weeds. The creature was 40 feet in length and weighed about three tons. Bering's men soon found that the seacow made good seasteaks. They fed freely on her meat, and the sailors who came after them in years to come devoured and destroyed them all. The last one was killed in 1768, and its bones are now among the treasures of the great museums.

Next came the seat otter, a creature as large as a good-sized dog, with long gray fur, the finest of all fur for cloaks and overcoats. The sea otter lived in the sea about the islands, the female swimming about in the kelp, with her young in her arms, and making long trips from place to place in search of food. The sea otter is not extinct, but it is growing rare, and a good skin is worth now from $500 to $1500.

The great sealion was a ponderous beast, like the fur seal in figure and habits, but much larger, the male weighing upwards of 1500 pounds. His huge head is like that of a St. Bernard dog, and his roar is one of the grandest sounds on earth. It is a rich, mellow, double bass, like the voice of a mighty organ, and it can be heard for miles. The female is much smaller, also yellowish gray in color, and has also a rich bass voice an octave higher. When a herd of sealions are driven into the sea, they will rise out of the surf at once and all together, roaring in chorus. Such a wonderful chorus can be heard nowhere else on earth, and it is no wonder that the lion of the sea made a great impression on Steller. The sealions live in families on the rocks, where the males fight for supremacy, often overturning huge boulders in their struggles. The young are cinnamon-colored, and when they are born they look much like female fur seals, and are almost as large. And when the old males are fighting they toddle away, else they will be crushed under the rocks, or trampled on by huge, flappy feet.

But most interesting of all the great beasts of the sea was the one Steller called the sea bear, "Ursus Marinus," or, as men now call it, the "fur seal." These creatures came on shore by the thousands on the west coast of Bering island, when the ice left the island in the spring. They made their homes on the rocks of Poludionnoye, as it were a great city rising from the sea.

But the story of how "the great man seal haul out of the sea" on Bering and Medni and St. Paul and St. George and Robben has been many times told, and in many ways, so I need not give it here.

But we can imagine how Steller looked down on the slopes of Poludionnoye and saw the old beach-masters roar and groan and weep and blow out their musky breath as they fought for supremacy. We can see with him the trim ranks of sleek and dainty matkas, tripping up the beach as they come back from the long swim. We can imagine the great groups of snug kotiks that clustered about the warring beach-masters, while along the shores wandered and played the hosts of young bachelors eager to keep near the homes, but afraid to enter them till their wigs and tusks had grown. We can see them in countless hosts, trooping, playing, sleeping on the sands, reckless of drive and unharmed by clubs, and we can understand the splendid enthusiasm with which the discoverer of all these things wrote of the "beasts of the sea." And as a recompense for all the pain and disappointment in Bering's life, we can place the fact that he was the first. His for all time are the twin Storm islands, where the St. Peter was wrecked and the commander met his death, and his forever shall be the great icy sea.

OVER THE BAR.

By LISCHEN M. MILLER.

ON the loneliest of lonely shores, on the very verge of the continent, nestled close against the base of the grassy headland, stands, or used to stand, a little cabin built of driftwood.

From its low doorway one looks out over a stretch of sand and surf and wind-swept sea to the place where the sun goes down. Northward the view is shut off suddenly by the frowning cliff, upon whose rugged front the waves beat ceaselessly. It is a quiet and restful spot in spite of its solemn grandeur, and one grows into closer kinship with Nature there. In those days travelers did not often come that way, for there was no road, only a narrow trail winding in and out among the hills and along the brow of the beetling cliff. The nearest human habitation was a good 10 miles away to the south.

One stormy night in November we gathered about the driftwood fire that blazed upon the generous hearth in the little cabin. Outside the wind shrieked and howled, and the roar of the surf was something awful to hear. The rain beat furiously against the one small window and fell in sheets upon the "shakes" overhead.

At every fresh outburst of the tempest we shivered, not from fear or cold, but with a delicious sense of contrast—the fury without, the warmth within.

"If it had happened on such a night as this," said the captain, breaking through the easy silence. "If it had happened on such a night, I could better have understood the loss." His deep, full voice had an unaccustomed ring of sadness, and his face, showing like a splendid bronze in the ruddy firelight, wore a retrospective look as he gazed into the leaping flames.

"What was it that happened on a night not like this?" asked Neja, saucily, from her sealion pelt in the corner. Neja did not share our respect for the captain. She stood in no awe of him, or of any one, in fact. She was a law unto herself.

The captain looked up at her question. "I was thinking of my boys," he said. "I must have spoken my thought unconsciously."

The captain's wife leaned over and slipped her white hand into his strong brown one. "Tell them about it, dear," she said, softly.

"Yes, tell us," we urged, for we had never heard the story, though we knew that in some sad and unaccountable way the two young men in question had met their fate.

"It was three years ago," began the captain, looking again into the fire. "Three years ago. There were not more than a dozen white settlers on the river then, though the country was full of Indians. There was, it is true, the salmon cannery at the mouth of the river where Neja has her claim, but the men who worked there were brought in by the company at the beginning of the season, and taken out at its close. They were in no sense settlers.

"We had come up, my boys and I, a few months before, and located our land and built our cabins, making the improvements necessary to establishing claims. My wife was still in the city, and I did not then propose to bring her into this wilderness. The boys were enthusiastic over the evident resources of the country, the excellence of the harbor which they had in a sense discovered, and were full of plans for the future.

"Well, as I said, we had our cabins up and fairly habitable, and as winter was coming on, and it was unnecessary for us all to remain here, Harold decided to return to San Francisco to look after our interests there till spring. A vessel had come in to carry out the season's results in salmon, and it seemed a good chance for Harold to return home without the difficulties and delays incident to the journey overland. Besides, the

master of the Mist was short of men and offered him a berth, which in itself was an inducement, for our funds were running low.

"A few nights before the vessel was to sail, as I lay wrapped in my blankets before my cabin fire, I had a disturbing dream. It made so strong an impression upon me that I urged Harold to give up his intended voyage. He only laughed at my fears, and, indeed, I had to confess them to myself foolish and ungrounded."

Here the captain lapsed into silence, seeming to forget his audience in retrospection.

"Tell us the dream," ventured Neja, softly, and the captain, always responsive to her voice, whether grave or gay, continued:

"It was this: I dreamed that, standing upon the shore, I watched the Mist, with my two boys on board, sail out across the bar. As I looked, a great wave lifted her upon its mighty crest, held her suspended thus a single instant, then, as if she had been a painted toy, snapt her beams asunder, and her parted decks went down forever out of sight in the gulfs of the sea.

"Well, the cargo was all stowed, the water-casks filled and everything made ready for departure. The weather was fine, the bar as smooth as I have ever seen it. The Mist was to sail in the morning at floodtide, which would occur about 10 o'clock. Harold was on board, and late in the afternoon Fred took a small boat and pulled out to the ship where she lay anchored in the bend of the river just opposite the cannery. He meant to spend the night on board and take leave of his brother in the morning.

"As I came down the coast and climbed the hills above the cannery in the red glow of the setting sun, I saw my brave boys leaning over the ship's rail, and waved my hand to them. They answered gaily, and Fred laughingly called out that he was going, too. Their words came to me clearly and distinctly in the stillness of the evening, and as I rode along the shore I heard the voices of the sailors and the shuffling of their feet as they passed to and fro about their work.

"Late that night the people at the cannery saw the ship's lights shining quietly, and thought as they retired to rest that all was well with her. At break of day, when they looked out, she was gone.

" 'Strange,' they said, 'that she should attempt the bar in the night, and at low tide, too,' and went about their work.

"A bank of fog lay close alongshore and hid the white surf line and the bar, not half a mile distant, whereat the men grumbled, for it was a rare sight to see a vessel sailing by, and they had looked forward for days to the mild excitement of watching the Mist cross the bar and fade away into the distance down the coast. They speculated variously about the absent boat and her unaccountable movements, commenting severely upon the rashness of the captain in braving the dangers of a practically unknown bar in the darkness of night and at a stage of tide considered unsafe even in broad day.

"Along toward noon the fog cleared away, and there, not more than a mile to the southward and just outside the breakers, lay the Mist, motionless, with her sails still furled, evidently riding at anchor.

"All day she lay there, and the men on shore cast many a wondering glance toward her, but she sent no signal or sign of distress, only at irregular intervals, in the breathless stillness, a long-drawn, wailing cry came up from the sea, the like of which they had never heard before. Whether it came from the ship, or from the sands or further out they could not tell. Sound carries strangely in the dead October calms that hold these lonely regions as in a spell.

" 'Sealions, likely,' they said, and yet they were mysteriously moved by it.

"The sun went down and the stars came out, and the Mist faded to a dimly discernible shadow. She hung out no lights, which was in itself a thing to cause comment. Something must be wrong, and they resolved that if she still lay there when morning came they would try to discover what it was. Their vague uneasiness would not let them sleep very soundly that night. As soon as it was light some one brought a glass and they observed her long and carefully, only to

report that not a soul was to be seen on board.

"Some of the men took a boat and rowed across the river, and, walking over the sandspit, came down to the shore within hailing distance of the vessel rocking idly just beyond the breakers. They called and shouted themselves hoarse, but elicited no response, nor caught sight of any living thing on board. But as they turned away, above the roar of the surf rose a cry so wild, so weird and mournful that their very hearts stood still. Just once they heard it, and they could have sworn that it came from the deck of the deserted ship.

"No one thought of sleep that night. The mystery surrounding the vessel out there in the darkness was a thing that oppressed them heavily.

"The morning of the third day found them ready for action. It was out of the question to carry any one of the heavy fishing boats across the sands and launch it through the always boisterous surf, but the day was calm, with not a breath of wind, and the bar lay as smooth as a mountain lake. It would be an easy matter to pull out and back before there should be any change in the weather. Six of the best oarsmen in the place, therefore, set off on the last of the tide in the gray dawn. They pulled a steady stroke, and the swiftly ebbing tide seemed to fairly shoot them along and out across the bar. When well outside they turned southward, and those watching from the shore could note the small boat rise and fall with the swell of the sea.

"As for the men themselves, a silence fell upon them as they turned toward the ship, that was unbroken till they came within a cable's length of her bows. Then they rested upon their oars and hailed. There was no answer. Again they shouted, and a low, whining cry thrilled the morning air. They rowed slowly all around her. There was not another sound heard from her decks, nor had they sight of anything, human or alive.

"The red and blue shirts of the sailors were hanging aloft as if to dry. Her lifeboats were undisturbed. Everything looked as it had looked when she lay in the bend of the river three days before, save that she seemed a little lower in the water as she swung there in dangerous proximity to the breakers, held only by her kedge anchor. From her stern dangled a rope, evidently the painter of Fred's boat. This rope showed a clean cut, as if it had been severed by a sharp knife.

"They boarded her without difficulty. As the first man stepped over the rail the meaning of that weird cry was clear, for there bounded to meet him 'Dis,' the captain's handsome St. Bernard, gaunt with hunger and wild with joy.

"They searched from stem to stern; they went down into her hold; they looked high and low, everywhere. Not a soul was to be found. Save for 'Dis' the ship was deserted. How, when or where it was beyond them to determine. Nothing but the men was missing. The sailors' stormcoats and caps were lying in the empty bunks, as if but a moment since discarded; the ship's log, the captain's private papers, the compass, all things, in fact, were in place. If master and men had left that ship alive they had left it empty-handed. Their fate, the strange and sudden disappearance, and the manner of it, are shrouded in impenetrable mystery.

"I never saw my boys again. But—" The captain paused and glanced toward his wife. There were tears glittering on her long, dark lashes.

"Is there nothing more?" asked Neja softly. "Did you never hear or find even the least little hint or trace, nothing that gave you any clue?"

"No," replied the captain; "nothing, at least nothing that I could be sure of. It is true that some six months later the headless body of a man was picked up on the beach 20 miles to the north; that was thought by many to be that of the captain of the Mist, from a peculiarly-chased gold ring found on the little finger of the left hand, but no one ever really knew. No; there was nothing, but—" The captain looked again at his young wife. She shook her head and smiled through her tears.

"That is another story, my dear," she said; "another story altogether, and tonight is not the time to tell it."

EDUCATION IN FRANCE.

By SAMUEL JACQUES BRUN.

THE French youth is duly ushered into the world under the auspices of a "sage femme" of the village, and wrapped in swaddling clothes like the infant Jesus. In this costume of close wrappings that gives little play to the limbs, he is kept for the first six months; and the mother and father will tell you that it is a very good system, because a very old one.

Within 48 hours after birth he takes part in his first ceremony of state—the registry at the mayor's office, and gets his birth certificate, which fictitiously reads that the child has been brought to the mayor of the place, who ascertained him to be a child of the male sex, and whom the parents wish to have here registered under the names of, etc. Then follows a period of banishment from the parental presence, for most likely he is placed with a nurse in the country during his infancy, and upon his occasional visits to mamma he may recognize her but prefer his foster-mother. Even after his return to his parents the bond between the two is kept up, and a certain patronage expected by his foster-brothers through life.

The youth, if he be the eldest, is early impressed with his future responsibility as head of the family. His conscious authority asserts itself in many childish comedies. As heir apparent and protector of the honor of his house and the women, he indulges in precocious fancies. He vows to cherish his doting grandmother, to shelter her in his house forever, and to protect her even by means of blows from any indignities from his wife. His favorite aunt he has already, at the age of 6 years, promised to marry, and assures her he will wed no other.

Thus, early resenting the offices of the match-makers, who would lead the parents to decide the fate of their children before they reach the age of self-assertion. He does not, like many American boys, grow up with books and magazines in the home. Instead of the circle around the evening lamp with the Youth's Companion or Saint Nicholas, the French boys gather around the hearth and listen to story-tellers. Sometimes it is history, sometimes romance; but always very real like a voice out of their own past.

History and art he learns from oral and object-lessons. The historic monuments and ruins, the cathedrals, statues and paintings are always to be seen or accessible, and a constantly educating influence to the humblest citizen. The village boy, though he is no student, has a remarkable perception of good taste and artistic fitness, which comes no doubt from his contact with art in the church, in public structures, and in public parades. He has also a keen appreciation of what freedom means; for everywhere he sees relics of the broken bonds of fuedal oppression.

His home work and his home play are not unfamiliar to American boys, but a glimpse of his school days, college and military life and marriage customs may be of some interest.

Guizot, in 1833, gave the first impetus to public education in France, but up to 1870 there were public schools only in the more enlightened communities. Poor country villages had none, and many boys and girls grew up entirely illiterate, unable to either read or write their names. To be sure, there were a few private schools of a religious character, but the children of the better class who went to school at all did not like to go, the schoolrooms were unattractive, the lessons dry, and the teachers uninteresting.

A Frenchman visiting the United States in 1886, noticing how eager our boys and girls were to attend school remarked: "It is not so in France; they have to be driven to school with a stick." Such was the case previous to the Franco-Prussian war.

That war, which caused the downfall

of Napoleon III, also brought about a great awakening in France. The great men of that nation realized that Germany's superiority lay in the education of her humblest citizens. "The schoolteachers of Germany have beaten us," was the common saying, and France set to work in earnest to popularize education. There were many obstacles to be overcome, not the least of which was the economy of the peasantry. After the schools were built and equipped, they refused to take their children from work to send them to school. So, for the good of the children who were growing up in ignorance, the government obtained from parliament in 1882 a school law which embodied two good provisions, viz., free tuition and compulsory education, from the age of 6 to 14. Inspectors were appointed to see that the provisions of the law were complied with, and in case of infraction the father or guardian was liable to three kinds of punishment. For the first offense his name was to be posted, either for two weeks or a month, in the most conspicuous part of his village or town; for the second offense, he was to be fined from 11 to 15 francs, and for the third offense sent to jail for five days and even deprived of his political and civil rights. The law has worked well, and today there are fewer opponents to its enforcement than there were 15 years ago. Very few children are now illiterate; it is no longer necessary to drive them to school; they go of their own accord, and are as eager, almost, for an education as are American boys.

To give the details of the work in the public schools would lead me too far, but I will describe a feature of the system not generally known. I refer to the creation of bureaus of savings in connection with the government schools. The aim of these bureaus is to cause children to contract early habits of thrift and economy. France is a thrifty and rich nation. She owes her wealth to her geographical position, to the fertility of her soil, to the thorough cultivation of her fields, to the intelligent preservation of her forests; in short, to the proper husbanding of all her numerous resources. But she also owes her material prosperity in no small degree to the inborn thriftiness of her inhabitants. It was to further foster that trait of French character that the law was enacted. Statesmen were quick to recognize that in the possessions and comfort of the greatest number depended the stability of their institutions.

The creation of these bureaus of savings is not, however, compulsory. It is mainly left to the individual initiative of the school teachers, who are an able body of patriotic men and women, and to private benevolence. In the Department of Basses-Pyrenees, a philanthropist, Monsieur Tourasse, spent no less than $100,000 in taking upon himself the creation of over 600 bureaus of savings, and encouraging by all legitimate means thriftiness in the scholars.

School boys and girls in all countries get hold of pennies, which they often waste on useless things. French boys and girls once in a while get hold of French sous, and it was with a view to induce them to accumulate those sous that bureaus of savings were started. In 1887 no less than 22,000 of those bureaus were in operation, with a credit to the scholars' side of $2,400,000.

The government accepts no amount under one franc, or about 20 cents in American money. Now, for a boy to carry 20 cents in his pocket is a little rash. If he does not lose his money he will surely spend it. To save him from either unfortunate predicament the school teacher sells him as many penny stamps as he has pennies to purchase them with. The stamps the scholar pastes in a book furnished him at his request by the postal department. At the end of the month, or oftener, if the teacher thinks best, the books are gathered and sent to the nearest postoffice. If the postoffice is conveniently near, the boys themselves may take their own books there. The postmaster cancels the stamps and gives the scholars credit on another book for the amounts the stamps represent. The scholars who are perseveringly saving of their sous have soon a snug little sum to their credit. This sum may be withdrawn by the pupils with the father's or guardian's consent, if they are under 16 years old, and without any one's consent if above 16. By such a system school children become small capitalists, and their money is in safe keeping.

A NEW ERA IN OUR NATIONAL LIFE.

By B. B. BEEKMAN.

THE 19th century has taught the world that a great nation can be successfully evolved upon the principles of justice and equality. The problem as to whether the constitution of the United States embodied a feasible plan of government has long since been settled, and that great charter of liberty remains a most marvelous work of constructiveness. The weak republic of 100 years ago has become a mighty and puissant nation. The constitution has grown, with each decade, in the affections of the people, and our institutions have been jealously cherished and guarded as sacred monuments of constitutional liberty and freedom.

Government of the people, by the people, and for the people has become an established fact, and "shall not perish from the earth." The great current of American life has been sweeping through the century towards "liberty, equality and fraternity."

The dominion of the republic has been extended, in magnificent continuity, from the rock-bound shore of the Atlantic to the golden sands of the Pacific, and the flag of the Union, enriched and glorified by 32 additional stars, floats in triumph over a land of almost limitless resources. The tide of population, swelling with the passing years, has swept Westward, bearing on its bosom the blessings and glories of the new civilization.

The history of the United States during the century has been one of unparalleled progress, and the great republic stands forth at the threshold of the 20th century a mighty power pre-eminent in all the elements that make a nation great. With more than 70,000,000 of people, with marvelous strength and resources, with wide-extended trade and commerce, she presents a splendid contrast to the feeble republic of 100 years ago. In close touch with the four quarters of the globe, her foreign relations rival in magnitude and importance the wonderful expansion and development of her domestic affairs. A mighty nation in a mighty age—the conditions underlying our national life and energy demand the adoption and maintenance of definite national policies commensurate with our greatness. The hegemony attained in the two Americas in the early decades of the century impelled the United States to the enunciation of a distinctively American doctrine—a doctrine that the other powers of the earth have been uniformly compelled to respect. The Monroe doctrine, based in part upon the principle of self-preservation and self-interest and in part upon the sentiment of altruism, has become an inseparable part of our governmental policy—a doctrine that our liberty-loving people are resolved to maintain and perpetuate. Whatever may be the destiny in store for the republics of the Americas, the United States has once and for all firmly decided that never again shall any one of them pass under Old World domination; that these continents are and of right ought to be dedicated forever to the holy cause of freedom. The Monroe doctrine guarantees our own future safety and welfare, but equally does it serve as a palladium to the liberty of the weaker and less-favored peoples of this hemisphere.

Startling as was the announcement of the Monroe doctrine, and far-reaching as have been the consequences flowing therefrom, it remained for our government to take a still more advanced step.

From 1895 the people of the United States have followed with growing interest and concern the heroic efforts of the Cubans in their last and supreme struggle for freedom, and desire for intervention in their behalf has grown stronger with the passing months. Admiring and sympathizing with the valor and heroism of the Cuban patriots, convinced of the incapacity and inability of Spain to subdue and conquer the insurg-

ent forces, horrified at the cruelty of Spanish warfare, and at length aroused to deepest anger by the cowardly and treacherous destruction of the battle-ship Maine, and the murder of 266 of our brave seamen, while in a supposedly friendly harbor, the American people with remarkable unanimity, declared and promulgated, through the government at Washington, the right and purpose to intervene and end the long period of Spanish misrule in this beautiful isle of the sea.

Once again has our never-conquered nation donned the panoply of war, and once again have its proud banners waved in triumph. Never have more altruistic and disinterested motives moved a people to deeds of righteousness, and never have the strength and power of a nation been exerted in a more magnanimous undertaking. Martyrs to Spanish treachery, the blood of the Maine's seamen is upon that despotic nation—but to them will be reared a lasting memorial among men —a new republic, another gem in the crown of Freedom.

Our manifest national policy has been foreshadowed by the conditions that have been created. Averse to wars of conquest, and free from disturbing visions of imperial power and grandeur, the nation has become great beyond the dreams of its founders. A new era is upon it—a condition and not a theory confronts it. Its traditions must be partially shattered and its policy revised and shaped with reference to the exigencies of the times. In the future the words, "I am an American citizen," are to become a still prouder boast, a password to higher respect, a synomyn for governmental protection commensurate with our national strength, for—

"New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward who would keep abreast of truth;
Lo! before us gleam our campfires; we ourselves must pilgrims be;
Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly through the desperate sea,
Nor attempt the future's portals with the past's blood-rusted key."

Our extended trade and commerce, and the economic considerations for the further expansion thereof, our hegemony in this hemisphere and the firmly established doctrines it has entailed, and our intricate and complex relations with the world at large have greatly extended the horizon of our governmental and national duties and responsibilities, and are likely to constantly bring us face to face with critical questions, and often, perhaps, to the verge of conflict. We can no longer trust to chance, and to maintain peace and security we must be able to resort to and exercise force whenever necessary. The surest guarantee of peace is preparedness for war, and upon this truism we should base and shape our future course. This country in its resources is sufficient unto itself, but every consideration of public policy demands the ability to act immediately when danger threatens. American conditions do not call for an armed imperialism, but do require an easily available military reserve force and a naval strength commensurate with our national dignity. Against possible foreign attack and invasion our harbors and coast cities should be rendered invulnerable, and wherever American commerce and interests extend there should float our flag over ships and fleets of war.

We front two oceans, and our trade relations extend to Orient and Occident, from northern ice-bound coasts to distant lands upon which shines the southern cross. Here and there our war vessels should be seen, and as, in naval warfare of today, coal is king, strong and fortified strategic stations and outposts should be maintained. Again, naval as well as commercial interests demand that our Eastern and Western states be more closely joined, and to that end the United States should at once construct the Nicaragua canal to furnish short and speedy passageway for all our ships. Every citizen is proud of our present navy, and will eagerly hail its steady increase until our flag shall float on every sea and American men and ships and guns shall everywhere and always be ready to maintain against any foe the rights of the humblest citizen, and to protect our interests whatsoever they may be. We glory in the past deeds and achievements of our military and naval heroes, and we know full well that American valor and

daring, skill and genius still exist. We have given to fame a Jones, a Lawrence, a Perry, a Decatur, and a Farragut, and we have startled the world with the brave and invincible Dewey.

In the light of past events, in the face of present deeds, we welcome the new era, and shall hail with pride and joy the inauguration of a more vigorous naval and military policy.

In the broader conditions of our national life, in our extensive foreign relations, in our expanding commerce, and in our extended governmental policies, we must recognize correspondingly increased duties and responsibilities. The hour is come for the United States to shake off the apparent lethargy of the last three decades and prepare to meet successfully any crisis that may occur. We are not eager for colonization in and of itself, but we are desirous of trade relations throughout the world, and the exigencies of the times point to the holding of certain strategic points beyond our shores. The near future is very likely to witness the Americanization of the isles of the seas, and to behold the unfurling of the Stars and Stripes over alien races and strange lands. Our aims, though conservative, are determined and certain of accomplishment, and having reaped the fruits thereof we must be prepared to preserve and protect them. Our future foreign policy must be marked with vigor, albeit leavened with conservatism, and foreign aggression and interference be less brooked than heretofore.

Identity of interests may some day obliterate the differences of the past, and cause—

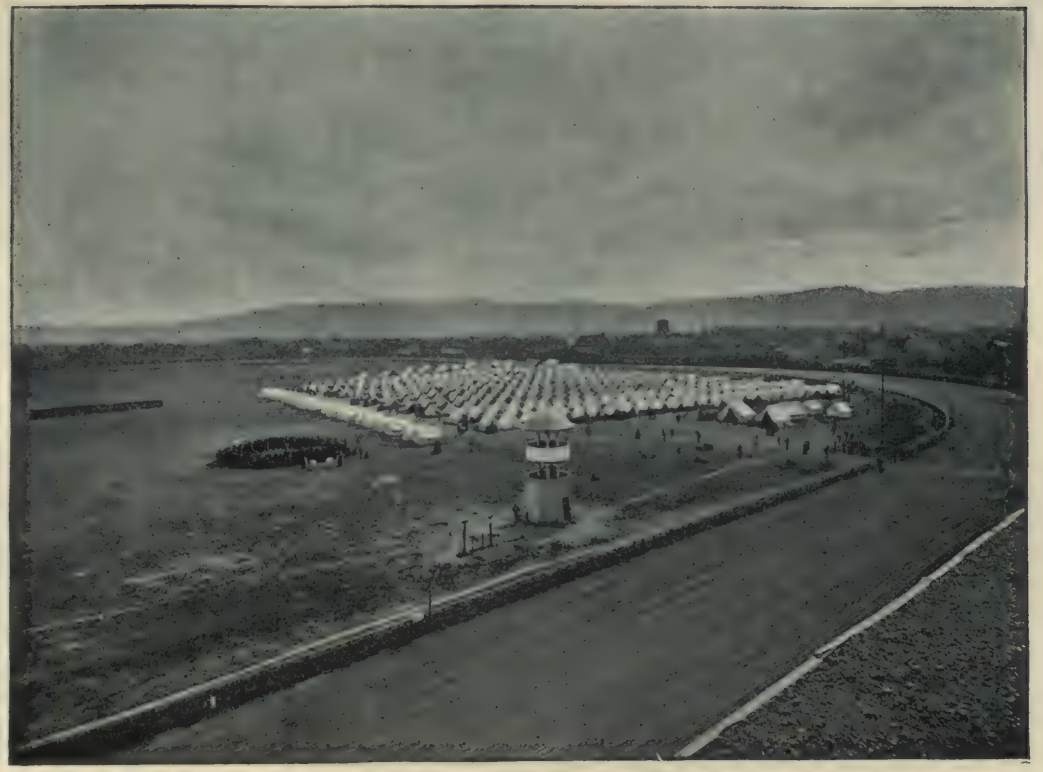
"Strand to nearer lean to strand,
Till meet beneath saluting flags,
The lion of our mother land,
The eagle of our native crags!"

The events of the times are pointing in that direction, and should mutual interests be superadded to common tongue and law and faith and an Anglo-American co-operation or alliance result, the conjoined forces of the Anglo-Saxon race would insure the most magnificent safeguard of free government. But whether or not this mighty race shall hereafter act in unison and jointly guarantee the continuance and extension of popular rule, America must be prepared not only to defend and maintain her own national honor and prestige, but also to prevent aggression and interference in the affairs of her less-favored sisters to the south.

QUATRAIN.

When first my sky with clouds was overcast,
"Alas!" I cried, "The joys of life are past."
But now the clouds have fled, the joys remain,
All sweeter grown, as violets after rain.

—Florence May Wright.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CAMP McKINLEY.

THE OREGON EMERGENCY CORPS.

By Mrs. LEVI YOUNG.

IN response to an appeal from the state military board, at the first "call to arms," the Oregon Emergency Corps was organized in Portland April 27, with Mrs. Henry E. Jones, president; Mrs. W. A. Buchanan, vice-president; Mrs. F. E. Lownsbury, secretary, and Mrs. Martin Winch, treasurer. Mrs. O. Summers, Mrs. A. Meier, Mrs. Levi White, Mrs. W. T. Gardner, Mrs. B. E. Miller, Mrs. J. E. Wright, Mrs. E. C. Protzman, Mrs. R. S. Greenleaf, Mrs. G. F. Telfer and Mrs. J. M. Ordway constituted an executive committee. The purpose of the organization was to assist the military board in providing material comforts for the Second regiment, Oregon volunteers, and to soften the transition from civil to army life for the raw recruit. And the society was composed of women from every walk of life, who hastened to enroll as members and offer their services in the name of patriotism.

The first work of the corps was to raise a regimental fund and to supply such needful articles for the soldier's knapsack as army quartermasters do not keep in stock. At Camp McKinley, where the Second regiment was being introduced to military life, members of the corps were daily visitors, and nothing that loving hearts and willing hands could do to add to the well-being of volunteers was left undone. The membership grew into the hundreds, subscriptions and funds came pouring from every side and from unexpected sources. Rooms were kept open at 132 First street and came to be known as headquarters for all interested in patriotic work. And meetings were held every Saturday afternoon in the Armory. Meantime circular letters had been sent to the towns throughout the state, urging the women to form auxiliary societies for the purpose of raising money to swell the regimental fund and help in purchasing a flag to be presented to the volunteers by the women of Oregon. Hood River was the first to respond, with Roseburg, Pendleton, Corvallis, Hillsboro, La Grande, Lafayette, Hubbard, Weston, Woodburn, Astoria and The Dalles quickly falling into line. Faithfully have these auxiliaries labored in the cause of the soldier, meeting promptly and willingly every call from the mother corps.

Sunday, May 8, a sacred and patriotic concert was given at Camp McKinley. The presence of over 10,000 people was an evidence of the zeal and interest felt by the public. The programme was furnished by the First Regiment band, Miss Rose Bloch and Madame Norelli.

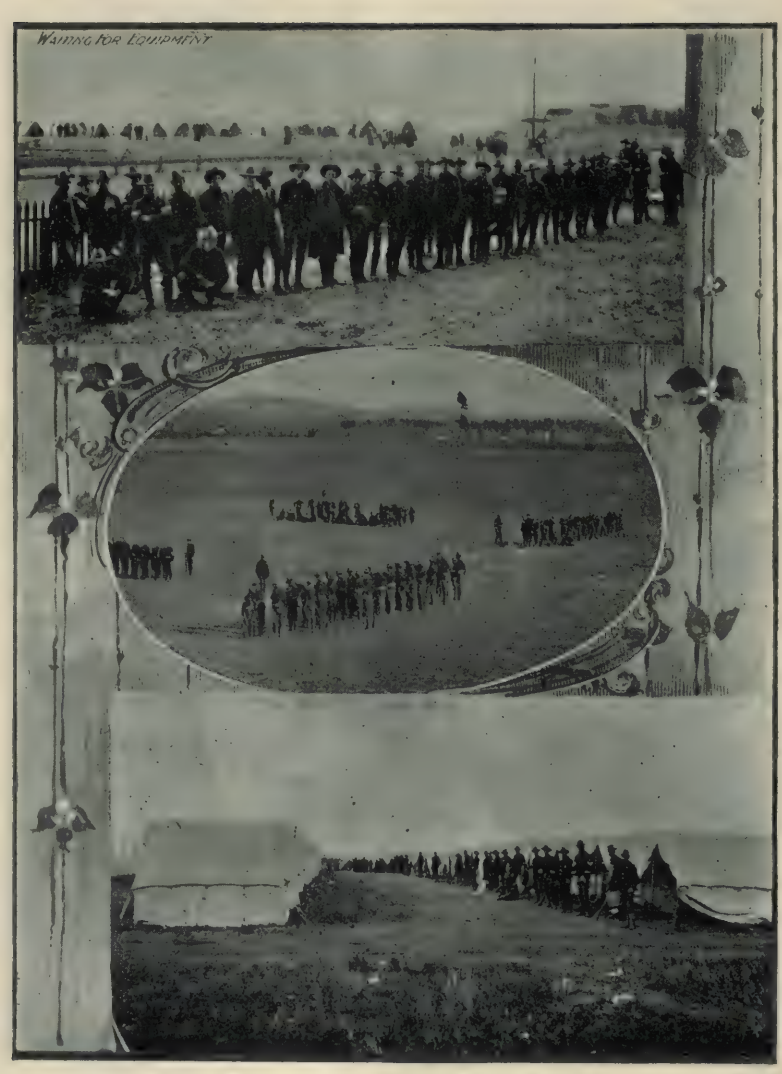
It was a scene never to be forgotten by that audience, when, at the close of the evening drill, the Stars and Stripes were slowly lowered at the booming of the sunset gun, and the long lines of volunteers listened to the strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner," floating out upon the evening air.

When, May 16, the First battalion, under command of Major Gantenbein, and a week later the remaining companies, with Colonel Summers in command, left for San Francisco, the Emergency Corps gave to each of the 10 captains and to Major M. H. Ellis, the regimental sugeon, $100, besides sundry supplies necessary to the health and comfort of the men.

In addition to looking after the welfare of the Oregon volunteers, the corps received and fed all troops passing through Portland on the way to the front, and whenever called upon fitted out recruits from its own and other states, and sent fever bandages, caps and cordials to San Francisco. There has never at any time been a lack of funds when funds were needed, and every call upon the corps has been promptly met. Finding it advisable to extend the work, and in order to secure transportation of supplies through military lines at Manila, the Oregon Emergency Corps, in July, under the direction of Judge Sheldon, an au-



INTERIOR OF ARMORY.



SCENES AT CAMP McKINLEY.

thorized officer of the National Red Cross Society, affiliated with that organization. The wisdom of this step was demonstrated a few weeks later, when the government gave transportation to Manila to two Oregon nurses, Dr. Frances Woods and Miss Lena Killiam. These nurses were selected, outfitted and sent forward supplied with funds by the Oregon Emergency Corps and Red Cross Society. In August the society sent its president, Mrs. Henry E. Jones, and Mrs. Levi Young to San Francisco to investigate the conditions reported to exist at Camp Merritt.

(As a result of their visit there such active measures were brought to bear by an indignant public as went far toward improving the situation of the soldier at this unhappy camp.—Editor.)

The formation of a state Red Cross Society speedily grew to be a necessity of the times, and on the 23d of September, in a convention called for the purpose by the mother corps, the state organization was effected. Delegates were present from the auxiliary and other patriotic relief societies throughout Oregon. Mrs. Henry E. Jones, president of the Portland corps, was elected to that office in the state society; Mrs. Levi Young became vice-president; Mrs. F. E. Lownsbury, secretary, and Mrs. E. C. Protzman, treasurer. The Oregon Emergency Corps, organized to meet an exigency, thus became a permanent society, incorporated under the laws of Oregon, and endowed with full power to act at all times in the larger interests of humanity, at the same time preserving its right to perform in the manner that seems best any local work that comes within its reach.

WESTWARD HO!

What strength! what strife! what rude unrest!
What shocks! what half-shaped armies met!
A mighty nation moving west,
With all its steely sinews set
Against the living forests. Hear
The shouts, the shots of pioneer,
The rended forests, rolling wheels,
As if some half-check'd army reels,
Recoils, redoubles, comes again,
Loud sounding like a hurricane.

O bearded, stalwart, westmost men,
So tower-like, so Gothic built!
A kingdom won without the guilt
Of studied battle, that hath been
Your blood's inheritance. . . . Your heirs
Know not your tombs: The great plow-shares
Cleave softly through the mellow loam
Where you have made eternal home,
And set no sign. Your epitaphs
Are writ in furrows. Beauty laughs
While through the green ways wandering
Beside her love, slow gathering
White starry-hearted May-time blooms
Above your lowly level'd tombs;
And then below the spotted sky
She stops, she leans, she wonders why
The ground is heaved and broken so,
And why the grasses darker grow
And droop and trail like wounded wing.

Yea, Time, the grand old harvester,
Has gather'd you from wood and plain.
We call to you again, again;
The rush and rumble of the car
Comes back in answer. Deep and wide
The wheels of progress have passed on;
The silent pioneer is gone.
His ghost is moving down the trees,
And now we push the memories
Of bluff, bold men who dared and died
In foremost battle, quite aside.

—Joaquin Miller.

"WAS HE JUSTIFIED?"

A more delightful traveling companion than Harriet could not be desired. Virginia thought her young sister charming, and even the sweet-faced nuns at the convent accepted her as a happy interruption to their serenely monotonous quiet.

"She is the spirit of the West, an embodiment of its free winds, its rushing crystal rivers, its untamed grandeurs," sighed the mother superior, recalling a journey she had once made to the slope beyond the Rockies.

"She is certainly untamed," replied Sister Agatha, who was to accompany the two girls to New York, and who was receiving her instructions for the journey in the privacy of the mother's sitting-room, "I tremble to think of her inflence over Virginia."

"Virginia is secure," said the mother superior. "It is she who will wield the stronger influence. You understand clearly what it is you have to do?"'

"It is very simple, is it not? I am to deliver the young ladies into the hands of the father who will be waiting to receive them. All provisions for their comfort will have been arranged. And I am then to bid them good-bye and return at once to Montreal. Is it not so?"

It was so, and after a few words of admonition and warning, Sister Agatha was dismissed, and the mother superior sat musing in the dusk alone. It was five years since Virginia had entered the convent doors, brought thither by her young husband. A mere child she had seemed to the gentle sisters; timid and silent, yet eager to explore the realms of learning. They had watched and guided her mental growth. The gradual unfolding of her woman's nature had been a beautiful spectacle to them. It was as if some lovely flower nourished and protected by their tender care had blossomed to reward them with its sweetness. They had shared her simple joys, and her sorrow had been theirs. In all things they felt she was their own, and they would miss her when she went away, out into the great world to play her part in the drama of life. The mother superior sighed when she thought of the trials and temptations that might beset the path of her young favorite. And then, for she was a woman, and had a woman's love of romance still in spite of convent walls, black veil and ivory crucifix, she fell to dreaming of a future for Robert Raymond's widow, in which one who was near and dear to her should play the part of the prince.

"May I come in, mother?" a soft voice broke through her dreaming.

"My child, yes, come in."

Virginia moved forward in the warm darkness of the narrow room, and knelt at the mother's knee. "It is the last night," she said. "I wanted to come to you to tell you how deeply, truly grateful I am for all your loving care and kindness. This roof has been my home for five happy years, and now when I am going away, perhaps forever" —her voice broke—"O mother, mother, I want to stay with you. I am afraid, afraid of the world." Mother Elizabeth laid her hand upon the young head bowed upon her knee.

"My child, why do you fear?" she asked.

"I do not know," murmured Virgina. "Only I am terrified. When I think of what may come I feel so alone."

"You have your sister. She has courage enough for two."

Virginia smiled through her tears. "Harriet is afraid of nothing," she said. "She is eager to see the world; but I do not care for this journey across the seas. If it were not for Harriet I should give it up even now."

"It is best that you should go, my child. Besides," she hesitated, then went on, "there is one who will be disappointed if you do not."

Virginia was silent. She was wondering, as she had often wondered of late, how it was that her future seemed ordered for her. That while no direct opposition was made to her expressed wishes

she yet found all her own planning futile, over-ruled or set aside as by a strong, invisible hand. And her fortune, too. Harriet had called her a "rich widow," and she was puzzled, for she did not understand how it could be, or where her fortune came from, if she really had one. Robert had told her that he had nothing that he did not earn, and his salary was not large, barely sufficient to pay their combined expenses, and yet she could not deny that she lacked for nothing. It was in her mind to question the mother superior concerning this seeming mystery, but something held her dumb. Perhaps it was a vague intuition that her questions would be ignored.

They talked of other things presently; of the places she was to visit, of Italy and of the holy father, the pope, whom Mother Elizabeth had seen once in her youth, and of the wonders of Rome—the churches, the palaces and the pictures. When at last Virginia said good night and went away to her own little cell-like room she was as eager to see the world as Harriet herself.

The journey to New York was accomplished without accident or adventure of any sort, much to Harriet's expressed disappointment.

"Never mind," she confided to Virginia, "just wait till we get out from under the shadowing wing of Sister Agatha, and we will create a sensation."

"We will do nothing of the kind," replied Virginia, with unexpected firmness. "If we cannot be trusted to conduct ourselves with becoming modesty we will return to Montreal with Sister Agatha."

"Dear me!" cried Harriet, "I didn't mean that we were to do anything shocking or bold. Only you know yourself that people fight shy of nuns."

They were in the parlor of the hotel, waiting for Sister Agatha. They stopped their discussion as she entered, and were surprised to note that she was not alone. At her side walked a Catholic priest.

Something in his face and manner struck Virginia as oddly familiar; but it was not until she heard him speak that she recalled where and when she had met him before. At sound of his voice the memory rushed back upon her of the fair October morning, when she had stood under the oak trees with Robert's arm around her, and this man's words had made them one. She felt again the warm air on her cheek and brow, and heard the crickets in the grass and the laughter of the debonnaire youth gaily bidding Robert lead his bride out into the sunshine. And swift on this another face flashed before her, and then was gone; the dark, handsome face of Robert's friend, whom she had seen just that once, and to whom, Robert always insisted, he owed everything.

If the priest recognized her he gave no sign. He expressed his pleasure at being able to act as their escort on the coming voyage; made a few commonplace remarks concerning the probable state of the weather, and left them.

They were to sail next morning. There was some necessary shopping to be done, that occupied the afternoon, and it was not until the sisters were in their own room and preparing to retire that Harriet ventured to express herself.

"Are we never to get rid of the Catholics?" she cried. "Sister Agatha is bad enough, but a priest! It is simply beyond human patience to endure. I shall shock him fifty times a minute; I know I shall. I am not used to priests. Why don't you assert yourself and tell them we are quite capable of taking care of ourselves?"

"Because," replied Virginia, seriously, "I am not sure that we are, and, besides, I am too grateful to Mother Elizabeth for providing us with an escort on this long journey."

"Oh, well, if you take that view of the case, I shall have to make the best of it, I suppose. However, I'm thankful for one thing. He's handsome as a Greek god, and I mean to flirt with him all the way over."

"Harriet!" exclaimed her sister, shocked beyond the power of words to express. "Is nothing sacred to you?"

"Not even the priesthood? Don't look so horrified. A priest is only a man, in spite of his dress, and your Father Roquet is a very handsome man, an unusually handsome man. It's a shame the Catholic priesthood is sworn to celibacy. I think I'd prefer Father Roquet to a duel coronet or even to Billy Spencer."

But Virginia was too deeply hurt to respond to the jest. To her the church and all that pertained to it was holy, and Harriet's remarks were nothing short of sacrilege.

"There," cried the latter, "I've said something perfectly awful, I suppose; but I didn't mean to offend you, Virgie. You see I'm not used to the 'church,' as you call it. If you'll forgive me this time I'll solemnly promise not to look at Father Roquet from the time we leave New York till we arrive in Liverpool or London, or wherever we drop him; and, I was only joking, anyway."

"I cannot bear to hear you speak lightly of such things," said Virginia, submitting to a shower of penitent kisses.

"Father Roquet," Harriet remarked, in one of her letters home, "seems to have no other mission in life than the safe convoy of two charming and helpless young women to their destination over the seas. Virginia's dependence puzzles and amuses me. I don't believe she has the least idea where we are going to stop in London, or what we are going to do while there. When I question her about it, she invariably replies that Mother Elizabeth has arranged everything, or that Father Roquet will attend to it. And I must confess Father Roquet seems equal to anything. He is not one bit like my idea of a priest. In the first place, he is too good looking in spite of his gray hair, and he is perfectly devoted to Virginia. He's been everywhere and seen everything, and is the life of the captain's table, where we are fortunate enough to be placed at meals. The stories he tells of frontier life and experiences are better than novel tales, and he's lived in Oregon, too; seems to know everybody in that part of the world worth knowing. For real, live company, give me a Catholic father every time. I am thinking very seriously of becoming a fraction of the mother church myself, but don't tell Billy Spencer. He inclines to Methodism, if I haven't forgotten, and I may have to fall back upon Billy after all, though I haven't given up the hope of capturing a title yet."

"Oh! dear," sighed Mrs. Dalgren, when she read this effusion of her second daughter. "Will Harriet never be serious or sensible? I wish she would write letters that I could read to the children without having to skip whole pages." But she, nevertheless, found Harriet's vivacious accounts very interesting, and, if she had confessed the truth to herself, preferred them to Virginia's sweetly formal ones. She dreamed many dreams, this loving mother, in the quiet seclusion of the Oregon homestead, where her girls were growing up around her, all of them with increasing promise of beautiful womanhood. There were four younger than Harriet, not to mention the boys, and she is to be pardoned if she hoped that Harriet's predictions about the duke might be realized. If they were not, there always remained, of course, Billy Spencer. And any girl might do worse than to take Billy, with his cattle ranch on Camp Creek, and his bands of horses in the range "east of the mountains." As for Virginia, it was vaguely understood by her family that Robert had left her well provided for, and a young widow with money and no incumbrances had nothing left to wish for in Mrs. Dalgren's estimation of the case. It had been just the reverse with her. She had had the incumbrances and very little else, and the struggle had been a desperate one till that unexpected and mysterious check had come as if to console her for the loss of her firstborn. Since then things had gone fairly well; though, with so many to clothe and to educate, careful economy was always needed in the administration of the affairs of the homestead.

The story of Virginia's romantic marriage was almost forgotten in the neighborhood. It had turned out so disappointingly well that it had early ceased to be interesting.

The Lamonts had drifted out of the state, having, through some questionable speculations, lost both wealth and much-vaunted respectability, and everybody said: "I told you so; I always knew there was something not just right about that family. They were altogether too respectable to last."

And so time had gone and continued to go. Virginia's year abroad lengthened to two. They were having the loveliest time in the world, Harriet wrote. They went everywhere, and saw everything and everybody worth seeing. They lived well

and dressed well. Virginia was universally admired, and she had her own share of attention. Their wants were always supplied. They seemed to have the purse of Fortunatus; it was never empty, no matter how much they took out of it. "Though, to tell the truth," she added, "my elder sister has the simplest tastes in the world; she never seems to think about herself, what she shall eat or wear, and yet is always lovely, while I spend hours fussing over my clothes, and often look a perfect fright in spite of it all."

At last the welcome news arrived that they were coming home; would sail on a certain date. Then letters from New York; they would stop in San Francisco for a few days, and finally a telegram from the last-named city:

"Virginia married this morning. Expect me the 20th. Explanations on arrival. HARRIET."

There was suppressed excitement at the homestead when this announcement was received. Virginia married, and no word or hint of an engagement! It was beyond belief, and yet, but stay, this was the 19th! That telegram had lain at Eugene for nearly a week. Harriet would be home tomorrow, and, best of good luck, there was Billy Spencer at the gate with him pet team—a pair of high-bred bays that had a record of speed not to be despised. Billy Spencer was welcomed with open arms, and the case laid before him. He jumped at the chance to drive down and bring Harriet home. He suggested putting the bays to the family carriage and taking Mrs. Dalgren and Kitty along to welcome the returning wanderer. As for Virginia's marriage, it did not much concern him. He had room in his thoughts but for one thing—Harriet was coming home, and so nearly as he could make out, as free as to her affections as when she went away.

(To be continued.)

OCTOBER.

Fire! fire! upon the maple bough,
  The red flames of the frost.
Fire! fire! by burning woodbine, see,
  The cottage-roof is crossed.
The hills are hid by smoky haze;
Look, how the roadside sumachs blaze!
And, on the withered leaves below,
The fallen leaves like bonfires glow.

—Marion Douglas in "Religious Herald."

IN THE BEGINNING.

A Continuation of the Record of Oregon's Pioneers
Commenced in "*Drift.*"

A striking figure in those early days at Fort Vancouver was James Douglas, the close companion and trusted friend of Dr. McLoughlin, and his opposite in every respect save one. One attribute they had in equal measure, courage, indomitable courage, a high-born fearlessness, that held them always true to the nobler conceptions of life and to the great interests and responsibilities placed in their hands. Among the many lasting friendships that grew up between man and man on the rugged frontier there is none more suggestive of romance than this loyal affection of two strong natures, mutually attracted and indissolubly bound together by their very differences.

It was while Dr. McLoughlin was stationed at Fort William, on Lake Superior, that James Douglas, then a youth of 17 years, was sent out by the Hudson's Bay Company to join him. A Douglas from Scotland—heroic associations cluster about the name, a gentleman by birth and breeding, with the manners of the court, brought to grace the lonely life at that isolated trading post in the trackless wilderness. It is not surprising that Dr. McLoughlin's heart warmed toward the boy from the first, and that he grew to love and regard him as a younger brother. In all the years that followed, with their changing, shifting scenes, James Douglas stood closer to the great head of the great company than any other living soul.

There was a grandeur about Dr. McLoughlin, a certain broad-mindedness, a large and liberal comprehension not only of his own time and its tendencies, but of the future, which Douglas lacked. The latter possessed resolution of character, a stern devotion to duty and was severely methodical in habit, but his air of lofty reserve was in decided contrast to the genial frankness and open manner of the governor.

There were other interesting characters at Fort Vancouver in that day, notably Peter Skeen Ogden, son of the chief justice of Quebec, and a successful trader. He was the recognized wit of that by no means stupid company, and his gay good nature went far toward compensating for an evident lack of culture. There was Frank Ermatinger, also a good trader, and nicknamed "Bardolph," on account of certain habits he had. And Thomas McKay, famous for his ability to tell a story and to tell it entertainingly. A rare nature, that of young McKay, a strange mixture of Indian and white, of savagery and refinement. He seemed to have inherited the best traits of both races. From his beautiful Ojibway mother he no doubt derived his deep love of nature, and an understanding of her manifold mysteries. The woods, the water, the towering hills and the vaulted sky were to him as the printed pages of a are to other men, wherein he read the signs and secrets of the changing seasons and interpreted them for his companions. His father, lost on the ill-fated Tonquin, bequeathed to him certain civilized tastes and inclinations. He was half white and all Indian. Much given was he, in after years, to brooding over the tragic ending of his father's life. At such periods of gloomy reflection he was silent, unapproachable. He had more than once been heard to vow a terrible and bloody vengeance upon the guilty tribe, but though he was not deficient in courage, the white blood in his veins held him passive.

He was tall and straight and strong, as most men were in those days. There was little of the Indian apparent in his face, save the smoldering fire in his midnight eyes. A handsome man, as many of mixed-blood are, and a man to be trusted, as Dr. McLoughlin well knew. His mother, the widow of Thomas McKay, became the lawful wife of the governor, and he himself married first a Chinook woman, the mother of William McKay, of Pendleton, and after her death the daughter of Montoure, the confidential clerk of the company. The son of this second union was the famous scout, Donald McKay, of whom more will be told later.

OUR POINT OF VIEW.

Emerson declares the world to be "an assemblage of gates and opportunities," and Disraeli says that "opportunity is more powerful than conquerors or prophets." It is a belief in both of these significant statements that has induced the publication of this magazine, for to observers of the situation it is apparent that the "gate" stands open, and as we enter it we look forward to the future with confidence—confidence born of the realization that there is a wealth of material here that has lain practically untouched, that along our broad rivers and under our towering snow-crowned peaks it lies waiting to be gathered up, preserved and given to the world of literature—confidence born of the belief that inevitably there will be a third great world center and that it will be on this coast—confidence in the need of a magazine here to meet the demands of the times and to voice the literature and art of this great Northwest, and confidence born of the determination to take advantage of the "open gate," to enter this field and meet whatever untoward conditions that may confront us and conquer them.

This century has been a century of remarkable and bewildering changes, but on the political horizon probably none have been more far-reaching in their effects than those we have just witnessed. Spain has lost her last foothold in the Western hemisphere which she discovered, we have extended our domain to the Hawaiian islands, and other changes, more momentous than we now dream of, have taken, or are now taking place. The possibilities of this Pacific coast for development in agriculture, mining, manufacturing, shipbuilding and commerce have attracted the attention of the world, which has suddenly realized that a young but sturdy giant has arisen, and must henceforth be taken into consideration in the adjustment of the affairs of the nations. What we wish to especially emphasize, however, is the fact that the unanimous opinion of conservative men is to the effect that the future development of the world and the events of international importance are to take place on the shores of the Pacific. Add to this the fact that our part of the Pacific coast is the nearest outlet for the resources of Alaska, and something of the vast possibilities of this region can be gained. It is a belief in these things, a faith in the glorious future of our Pacific coast and consequently in ourselves that has brought about the publication of The Pacific Monthly. It is no light burden to bear the responsibilities that such a work imposes. We appreciate this, and shall do our best to carry it to the satisfaction of our readers, and though this, our first number, is but a modest attempt at some of the things at which we aim—to establish a magazine that will be a fit representative of the young and virile West, a magazine of literature, art, education and progress, a record of our unique history and traditions—we believe that it will be received with encouragement and commendation.

⚜

The consolidation of "Drift," the first issue of which was published in August, and "The Pacific Monthly" enables us to give our readers a larger and better magazine for less money than was possible before. The publishers of "Drift," like those of "The Pacific Monthly," realized that there is a demand and a field for a magazine here, and in answer to this demand each began working out plans, ignorant of the other's intentions. The consolidation has been effected in the full belief that "in union there is strength," and the combination begins its career under the happiest auspices.

⚜

One of the most daring prophecies in history was made when William H. Seward, in 1852, said in the course of a speech in the senate:

"Henceforth European commerce, European politics, European thought and European activity, although actually gaining force, and European connections, although actually becoming more intimate, will nevertheless relatively sink in importance; while the Pacific ocean, its shores, its islands and the vast region beyond will become the chief theater of events in the world's great hereafter."

When Mr. Seward made that remarkable prophecy the Pacific coast was practically an unknown land. The railroad and telegraph had not yet pushed west of the Mississippi, and this coast had no regular commerce with the Orient. China had opened only a few ports to the world, and Japan was a place surrounded by mystery. In the light of today, and especially of recent events, Seward's prophecy is most extraordinary. A writer in The Watchman shows how completely it is being fulfilled. He says: "In the ten years ending in 1894, while the ships of the Atlantic and Gulf states decreased 710 in number and 135,000 in tonnage, those of the Pacific coast increased 499 in number and 121,690 in tonnage. Australia is the commercial wonder of the nineteenth century. Japan has advanced to a first rank among nations. The resouces of China are to be opened to Western civilization. Siberia is to become a thoroughfare of the world's commerce, and the czar is to be as strong in the North Pacific as in the Baltic. The interests of America and of Europe, as well as of Asia, are today largely on the shores of the Pacific."

With Seward's remarkable insight into the affairs of the world, if he could stand here at the threshold of the twentieth century, how much more brilliant a future he might predict for us now.

⚜

The importance of a nearer waterway for the United States from ocean to ocean than around Cape Horn has been clearly demonstrated by the Oregon's long race against time from San Francisco to Cuba. It is conceded now by even the most conservative that a canal across the isthmus would be a great convenience in time of war, but it is also plainly apparent to the ordinary observer that it would be not only a convenience in time of peace but that it has become a necessity. Commercial interests demand its early, its immediate construction. Not to the Pacific coast alone will the benefits incident to its completion accrue. The Atlantic seaboard will gain nearly if not quite as much as the Occident, and since the cities of the East are beginning to awaken to a knowledge of this important fact there is reason to hope for speedy action in the case.

⚜

Extracts from the World's interview with Joseph Chamberlain:

"What about the Philippines, Mr. Chamberlain?" was asked.

"Your country is growing," he replied; "you can't resist its development. For a hundred years you have followed Washington's advice. I do not think you can find another instance in history where one man's word has been so followed. It has been treated as an inspired utterance. But conditions have vastly changed. It is not supposable that Washington would have maintained the same attitude if conditions had essentially altered, as they must have altered in a hundred years.

"You see," he went on, smiling, "there were two assumptions, or rather the first was a fact; first your resources, tremendous resources, and secondly your tenacity, for it was believed you were as tenacious as your forefathers.

"All Europe understood the situation. The wars of independence, of the conquest of Mexico, of 1860-65, had made your national characteristics plain. Your inroads into the markets of the world had shown your energy and adaptability. Your exports of breadstuffs, etc., had shown your fertility. Slow to wrath, when once the Cuban situation reached an acute stage the end was only a question of time.

"It was for Spain to quarrel with Destiny. Anglo-Saxon blood would tell; race characteristics must be reckoned with. Determination, tenacity, boldness, brought but one result—ultimate triumph. Left alone, the duel was unequal. All saw that.

"If the inside history of this war could only be written!" said Mr. Chamberlain, then paused, threw back his head, and smiled.

THE MAGAZINES.

The Cosmopolitan for October contains an account of the Indian congress at the trans-Mississippi exposition, with the portrait of a painted brave in feathered war bonnet for a frontispiece. Harold Fredric's "Gloria Mundi" strikes the reader as being rather aimless, almost as if Mr. Fredric had not quite made up his mind about his characters, and particularly about his hero, and was experimenting with them in a half indifferent fashion is disappointing. There is a short story by Frank Stockton, "The Governor-General," that is very clever. "Our boys" on their way to Manila furnished him material for his tale. "The New American Aristocracy," by Harry Thurston Peck, is perhaps the best thing in this number. In it he delineates the trait which he calls national—the "calm confidence in the ready-made." "If anything is wanted," says Mr. Peck, "it can be had if men are able to lay down the price." For instance, "Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Stanford turn their minds to education, and immediately they secure two admirable ready-made universities with as little fuss as they would have experienced in erecting a new oil plant or in placing a contract for a lot of railway ties."

Frank Munsey, not content with having bought and absorbed Peterson's Magazine, has just purchased Godey's, and combined it with the Puritan. Where is this energetic young publisher going to stop? In Munsey's Magazine for October Rider Haggard's story of South Africa goes on more interestingly than ever. "The Castle Inn," by Stanley J. Weyman, ends as all good novels should, in a marriage, and the prospect of continued happiness.

The Century has this month an article on the Philippine problem by Professor Dean C. Worcester, of the University of Michigan. Among other things, he says: "Has not every crime against civilization in Cuba been duplicated in the Philippines a hundred times? . . . Is it an answer to say that Cuba is near and the Philippines are distant? How many degrees of latitude and longitude measure the difference between right and wrong?" There is also an article concerning the sugar estates in Cuba, by Jonathan S. Jenkins, an American who lived in Havana during the middle of the century. Virginia Woodward Cloud has a poem, "Care," that is above the average.

Scribner's Cuban stories are at present the leading feature of the magazine. Mr. Richard Harding Davis gives a vivid description of the battle of San Juan, and a careful and complete analysis of the conduct of the whole Santiago campaign. He does not hesitate to lay the blame where he thinks it belongs, and to give due credit to the men who did the real work. His criticism of General Shafter is severe. "San Juan," he declares, "was taken, not by Shafter, but in spite of him." Speaking of the situation when the American troops lay wedged in the trail before San Juan, exposed to the merciless fire of the Spanish, brought into this "chute of death" by "a series of military blunders enamating from one source," he says: "The generals of divisions and brigades stepped back and relinquished their command to the regimental officers and enlisted men." It may interest the members of the Oregon Emergency Corps to know that the "polka-dot" handkerchiefs with which they became so intimately acquainted during the summer were the badge of the famous Rough Riders, and that, according to Mr. Davis, Roosevelt wore one in his sombrero at the charge of San Juan.

Harper's continues the semi-mystical story by Julian Ralph, entitled "An Angel in a Web." It is saying a great deal for the romance to admit that it is nearly if not quite as interesting as its title. In the October number appear the opening chapters of a serial written by William McLennan and J. N. McIlwraith, and called "The Span o' Life." On the principle that "two heads are better than one," it ought to prove unusually entertaining. Margaret Deland's "Old Chester Tales" grow more delightful every month. Dr. Lavender is a rare and altogether loveable character, and the reader experiences a feeling of gratitude to the author for the privilege of making the acquaintance of the unpretentious clergyman.

McClure's for this month contains among other interesting matter Kipling's great poem, "The Recessional," reprinted by request, which is something unusual in a magazine. There is the full quota of war papers, and a number of very delightful short stories, and an account of mountain climbing in South America, that rivals some of the adventures of the Mazamas.

THE MONTH.

September 2.—

Wilford Woodruff, the head of the Mormon church, died in San Francisco.

In the Soudan, the English forces captured Omdurman, and rescued Neufeld, who had been held in captivity eleven years by the dervishes.

September 3.—

Emperor William appointed Queen Wilhelmina of Holland honorary colonel of the Fifteenth Hanoverian hussars.

The French minister of war resigned, on account of the new complications that have arisen in the Dreyfus affair.

President McKinley visited Camp Wikoff at Montauk Point, New York.

September 5.—

Wilhelmina was crowned queen of Holland at Amsterdam.

September 6.—

The governor of Oregon calls a special session of the legislature, to meet on the 26th.

War breaks out again in the island of Crete. Hostilities are precipitated by an attack by the Mussulmans upon the British at Candia.

September 8.—

News was received to the effect that Li Hung Chang had been dismissed from the Chinese ministry. No reasons were given.

September 10.—

Commission to investigate the conduct of the war department was named by President McKinley.

It was reported that the French had occupied Fashoda, in the Upper Nile country.

The Empress of Austria was assassinated at Geneva.

September 11.—

The business portion of New Westminster, Vancouver, B. C., was destroyed by fire.

September 12.—

Rear Admiral Dewey asked for another warship and a cruiser. The request is taken as evidence that further trouble in the Philippines is imminent.

The Spanish senate adopted the Hispano-American protocol.

September 13.—

The "currency convention" opened at Omaha.

September 14.—

The president determined upon a Philippine policy, which was not given to the public.

The Barbadoes were swept by a terrific hurricane. Great loss of life and property.

September 15.—

The peace commissioners received their final instructions from the president.

September 16.—

The peace commission sailed from New York, in route for Paris.

September 17.—

Dr. John Hall, of New York, died at Bangor, County Down, Ireland.

September 18.—

The "Daughter of the Confederacy," Winnie Davis, died.

September 19.—

Aguinaldo sent a message to the Associated Press, denying his hostility to the Americans.

September 20.—

The republican convention met at Tacoma, Wash.

September 21.—

President McKinley informally received a delegation of the Roosevelt Rough Riders.

September 22.—

The empress dowager of China deposed her nephew, the emperor, on account of his fondness for reform.

September 23.—

The United States peace commission arrived at Queenstown.

Commission to investigate the war department announced complete.

September 24.—

The state organization of the Red Cross Society was effected at Portland, Or.

September 25.—

The remnant of the Khalifa's army was defeated, and its last stronghold captured by Egyptian forces under command of Colonel Parsons.

September 26.—

The investigation of the war department by the commission appointed by President McKinley began.

September 27.—

Oregon legislature convened at Salem.

Theodore Roosevelt was nominated for governor of New York by the republican convention.

September 28.—

Thomas F. Bayard, ex-ambassador to the court of St. James, died at Dedham, Mass., at the age of 70 years.

September 29.—

Queen Louise of Denmark died at Copenhagen.

September 30.—

Aguinaldo assumed the title of president of the revolutionary government of the Philippines.

President McKinley's Philippine policy in favor of holding the islands.

LITERARY COMMENT.

Under the title of "Education in France" there appears in this, the initial number of The Pacific Monthly, the first of a series of articles from the pen of that most clever writer, Samuel Jaques Brun. In 1896 Doxey brought out a limited edition of Mr. Brun's charming "Tales of Languedoc." This volume is, both in style and subject matter, delightfully original, and deals with the hitherto unwritten folklore of Southern France.

Among the new books issued this month from the publishing house of F. Tennyson Neely is "A Platonic Experiment," by Landis Ayr, an extraordinary story of unusual interest and quite impossible conclusions. That is to say, the conclusions are impossible, judged by complex human standards. But the author has written above the commonplace and the ordinary, and shows man and woman not as they are, but as they ought to be. The success of such an experiment as this portrayed by Landis Ayr may be beyond the realms of possibility, but it is well worth trying. Only to have tried is something noble, even though the attempt result, as it must in real life, in failure. The book is an expression of the higher moral tendencies of the age.

"The Rainbow's End" is a Klondike story by Alice Palmer Henderson, and is published by H. S. Stone & Company. It is a woman's account of life and conditions in the gold fields of the frozen north, and is a dispassionate view of the situation as it exists today.

"In the Saddle With Gomez," by Captain Murio Carillo, is a series of short stories dealing with the adventures of many of Cuba's famous soldiers. The capture of St. Clara, the charge at Lequetia and the attack on Camajuani, three of the most important events in Cuba's fight for freedom, are vividly portrayed. The book is both pleasant and instructive, and comes at a time when public interest in its subjects is intense. Mr. F. Tennyson Neely is to be congratulated upon the appearance of the volumes that come from his house. They are always well printed, well bound and of high-class literary merit.

Harper Brothers have just issued the last volume written by the "Daughter of the Confederacy." Winnie Davis was a bright and charming writer, and this book, "Romance of Summer Seas," is no less delightful in style and composition than those preceding it.

One of the interesting books brought out recently by Macmillan is "Brown Men and Women," from the pen of Edward Reeves. The subject is not new, volume after volume having been written descriptive of the inhabitants of the fascinating islands of the southern seas, but no author ever handled the conditions of life existing in those favored regions in quite the frank and fearless manner that characterizes Mr. Reeves' work. He spares none that are guilty, and does not veil his accusations in vague or ambiguous terms.

In the Portland library there is a copy of the history of the Plymouth colony, printed under direction of the secretary of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, by order of the general court, from the original manuscript which has recently been returned to the United States by the hands of Thomas F. Bayard, lately ambassador at the court of St. James. The restoration, as every one probably knows, was ordered by decree of the consistory court of the diocese of London, and the manuscript, all in the handwriting of Governor Bradford, with the exception of a part of the last page, is erroneously known as the "Log of the Mayflower." In 1856 a transcript of the document was secured from London through the efforts of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and put in print, but this later edition differs from the first in that it contains only the matter embodied in the original, with a brief account of the restoration, and is, of course, limited. Mr. F. K. Arnold, who presented the volume to the Portland library, is a lineal descendant of the first governor of Massachusetts.

Madame Amelie de Fonfride Smith has made a valuable contribution to the military records of the state of Oregon in the form of an "Official Roster," which is illustrated, and is a comprehensive history of the officers and enlisted men of the year 1898. It is a register that no patriotic citizen of Oregon will care to be without.

The O. R. & N., the pioneer transportation company, has recently issued an attractive book on "The Resources of Idaho. The text is the work of Colonel P. Donan, and is written in his best style. And while the salmon story and the potato picture may tax the credulity of Eastern readers, it is but fair to say that here in the West the truth of these things is never questioned.

COLLEGE CORRESPONDENCE.

LELAND STANFORD, JR. UNIVERSITY, CALIFORNIA.

Interest here centers upon the training of the 'varsity football team, for which there are sixty candidates; more than have ever before appeared on the Stanford field. Prospects for a victory in the annual game with the University of California at first appeared dubious, as all of last year's 28-0 team, excepting four, had graduated or enlisted in the Manila regiments. The men who played substitutes last year are now coming forward, and will form the nucleus of a strong team. Captain Fisher has plenty of men for every position excepting the center trio, which he is trying to build up from the heavy men who are volunteering. Every afternoon the candidates for the eleven practice running, tackling, punting and falling on the ball, and then line up for a few minutes' active scrimmage. Harry Cross, of Yale, who built up the 20-0 team two years ago, will again coach, assuming charge October 1. Stanford is fortunate in having on the team this year Murphy, '00, the greatest punter and runner in a scattered field the coast has ever seen, and Captain Fisher, a strong halfback, both in aggressive and defensive work. Prospects for a season of good, clean sport and a spirited intercollegiate game were never better in the history of intercollegiate athletics.

The captains of the baseball and track teams have instituted a system of light fall training for the spring contests.

A centrally located restaurant for the university community, costing $5,000, has been completed, and is now in successful operation.

Work has begun on the Thomas Welton Stanford library building, named after the donor, Senator Stanford's brother, who furnished the $150,000 needed for its construction. The library is two stories high, in the same Moorish architectural plan of the Quadrangle, and constitutes the first building of an outer quadrangle. It is modern in every respect, and will have a capacity for 200,000 volumes. It is built of sandstone, quarried on the estate.

Mrs. Stanford is living quietly in her home on the estate, and can be seen frequently directing the improvements which are constantly being made on the campus, and also inspecting the fast-rising buildings. Mrs. Stanford is a large-souled woman of great executive ability, and she is wholly wrapped up in the university, and is constantly thinking of "my boys and girls," as she calls the students. In a recent conversation she outlined her policy as follows: "I have a few hundred thousand dollars more in legacies to pay before the estate will be free from the control of the court. That will not take long. Then I shall devote my energies to completing the museum, the chapel and the chemistry laboratory. After that work is completed and the estate is free from incumbrance, I shall be ready to resign my stewardship to the trustees of the university."

Stanford's president has always been recognized as a scientist of the first rank, and his appointment to the Behring sea fur seal commission and the offer of the directorship of the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, D. C., are only evidences of this. Last May his commencement address was a departure from the usual order, and considered the national expansion movement and its cost to the United States. This address, "Lest We Forget," has attracted wide notice for the statesmanlike way in which the problems of imperialism are discussed and summed up. Its general trend was in opposition to the movement on the grounds that, "first, dominion is brute force; second, dependent nations are slave nations; third, the making of men is greater than the building of nations."

President Jordan was recently given a tentative offer of the presidency of the University of California, which he refused, stating that he intended to stay at Stanford as long as there was something there for him to do.

A new book by Dr. Jordan will soon appear, "Foot-Notes to Evolution," a collection of essays on evolutionary subjects.

O. C. LEITER.

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, EUGENE, OREGON.

The University of Oregon has sustained a severe loss in the death of Professor Johnson, who had been connected with the institution since its doors were opened, and who was for so many successful years its president. To his untiring efforts, and those of his faithful co-workers, in the early days of the university, is due the high rank which the school grew to hold in the educational ranks of the North Pacific.

Professor Dunn, late of Willamette University, and an alumnus of the University of Oregon, is a welcome addition to the present faculty.

There is evident a determination on the part of the students to maintain the previous record of the institution in the matter of field sports. The athletic association has done much to establish and stimulate a healthy interest in football, and already material for a strong team is in sight.

CONSOLIDATED UNIVERSITY AT PORTLAND.

The opening of the newly consolidated university at Portland, Or., is equivalent to the founding of a great school whose future is assured. It is a splendid and harmonious blending of three institutions in one, a welding together of educational forces already closely akin, and the result must, of necessity, be beneficial to all concerned. The location of the buildings, the site upon which will in time be erected a magnificent group of halls and dormitories, in addition to those now in existence, is one of unequaled beauty. Far up above the silver sweep of the bright Willamette, where the ships pass up and down bearing the commerce of the nations, it stands. Mount Hood and St. Helens look in at its windows, and not so very many miles away the majestic Columbia rolls its mighty current seaward. There is room, room to turn around in, and to grow, as grow it must. Under the administration of Chancellor Crawford R. Thoburn, there is every reason to believe the university will become the leading educational institution of the North Pacific. The university began its fall term October 4, under very flattering circumstances.

DRIFT.

Oregon is holding this autumn an exposition that is attracting crowds of visitors from everywhere. Eastern people, particularly, are finding much to interest them in the comprehensive exhibition of Oregon products. The vast natural resources of the state are well represented, and the manufacturing interests are a surprise to most of the visitors to the fair.

In the early days of Tennessee there was an eminent physician by name Doxy. He never used a common word in conversation. Of him the following anecdote is related: One afternoon, as Dr. Doxy was going out to his home, some twenty-five miles from Nashville, he stopped at a tavern eight miles northeast of the city to spend the night. The tavern was a noted place, known as the Gee Tavern. Mr. Gee was an old Virginian. He had brought from the Old Dominion an old servant named Jacob. This old colored man prided himself on being a Virginian, and that he had waited on the great men of Virginia, among them General Washington. When Dr. Doxy rode up to the tavern he called to Jacob, and said: "Approach, thou noble son of Africa, and detach this quadruped from his hitching-post, and divest him of his bridle, disencumber him of his saddle, and install him, and contribute to him some nutritious aliment that will be amply adequate to sustain him. When the oriental luminary rises above the horizon, I will for your kind hospitality remunerate you with pecuniary compensation." That night the horse escaped from the barn and ran away. Uncle Jacob thought it would not do to talk to such a learned man as Dr. Doxy was in common language, so he studied up a speech he should make to the doctor about his horse getting away. He went up to the room and knocked at the door, and with hat in hand and bowing very low, he raised himself to his full height and said: "Marser, dat dar quadruple beast of yourn has actually pounced the old impanelment of de pound, and skater to phisticated de equilibrium ob de forst."—Richmond Religious Herald.

Not Feminine.—"Papa, the paper this morning in speaking of the battle at Cardenas says: 'She made no response to the New York's fire.' Battery isn't feminine, is it?" "No, my boy; you can silence a battery."

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THE HAWAIIANS.

EVER since the downfall of their royal government, the Hawaiian islands have drawn to themselves an amount of interest seemingly disproportionate to their size and importance. It is only seemingly, however, for this interest in reality corresponds to their worth to this country, both on account of their intrinsic value and strategic importance. The attention that they have received has been lately increased in the United States owing to the recent annexation. Any information concerning them may, therefore, be especially acceptable at this time.

The Sandwich or Hawaiian islands (as they are now known), consist of a group of eight islands lying about 2000 miles from San Francisco, and comprising an area of 6700 square miles. They were discovered by Captain Cook in 1778, who gave them the name of Sandwich islands, in honor of the Earl of Sandwich. In 1820 missionaries from America landed at Honolulu, which is situated on the island of Oahu, and this date marks the beginning of an interesting period in the islands' history. Idolatry and cannibalism, both of which had been practiced to some extent, were soon discarded, and the majority of the inhabitants accepted Christianity.

The natives are a most interesting people. Mr. Ellis, the famous English missionary, who visited the islands shortly after 1820, said of them: "The inhabitants of these islands are considered, physically, amongst the finest races of the Pacific. . . . This in all probability arises from their salubrious climate and their chief articles of food."

Mr. Stevens, in his book on "Picturesque Hawaii," says: "One day to the luxurious Kanaka is as another. The struggle for life does not fret his soul, nor fill his thoughts with 'the winter of its discontent.' Today's comfort fills his horizon, and there is only one day in his calendar. It is the luxuriant prolificness of the islands that makes the native the happy-go-lucky fellow that he is." The Kanakas delight in swimming, and they swim with remarkable skill and ease. In surf-swimming, a very astonishing sport, "they balance themselves whilst standing or sitting on a board, which is carried landwards on the crest of a great roller."

The chief products of the islands are taro, sugar cane, coffee, pineapples, rice and cocoanuts. The most important of these to the native is the taro. It forms the national dish, called "poi," which the natives rely upon for their sustenance. The taro plant is easily cultivated, and the yield to an acre is remarkable. It has been estimated that an acre of land will yield on an average of 28,000 pounds of cooked and pounded taro per annum. This yield would sustain 18 men for 12 months. Mr. Stevens, in the book above referred to, says of taro: "It is excellent in case of sickness, being easily digested and withal very nourishing," and Mr. Ellis observed that the remarkable physical condition of the Hawaiians is due to their food. He mentions taro as especially effacious in producing good results. This being true, it has long been a matter of wonder that such an important food should not be known to the world at large. Arrangements have at last been made, however, for the introduction of taro into the United States. It comes to us under the name of "Taroena," and is receiving a warm welcome. Physicians especially find in it a long-looked-for remedy, and one writes from Los Angeles to this effect:

"I have noted the wonderful qualities of taro; it has been proved of the greatest value in all cases where a food is wanted that is a system builder, easily digested and agreeable to all patients suffering from dyspepsia or any chronic digestive trouble, while as a food for the debilitated conditions following typhoid fever, or any of the wasting diseases, it is, in my opinion, superior to all other foods."

It is said, and all trials substantiate the statement, that Taroena is an ideal food, especially for dyspeptic conditions, indigestion and consumption. It has never been known to fail as a perfect food for infants. The Hawaiians use it from the day that they are born. It is also believed to prevent seasickness, and to cure the most acute cases of vomiting.

Mr. Stevens' book has created much interest in this country, but it is not so much for the enlightenment as regards the Hawaiians, as it is for the light that he has thrown on taro and the benefit to mankind which will follow therefrom, that we feel grateful to him. Taro, or Taroena, as it is called in America, and which is taro with nothing added or taken away, is a nature-made food. It can be obtained at present from any druggist, though a movement, which it is hoped will soon be consummated, is also being made by grocers to carry it in stock.

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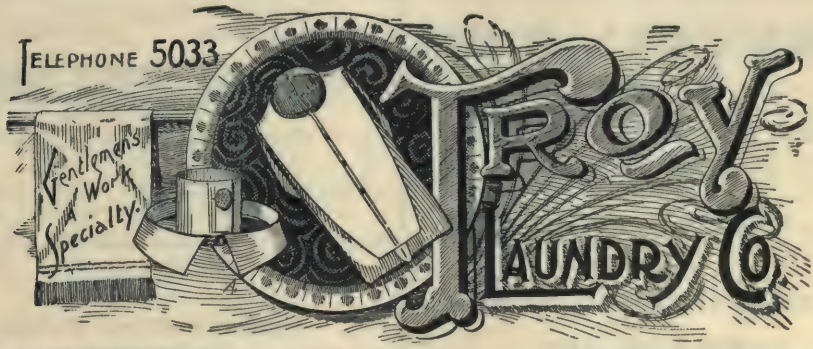
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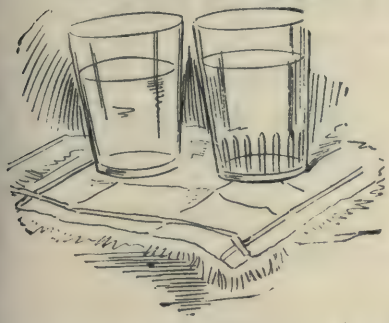
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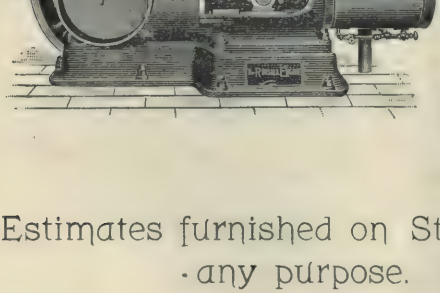
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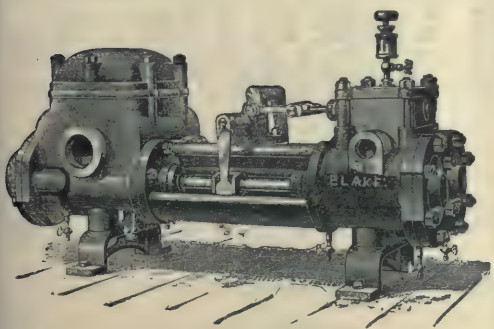
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A sunbeam kissed a river rippleNay,
Naught shall dissever thee and me!"
In night's wide darkness passed the beam away,
The ripple mingled with the sea.
John Vance Cheney.
W.L. Rollins.

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COLUMBIA RIVER SALMON.

By HOLLISTER D. McGUIRE, Oregon State Fish Commissioner.

ONCORHYNCHUS, pronounced Ong-ko-ring-kus, is the scientific name of the Pacific Coast salmon, of which there are five distinct species. They were first recognized and described by Stellar, the most exact of early observers. He described and distinguished them with perfect accuracy in the year 1731. Some 60 years later the German compiler, Johann Walbaum, gave scientific names to all the salmon and trout which travelers had described. After Stellar and Walbaum, Pallas, in the year 1811, recognized these same species and gave them other names. Since then writers with little or no knowledge at all of the subject have done their worst to confuse, until no exact knowledge of any of the species remained.

Until a few years ago the breeding males of the five species constituted a separate genus of many species; the females were placed in the genus Salmo, and the young in still another species of a third genus called Fario. This was supposed to be a genus of trout.

David Starr Jordan says that not one of the many writers on these fishes 45 years ago knew a single species at sight or used knowingly in their description a single character by which species are really distinguished. Many of those engaged in the salmon industry on the Columbia, as well as others, have fallen into a great error concerning the number of species of salmon running in that stream. Some 15 years ago W. A. Jones, major of engineers, U. S. A., in a report to congress (Ex. Doc. No. 123, 50th Congress, first session, page 16) gave a list of 12 species of salmon "that run in the Columbia." This popular error, in regard to the number of species, is in great part due no doubt to the extraordinary variability in appearance of the different species of salmon, largely attributable to the conditions incident to the development of the reproductive organs.

At the present time ichthyologists are a unit in the opinion that there are only five distinct species of salmon in the Pacic, viz., (1) the Chinook, or quinnat salmon (Oncorhynchus tschawytscha); (2) the blueback salmon, or red fish (Oncorhynchus nerka); (3) the silver salmon (Oncorhynchus kisutch); (4) the dog salmon (Oncorhynchus keta), and (5) the humpback salmon (Oncorhynchus gorbuscha); these scientific names being those given them by Walbaum nearly 100 years ago.

The Columbia river is the only stream in which four of the five species of the Oncorhynchus are found in abundance, the humpback (Oncorhynchus gorbuscha) being the only species not entering that stream in large numbers, and individuals of that species have also been taken occasionally.

The spring run of Chinook (Oncorhynchus tschawytscha) is by far the largest, most important and valuable of the salmon family. Its flesh has an oiliness and richness of flavor that makes it far superior to the other species as an article of food. It is the standard of excellency, and when packed in hermetically sealed

cans (four-fifths of it being thus prepared for export) brings a higher price than does the other species. The Chinook (spring run) is found in great abundance when at its best only in the Columbia, the quantity taken in that stream last year aggregating 33,000,000 pounds, as against 2,500,000 pounds taken in the Sacramento river and 1,000,000 pounds taken in Rogue river, these streams being the only ones that any considerable number of these fish enter during the spring months, rarely running in other coast streams until marked deterioration has taken place, greatly impairing its wholesomeness and value as food.



Hollister D. McGuire

The eggs of this species, as of all the salmonidae, are much larger than in fishes generally and the ovaries are without special duct, the eggs falling into the cavity of the abdomen before they are excluded. The large size of the eggs, the fact that they do not stick together, and the ease with which they may be impregnated, make artificial culture of these fish a work of wonderful possibilities. By this means 95 per cent. of the eggs are successfully hatched, while in the natural spawning of the fish only 5 per cent. survive on account of the freshets that carry away the eggs, and the predaceous fishes that prey upon the young.

In the spring the body of the salmon, when it enters the Columbia, is a beautiful silvery color, the dorsal and caudal fins being marked with round black spots and the sides of the head having a tin-colored, metallic lustre. As they near the spawning period marked deterioration takes place. This deterioration is due entirely to the development of the reproductive organs. As the spawning period approaches the male fish grows thin, his head flattens, the upper jaw curves like a hook over the lower, the eyes become sunken, large, powerful, dog-like teeth appear on both jaws, and the fish acquires a gaunt and savage look. This is not due to the change from salt to fresh water environment, as some suppose, but is entirely attributable to the development of the milt. This is demonstrated by the fact that the Chinook salmon, which enter the Columbia river in February and March and ascend to the headwaters of the Clackamas to spawn, are identical in

appearance and condition in the month of August with many of the same species that do not leave the ocean and enter the river until that month.

Chinook salmon do not feed after entering fresh water; their stomachs and throats become entirely incapacitated for receiving food, and the desire and ability to feed leave them entirely. The great reserve of flesh and blood acquired on the rich feeding grounds of their ocean home enables them to keep the vital organs active until their mission up the fresh-



Interior of the Clackamas Salmon Hatchery

water streams is accomplished. Chinook salmon that ascend 150 miles from the ocean to spawn do not return to it again, but die on their spawning grounds. This has been disputed but it is undoubtedly true. After spawning the deterioration is very rapid, the flesh grows pale and they become foul, diseased and very much emaciated; their scales are wholly absorbed in the skin, which is now of a dark olive or black hue; and their heads and bodies are covered with fungus; the skin is worn off in places, and their bodies are bruised from buffeting with the current among the rocks and boulders; their tails and fins are frayed and torn and shortly after spawning they die from exhaustion. This is the fate, I think, of 90 per cent. of the Chinook that enter the Columbia. There are possibly 10 per cent. of this species that enter the river only a short time before their spawning period that do not get far above tidewater; these probably survive and return to the ocean.

The spawning period for the Chinook on the Columbia extends from July 15 to November 15. There is a popular belief among the cannerymen and fishermen on the Columbia that only the early spawning fish are of commercial value; that the fish which spawn in September and October produce a run that does not enter the river until after the lawful fishing season. In other words, they claim that the operation of the hatchery during the months of September and October is producing a fall run of fish of no practical value. This theory has been proven an error through the experimental studies with the marked salmon hereafter referred to. The eggs from which these marked fry were hatched were taken late in the month of September, 1895, and all

the marked fish captured this year (nearly 400 in number) were taken before the 1st of August.

A few days before it is ready to spawn the female hollows out a small nest in the gravel in the bed of the stream, and here the eggs and milt are deposited. The eggs drift into the crevices of the gravel and remain in that protected position during incubation; here also the young remain until the umbilical sac is absorbed. The eggs hatch in from 45 to 60 days, according to the temperature of the water, and the umbilical sac is absorbed in about six weeks thereafter; it will make its home in fresh water for about 10 months, and then go to the ocean, where it remains for two years, when the development of the reproductive organs causes it to seek fresh water in which to spawn, and in all probability it will return to its native river. Absolutely nothing is known of the habits of salmon after they leave fresh water as yearlings; how far they wander from the mouth of the parent stream and what they feed upon is a matter of conjecture, and until the past year the time they remain in the ocean, after leaving the river, before returning to spawn, was purely a guess, no scientific experiment prior to that having ever been made with a view of accurately determiuing this important question.

With a view of ascertaining, if possible, the age at which a Chinook salmon returned to spawn, the writer requested Mr. Hubbard, the superintendent of the United States hatchery on the Clackamas, to mark a number of Chinook fry. This he did by cutting off the adipose fin of 5,000 of them. This marking was done in May, 1896, and the fry were held for about 10 days to note the result of the amputation, which did not seem to affect them in the least, and they were released. On the 23d of May of the present year the first of these marked fish was captured and sent to the writer, and between that date and the 1st of August nearly 400 were reported, varying in size from 10 to 57 pounds in weight, and averaging at least 25 pounds. I think this experiment has clearly demonstrated that the ocean life of the Chinook is less than two years. It is believed by many observers that the Chinook while in the ocean feed upon the smelt and sardines that usually run in the Columbia. This theory is based upon the fact that the stomachs of Chinook salmon taken just as they were entering the river have occasionally been found to contain these fish. The return of the marked fish is corroborative of the theory that salmon return to their native waters to spawn.

I receive many letters from persons who are unable to distinguish the young of the salmon from the various forms or species of trout found in the waters of this state. This is a matter easily determined. Any one who will take the trouble to learn which is the anal fin, the one on the lower side nearest the caudal fin, can distinguish young salmon from any species of trout. All the species of Oncorhynchus have from 14 to 20 rays or ribs in this fin, exclusive of the stubs or rudiments in front of the first ray. None of the various species of trout in the waters of this state have more than 11 rays or ribs in this fin. The Chinook or quinnat (Oncorhynchus tschawytscha) in the Columbia has an average weight of 25 pounds, but individuals have been found occasionally that weighed as much as 85 pounds. David Starr Jordan says that they are occasionally taken weighing 100 pounds. My experience and observation leads me to believe that 85 pounds is the maximum weight of the royal Chinook; 60 and 65-pound individuals are quite common. One of the marked fish heretofore referred to was taken by the Pillar Rock Packing Company on the 13th of July, 1898, which was only two years, seven and one-half months old and weighed 57 pounds. The smallest of the marked fish taken weighed only 10 pounds, while the rest varied from 20 to 40 pounds. This demonstrates positively that there is great variability in the weight and size of this species at the same age, and therefore disproves the theory advanced by some that the great variability in size of individuals is caused by the difference in age.

The blueback salmon (Oncorhynchus nerka) is next to the Chinook the most important and valuable of the five species for canning purposes. Taking the entire coast, it is probably more numerous than all the other species combined. It is known on the different coast streams by local names

—blueback on the Columbia, sock-eye or saw-qui on Puget Sound and Fraser river, and red fish or red salmon in Alaska. With the exception of the humpback, it is the smallest of the five species, the largest individuals rarely exceeding 10 pounds in the Columbia, and the average weight is about 4½ pounds. In various inland lakes it is much smaller, and weighs about ½ pound when mature, and is then called the little red fish.

It closely follows the Chinook run in the Columbia river in the spring. The Chinook enter the river in small numbers in January, the blueback following in March. It ascends only those streams which rise in cold snow-fed lakes. Its favorite spawning ground in the Columbia river basin is Wallowa lake, in Northeastern Oregon. Its spawning period is from August 1st to October 1st.

Until the breeding season the blueback is a bright blue on the top, shading gradually to the middle, where it becomes a bright silver in color. It is very symmetrical in shape. Its flesh, prior to the breeding season, is a bright red, which color is retained in cooking and which makes it, next to the Chinook, the most valuable for canning purposes. At the spawning period the male fish develops an extravagantly hooked jaw, the color changes to a blood red on the back and to a dark red on the sides. Unlike the Chinook, they do not run in abundance every year, the large runs coming every four years and a lesser run every two years. Ten years ago the species were much more abundant in the Columbia than at present. The year 1894 witnessed the largest run of these fish in that stream ever known since the inception of the salmon canning industry. Since that year there has been a marked decline in the run of these fish, and many who have studied this question believe that the blueback is threatened with extinction on the Columbia river. This would seem to be the inevitable result of the neglect of the state to take the most ordinary precaution for the protection of this fish. The blueback formerly spawned in large numbers in Wallowa lake, and the young passed down Wallowa river to the sea. Farmers and ranchers for years have connected their irrigating ditches with the stream and have failed to erect suitable screens, which has resulted in thousands upon thousands of young fish being carried out upon the open fields to perish. This drain upon the fountain head of supply has nearly exterminated the blueback run of the Columbia river. All irrigating ditch-owners along the Wallowa river should be required to put in and maintain suitable screens to prevent the small fish from passing out upon the fields. The general fisheries bill recently passed requires such screens to be erected. The blueback averages about 1,000 eggs to the fish.

The humpback salmon (Oncorhynchus gorbuscha) is the smallest of the Oncorhynchus, averaging less than five pounds, and seldom weighing as much as nine pounds. It rarely enters the Columbia river, but is found in great abundance in Alaska. The flesh is of fine flavor, but is neglected by canners because of its lack of color. It is probable, however, that it will eventually be utilized for canning purposes by Alaskan cannerymen.

When this salmon first enters fresh water it greatly resembles a small Chinook, but as it approaches the spawning period it develops a large and prominent hump on its back, hence the name "humpback." This, with the distortion of the jaws, the sloughing of the skin and flesh, which is incident to spawning, result in the death of all the fish on the spawning grounds. There are only a few hundred eggs to each fish, they being smaller than those of the Chinook but larger than those of the blueback, and paler in color than the eggs of either of those species.

Silver salmon (Oncorhynchus kisutsch), also called silversides, skowitz, kisutsch, hoopid salmon, and coho salmon. It is one of the handsomest of the salmon family, being symmetrical in form and of a beautiful silver color. It is inferior for canning purposes to the Chinook and blueback, for the reason that it will not retain its color in cooking. Large numbers of this species, however, are utilized on the Columbia river. Its average size in that stream is about eleven pounds. It enters the river in September and continues to run until November; it does not go to the headwaters like the Chinook and blueback, but spawns in the lower river. The

silverside averages 2,000 eggs to the fish.

The dog salmon (Oncorhynchus keta) reaches an average weight of 12 pounds. It is the least valuable of the five species. In the spring it is of a dirty silvery color, or sprinkled with small back specks; the fins dusky. In the fall the male is of a blackish color, and its jaws greatly distorted, giving the fish a very repulsive look. Just after entering fresh water from the ocean the flesh bas a beautiful red color, but deteriorates rapidly, and is then inferior to the other species as an article of food. They ascend the rivers but a short distance before spawning. Formerly none of this species was canned on the Columbia, but owing to the scarcity of other species a few packers of late years have canned these fish, but have carefully avoided labeling them "dog salmon."

The steelhead salmon (Salmo gairdneri) is also known as Gairdner's trout, so called in honor of Dr. Gairdner, who first recognized and classified it. It is also known as hardhead, winter salmon, square-tailed trout and salmon trout. It is, strictly speaking, a trout, but under the laws of Oregon is protected as a salmon. Its spawning season is from February to May. In appearance it greatly differs from any of the regular salmon. It is more slender than the Chinook, and its flesh is light colored. The average weight of the steelhead in the Columbia is about 10 pounds; individuals, however, are sometimes taken weighing as much as 30 pounds.

The steelhead is found in the Columbia during the entire year, and under the provisions of the law in force during the last eight years has been subject to the operations of the fishermen for 10 months of the year. Under this continued drain there has been a steady and constant decline in the abundance of this fish running in the Columbia. I have repeatedly called attention to the necessity of providing a winter close season, if this valuable fish is to be preserved from extinction.



Milting Salmon Eggs

The Astoria Progressive Commercial Association, realizing the importance of doing something for the preservation of these fish, undertook, in the early part of the present year, to operate a hatchery for their artificial propagation, the funds for carrying on the work being raised through private subscription. This was

the first effort ever made in the Northwest to artificially propagate these fish, and was in every way successful. The eggs are smaller than those of the Chinook and average about 3,500 to the fish, and can be as successfully handled as those of the former, although it is more difficult to hold the spawning fish owing to freshets incident to the season in which they spawn, which are liable to carry away the racks and release the parent fish.

The steelhead is in its prime in the fall of the year, and deteriorates slowly until the spawning time (between February and May). It differs materially from the Oncorhynchus, in that it survives the reproductive act and returns to the ocean, while the former perish after performing this function. They ascend as far up the headwaters and tributaries of the Columbia as it is possible for a fish to make its way.

For canning purposes, when in their prime they are only inferior to the Chinook and blueback. For shipping they are preferred to the Chinook. The wonderful increase in the fresh-fish trade industry during the past six years, resulting in an increased demand for steelheads, has had the effect of raising the value of these fish, until at certain seasons of the year the fishermen receive a higher price for them than for the Chinook.

This brief and hastily written description of the Columbia river salmon would be incomplete and unsatisfactory should I close without referring to the great industry that has grown and prospered upon it for more than a third of a century, and the methods of reaping the great harvest that annually bless that mighty river.

The apparatus employed consists of gillnets, pound nets, fish wheels, seines, setnets and dipnets. Of these, gillnet fishing is by far the most important, 3,184 men being thus engaged in taking salmon, using 1,632 gillnets valued at $379,220, and 1,589 boats valued at $219,000. From 60 to 65 per cent of the annual catch is taken by this method. One thousand and ten men are engaged in fishing with wheels, poundnets, seines, setnets, etc., the aggregate value of which amounts to $560,000, in all making an industrial army of 4,194 persons engaged in the salmon fishery of the Columbia river. In addition to these there are 2,227 persons employed in the canneries and as shoresmen. The value of shore property, buildings, machinery and cold-storage plants amounts to $1,000,000. The cash capital employed amounts to $950,000, thus making a grand total of 6,421 persons employed, and $3,108,220 invested in this greatest and most important river fishery in the world. This harvest of the waters has produced a wealth ten times exceeding that of the famous Klondike, and has annually yielded up its treasures for more than a generation. It has been a marvelous mine of wealth without the rigors of an Arctic winter, contributing largely to the prosperity and welfare of our state.

The total ouput of the Columbia river salmon fishery since the enterprise was inaugurated as a commercial factor aggregates 850,000,000 pounds, worth $75,000,000. If all these salmon could be loaded on freight cars it would require 42,500 cars to hold them, making a solid train of over 280 miles long. No other river or like area of water anywhere on earth has ever yielded such vast wealth in the same period of time. If the comprehensive law recently enacted by the Oregon legislature is also passed by the Washington law-makers, and then strictly enforced, this great industry will continue to yield its treasures to the Pacific Northwest. At present the output approximates $3,000,000 per annum, one-half of which goes into the hands of the industrial army that gathers and prepares the product for the markets of the world.

For a number of years there has been a gradual diminution in the abundance of salmon in the Columbia river, but during the past season the falling off was so pronounced as to alarm many who have heretofore been indifferent. They at last seem to realize that we cannot continue to reap bountiful harvests indefinitely without sowing.

The future prosperity, and, in my opinion, the preservation of this great industry depends upon artificial propagation and a strict enforcement of the laws, which I believe has been made possible under the act drafted by the Astoria Progressive Commercial Association, and which was enacted into a law at the recent session of the Oregon legislature.



Salmon Gill Net Boats Waiting for Change of Tide Mouth of the Columbia River

SALMON FISHING ON THE LOWER COLUMBIA.

By C. L. SIMPSON.

THE life of a fisherman on the Lower Columbia, particularly if he be a gillnetter, is full of interest and excitement, and not without an element of danger. And though the season is brief the harvest is sure, and more than ordinary wages can be made by the industrious laborer. It is true there are sometimes heavy losses incurred. For instance, it is not infrequently necessary for a bar fisherman to cut away half or the whole of his net in order to save his boat or even his life.

Of the several methods of capturing fish on the Columbia, the gillnet is most in favor on the lower river. The large canneries situated at Astoria are supplied almost wholly with fish taken by this means. On the Washington side, from McGowan's cannery at Chinook beach to Seaborg's, at Ilwaco, the numerous traps are the dependency. The Fishermen's Union, with headquarters at Astoria, has a membership of about 5,000, all of whom are gillnetters. Their boats all bear, plainly stamped upon the bow in the form of a circle, the initial letters, C. R. F. P. U., and it is well for non-union men to respect this of the organization. The Columbia River Fishermen's Protective Union is a power on the river, and bold indeed is he and reckless of consequences who dares to disregard or oppose it.

So necessary are the gillnet fishermen to the Astoria canneries that should they refuse to fish during the season the business of the packing houses would come to a standstill, as happened in the case of the great strike three years ago.

Of the 5,000 union men the majority are Russian Finns; Italians come next, and are increasing in numbers from year to year. Very few of either nationality are naturalized.

Most of the gillnet fishing is done below Astoria, the boats venturing to the very mouth of the river and even out upon the bar.

Down beneath the beetling brow of Cape Disappointment, stretching over a mile parallel to the "channel," is the dreaded and dangerous Peacock spit. When fair weather prevails there is at high tide scarcely a break in the gently undulating swells that heave in from the sea, and lazily wash the beach and the base of the precipitous Washington promontory. An ordinary rowboat in the hands of a skillful oarsman might cross the treacherous shoals with perfect safety. How delusive is this seeming calm! Peacock spit is the terror of the fisherman, and woe to him who finds himself in its immediate vicinity in time of storm! It is then, or when, on account of recent bad weather far off at sea, white-crested combers springing up suddenly from unknown depths unexpectedly rush in, perpendicular walls of water rise and burst in a thousand cataracts, and the roar of the angry surf is deafening. The "wild white horses" madly charge and trample to nothingness the unlucky mortal who is caught upon their middle ground. Opposite the westernmost point of Sand island Peacock spit gradually disappears, and a considerable reach of deeper water smothers the "break" for a time, or until the wreck of the "Great Republic" shows where the treacherous sands again seek the upper world. To the southward, across the ship channel, commencing some distance beyond the seaward end of the government breakwater, and extending nearly its entire length, a bar has formed since the construction of the jetty. At low tide all three of these spits are plainly visible. To them is due a yearly loss of life and property among the fishermen of the lower river. Owing to the uncommon action of the tides, the first-named of these shoals is most to be feared and avoided. But it is just here in the narrow channel bounded by these three white squadrons that millions of salmon crowd in, athirst for the fresh

waters of the Rockies and the Cascades, and eager to ascend to the spawning grounds, from whence, it is claimed, they never return. And who can blame the fisherman, if he takes his life in his hand and sails out to meet his fate upon the bar? Once inside the wide mouth of the river the fish scatter, and are not so easily taken in large numbers.

Another lure to danger in this connection is the fact that salmon delight to sport in the breakers. It is positively known that, if it were possible for a 300-fathom net to fish on Peacock spit at certain times when the tide is full, a boat-load of salmon could be caught as rapidly as the net could be hauled in. Men with more daring than discretion have made the attempt and lost their lives in consequence.

Gillnet fishing is carried on by night as well as by day, but usually, when night work is profitable, it is not practicable to fish on the day tides. Generally speaking, the heaviest catches are made between sunrise and sunset from the opening of the season up to June or July; the remaining months the opposite is the case. The reason for this lies in the fact that salmon can only be caught in the meshes of a gillnet when the condition of the water conceals the snare. During the first months of the open season the river is always in flood and the muddy current obscures the net into which the fish in his eager progress bolts unaware. But when the current clears, as it does in July, or sometimes earlier, day-fishing is a profitless task. The stream has been known to be literally alive with salmon, and yet scarcely one could be taken while daylight lasted. By the time the night fishing begins, the warm summer season has arrived, and danger from storms is ordinarily past. If, however, the freshet is light, the day tides have to be abandoned much earlier, and the persistent intervals of bad weather peculiar to this region makes drifting about in the night anything but a pleasant occupation.

Gillnetters who sell their catches to the Astoria canneries do practically all their fishing on or near the bar, in close proximity to the jetty sands, Great Republic and Peacock spits. In the fore part of the season, hundreds of boats may be seen from the station at Fort Canby, rocking idly in the rolling swell, apparently in the very edge of the break. The object of the fisherman is to approach as near the outer break as possible, without actually getting into it. And right here is where nets are lost and lives are sacrificed.

The tide and tide-table often disagree. Local disturbances effect these changes. An apparently insignificant disparity of time and tide, the occasion of which is frequent and unavoidable, is to blame for many a fatality.

The two stages of tide known as "low-water slack" and "high-water slack" are most favorable for fishing. It is the fresh water of the Columbia that the Chinook salmon is seeking, and he is not to be turned from his quest. All other streams in that vicinity he ignores. Willapa harbor is not more than twenty-five miles from the mouth of the Columbia, and yet a genuine red-meated Chinook has never been caught in its waters. The same is true of Gray's harbor and Puget sound. The course of the vast schools on entering the river is directly against the current. When the tide ebbs the salmon all ascend. and with the flood, when the current sets in strongly from the sea, they turn about and swim back toward the harbor bar. There is always a period of from forty minutes to an hour at high and low-water slack, respectively, when the water is at a standstill, or nearly so, and what makes these stages best for fishing is that then, and only then, salmon dart about in every direction, searching persistently for the source of the fresh water. The absence of any current so bewilders them that a gillnet laid out in any position has the double chance of catching fish that happen to be on either side.

Gillnetters who fish on the bar, after delivering their catch at Astoria, calculate to leave port at a stage of tide that will enable them, when their nets are cast out anywhere below, to drift to the bar by low water. To accomplish this is simple enough, providing the net is laid out rightly, and the tide-table and your timepiece are correct. The tide-table is to the bar fisherman what the compass is to the mariner. A trustworthy timepiece he must have. It is customary to lay the net out at Astoria about half-tide, in order to

make the drift so as to catch the bar at low slack. The nets are heavily leaded, usually 300 fathoms in length, and deep enough to drag on the bottom. This dragging retards the progress of the drift, but a shallower net would permit the salmon to pass underneath. The meshes are of two general sizes, 9¾ inches and 11 inches. The former are intended for the average fish, the latter for the large ones.

The nets are put out at right angles to the current, and as far apart as the limited space will permit. Frequently the boats are so numerous that they may be seen drifting not over 150 yards distant from each other.

A good fisherman figures on the position of the nets about him, and lays his own so that he will not be in the rear of any. The flood-tide drift is not considered as good, though it is utilized because it is on the way home.

Fishermen have no regular sleeping time. When two tides a day are worked, only three or four hours are left for sleep.

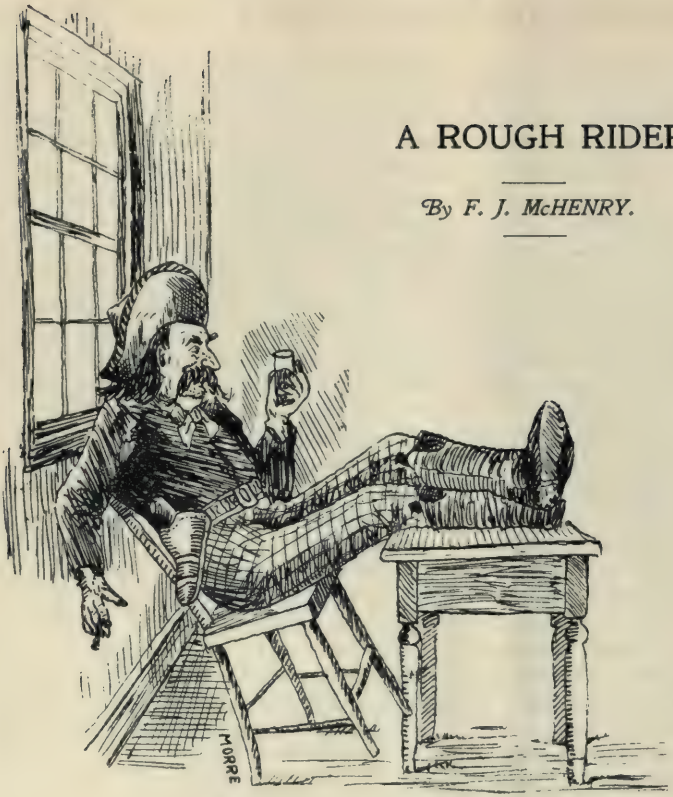
A ton of fish is not an infrequent result for one boat's work. Sixty or eighty dollars is a fair return for seven or eight hours of toil and exposure. The desire to be "high" boat is responsible for the pernicious habit of "corking," which is to deliberately steal another's legitimate position, thus shutting him out entirely. This is done stealthily at night time, and before day dawns the robber has taken in his net and moved away unobserved.

It is ordinarily safe to lie with a good portion of the net out close to Peacock spit, at slack water. The net is stationary, and in fair weather there is only a heavy swell from the breakers, probably not 300 feet away. Before the first of the flood, the net must be well into the boat. The moment the tide turns the "break" becomes heavier, and a strong current sets in directly over the spit. If the net is caught in the eddy, there is only one of two things to do—cut it loose and save yourself, or stay with it and take the breakers. Many have chosen the latter course and escaped with their lives after a terrible ordeal. The life-saving crews have rescued hundreds who had strength enough left to cling to some part of the boat, but countless others have been swept into eternity. An upturned boat when the morning breaks, or a twisted net cast ashore, tells the story of doom.

During an unexpected storm some ten years ago, it was estimated that over 300 lives were lost in a single night. The suddenness of the gale prevented the fishing fleet from escaping to shelter behind Sand island, the usual refuge of the bar fisherman in wild weather.

There are several things for a fisherman to take into consideration while plying his vocation. He must keep his gear in first-class order, know the exact stages of the tides, observing how they are affected by storms or heavy winds; must be perfectly familiar with the shoals and channels; and must have located each snag in order to avoid it; he must be enough of a weather prophet to ordinarily predict and so escape an approaching storm; know where the best fishing grounds are, and precisely when and in what manner to lay out his net; and understand the handling of a boat in rough weather. These are the necessary qualifications of a successful Columbia river fisherman. A lack in any of these things is likely to result in disaster.

The actual mortality attendant upon this work will probably never be disclosed. It is the policy of the Fishermen's Union to be non-communicative concerning any and all affairs relating to the organization. Whenever a body is recovered and identified, it is conveyed to Astoria and given a plain burial. When drowned fishermen are unidentified, the Union does not bury them. That act is performed in the county where the body is found, and, since there is no provision made for such burial by either state or county, these victims of the treacherous sea are laid to rest in the sands of the shore above the reach of the tide. Unwept and nameless, they sleep in unmarked graves, and the ceaseless moan of the waves is their requiem.



A ROUGH RIDER.

By F. J. McHENRY.

"DIDN'T know Jake Hodge, stranger?"

There was an unspeakable contempt in the speaker's voice, evidently caused by my lack of knowledge of Osage country's greatest celebrity. Said lack was excused only after I had explained that I was recently from the East. Owing to my rough dress, it is fair to presume that I had been taken for one indigenous to the plains. A consummation I had devoutly wished for, owing to the remembrance of a startling incident on a previous visit four years before, on which occasion I had heard the crack of a pistol and a bullet whizzing past my head, which proved to be an emphatic, if not a very pleasant, way of a coterie of cowboys of reminding me that the denizens of the plains drew the line at silk tiles. So, at least, the fat Jew had explained, who immediately after the shot yanked me bodily into his store hard by, and sold me for six dollars and four bits a slouch hat that would not have sold for the four-bit portion of that sum in the effete East.

It was on that first trip that I had met Jake Hodge, ex-cowboy, and at that period the proud handler of the ribbons over four spanking horses that took the tri-weekly stage bowling out of D. City to Cottonwood, fifty miles south on the Cimmaron.

Jake was a character in his way, for while, as a matter of course, he was of that rough exterior naturally engendered by his surroundings, nevertheless he was at heart a pretty good fellow, and that, too, notwithstanding that he had been, in the parlance of the plains, "a tin-horn gambler." The most formidable oath he was ever known to use, when angered by one of the male persuasion, was, "You dog-goned dadbusted son of a sea cook." After having delivered himself thus, he acted as if the person addressed had been placed in the lowest category imaginable, and never, even though he stood six feet one in his stockings, with a proportionately Herculean frame, was he ever looked upon as having, in plains parlance, "a big plenty of fight in him." He used to say himself, "I'd ruther eat three square meals a day

than be the dadbusted bulliest hero that ever died with his boots on."

However, my acquaintance with him does not warrant my telling his story. But I will give it as told to me by a local character who was christened Roper Smith, but commonly called Rope. It was he who had made the above reply that opens this true story. The name of Jake Hodge seemed to be in everybody's mouth, and I was curious to know if I could connect it with my quondam acquaintance of the stage. So, after Rope had "liquored up" at my expense, we settled ourselves on a rough bench in front of the Coyote saloon, and he gave me the following facts regarding Jake Hodge since I had known him.

"Well, pardner, ez you're a sure-enough stranger on this range, I'll be plum pleased to tell you about Jake Hodge.

"Let's see; it was three years ago last fall round-up, that I war up at D—— City with Jake, an' we had loaded on all ther express and war pullin' past ther hotel when ther galoot that is called ther lan'-lord sung out an' allowed that thar was two passengers who wanted to occupy ther hurricane deck of that ar stage as far as Cottonwood. Jake just yapped back, 'Well, trot ther durned galoots out an' git 'em abroad.' Right thar, pard, I happened to look at Jake's face, an' I saw his eyes bug out ez big ez a lassoed cow. An' no wonder, pard, fer trottin' down them ar hotel steps to git on ther stage was ther purtiest dadburned leetle bunch of petticoats that these old blinkers of mine ever blinked at. She war callin' out in a voice as sweet as a durned lark, 'Hurry up, papa, an' help me in.' But quicker'n you could snap a quirt, Jake war on ther groun' an', throwin' me ther ribbons, he went to 'sistin' her like she'd been the queen of Timbuctoo. Just 'bout that time, pard, ther parient—a little, sawed-off, broad-ez-long Dutchman—came down to ther stage, a-puffin' like a wind-broke broncho, an' clumb in too.

"Supposin' that Jake war goin' to git in 'longside er me, I started to hand him ther ribbons, when I saw him give a disgusted look at his togs, an' then, pard, he says to me, 'Rope, I have a leetle business to attend to that I'd 'most furgot. You jist keep ther ribbons an' sashay along at a moderate gait out on ther road an' I'll catch up with you on a broncho, 'fore you reach Twelve-Mile creek.'

"You see that big cattleman's outfittin' store acrost 'tother corner, pard? Well, it war on ther way out to Twelve-Mile that I first diskivered that our Dutch passenger, old Van Dorn, was ther father-in-law to Jim Clark, that is ther boss of that ar outfit, Jim havin' married ther oldest sister of that there pretty bunch of petticoats. Old Van Dorn had got rich late in life, an' had edicated ther 'foresaid gal finer'n a sky pilot, an' was a-takin' her on a visit to her sister in Cottonwood.

"It war sure easy enough to see that ther old man thought her about ez fine a critter ez ever pranced over ther range, an' not by his consent would any ordinary galoot ever have ther chance to put ther cinch on her.

"We war a-nearin' of Twelve-Mile when I heard a clatter of hoofs behind us, an' up tore Jake on ther back of a sweatin' broncho. Changed? Well, some, pard, some. He'd blowed hisself for a whole durned outfit, from a pair of high-heeled puncher's boots up to a Stetson sombrero, with a leaf ez wide ez ther horns of a Texas steer. Ez sure ez shootin', pard, he did look skookum in them ar store clothes, topped off by er red necktie big enough to set all ther bulls on ther range a-fightin'.

"Pardner, I'll allow that I'm usually dull ez a suckin' calf in a blizzard, but I could see that ther glance that Gretchen—ez old Van Dorn called her—gave Jake when gittin' on ther stage, had done for him an' thrown him at her feet quicker'n if he'd stuck his foot in a durned coyote hole on ther dead run. So I didn't surprise much when Jake came lopin' up all togged out. But the gal, Lord bless her purty eyes, flushed up a pink that 'ud have put a prairie rose to shame, 'cause she knowed at once Jake had done it in honor of her.

"Purty soon, pardner, we rolled up to ther sod house at Twelve-Mile, an' while Van Dorn and Gretchen rested in ther shade of ther house, me an' Jake watered ther stock an' hatched ther plot that arterwards made Jake act like a doggoned locoed idiot.

"You see, pardner, he war dead gone on that ar gal, an' believin' that all's fair in love an' war, he asked me if I would straddle his broncho an' ride on about six miles ahead to ther Cross Bar ranch, which was located in a canyon a half-mile off ther trail, an' couldn't be seen, an' tell ther boys there that he had a Dutchman aboard that war afraid of bein' held up by road agents, which war true enough. He told me to tell the boys that he wanted to play a joke on ther Dutchman by havin' them come tearin' after ther stage out of ther canyon on their bronchos, an' to have them keep up a stiff yell an' use their forty-fivers some liberal, but to be dadbusted careful to shoot high, as he war goin' to git out an' pertend to defend ther stage. In this way, by purtendin' to fight ther robbers to a standstill, Jake hoped to gain ther undyin' gratitood of Gretchen an' have her love him hard for a dadbusted hero.

"So, pardner, makin' believe to ther old man that I wanted to limber up a leetle on horseback, I started out for Cross Bar ranch, while Jake held them a half hour at Twelve-Mile, makin' 'em think he had to fix ther harness, so's to give me time to fix things with ther boys. I didn't have any trouble with 'em on that score, pard, for they hadn't had such a pizen big layout of fun in a coon's age. So I had plenty of time to git back to ther stage 'fore it war within two miles of where ther punchers war to help Jake make a dadbusted hero of hisself.

"Ther outfit they used for a stage was a long box spring-wagon with curtains on ther sides, with room for three seats, but ther bein' only four aboard we used only two, leavin' quite a space back for mail sacks and packages. On purtence of her bein' able to see ther kentry better, Jake had got ther gal in the front seat with him, while ther dad meditatively smoked his pipe in ther back seat.

"It war that way I found 'em when I met 'em on ther trail, an' Jake tipped me ther wink to get in ther back seat with ther old man. So, after tyin' ther bronk at ther back, I clumb in 'longside of ther old fellow, an' fell to tellin' wild yarns about ther cowpunchers an' road agents. It war about time for ther boys to show up, an' I had commenced to think they had fluked me, when all ter once I seed a half dozen of 'em cum scootin' out of ther canyon an' yellin' like a pack er durned Comanches.

"Say, pard, you ought ter have seen that Dutchman's face as ther boys commenced ter shoot. Talk about skeer; he war worse skeered than any durned tenderfoot that ever danced before a drunken cowboy's forty-five.

"He yelled, 'Mine Got in Himmel, is dose der road agents?' 'Yes,' says Jake, 'an' Dick Bummell's gang at that, ther worst in ther southwest.' At that Jake commenced to lash ther horses, an' we went whirlin' over ther prairie, slikerty kersloot, faster than ther devil after a sinner, while the leetle gal war all ther time cryin' out, 'O! my poor papa, he'll be killed!' An' Jake war tryin' to curry her down with soft words.

"Purty soon he saw ther horses war sweatin' like a nigger at election, an' gittin' blowed bad, while ther bronk at ther back war tearin' round like mad, tryin' to git loose. Jake saw something had ter be done, so turnin' to me he says, 'Climb over here an' take these ar reins an' slow up a leetle.' Then he drew his shootin' iron an' looked at ther loads, borrowed mine, an' commenced to crawl back an' untie ther broncho.

"Pardner, it war mean, but Gretchen, thinkin' it was all real stuff, called out to him in tones of terror, 'O Mr. Hodge, what are you goin' ter do?' 'Goin' ter save you, or leave my carcass for ther coyotes to feed upon,' sung back Jake as he jumped to ther ground.

"At that he sprung inter ther saddle, an' yelled ter me ter drive faster. I had nothin' to do but ter obey orders, so I gave ther horses such a cut as drove them sockdoleger inter ther collars, givin' ther stage such a jerk forward that it loosened ther old Dutchman's seat, dumpin' him backards among ther mail sacks, where with his fat legs wavin' in ther air he lay on ther broad of his back bellerin' louder'n a drove of stampeded cattle in a storm.

"Jake by this time, watched by Gretchen, war ridin' helter skelter back at ther supposed robbers. All at once he pulled up an' went ter gittin' out his guns. Ther gal cried, 'He's goin' ter shoot 'em.' She was so excited that she didn't notice me

slowin' up, an' I looked roun' just in time ter see Jake fire, an' at each shot one of ther boys tumble to ther groun' 'cordin' ter instructions. Finally, there war but two left, an' they turned tail an' scampered off, leavin' Jake to cum back ter ther stage a conquerin' hero, while ther boys that war supposed to be shot were flounderin' around like chickens with their heads cut off, an' ther gal a-pityin' of them 'cause they war in ther death throes; but I knowed blamed well they war just bustin' their sides with laugh at ther old Dutchman's heels in ther air.

"Arter Jake got back in ther stage, an' we made it penetrate ther old man's mind that Jake war not one of ther robbers, we got him right side up with care once more. He an' Gretchen put up a song of praise of Jake's bravery that kept him in a continooal blush, but it warn't all from pleasure, but a good deal of shame was runnin' over ther range of his feelin's. But ter ther gal he was a real hero, an' durin' ther rest of ther drive her purty blue eyes skasely ever left his face.

"A leetle after sundown we pulled inter Cottonwod, an' after supper me an' Jake an' a lot of ther boys war standin' round in front of this ar saloon swappin' lies, when up cums ther old Dutchman. Takin' Jake by ther arm, he invited us all in ter take suthin'. When we-all uns had named our pizen, an' war about ter say 'Here's to you,' the old fellow says, 'Poys, I vish ter introduce to you der biggest hero of der centuary,' an' Jake nor I couldn't stop him till he'd told ther whole blamed story of ther hold-up. That was a part of ther shootin' match that we'd never considered, an' we'd both have given a slicker to never have held that hold-up. The town at that time, pard, war on ther boom, and we had a good many more women here than now, an' ther gal had rounded up all those female critters an' given Jake a bigger send-off 'n ther old man had in ther Coyote saloon.

"To make a long story short, pard, nothin' would do but the citzens of this camp must hire a substitute for Jake and give him a lay-off of a whole week, an' a blow-out, for they believed ther story all ther more, for ther had been a genuine hold-up forty miles north of D—— City ther week before.

"For about four days Jake an' ther gal owned ther town, an' enyone with half an eye could see that they were orful spooney on each other. Jake'd take her out walkin' every evenin' down to that lone cottonwood tree thar, an' there they'd sit an' eye each other like a couple of durned matin' burds. Happy? They war that, for a fact.

"The fall round-up was on south of here, an' Jake took Gretchen out ter see ther sight. My! How peart proud she was when Jake cut out a frisky 3-year-old out of a herd that a puncher had been tryin' to get for half an hour. This was the fourth day of Jake's lay-off, pard, an' while he was out at ther round-up a couple of ther Cross Bar boys came down to take a hand, and while in ther Coyote saloon, an' not knowin' they war doin' of Jake any harm, who they liked harder than a mule can kick, blatted out the true story of how ther blamed hold-up happened ter come off.

"Well, ther cat was outen ther bag, an' old Van Dorn, from bein' full of gratitood, had turned hotter against Jake than a cattleman ever was agin a tenderfoot that was homesteadin' in part of his range.

"When Jake an' Gretchen got back, ridin' in ter town ez happy ez two bufflers in a waller, the folks seed 'em comin' an' ez ther two rode up commenced to guy Jake onmarcifully. 'Nough war said to let Gretchen catch on that ther hold-up was a hoax. Turnin' pale like, she says to Jake, with her sweet lips quiverin', 'Jacob, is this true?' Tears welled up in her purty blue eyes ez Jake replied, all choked like, 'Yes, Gretchen, I'm a bigger sneak than a cattle rustler.' Then she slid from her broncho an' with a simple 'Good-bye, Jake,' staggered inter her sister's house.

"Pardner, I've seen men strung up, shot full of holes an' cross over ther great divide by bein' trampled to death by herds of wild steers, but I never saw such pain an' agony in a human critter's face ez war in Jake's ez he watched her ter ther door. Then while ther crowd jeered he turned his broncho's head toward the Texas Panhandle on a wild, mad ride.

"I'd rid the line, pardner, too long with Jake an' knew him ter be all man, ter let him go off alone like that. Straddlin' my bronk I put spurs and quirt ter him an'

started likerty skit, an' overhauled Jake 'bout two miles down in No Man's Land. He tried to speak, but ther war a hitch in his talkin' apparatus. I said to him. 'Jake, old pard, wherever your range is, I'm goin' with you.' When he found he wasn't entirely forsaken, he stuck out his hand an' tried once more to speak, but it broke him all up, an' purty soon we war both blubberin' like a couple of kids with ther lollypops.

"I got him ter stay over at Lone Tree ranch while I went back to Cottonwood an' next morn I war back with a purty fair outfit for two for ther range. I'd also larned in town that Van Dorn and Gretchen were about to start for their home in B., Missoury.

"I won't spin out this yarn too long, pard, by tellin' you of how we lived for the next two years, but git down ter ther meat of ther thing by tellin' you that Jake writ Gretchen a letter a tellin' her how he come to play that trick, an' addin' that, if God would let him live, he would yet prove hisself all ther man she had thought him. Not a line ever came back in answer, but he kept a workin' like a man on ther range, an' all ther time studyin' jogerpher, readin', writin' an' grammur, till, by an' by, his lingo became so darned high-falutin' that half ther time I didn't know what he war talkin' about, but all ther time he remained ther same quiet good feller.

"We'd been down in ther Panhandle, pard, about two years, when one day ther foreman of ther Circle ranch, where we war workin', sent both of us to Budgeville for supplies. When about six miles from ther town, near the heel of ther evenin', one of them Texas northers came up, an' it warn't long 'fore we war lost in ther worst blizzard I ever seed. Say, pardner, it war a frozen hell of fury let loose. We war lopin' along, headin' northeast almost in ther teeth of ther storm. All ter once Jake's broncho refused to face it longer, an' mine, seein' him turn, followed suit. The devil seemed ter be in 'em, an' spur nor quirt wouldn't make 'em go any other way. There warn't a town fifty miles of us in that direction, so if we hoped to reach shelter, there war only one thing for us ter do, an' that war, hoof it. We tried to lead ther bronks, but they wouldn't face that storm an' we had ter let them go. I shame some ter tell it, pard, but 'fore long I slumped over in ther skurryin' snow dead beat. An' I never knowed any more till I woke up 'fore a roarin' fire, an' I all wropped up in blankets. Jake war layin' long side of me, but hadn't cum to yit, an' ther folks war a pourin' whisky down him ter git ther cirkelation started.

"I larned that we war in Budgetown an' ther folks a half hour ago had heard a faint cry, an', goin' out, they had found me all wropped up in Jake's coat an' slicker, while the poor devil hisself lay on ther groun' in his shirt sleeves, dead beat, after havin' carried me all that way through that blizzard. All I want ter say pardner, ez, if that isn't ther kind of stuff heroes are made of, you can shoot me for a goldurned sneakin' coyote.

"Next day the weekly stage got in ter Budgeville about twelve hours late, but ther news in ther papers it brought set us all afire. Bein' no less than that Uncle Sam had declared war on ther Spanish an' that Teddy Roosevelt, who every puncher knew as ther bulliest dude that ever left N. Y. to ride ther Western ranges, had called for volunteers, for a rigiment of rough riders.

"Enough is said, pard, when I tell you that Jake's name an' mine war not ther last on ther roll of enlistment. When ther rigiment finally came tergather, we found that they warn't all cowboys, but a purty good sprinklin' of New York dudes. But by ther time we got ter Cuba, we had found them a larapin good set of fellers, ever patient on guard or in ther trenches, an' as brave as ther best of us under fire. They took a special shine ter Jake, particularly one young sargent named Jim Hamilton.

"We'd hardly made a landin', fore we war ordered to ther front. You've read of ther first fight of the rough riders, pard, an' how we war ambushed by them cussed Dagos, so there's no use of me trailin' over that, only to say at ther first fusillade several of our boys dropped fore we thought we war in ten miles of ther cut-throat Spanish. Cheerin' ther boys on' young Hamilton war in the lead a bit, out in a leetle clearin', open to ther rain of Mauser bullets, when all ter once he

sunk ter ther groun' an' I heard some one yell, 'Save him!' but not a man of us dared to face that storm of shot, but stuck to ther palm trunks, till just then I seed Jake Hodge come tearin' through ther palms an' mesquite brush an' dash out in the clearin' with his Krag-Jorgesen on his left arm. He grabbed up young Hamilton on his right as if he'd been a baby, an' was turnin' to run back, when it seemed as if ther whole dadburned Spanish army war taken a shot at him. He staggered, an' I saw young Hamilton fall from his grasp. Then I closed my eyes, an' my heart came up in my throat, for I couldn't bear to see my old chum go down. Then all ter once the wildest, sky-splittin' cheerin'est cheer that mortal ears ever heard rent ther air, an' I opened my eyes to see Jake rushin' back with Hamilton on his left arm. Jake's poor right, when he'd dropped him, had been shattered by a Mauser bullet, but ther brave deed warn't no use, for young Hamilton was dead.

"Then came ther final charge, an' we druv ther Spaniards back upon their works. That, pardner, war whar Jake won his stripes ez first sargent.

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"Pardner, it war a real relief one morn, when in those trenches filled with mud an' slime, that we heard, after a scatterin' fire, ther sharp, quick order to take ther San Juan hill by storm. At it we went with a yell. Half way up I saw a flyin' figure, with his arm in a sling, come tearin' arter us. 'Twar Jake, gaunt an' pale, but bound ter have a hand in that ar scrimmage, havin' escaped from ther hospital for that purpose. The rush war fearful, but the leaden hail storm that ther Spaniards poured upon us made our part of ther line waver an' I believe we would have fallen back, but just then Jake tore through from ther rear to ther front, an' yelled out, 'Come on boys!' an' come they did as they saw Jake leap up on ther redoubt.

"Ez you know, pard, ther fort was taken with a dash, but arter it war all over, poor Jake war found outside ther redoubt, bleedin' like a stuck yearlin' from ther mouth, havin' been shot in ther right lung. Ther company surgeon said he war ez good ez dead, but we toted him with lovin' care to ther field hospital.

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"How'd Gretchen git thar? Why, pardner, she war already thar. You see even if her dad war a Dutchman, he'd brought her up to be a good American, an' you can bet yer sweet life she war a true blue leetle American, too, with a big A. For as soon as ther war had broken out she had jined ther Red Cross Society an' went ter ther front to nuss ther wounded.

"Jake war a long time gittin' well, but most of us thought he war playin' 'possum, cause Gretchen war his nuss.

"When ther rigiment war mustered out, I came back here to ther range country, but Gretchen—who is now Mrs. Leftenant Hodge—an' Jake, settled down back in Missoury, where he's studyin' law, ther meanest thing he ever done. Gretchen is very proud of Jake's record as a rough rider, an', now that he's proven hisself, she often tells, with a quizz in her eye, of ther wonderful fight he put up standin' off road agents in her defense."

IN STARLIGHT.

Upon the river, where sometime the showers
Of summer moonlight make a path across,
A single star shines thro' the lonely hours,
And brings a subtle sense of pain and loss;

As, while we tread the narrow path of duty,
The memory of a joy that fled away
Comes back to us, and darkens with its beauty
The dull, unchanging ways we walk to-day. —Florence May Wright.

EDUCATION IN FRANCE.

By SAMUEL JACQUES BRUN.

Second Paper.

SCATTERED all over France, located mainly at the county-seats, are the lycees, or government schools, which include the primary and intermediate grades as well as college courses. They are public, though not free, institutions of learning, collectively constituting the French University, attended by the well-to-do and by the few who can obtain government scholarships.

The name is an old one, dating from the palmy days of Athens, when Aristotle taught his philosophy to eager disciples and followers in covered alleys to the east of the town near the river Ilissus, and called the place the Lyceum. As this was also a place for athletic culture, so it was that Napoleon First, who organized the French University on the lines since followed with little deviation, created these lycees, that they might give mental and physical training to the children of his marshals and generals, and those of the middle classes. Napoleon gave to these schools a strong military bent, and aimed as much at keeping alive the martial spirit as imparting a liberal education to the young scholars.

Victor Hugo expresses the original spirit of the institutions in the following noble lines:

"Vous etes les enfants des belliqueuux lycees!
La vous applaudissez nos victoires passees."

The students to this day wear uniforms, live in huge barrack-like buildings, answer to a strict military discipline, and from early morn until bed-time they must come and go to the beating of a big drum. A martial spirit still pervades the lycees, and the ghost of monasticism, as well, hovers over them; for the buildings themselves, once monasteries of the Church of Rome, were a part of the vast holdings confiscated in 1793 by the French government, turned over to the French University and assigned to young collegians.

Lately, money has been spent on new buildings more in keeping with modern ideas of college architecture, but fifteen or twenty years ago the approach to these colleges was forbidding, the halls were anything but cheerful, the corridors long, dark and dismal, the rooms cheerless, cold and bare, the windows small and iron-barred, and the yards, where all physical exercise took place and the recesses were spent, were sunless and treeless courts entombed by high walls. To escape from these prisons to the street and mingle with the live, active world, a couple of doors had to be unlocked and the gauntlet run past an ever-watchful doorkeeper, whom the boys appropriately named "Cerberus."

The Lycee Henri IV, for instance, is an ancient abblaye of Genovefains, and the main staircase, the cloister of the court, named after Victor Duruy, the great minister and historian, most of the dormitories, some of the study-rooms, the very college chapel, vividly recall former times and scenes enacted in the old convent.

The administration proper of the lycee is carried out by four men, all very dignified and distant. The president, to whom all respectfully bow, has a general supervision over everything about the college premises, from the kitchen to the drawing-room, and is the inspector of classes. The censeur, or vice-president, confines himself more to the discipline of the school, and is aided by the head usher, a man more feared than loved by the boys, who goes by the title of "surveillant general." That individual never sleeps nor grows weary, is ubiquitous and always at your heels. Avoid him as you will, he runs across you; hide yourself as you will, he ferrets you out; seclude yourself as much as you please, he will scent you before your cigarette is half consumed.

The fourth figure in the administration wears an official title that does not recommend him to the students, l'econome,

or treasurer—literally the one who saves—and certainly that official has his art to perfection. The students of the lycee are kept on fixed rations—so many ounces of meat, so many pieces of bread per capita, a bottle of wine for six at dinner, etc. They never eat all they want, and the supposition is that "l'econome" is often responsible for short allowances.

The boys call him "M. Riz-pain-sel," for the cheap articles of diet everlastingly served upon the college tables. Once in a while the boys rebel against M. Riz-pain-sel's fare, break the plates and hoot his minions. The ringleaders are punished, but the fare improves for a few days, until the episode is forgotten on both sides. Next to the administration stand the gown-professors, who reside outside, and the ushers, who are always with the boys.

A witty Frenchman has said: "If life is short, the days are long." The saying proves true in a French lycee, with a day beginning at 5:30 A. M. in fall and spring, and at 6 o'clock in winter, there is ample time to study one's lessons and to get into mischief.

The untiring vigilance of the ushers grows irksome, their eyes always on one from rising till bedtime, never a moment of relaxation. Distrust and dislike naturally grow out of so much suppression, and once in a while this breaks out in open rebellion, but oftener it is manifest in small tricks which tease and worry the life out of an unpopular usher.

The great novelist Alphonse Daudet, who was in his youth usher in one of the lycees, has described most pathetically the agonies he underwent, in his book, "Le Petit Chose."

French boys are not worse than American boys. Both are inclined to mischief if too much restrained, and a life of repression develops their ingenuity for tricks and pranks, some of which are very laughable, though reprehensible.

On one occasion, an usher who was known to be very timid and easily scared, but fond of exercising his petty authority, was chosen by the boys of his room as the victim of a practical joke.

It was a rainy day, and the boys were kept in the study-room during play hours. A boy had in his desk a large alarm clock which was capable of waking a sleeping regiment when wound up to its full capacity. All the boys of the room were secretly informed of the expected event, and warned to keep as still as possible during study hour that evening. Accordingly, just before 7, the silence of thirty or forty boys was as deep and solemn as a church on week-days. Not a pin-fall nor a turning leaf could be heard, and yet nothing on the boys' faces could warn the usher of the storm to come. The silence was, however, ominous, and the usher stroked his beard, looked up from the book he was reading and was wondering what it all meant, when—B-r-r-r! b-r-r-r! off went the alarm, with a clatter loud and long. The usher bounded from his seat as if impelled by a secret spring. The students sprang from their desks uttering exclamations of surprise. In the twinkling of an eye the scene changed from the most orderly solemnity to the wildest confusion. Usher and students were gesticulating and speaking at the same time. While the former, pale and frightened, pounced upon a tall, long-haired lad of eighteen and openly accused him of being the prime mover in the mischief, the boy protested his innocence and was sustained by his comrades, while the confusion continued.

"Silence!" roared the usher. "Silence! You are the guilty party. I know it and I will report you to the censeur."

"I guilty? I guilty, sir?" roared the youth, shaking his wild mane. Then, lowering his voice with mock solemnity, his eyes fixed upon the ceiling, his hand upon his heart: "I guilty, I guilty, sir? The sky is no purer than the depth of my heart!"

Applause and laughter greeted this tragic utterance, but the noise had brought to the doorsill both censeur and surveillant general, and the poet was drawn from his ecstacy, handed over to the drummer and locked in the college prison.

There for two days on a bread-and-water diet he copied hundreds of lines from the Latin poets, and for the rest of the semester he lost the privilege of the monthly outing in town with parents or friends. On the other hand, he became a hero among his fellows, and, upon emerging from his third-story prison, was

treated to such ovations as might have honored a victorious general.

It would be a mistake to suppose that all ushers are liable to receive such treatment, or to imagine that French boys lack sentiments of courtesy and kindness. The fault is with the system and not with the boys, for often they delight to honor a respected teacher. Costly presents in the way of books are sometimes given to a favorite instructor at Christmas or New Year's, and presented with very pretty ceremony, offered by a spokesman in the presence of the roomful of students.

The professors are feared for the examinations which they give once a week, the result of which is announced every Monday morning in the presence of the president and vice-president; they are also respected for their great learning and for their impartiality towards the students. Most of the men who have taught in the French lycees belong to the learned aristocracy of the country, and some of them have been leaders of French thought in their day. The great Guizot, historian; Taine, author of "The History of English Literature;" Edmond About, novelist; Jules Simon, scholar and statesman; Gaston Boissier, the Latinist; Victor Duruy, historian; Lavisse, of the French Academy; Francisque Sarcey, great journalist and critic, of Paris; M. Hanotaux, late minister of foreign affairs—these have all been lycee professors. Such eminent educators have turned out eminent pupils in all the walks and avocations of life. Poets such as Cassimir Delavinne and Alfred de Musset; playwrights, such as Augier and Sardou; great engineers, like Ferdinand de Lesseps; academicians and journalists, physicists and scientists, and scores of eminent men, in art, science and literature.

French college boys lack neither patriotism nor honor. They were as ready to quit the halls of learning and fly to their country's aid in 1870 as were the American college students in 1861 and 1898, and those who were too young for the field nobly did their duty in a way not less acceptable. For, after the great and bloody struggle with Prussia, France was left in a dilemma—two provinces gone and five billions of francs to be paid before the German troops would withdraw from her territory. At this juncture Thiers appealed to France for a loan, and France responded nobly. The youth were not asked—they volunteered their aid.

We college boys refused to accept the prizes which are annually distributed before vacation-time, and begged that the amount to be given be turned over to the government. We did more; out of our little monthly allowances we pledged a certain amount until the war indemnity should be fully satisfied. About half the pocket-money we secured from home for self-gratification we turned over monthly to our appointed treasurer—we pledged to him our honor to be prompt in remitting; and I do not recall a single instance where the pledge-money was not promptly paid in. It was an impressive sight when the treasurer went his monthly round in the classroom, collecting the dues of professors and students. The silence was deep—all were intently thinking of our misfortunes and how we might retrieve what was lost. Self-abnegation rose to a high pitch. We were being schooled in self-mastery. May I not say it has borne its fruits and that they are visible to the eye of any student of contemporary France? A joyous day it was when we read in the papers that the last penny had been paid and the last German soldier had gone home. The share of the debt that the college boys assumed was voluntary—no forced collection of it could have been made—it was a debt of honor.

French college boys have their failings, but whatever their faults may be, they are not lacking in sense of honor.

(To be continued.)

DEMOCRACY.

Come, I will make the continent indissoluble,
I will make the most splendid race thy sun ever shone upon,
I will make divine magnetic lands,
With the love of comrades,
With the life-long love of comrades.

—Walt Whitman.

AUGUSTUS DANA'S WIFE.

By LISCHEN M. MILLER.

IT WAS a surprise and something of a shock to us all when it was made known that the beautiful and brilliant Miss Sargent was going to be married to Augustus Dana.

Miss Sargent was far and away the brightest girl in our set. She came of an old Southern family whose blood was of the bluest, and had a modest fortune in her own right. She danced and sang and dressed to perfection, and rode as only a Southern woman can.

We were all in love with her, from big McArthurs, who was worth a million or so, and who owned a cattle ranch out in the Yellowstone country and a gold mine in Alaska, to little Tom Tresset, who did not have a cent to his name—but who, nevertheless, commanded respect on account of the marvelous things he could do with his brush. He was regarded as a coming man, a rising genius.

She might have had her choice of half a score of men with money or brains, or both, and she took—Augustus Dana.

She loved him. None of us doubted that. She was not the sort of a girl to marry without love—but the mystery of it was: Why? Why, or how, any woman with an ounce of gray matter could tolerate much less love such a blank idiot as Augustus Dana was something wholly beyond our comprehension. Of all the dumb fools that ever cumbered the earth he was the worst. True, he had a handsome enough face, barring its lack of expression, and a fairly good figure, and he managed to dress decently, thanks to a generous income and a treasure of a valet, but if he had a grain of sense or an atom of intellect not one of his friends or acquaintances ever found it out. "As dull as Dana," was a stock phrase among us.

How he got through college nobody knew, but get through he did, and drifted into society, where he became a fixture of just about as much force and influence as the brass knobs on a chandelier. One thing, however, he could do, and only one. He could draw with all the skill and correctness of an Andrea Delsarto, and he had a sort of gift for mixing colors. But he had no originality, and was absolutely ignorant of the first principles of art. His work was utterly lifeless and as correctly dull as himself. His studio—heaven save the mark—was crammed with faultless copies. But Miss Sargent believed in him. She said he had genius—that the world would awaken to a knowledge of this fact some day.

She was devoted to art. Not that she ever did anything in that line herself, you understand. She couldn't draw a cat so you could tell it from a cow, but she had the artistic temperament, and a finely educated taste. She knew a good thing when she saw it. That was why everybody was stricken breathless with amazement when she fell in love with Augustus Dana.

"She must be very far gone, indeed," Fisk remarked, when the news was talked over in the club, "if she can discover the earmarks of genius in those dead things Augustus Dana calls his pictures."

"If she wanted to marry an artist," gloomily meditated Tresset, "why didn't she take—"

"Tommy Tresset," Colton interrupted. "My dear boy, it's Dana himself she is in love with. She looks at his painting through love's magic glasses. Art doesn't stand the ghost of a chance when Cupid's in the field."

The engagement was brief. They were married quietly and went abroad for a year. "She'll be sick enough of his 'genius' by the time they get home," Fisk predicted. But presently rumors began to reach us concerning the remarkable success of an American artist in Rome. Then it was Paris, and the rumor took a more definite form, and came to read, "Dana, the American," who was agitating art circles in the Old World by reason of his wonderful paintings, which were said to rival in power and originality of conception the best works of the old masters.

"Dana—A. Dana," mused Fisk. "Can't be Augustus."

"Do you know," put in little Tresset, "I fancy it is."

"Yes," added Colton, disgustedly. "The foreigners are doubtless fascinated by his unique and monumental stupidity. They probably regard him as an art-freak and pay tribute to his dullness."

"They're a lot of blank fools over there, anyway," Fisk rejoined.

But when toward the end of the twelvemonth McArthurs, who had been over, returned from Paris, he struck us all dumb by announcing that A. Dana was not only our Augustus but that he justly deserved his rapidly growing fame.

"You know," said Tresset, who was the first to find his tongue after this amazing piece of information had been imparted to us, "he always could draw, and his handling of color was not bad."

"Well," resumed McArthurs, "he has somehow caught the soul of the thing, as they say over there, and the results are simply marvelous. I'm not given to rhapsodizing, as you perhaps know, and I don't go in for art as a rule, but his picture of the young mother dreaming of her child's future while she rocks the cradle is a thing I cannot get out of my mind."

Fisk regarded him meditatively. "Who sat for the mother in that picture?" he asked, and everybody save McArtnurs smiled. McArthurs pretended not to hear. Fisk went on.

"His wife was right after all. Love is not always blind, it seems. Eh, Colton? Discerning the latent spark with the eye of true affection, she has fanned it to a flame."

In the course of time the young couple returned to us, and Augustus set up a studio in the elegant little place they took possession of on B— street.

If Mrs. Dana had been charming as Miss Sargent, she was irresistible now. It was perfectly plain to everybody that she adored her handsome, stupid husband. There was something absurdly touching in her devotion and in her silent insistence upon his being recognized as a genius. Fisk declared that she would breathe for him if it were possible. As for Gus, he appeared to take her tender worship as a matter of course. He was no doubt fond of her in his dull fashion. He had not improved, so far as any of us were able to discern. His success in art had not brightened his mental faculties to any noticeable extent. He was the same well-dressed blockhead that we had known and ridiculed in his bachelor days, before he had acquired greatness.

"Do you know," said Tom Tresset, "if it wasn't quite out of the question, I'd be inclined to suspect his wife of painting his pictures herself."

"It is quite out of the question," growled McArthurs, glaring savagely. "It's well you put in that saving clause."

"Certainly, certainly," said Fisk, hastening to pour oil on the troubled waters. "Mrs. Dana is beyond suspicion. But he draws his inspiration from her. Nobody who knows them doubts that."

"Nobody wants to," grumbled McArthurs, and departed gloomily. Mac was daily growing less companionable. He had almost entirely dropped out of our little circle. He said "gossip" bored him. As if we gossiped! It was our custom to meet in a retired corner and discuss matters in general—but gossip? never!

The truth is, McArthurs had been hard hit, and he did not get over it. He allowed his disappointment to sour him.

However, we all understood the situation and sympathized in a way. But we agreed tacitly that Mrs. Dana was not the woman to heal the wounds which she had unconsciously inflicted as Miss Sargent. And we did homage to the colossal powers of inspiration that could put life into the work of that inanimate clod, Augustus Dana. We were dumb with admiration before his beautiful canvases, where the figures seemed to live and breath, and the color was a dream.

It was apparent to every one that Mrs. Dana had lost much of the splendid physical vitality that had been one of the charms of her girlhood, but she had gained in spirituality and in that subtle something about which the poets rave. She was almost frail in figure, but full of an intense fire that seemed to burn more clearly day by day.

They had been married about three years, maybe longer, when Dana began work upon what, it speedily became noised about, was to be his masterpiece. Nobody

knew just what the subject was, but it was pretty generally conceded to be something quite out of the common. His wife was brimming with enthusiasm about the new picture. It obtruded itself in her conversation at every turn. She seemed unable to talk of anything else. If she had been a less beautiful and attractive woman, this weakness would have been a bore. As it was, we all caught the infection, and Dana's new picture was the theme for general discussion everywhere and at all seasons. It came up at teas, dinners, receptions, in the clubroom and on the street. Whenever you saw two or more people earnestly engaged in conversation, you might be sure they were talking about the picture.

As it neared completion the interest intensified. Along about this time Mrs. Dana's health began to fail. Colton was called in. His father has been the Dana's family physician before either he or Gus came into the world, and he naturally took the place left vacant by the old doctor's death.

Now Colton was always something of a mystic, had all sorts of notions about occult influences, etc. Perhaps this had something to do with his diagnosis of Mrs. Dana's case. She had been gradually losing ground for several months. It was early in May when she took to her bed. Colton was deeply interested. He spent as much time at the house as he could possibly spare, but, in spite of all his efforts, she made no progress toward recovery.

She did not suffer, at least she never complained of either pain or discomfort, but it was evident to all that she grew daily weaker. She would lie for hours in her darkened room without speaking or moving, but with an intent, eager look upon her face.

The great picture was nearly finished now. Dana spent most of his time in the studio. He came in to see his wife every evening. She would put her arms, grown pitifully thin, up around his neck, and hold his face close against her own as if she could never let him go. But she always sent him away early. He must have rest after his hard day's work, and nothing must be suffered to interfere with progress of the picture.

The atmosphere of the sickroom was apt to prove depressing, she said, and refused to allow him to sit with her more than a brief half hour.

Love! I tell you there's nothing in all this world as tender and strong and true as the love of woman. It reaches as high as heaven and down to the depths of hell. It is the miracle-maker of the universe.

One evening toward the last of the month Fisk and I were strolling down the street on which the Danas lived, when we saw Colton's brougham dash up to their door and stop. Colton himself sprang out and ran up the steps. He had evidently been sent for in haste, for the door was opened before he had time to ring.

"She must be worse," remarked Fisk. Yet none of us at that time dreamed that she was in any immediate danger.

We went on to the club, where we were to dine together. Tom Tresset was standing on the clubhouse steps.

"Hello! heard the news?" he cried. We had not heard any news and said so.

"The picture is finished."

"At last?"

"At last! Saw Dana this afternoon. He was just putting in the final touches."

"Did you see it?"

"No, but he's asked the lot of us for tomorrow. Said it was his wife's idea—keeping it dark this way. She hasn't seen it herself—hasn't been inside his studio since he began work on it. Funny, isn't it, when she's so wrapped up in him and his pictures?"

"She is sick, you know."

"Yes, that's true. Well, Gus wants us to come up tomorrow morning and look at the thing—says his wife wants us to come."

"By the way," said Fisk, "I'm afraid Mrs. Dana's not so well today. We saw Colton rushing in there as we came along."

"That so? Wonder why Colton don't brace her up with his tonics and stuff, and get her out again. It's deucedly dull without her."

The hour had grown late. None of us realized that it was after midnight till McArthurs came in. He looked pale and disturbed.

"What's up, Mac? You look as if you had just come from an interview with a ghost?" cried Fisk.

"I met Colton outside. He was on his way home from Dana's house. Mrs. Dana died this evening," and McArthurs turned and left us before we had recovered from the shock of this sad news sufficiently to put a single question.

But we got the particulars later from Colton. They had sent for him at the first apprehension of danger. Mrs. Dana, the nurse said, had rested well all day. Somewhere near 5 o'clock in the afternoon she turned upon her pillow, clasped her hands under her pale cheek and sighed softly. The nurse leaned over and spoke to her, but she only smiled contentedly and did not answer.

Shortly after this, Dana entered the room. She had made him promise to come to her the moment the picture was finished. He went close to the low couch upon which she was lying. "Is she asleep?" he asked the nurse. "No, I think not," was the reply, and he called her gently two or three times by name. She did not make any response; did not even seem to hear, only lay there with half-shut eyes, smiling sweetly. They tried in vain to rouse her, and, at length, becoming alarmed, sent hurriedly for Colton, who could do nothing when he arrived.

The end came with the twilight. Exhausted vitality, Colton said it was, but he had a theory as to the cause which he did not announce to the public, the truth of which, strange and incredible as it seemed to us then—he told McArthurs and me only, I believe—was seemingly proven by subsequent events.

Dana never painted another picture. That one whose completion was marked by the close of a noble life, was his last. I don't mean by this that he shut up shop. It would have been better for his reputation as a genius if he had. On the contrary, he continued to paint as industriously as ever, but his work was dead and dull as ditchwater.

He had lost his inspiration, but he never seemed to realize it. I think he missed his wife and mourned for her as deeply as a man of his sort could, but he married again in the course of a couple of years, and was quite as content with the frivolous fashion-plate who became the second Mrs. Dana as he had been with the rare creature whose love had inspired him to the point of greatness.

That was Colton's theory—that inspiration business. He held that through her abiding faith and affection she had unconsciously influenced him to paint the beautiful conceptions of her own artistic soul. That all the living loveliness his skilled brush transferred to canvas had birth and being in her fertile brain and fervid heart. "Love's unconscious telepathy," he called it. He claimed that Dana, being a mere negative, without force or originality, had readily acted as a medium through which her wonderful visions found form and expression. Her love was of a nature so deep and tender and unselfish—so full of faith in him—as to impel, to irresistibly impel, him to become for the time the artist she believed him to be.

But the delicate cords of life had snapped under the strain of such exalted spiritual pressure. She died and never knew that she had sacrificed herself for—Augustus Dana.

LOVE'S REMEMBRANCE.

I.

Sometimes across the written page,
Whereon the ink is wet,
A message flashes, and I know
That love cannot forget.

II.

Sometimes in silence of the night
Dear eyes respond to mine,
And all the darkness slips away,
And—I am only thine.

III.

Nor time nor space nor circumstance
Can faithful hearts divide—
Though half the world should lie between
"Love's ever at love's side."

—Lischen M. Miller.

"WAS HE JUSTIFIED?"

CHAPTER III.

HARRIET, returned to the bosom of her family after two years of Europe, was not so very different from the Harriet who went away.

At first sight of the stylish figure of the young traveler Billy Spencer had been overwhelmed and awed, but by the time the twelve miles between the village and the homestead were covered his awe was swallowed up in admiration. Harriet had always been a handsome girl, and her experience abroad had added a certain charm to her hitherto somewhat brusque manner. They were gathered about the fire that evening in the big, low-ceiled room that served as dining-room, parlor and workroom—and which was capable, on occasion, of being transformed into a very presentable hall. It was, by reason of its capacious hearthstone, the favorite rendezvous of the family.

"It is good to be at home again," said Harriet, leaning back in the big leather-covered chair that had cradled in turn every one of the Dalgren babies from Virginia down—and was by long association always the coveted seat in the family circle. "Yes, it is good to be at home. And what a beauty Kitty is growing to be. If you do not get me off your hands, mother dear, before she dawns upon the masculine world, your chances for having one old maid in the family will be pretty fair. It's a shame that Virginia should be twice married before I've had a single offer."

"What! Not one?" cried Kitty, in shocked amazement. She had pictured Harriet as literally walking upon the hearts of willing suitors.

"Well, no," returned Harriet, "not one that would do to count."

"And the ducal coronet?" queried her brother.

"Failed to materialize."

"There was an alternative, was there not?" mused Bob. "Seems to me if I were you I'd take the alternative."

"You advice is excellent, Bob, my boy, but I think I'll wait till I'm asked."

"Billy Spencer is worth the whole British peerage, with a dozen French counts and Italian princes thrown in," commented Bob; "I'm glad you came home—"

"Free, single and disengaged? So am I, when it comes to that. I think I'll leave it to you to select the brother-in-law I am expected to provide you with." Harriet rose and stood leaning upon the back of her brother's chair, her strong young figure, in all its grace and suppleness, silhouetted against the dancing firelight. Through the open doorway the solitary lounger upon the veranda looked in from the outer darkness. It may have been the power of his silent wish that drew her to the door, or it may have been her own happy restlessness. But whatever it was, Harriet drifted away from the group at the hearthstone, and, after wandering aimlessly about the wide, shadowy room, paused on the outer threshold.

"Harriet!" came a well-known voice from the darkness.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, half under her breath; "are you out here alone? Come in, won't you?"

"Won't you come out, Harriet? I—I—want to tell you something."

The girl stepped out into the warm, sweet, autumn night.

"What is it?" she said, softly.

She felt a strong hand clasp her own. "Only this, dear; I love you, Harriet. Harriet, will you accept the alternative?"

"Oh!" cried Harriet. "You've been eavesdropping."

"And, contrary to the old saying, have heard nothing I did not wish to hear. But you haven't answered my question yet—Is it yes or no?"

"Well," replied Harriet, thoughtfully, "I suppose it must be yes. The family seem to expect it, and—and, to tell you the truth, I've always half-way expected it myself."

"I know that I have always meant to marry you. But Bob's confidences concerning your designs upon the helpless British peerage have made life a torment since you went away."

"Harriet," called her mother from the doorway. "You will take cold out there without anything around you. Come in."

Harriet obeyed, and when she emerged from the outer darkness into the dim light of the dining-room they could all see that her mother's fears for her health were unnecessary and unfounded. She did have something around her. It was Billy Spencer's coat-sleeve, and it was ample protection under the circumstances against any amount of night air.

"Mrs. Dalgren," said Billy, "I have just asked Harriet to be my wife, and I now ask you to give her to me."

And Mrs. Dalgren gladly, albeit somewhat tearfully, consented, whereat there was great rejoicing among the younger members of the family, for Billy Spencer was a hero in their eyes, and much beloved.

Later that night, in the seclusion of her own room, where she was joined by her mother and Kitty, Harriet related so far as she knew it, the history of Virginia's sudden marriage.

"It was an attack of 'love at first sight' if ever there was one," she said. "When we went aboard the steamer at Liverpool this man was the first person we met. And it was a clear case of 'spoons' from that moment. Father Roquet happened to know him and introduced him on the spot. By the time we reached New York the whole thing was settled. He had to go South, on important business, but when we reached San Francisco he was there before us, and insisted upon the marriage taking place then and there. Of course, I felt it my duty to interpose objections. We were so near home, why not come on and be married here? But I might as well have talked to the wind. Virginia had no ears for any one but her fiance, and so Father Roquet, who was, as usual, conveniently at hand, tied the knot, and I came home alone."

"And do you think, Harriet, that she will be happy?" sighed the mother, half-regretfully.

"No doubt of it," replied Harriet. "Why shouldn't they be? He's as handsome as heart could desire, dark and reserved, and all that, you know—and as rich as Croesus. He's some sort of a relative of Father Roquet, I fancy—that is, if priests have relations. Anyway, they're married and coming to Oregon to live, Virginia says. And, mother dear, it strikes me you're a rather lucky woman to get your two oldest daughters off your hands with so little worry."

Harriet's version of the affair was the true one as far as it went, but Harriet little dreamed how much she left untold.

When Virginia, slightly in advance of her party, stepped upon the deck of the homeward-bound Atlantic liner, the man in the case was leaning against the rail. Their eyes met, and in that glance Virginia recognized her fate. But it was not till long afterward that she learned the full significance of that meeting, and heard the story of a love transcendent in self-sacrifice and in patience. At that moment she was ignorant of the seven long years of waiting, during which she had been the day-star of this man's existence, ignorant of the fact that day in her early girlhood when he first beheld her under the apple-tree in the old orchard, he had thought of her, toiled for her, planned for happiness and guarded her life from even the shadow of care. And now, at last, he had his reward, for Virginia gave her whole heart and was happy in the giving.

After a few months among the orange groves of Santa Barbara, they came to Oregon, and in Oregon they are living to this day. Very few people remember Virginia as the stolen bride, whose sudden disappearance caused a nine days' sensation. And, though maybe now and then in talking of the past some one will mention the almost forgotten hero of the turf, Jeff Le Febre, no one associates the dark and handsome man who is regarded as a potent factor of the commonwealth with that one-time dreaded character. It is not often the lot of man and woman to possess a happiness so complete as theirs. And in their beautiful home on the "Heavenly Heights" of Portland, with their children growing up about them, we will leave them, and leave it to the reader to decide whether or not he was justified in the theft of another's bride.

(The End.)

OUR POINT OF VIEW.

After a year's planning and striving, in sunshine and gloom, amid discouragements and cheer, our magazine has at last been launched, and has received its baptism of criticism. The kindness with which it has been received has surpassed our expectations. We feel greatly encouraged over the fact that the public has stood in line, as it were, to welcome the advent of such an enterprise. This attitude inspires us to further effort to bring the public to a more thorough realization of its needs along this line, to show the vast resources of this wonderful region, and to bring out the fact that here is a land full of poetry, romance and the majesty of Nature—things that appeal not merely to the material side of life, but which uplift and ennoble men and make life brighter and more endurable. We did not expect half the encouragement that we have received. We had rather expected, and do yet expect, to fight our way up the hill to success and into the confidence and good will of our public. It is our desire to interest our readers in a vital way in the prosperity of The Pacific Monthly. For, as we conceive it, the publication of a magazine or a newspaper is not a private enterprise. It goes beyond that and becomes the people's own. The magazine especially is a representative of the literary life and activity of the section from which it comes, and is, of necessity, the expression of the best thought and sentiment of the community that gives it birth. The people, therefore, should be, and are, more vitally interested than individuals in an enterprise of this nature. The publishers are merely the instruments necessary to carry out the will of the people, to give them what they want, to be, in short, their representatives. This being true, it is not so much from commendation of the magazine as from criticism of its faults, and suggestions as to its improvement, that we will be enabled to attain our object. We have welcomed the suggestions that have come to us and have gratefully received any criticisms. We hope that in the future our readers will not hesitate to enlighten us as to any plans they may have in mind for the improvement of the magazine. The Pacific Monthly is in an embryonic state. It will be molded by its readers, and inasmuch as many have felt the need of a magazine here, each must also have had in mind some idea of what the character of such a publication should be. Perhaps it is well to remind our readers, what others have so often pointed out, that it is impossible to please everybody. We shall come much nearer reaching this goal, however, if the public will enter into the spirit of the occasion with us, and bear and forbear these first few months.

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Arrangements have been perfected for handling The Pacific Monthly in the East by the American News Company, of New York. The San Francisco News Company will take charge of this coast. These two concerns, with their numerous branches, will insure a careful and systematic distribution of the magazine throughout the country, and this will effectually bring our region to the notice of the most desirable classes. The magazine will, therefore, be unquestionably the best advertisement that our part of the country has ever received. This will become more and more true as time goes on, since the demand for the magazine is on the increase, owing to the desire in the East for accurate information concerning this coast. Our edition last month was not sufficient to supply the demand, and this month it promises to be larger still, so that we are forced to materially increase the number of copies printed. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

⚜

Professor Norton, of Harvard, in his recent address on "The New American," takes a gloomy view of the situation not warranted by the facts. His attitude is rather that of an alarmist than that of a calm, judicial mind, carefully weighing both sides of the question. It is true that we must face new conditions, but it does not necessarily follow that in so doing we must become a "military nation." This is but a repetition of the old cry that was raised at the close of the civil war, when it was held by many that a large standing army would be required to control 4,000,000 freed slaves and to keep down rebellion. And even before this date, and with less apparent cause, the alarmists declared against our extension of territory on similar grounds, when it was a question of whether or not Oregon and all it represented should be held by the United States. Neither does it follow that "all brutal tendencies will be encouraged by the recognition of force as a last ap-

peal by the central government." England and English institutions are living and sufficient refutations of this statement. And brutality is not engendered by such campaigns as the one just closed. On the other hand, the recent war has done more to awaken and stimulate the best and noblest instincts of the people than a century of peace. It has produced a generation of heroes. It has given our young men an opportunity to prove to the world that the fire of patriotism burns as brightly now as it did in those far days when its fierce glow warmed the snows of Valley Forge beneath the bare feet of the soldier of a new-born nation. "No leaders," is the protest of a child afraid of the dark, and is as without excuse or reason, since in every age, in every land, whenever and wherever the need has arisen, has also arisen the man to meet it. Unquestionably, there are many tendencies in American politics that point to a gloomy future, if we continue along the lines they indicate, but there are many brighter and more promising tendencies that predict for us a splendid consummation of the dreams of our country's founders.

⚜

Except among the highest and best-educated classes in England, Germany and France, and indeed to some extent among even these, there exists a popular misconception of America and American ideals. This was exemplified to a startling degree shortly before the outbreak of hostilities between the United States and Spain. Editors of magazines and newspapers who were supposed to know better made the most inexcusable blunders concerning the geography of this country, and displayed the greatest ignorance of American institutions and of the motives which were likely to move the masses here. The reception which President McKinley's war message met with in France and Germany opened the eyes of the American public to the attitude of Continental Europe, revealing as it did the light in which these nations viewed our country and our actions. The humanitarian principle which, in its inner consciousness, the whole nation recognized as the leading one—a settled conviction in the hearts and minds of the people that the time had come for armed intervention in behalf of oppressed and suffering Cuba—was ridiculed by nearly every journal on the Continent. The few that gave us credit for acting from some other motive than selfishness were so weak in their defense, if defense it might be called, that the effect of what they said was lost in the almost unanimous condemnation of the United States. The war has, in some degree, modified this expression of unfriendly feeling, and forced Europe to acknowledge, however reluctantly, an admiration of our splendid victories by land and sea, and to admit that humanitarianism may to some extent have actuated us in the recent war. But humanitarianism, they cry, is a new development in American character, a result of the war, not the cause of it, when, in fact, the reverse is true. For it was a war of the people for the relief of a sister country, for the amelioration of conditions that could no longer be suffered to exist on this hemisphere, where the rights of man are respected and upheld from purely humanitarian motives. From the beginning, all through our colonial history, in every act, and in every event in our national life, this great principle can be clearly traced. Indeed, the one thing more than any other that has attracted the attention of the masses of Europe and has made our land a refuge for the oppressed, has been a feeling among them that America is a humanitarian nation, whose very name is, and has always been, a synonym for relief from oppression. In view of this fact, it seems inconceivable that our motives in the late war should have been so misinterpreted.

⚜

Of the many lines of progress that have characterized this century, probably none have been more important in contributing to the comfort and convenience of mankind than the advances that have been made in the production of light, and yet none has received so little attention from the press. As a consequence, the people have considered each advance as a matter of course. They have taken up each new device and passed on to the next with little or no thought. If by some sudden calamity we were to be deprived of the brilliant lights that make our crowded thoroughfares almost day, if the soft glow of the modern globed electric light could be taken from our reading tables and desks and we were brought back to fifty years ago, something of the advantages of our day in the way of light could be fully realized. For, strange as it may seem, all of the advances that have been made in the production of light have taken place in the last fifty years, and, if we leave out of consideration kerosene, we may even limit the time to the last twenty-five years. So that we ourselves have seen the remarkable changes that have taken place, and our fathers can recall the time when night meant a flickering candle that sputtered its unsteady light over the pages and ruined eyes, or else it meant the dangerous explosive camphine or "burning fluid," that gave as sickly and unsatisfactory a light. Kerosene came like a God-send, and with it commenced two remarkable evolutions along distinct lines. First, an evolution along

light itself—a steady and marvelous improvement in the means of production; and, second, through this, a deep change took place in the habits and customs of the people—an evolution that has been more far-reaching in its effects than we may at present realize. Society and business of many and varied lines have been almost totally changed by the advances that have been made in the production of light, so that at the present time "night" in our large cities means a very different thing from what it did twenty years ago. Today we have five distinct means for the production of light—kerosene, coal gas, gasolene, acetylene gas, and electricity. Of these, the most advanced are acetylene gas and the florescent electric globe. While there must always be a place for kerosene, coal gas is rapidly being relegated to a thing of the past, and it is a relief to know that the day of the obnoxious smell of gas from leaking pipes, jumping metres and consequent excessive cost, danger of death from "blowing out the gas," and the day of countless other evils that coal gas has made us heir to, is rapidly passing away. If there ever was any poetry in the flickering, unsteady light, we wish it gone—and in its stead we look forward to the many wonderful productions of our day that mark the nineteenth century as one of unparalleled progress. The twentieth century will soon be here, and it will witness many improvements for man's comfort and convenience, but on the question of light, when we keep in mind the recent innovations, it is difficult to see that there is "more beyond."

⚜

The world is overrun with beautiful theories as a meadow in latter May is overrun with flowers. You look at the blossoming field, where the color riots in the yellow sunshine, under the bending blue, and you wonder if there will be aught for the scythe at mowing time. But all the while, down beneath the glory of purple and scarlet and gold, the young, strong grass is growing. When the May-time passes, the flowers pass, too, and the grass, grown suddenly tall, remains, an emerald field over which the wind sweeps in soft, undulating ripples. And the world is richer for the beauty that has been—for the blossoms that have blown, just as it is a pleasanter abiding-place because of the dreams men dream and the visions they behold when they turn from the things that are to the things that might be. For theories are the silver threads that a man's soul spins out of the inner, the artistic cravings of his own spiritual, or intellectual, nature—moon-beams that gild the commonplace and make the real seem ideal. But when the spinner calls his beautiful theory a religion, a thing to live by, to die for, why, he deludes himself and countless others. For he has mistaken the moonlight for the warm, strong light of day.

⚜

One of the strongest indications that prosperity is not coming, but has already arrived, is to be found in the heavy increase of travel which all the railroad companies report. The business far exceeds that of any past year, and one company has, owing to the pressure of rapidly growing traffic, been compelled to borrow five hundred cars from the East. Even with this addition to its rolling stock it has been unable to handle all its business. The experience of one transcontinental line is the experience of all, and the tide of travel sets steadily and strongly Westward. The North Pacific coast is beginning to be known and recognized as one of the richest sections of the Union. Its natural resources, as yet almost untouched, are beyond question unequalled on this or any other continent.

PRYTHEE, POET, SWEETLY SING.

Prythee, Poet, sweetly sing,
Budding beauties of the spring,
Summer's wealth of golden grain,
Orchards dotting hill and plain,
Autumn's vintage, winter's cheer,
With the yule-log blazing clear.

Be a seer to the blind;
Be a prophet to thy kind;
Sing of golden hours today;
Sing of well-springs by the way,
Brimming o'er with love and truth,
Fond desire and gentle ruth;
Sing of noble deeds again;
Sing a noble race of men,
Such as God would have us be,
Children of Eternity!

Prythee, Poet, sing, oh sing,
Beauty, joy in everything,
Till the sun shall shine amain
Through grief's bitter, blinding rain.

—C.

THE MAGAZINES.

Frederic Remington is always an entertaining writer, and he keeps up his reputation in the November number of Harper's in his delightful and quaintly-told dialect story, "Sun-Down's Higher Self." The illustrations that accompany it are excellent, and add much to the charm of an already charming sketch. "Old Chester Tales," by Margaret Deland, continue to hold the interest of the reader. "Sally" is, perhaps, the most admirable character, with the exception of Dr. Lavender, that has yet appeared upon the scene of life in this quiet New England village. And even Sally owed the happy ending of her long-drawn-out love story to the decisive interference of Dr. Lavender. The "Angel in a Web" at last has been extricated by means of spiritual intervention, and the timely appearance of the hero, kept altogether in the background until the last moment. The villain, as all villains should, truly repents and is forgiven—by the "angel"—and the reader is left to suppose that everybody loves and lives happily to the end of the chapter.

The Century's "Short Essays on Social Subjects" bid fair to be one of that excellent magazine's most popular and attractive features. Margaret Sutton Briscoe has something to say about "Club Women" that should be read by every member of her sex, whether in touch with club life or not. Marion Crawford's new story, "Via Crusis," begins in this number of the Century, and, though the opening chapters promise well, yet it remains to be seen what this very clever novelist will do with an English subject after having so long and so successfully dealt with Roman types and characters. Paul Laurence Dunbar pays a high tribute to Harriet Beecher Stowe, in the following lines:

"She told the story and the whole world wept
At wrongs and cruelties it had not known
But for this fearless woman's voice alone.
She spoke to consciences that long had slept:
Her message, Freedom's clear reveille, swept
From heedless hovel to complacent throne.
Command and prophecy were in the tone,
And from its sheath the sword of justice leapt.
Around two peoples swelled a fiery wave,
But both came forth transfigured from the flame.
Blest be the hand that dared be strong to save;
And blest be she who in our weakness came—
Prophet and priestess! At one stroke she gave
A race to freedom, and herself to fame."

It is fitting that this should come from one of the race whose freedom her eloquent pen helped to win. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's poem, "Guidarello," takes one back to those old, sweet days when knights were brave and maids were true and love meant all that courage left unsaid. "Mark Twain in California" is the subject of an interesting sketch by Noah Brooks, and there is also a story by the great American, who is a humorist and something more.

McClure's for November contains some statistics concerning the "World's Bill of Fare." The result of a comparison of the amounts of food consumed by the different nations is rather surprising and altogether interesting. For instance, who would have suspected Great Britain of taking the lion's share of the sweets, or the United States of being the great carnivore among nations? It must be somewhat disappointing to the vegetarians to be compelled to regard Uncle Sam as the world's butcher, but if Mr. George B. Waldron is correct in his estimates such is the case. France leads the world in the consumption of wheat, but the reader is left in the dark as to whether her bread is buttered accordingly. The United Kingdom drinks more beer than Germany, and the inhabitants of America are comparatively temperate in their indulgence in liquids stronger than tea and coffee. The "turbaned Turk"—who would have dreamed it?—is smothered in smoke from the ever-present pipe of the Belgian. The best thing between the covers of McClure's this month, however, is the character sketch of the "hero of Santiago." Theodore Roosevelt is, to my mind, the typical American, the true representative of that democracy which Walt Whitman so fondly chanted in his rude and vigorous verse. He takes life and its responsibilites seriously, earnestly and optimistically, as men of the better sort are inclined to do. And, above all, he believes firmly in the "value of the warlike qualities of a nation." He is a brave man. Even a coward reverences courage, and it is his courage more than any other attribute that en

dears him to the people. Mountain climbing in South America, as experienced by E. A. FitzGerald, is an occupation attended by more fatigue and danger than amusement, and is in striking contrast to the account which precedes it by a few pages of the ascent of Vesuvius.

Zangwill has a story of the Ghetto in the November Cosmopolitan that is far and away the best thing that has appeared from his pen for a long time. There is a sweetness in the ending, in spite of all the pain and disappointment, that goes to the heart and strengthens one's belief in human nature. Frank Stockton is making capital out of the late unpleasantness with Spain. His story of "The Skipper and El Capitan" is told in his usual happy manner, and brings to mind certain difficulties confronting the United States peace commission now in session in Paris. But the "skipper" gets the steamer, and, after all, that is the main thing. The fact that he might have gotten it without going to war simply serves to emphasize the shortsightedness of men—and nations. In reading a certain article in this number of the Cosmopolitan, I came upon the following sentence: "No one, no matter what his cleverness, can generalize with any safety from a limited experience; and no one can establish standards of judgment until his enthusiasms have been corrected by the profound, discriminating knowledge that is so dearly taught in the school of disillusion." "Mr. Hooley and His Guinea Pigs" is a story with a moral. H. G. Wells writes delightfully of the "sunburnt man," who had the extraordinary experience of being a god. "Gloria Mundi," Harold Frederic's serial, is at last ended, or, more properly speaking, it has stopped. The author evidently grew tired of his characters and dropped them unceremoniously in the first convenient place he came to.

"The reason," remarks Richard Harding Davis in his altogether delightful account of the Porto Rican campaign in the November Scribner's, "the reason the Spanish bull gored our men in Cuba and failed to do so in Porto Rico was entirely due to the fact that Miles was an expert matador and Shafter was not." Mr. Davis also tells an entertaining story about Ensign Curtan, "the middy who demanded and obtained a surrender by telephone." We are indebted to the Spanish trouble for many things, among others these same war papers of Richard Harding Davis, which are so far as pleasant reading goes by far the best that have been published. The name of this good-looking war correspondent invariably brings up that of Gibson, and Gibson's New York girl, with familiar figure and elevated chin, is present in Scribner's as usual. There is also a good newspaper story by Jesse Lynch Williams, and a poem by Charlotte Perkins Stetson that is rather finer than anything she has written since her sea-song. The title, "Closed Doors," is suggestive. Scribner's has enlarged its "Point of View."

IN AUTUMN.

Why sigh because the summer lies in ruin?
Hath Time not hoard of many sun-lit days?
Fair were the fields the summer flowers grew in,
Yet shall next year make fair those leafless ways.

In that fair season of the spring enchanted,
When May was thine, and all the woods were green,
'Mid all the roses that the summer planted
Was this autumnal morrow unforeseen?

In this dim hour of dreams that hath beset thee,
With leafless boughs and with the grieving wind,
Think not the days of passion will forget thee,
And having proven fair will prove unkind.

Ah, love, ere 'tis too late, be wise; remember
Time spills each year but once from his dim urn;
All seasons have their secret, and December
Holds one as fair as May for which we yearn.

Although the leaves forsake the withered clover,
And one by one the brown leaves slowly fall,
Still is my heart the world's unwearied lover,
Finding the glamour sweet, and sweet the thrall.

—Edward Maslin Hulme.

THE MONTH.

October 1.—

The Canadian Pacific announced that it would establish anotner trans-Pacific steamship line to ply between Vancouver and Vladivostock.

In Paris the American and Spanish peace commissioners met for the first business session.

In Washington, D. C., Admiral Walker received the report of the civil engineers on the Nicaragua canal.

October 2.—

The coasts of Georgia and South Carolina were swept by storm and flood.

In Paris disorders growing out of the Dreyfus affair caused strangers to leave the city in alarm.

October 3.—

Schools in Manila, kept closed since the surrender, were reopened by American orders.

The war department issued orders directing the Sixth regiment, U. S. volunteers, immunes, stationed at Camp Thomas, to report at New York at once to embark for Porto Rico.

October 4.—

In Peking, China, foreigners were menaced by angry mobs. The foreign ministers sent a collective letter to the government asking for suppression of the outrages and the punishment of the leaders. They forbid foreign residents going to Peking.

At La Grande, Or., the first sugar-beet factory in the Northwest was successfully opened.

At Newport News the Illinois, the largest battle-ship in the U. S. navy, was launched.

October 5.—

In Minnesota an Indian battle occurred on the shore of Leech lake. General Bacon in command of U. S. troops.

In Paris, a formal application for the revision of the Dreyfus case was entered on the docket of the court of cassation.

October 6.—

Additional U. S. troops were forwarded to Leech lake, Minn. Indians reported to be gathering in force at that point.

October 8.—

German opposition to American annexation of the Philippines was reliably reported to have been withdrawn.

At Leech lake the Indian war situation was becoming more serious.

October 9.—

Spanish forces evacuated Manzanillo.

France decided not to press her claims to Fashoda.

October 11.—

The Spanish government announced its intention to maintain a strong force of troops in Cuba until the treaty of peace with the United States was signed.

October 12.—

At Virden, Ill., a desperate fight with strikers occurred. Imported negro miners the cause of the disturbance. Governor Tanner charged Virden operators with murder. President Loucks retaliated with threats to hold the governor of Illinois responsible for the seriousness of the trouble.

October 13.—

At Havana 1073 Spanish soldiers embark for Spain.

At Omaha the sudden death of Mrs. T. T. Geer, wife of the governor-elect of Oregon, occurred.

Emperor William and the empress, en route for Palestine, met the king and queen of Italy at Venice.

October 14.—

A military plot against the French government was discovered, in which several prominent men were involved.

October 15.—

The Atlantic steamer Mohegan was wrecked off the Lizard, England, with great loss of life.

Gomez refused to disband the Cuban army.

The special session of the Oregon legislature ended.

October 16.—

The Forty-seventh New York regiment entered San Juan, Porto Rico.

In Chicago the national peace jubilee was inaugurated with a thanksgiving service at the Auditorium. President McKinley attended.

The pope's decree, excommunicating Rev. Stephen Kaminski, bishop of the independent Polish Catholic church of Buffalo, N. Y., was read in all the Catholic churches of that city.

October 17.—

In Washington, D. C., the first formal

meeting of the Industrial Commission was held.

In Paris, Judge Day, of the U. S. peace commission, made positive demands on Spain.

Forty thousand Russian soldiers were reported as having been concentrated at Port Arthur in readiness for any emergency at Peking.

October 18.—

The Stars and Stripes were raised at noon today over San Juan.

The emperor and empress of Germany arrived at Constantinople, and were received by the sultan.

October 19.—

A naval engagement was reported to have occurred at Manila between Admiral Dewey and the insurgents.

Advices were received from Washington to the effect that the United States would assume Cuban municipal debts.

October 20.—

It was reported in Paris that Captain Dreyfus was in that city, confined in the fortress at Moulralerin, to which he was secretly brought.

The crisis in Chile reported to be passed, all the ministers but one having withdrawn their resignations.

October 21.—

It was cabled to London from Paris that the Spanish peace commissioners were on the point of yielding to the demands of the United States.

October 22.—

The excitement in Vienna, consequent upon the appearance in that city of the bubonic plague, was somewhat allayed by the extraordinary precautions taken by the authorities to prevent an epidemic.

General Whitten, collector of customs at Manila, was ordered to proceed to Paris for the purpose of testifying before the United States peace commission.

October 23.—

Two battles were reported to have occurred on the island of Formosa between the natives and the Japanese, in which the latter were victorious.

October 24.—

General Ortega and the last of the Spanish soldiers sailed from Porto Rico.

The commanders of all the warships of the British North American squadron received orders to mobilize at Halifax.

October 25.—

In Paris the Brisson ministry was forced by the chamber of deputies to resign.

In London, Lord Salisbury's attitude in the Fashoda matter elicited general commendation.

The United States gives the Spanish prisoners sick in Manila permission to leave Manila for Spain.

October 26.—

In Paris general excitement and disorder prevailed, consequent upon the overthrow of the French ministry.

October 27.—

The Dreyfus matter comes up in Paris on an appeal for revision.

The Cuban question reported as having been settled by the peace commission in Paris.

General Kitchener left Paris for London. He has spoken with praise of the French and of his reception at Fashoda by Major Marchand.

At Omaha in the Woman's National Council, Susan B. Anthony sarcastically criticised the administration for its treatment of soldiers in the war with Spain. Mrs. Ellen Foster, of Washington, replied to Miss Anthony and logically defended the government.

October 28.—

Prince Louis Napoleon, who was supposed to have joined his regiment in Russia, was discovered in Geneva, where he is strongly suspected of plotting for the overthrow of the French government and the establishment of a monarchy with himself upon the throne.

It was reported in London that a settlement of the Fashoda question had been reached.

Emperor Nicholas of Russia becomes an advocate of Dreyfus revision.

October 29.—

In Atlanta, Allan D. Chandler was inaugurated governor of Georgia.

The emperor and empress of Germany entered Jerusalem.

In Paris the court of cassation decided to grant a revision of the Dreyfus case.

October 30.—

From San Francisco the transport Zealandia, with the First and Second battalions of the First Tennessee regiment, sailed for Manila.

October 31.—

It was announced in Paris, on reliable authority, that Marchand would be recalled and the Fashoda question settled favorably to Great Britain.

The United States peace commission demanded the cession from Spain of the Philippine islands entire.

LITERARY COMMENT.

"Victor Serenus" is the title of a book by Henry Wood, recently published by Lee & Shepard of Boston. It is mainly interesting in its religious exposition, for it is in every sense a religious novel, though the novel part of it might have been advantageously dispensed with. The threads of romance that run through its pages in the usual tangle are a drawback to the work. The author has such a wealth of material at hand, and has made such awkward use of it, that one is constrained to wish he had left it untouched, and confined himself strictly to the teaching of the beautiful "New Faith," which is but the old, old faith the world has neglected, or refused to understand, since the beginning of time. Henry Wood, with commendable earnestness, strives to strip the truth of the cumbersome disguises men have sought to obscure its loveliness in, and to every one, man or woman, who lifts a hand or speaks a word to this end, is due full measure of human gratitude.

H. G. Wells delights in speculative fancies, in extravagances of the imagination, as all who have read or even glanced at his "War of the Worlds" can testify. His story of "The Time-Machine" is as hopelessly pessimistic and as horribly weird as anything the human mind can conceive of. The subject is worthy of an Edgar Allan Poe. But Mr. Wells handles it in a manner in some respects equal to that great master of the horrible and the weird. It is the element of possibility in the picture which he paints of the ultimate social conditions of the race that gives it such a gruesome fascination for the impressionable reader. The "time-traveler's" experience with the Morlocks is not in itself the thing that thrills the reader. It is that possible, no matter how improbable, differentiation of the human species.

In his latest "Geographical Reader," Frank G. Carpenter has thoroughly explored the North American continent, from the Arctic circle to the Isthmus of Panama, and from Cape Blanco to Cape Cod. He has touched upon every subject, every industry and natural resource embraced in this vast extent of territory, and has written so entertainingly of all these things that one reads with ever-increasing interest to the end of the volume. This book is designed for use in the public schools, and is the second of a series by the same author, brought out by the American Book Company, and the fortunate pupil into whose hands it will fall will gain a very general and comprehensive knowledge of the country in which he lives.

Gillett Burgess gives it as his opinion that authors like George Meredith and I. Zangwill should be publicly rewarded for having written, and that "Corelli, Hall Caine and Co. should be paid not to write."

The most charming feature about Lew Wallace's last published volume, "The Wooing of Malkatoon," is the work of the illustrator, Frank DuMond. It was undeniably a "labor of love" on the part of the artist, for the face of the heroine is the face of his beautiful young wife, Helen Savier DuMond, who is herself an artist, and one of Oregon's daughters. Mr. Du Mond is at present engaged upon a series of illustrations for the Christmas number of Harper's for 1898.

Harold Frederic, whose book, "Illumination," or "Damnation of Theron Ware," was so variously criticised a year or so since, and then relegated to the top shelf along with Du Maurier's "Trilby," and numerous other volumes, that were the sensation of a day, has gone over to the land beyond the Styx, and will write no more for mortal scanning. There is in all that he has left on record in the realm of fiction an unexpressed yet none the less apparent contempt, a tolerant contempt, for the characters of his own creation that always impresses the reader with a sense of discomfort. It is so disquieting to feel that an author has very slight faith in his own heroes and heroines. Bitter cynicism is better than a good-natured, contemptuous half faith.

Professor W. H. Hudson, of Stanford university, the author of the "Idle Hours in a Library" series, and who is now in London, has just produced a new book entitled "The Study of English Literature." The publishers are the Crowells, a well-known London firm.

In one of the new books of the year occurs the following statement, which is remarkable solely for its incorrectness: "When two people are alone in a room, they draw together as naturally as bubble to bubble in spinning water." This might be true of two people who are fond of each other, but otherwise the reverse is always the case.

"I have recently read," writes the beautiful lover of beautiful books, "Bourget's 'Tragic Idyl,' and while it is beautifully written it is unclean, but is by no means so vile as 'Intruder.' Don't you be polluted by coming in contact with or having even a bowing acquaintance with either of these books. Immorality is in them idealized, but it is still a festering, suffering spot, and as the stirring of a sewer causes fever such novels as these work untold evil. . . . A charming little volume by William Sherfs, called 'Wives in Exile,' came my way the other day. It is not new, but it is light and pure, with gems of strength strewn through it, frothy but moonshiny. 'In Touch With the Infinite,' by Ralph Waldo Trine, is more Emersonian than anything I've read in years. Trine is more satisfying than Hudson, and just as convincing."

The following exquisite bit of Moorish verse contains quite as much truth as poetry:

"Tyrant of man, imperious Fate,
I bow before thy dread decree,
Nor hope in this uncertain state
To find a seat secure from thee.

"Think not the stream will backward flow
Or cease its onward course to keep;
As soon the blazing star shall glow
Beneath the surface of the deep."

A book that contains "218 pages and only one dull one, and that the blank flyleaf," is the verdict of The Bookman concerning Joseph Conrad's "Children of the Sea."

"Our War With Spain," by Edwin Emerson, Jr., and "Life at Camp Wikoff," by R. H. Titherington, are the leading features of Munsey's for November. Max Pemberton's new story, "The Garden of Swords," makes a promising beginning, but the cream of the number is contained in "Literary Chat," in the stories of Jerome K. Jerome, Benson, and the oft-repeated tale of Kipling and the elephant.

LOOKING BACK.

We two walking at early morn,
We two walking the brook beside;
Was it the lark's song, up from the corn,
That rose and echoed, and ere it died
Filled all the waste of the meadow wide
With a long, heart-thrilling, enchanting lay?
Ah, though the years in their flight divide,
I hear but the sound of thy voice today.

Time was sweet to us, both lovelorn,
While came no breath from the world to chide;
Red was the red rose, without a thorn,
You gave me then, when in first love's pride
We dreamed life holy, earth glorified,
And thought the Maytime would last for aye—
Ah! though the years in their flight divide,
I hear but the sound of thy voice today.

What though we think now with weary scorn
Of the old love gone with the old year's tide!
We by the world's woes worn and torn,
Older-grown, too, and sadder-eyed,
With thought made clearer by time's swift stride,
We calmly acknowledge our idols clay—
Ah! though the years in their flight divide,
I hear but the sound of thy voice today.

Adrift on the ocean without a guide,
Fate, does thy sad star light the way?
Ah! though the years in their flight divide,
I hear but the sound of thy voice today.

—Florence B. Cartwright.

COLLEGE CORRESPONDENCE.

LELAND STANFORD JR. UNIVERSITY, CALIFORNIA.

Interest for the month has centered in the beginning of a movement which promises to be novel in the history of education in the United States, as well as inestimable in value to Stanford university—the organization of the students and alumni into an association for the exemption of the university from taxation. At a mass meeting two weeks ago, the Stanford University Tax-Exemption Club was organized and officers elected who are now busily engaged in devising plans for the work. Two prominent graduates, attorneys of San Francisco, have been sent out, one to the northern and the other to the southern part of the state, to interest candidates for the state legislature in the constitutional amendment which will be submitted at the next session. If passed by a two-thirds vote, the amendment will go to the people for ratification in 1900. Circulars are being sent out to the press and friends of the university, the Press Club is furnishing articles and letters for newspapers, while every student and alumnus is exerting every possible influence in this two years' campaign of education. According to President Jordan, "Either the university will be freed from the burden of taxation, or we will be forced to charge a tuition fee of $150, as the Eastern colleges do, although they are free from state taxation."

President Jordan, during the month, delivered an address before the Congress of Religions of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition on "Imperial Democracy," at Omaha, which embodies his views on the issues of the war. It will be published soon in pamphlet form. He has lately defined anew his position in regard to colonial expansion, and says: "We must take the Antilles, not because we want them, but because we have no friends that would hold them and give us no trouble. There is no other nation which can handle their problems as well as we, and they are near enough to lead public opinion to protect them from the grosser forms of tyranny, neglect and corruption." "But the Philippines," he urges, "are unsuited for free institutions, are distant, scattered, and inhabited by an un-American people. If we take Manila, it will be to her advantage as a commercial center, but at a great cost to us. More army and navy we need beyond question, but for America to become a 'military and naval power' is for her to invite disintegration and degeneration. We have no machinery for the good government of dependent provinces, nor do we want any. The only righteous thing to do would be to recognize the independence of the Philippines under American protection, and to lend them our army and navy and our wisest counselors, not politicians, but Dewey and Merritt, with jurists, foresters, mining engineers, civil engineers, and experts in science and manufacture. If, after they have had a fair chance, the experiment of self-government fails, then we should turn them over to the paternalism of peace-loving Holland or peace-compelling Great Britain. We should not get our money back, but we should save our honor."

Student interest in football remains unabated, especially since the arrival of Coach Cross, who was somewhat disappointed in the material, especially the lack of experienced men in the line. Captain Fisher and Murphy, the Oregon players, continue the stars of the team, and so far their play has been the only encouragement Stanford has had toward hoping for victory. The team this year will be strong on the offensive, but when the other side has the ball Stanford will hold her breath. For the next month every effort will be made to strengthen the defense of the team, and upon the solution of this problem depends the color of the banner which will be floating over San Francisco Thanksgiving evening, whether it shall be cardinal or blue and gold.

Following are the 'varsity scores thus far:

September 30—Stanford, 22; Washington volunteers, 0.

October 5—Stanford, 10; Kansas volunteers, 0.

October 8—Stanford, 23; Olympics, 0.

October 15—Stanford, 15; Kansas volunteers, 11.

October 20—Stanford, 0; Iowa volunteers, 6.

October 22—Stanford, 5; Olympics, 0.

Berkeley has defeated this season the Olympics, 17-0 and 16-0; Kansas volunteers, 33-0, and the Washington volunteers, 44-0.

It has been decided by the authorities to utilize in the future the Stanford residence in San Francisco as the home of a school of history, economics and social science.

Mrs. Francis E. Spencer, widow of the late Judge Spencer, president of the board of trustees of the university, has presented

to the university the law library of her distinguished husband, which will form a valuable addition to the library of the law department.

The musical clubs contemplate taking a trip as far east as Denver or north to Portland and the Sound cities, during Christmas vacation.

—O. C. Leiter.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.

Every Berkeley man is thinking of football just now. The outlook grows brighter as Thanksgiving day approaches. Everybody is asking, Are you going to win? We think we are. And our hopes of victory seem better grounded this year than before, and not the least reason for this hope is the outcome of two recent "big" games.

October 29, the Berkeley freshmen played the freshmen from Stanford, and October 31 the California 'varsity lined up against the Iowa team from the Fifty-first regiment, Iowa volunteers. The result was most satisfactory to us. Our freshmen defeated their red-sweatered rivals with the score of 21-0. Our 'varsity showed up well against Iowa, and, although neither side scored, there was little question as to the stronger team. But we draw our comparisons from the fact that in a game played at Palo Alto, two weeks ago, Iowa defeated Stanford with a score of 6-0. Thus we await Thanksgiving, and, should the unexpected happen—why, San Francisco really couldn't hold us.

About the Greater University of California: The subject is so immense and the plans so vast and comprehensive that a volume would be more appropriate than a paragraph. The preliminary competition closed at Antwerp a month ago, and the successful architects are expected in Berkeley before very long to study in detail the site on which the great architectural monument is to be raised. We look forward in the near future to the ultimate realization of this magnificent scheme, but there is much uncertainty over it yet. The name of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst will always be associated with this movement toward expansion. The inspiration came from her, and should the plan prove successful our Greater University will be a lasting monument to her bountiful generosity. Another name will also go down in our college history as one of the university's benefactors—that of Mrs. Flood, of San Francisco. She has lately given us property valued at over $2,000,000, which is to be devoted to our new college of commerce.

The resignation of President Martin J. Kellogg will take effect next October. The question of a successor is being discussed, but, as yet, nothing whatever has been done. Many names are mentioned for the position, among them that of Benjamin Andrews, late president of Brown university, and President Hyde, of Bowdoin college. Probably no action will be taken for a year or so yet.

Tomorrow the board of regents will make an official acceptance of the affiliated colleges buildings in San Francisco. The buildings include the colleges of medicine, dentistry, pharmacy and veterinary science.

—Charles E. Fryer.

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON, SEATTLE, WASH.

Enthusiasm and progress have never been so apparent in the affairs of the University of Washington as at the present. The strife and contention that unfortunately prevailed for nearly two years have now disappeared entirely, and every student as well as every member of the faculty is imbued with the same spirit of united advancement.

President Frank Pierrepont Graves, Ph. D., LL. D., has already demonstrated the fact that he can bring an abundant success to the institution. His inauguration is to be celebrated in a formal way on November 30th, at which time a programme of exercises will be presented, including an address by President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, and an address by Hon. John R. Rogers, governor of Washington.

One of the features established by President Graves is the weekly assemblies of the institution. Prominent men are on these occasions given opportunities of addressing the students and the faculty. One plan in this connection is to have a series of short addresses by successful men in the different professions and occupations, to give out of their experiences some suggestions that may prove helpful to young men and women in their life work. The first in this series was given on Friday, October 28th, by Frank J. Barnard, superintendent of the Seattle public schools.

Last year the university closed with 164 students. This year there are already 220 regular students, and the free Saturday courses for teachers have a registration of 112 students.

Lafayette day, October 19th, was celebrated with a programme including three short addresses, as follows: "Boyhood of Lafayette," by Professor A. B. Coffey; "Lafayette and Washington," by Professor E. J. Hamilton; "Lafayette's Later Visits to America," by Professor Edmond S. Meany.

EDMOND S. MEANY.

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, EUGENE, OREGON.

The year's work is well under way and there is a healthy activity in all departments. As is the case in nearly every college of note at this season of the year, football is the all-absorbing topic outside of the classroom—and the important intercollegiate game is to be played with the Oregon Agricultural College team. On Saturday, the 13th, the U. of O. will meet the Indians from Chemawa, who will come to Eugene in the full determination to "win or die." They are working under the direction of a coach from the Carlyle Indian school. Simpson, the coach for the university team, is a strict disciplinarian. The men, under his systematic training, are doing better work than has ever characterized the football team of the U. of O. The captain, Dick Smith, is a veteran of two years' standing. His work is second only to that of Shattuck, of '95. He plays the position of right tackle, and Jakeway, who formerly played on the Portland Athletic Club and Vancouver elevens, will play the other tackle.

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Oh, once there was a pretty maid
  Stood pining by the sea;
And all the waves broke down in grief
  That she should weeping be;
And wide they spread the silver sand,
Whereon her weary feet did stand,
  With cold and briny tears;
But sympathy seemed not enough
  To drive away her fears.

Said she: "'My lover's fled and gone,
  And left me all alone."
Whereat these waves did every one
  Set up a tender moan,
And gentle sorrow filled the air
All round about this pretty fair,
  And dwelt upon her ear;
But mourning never did relieve
  The heavy weight of care.

Said she: "I know not any one,
  For all bereft am I;
I know not in the world whereon
  My lonely head to lie.
These sorrowing waves they pity me,
Oh, I would e'er contented be
  Within their fond embrace;
Their ever-murmuring voices would
  My sorrows all erase."

Whereat this maiden sought the tide,
  Her tears fell fast and warm,
And all the wavelets rushed to kiss
  Her sweet and fairy form.
Said they: "To die she is too rare.
We'll deck her long and shining hair
  With pearls and coral spray;
And she shall be a mermaid fair,
  Singing and blithe and gay."

And now, when parting day has sung
  The world his elegy,
And o'er the earth the moon has spread
  Her silver canopy,
And high above Orion's hill
Some wandering star against the world
  His eye is opening,
Go, walk beside the murmuring sea,
  And you shall hear her sing.

—William Martin.

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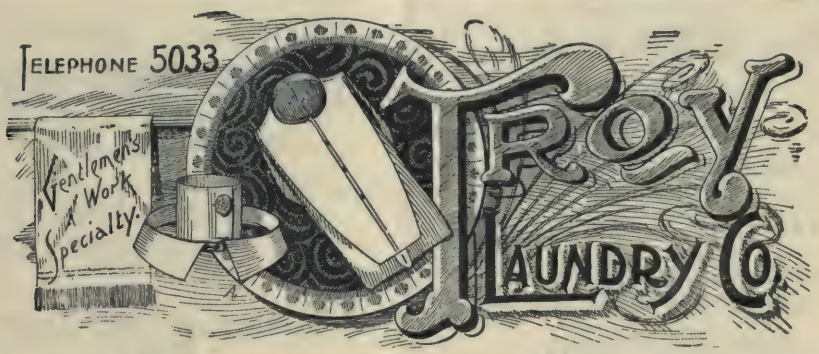
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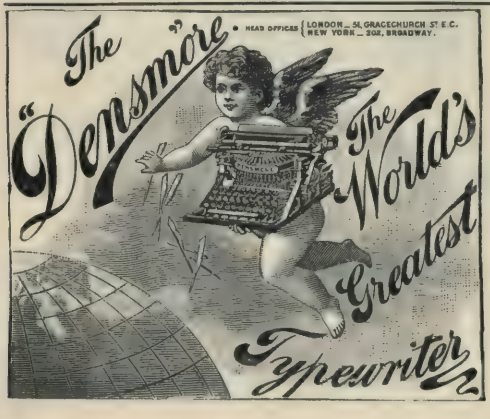
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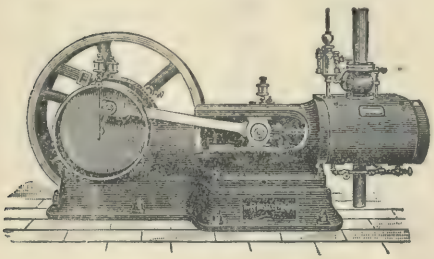
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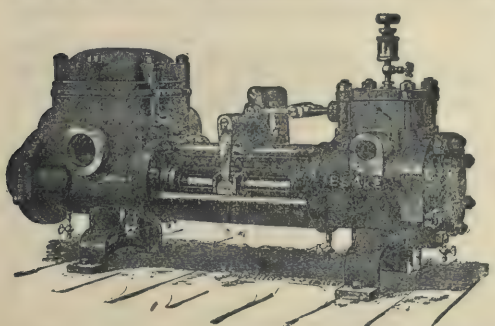
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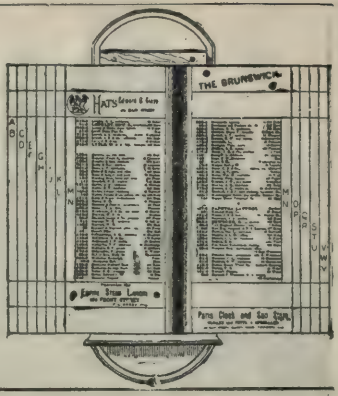
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The Pacific Monthly.

Vol. 1 *JANUARY, 1899* *No. 4*

Sport in the Pacific.

By C. F. HOLDER, President of the Pasadena (Calif.) Academy of Sciences.

"LOOK out, sir!"

Zip-zee-zee-ee! and three hundred feet of line went humming, screaming from the big reel. The warning from the boatman and the music of the reel came at one and the same time, telling of the great game fish of Santa Catalina that was now towing the boat astern and ever and anon tearing off feet and yards of line. There was no denying the excitement. I had heard of the tuna fever, a cousin to buck fever, that is so infectious in California waters, and in those few seconds of the strike and first rush of the tuna I was forced to confess that the half had not been told. I was driving a veritable wild horse of the sea and with a single rein.

We had been moving slowly up Avalon bay on a sea of glass. The sun was yet behind the hills and the Eastern sky was flushed with crimson. Back of us rose the purple hills of Avalon, rapidly changing color and forming a rare picture, as they encompassed the great amphitheater of Grand Canon. From out to sea came the cry of a laughing gull, and a long line of shags flying low were passing south to their favorite feeding grounds, where the green swells came rolling in upon the great sphinx that with stony glare looked into the West. The morning was cool, the air tempered to a semi-tropical condition that suggested palms and banana trees. The thoughts of the fisherman who sat holding the rod were far away when the water suddenly boiled twenty yards astern as though there had been a mimic submarine explosion, then something that gleamed brightly came rushing along at the surface and the song of the reel rose on the air—Zee-zee!

It was a point of record that but twenty-four members of the Tuna Club had succeeded in landing a tuna of over 100 pounds. I was desirous of emulating them; but I could well believe the stories I had heard of the strength and hypnotizing power of the fish. It rushed away with 600 or 700 feet of line before I could make any impression; then as I succeeded in stopping it I could feel a slacking of the line, could see a swirl of gleaming silver, then the line became entirely slack. He was gone. No?

"Reel, reel, sir, for your life!" cried the boatman.

I stood up and plied the handle of the big multiplier with all the vigor I possessed, and for a moment saw a magnificent blue-backed fish coming toward me like an arrow from a bow. The tuna was running in on the line, and as he caught a glimpse of the boat he turned and dashed away again, taking all the line gained and more, and plunged deep into the ocean. He was a mighty sulker, and I later saw a tuna continue this until reeled in, coming to the surface tail

first as dead as the proverbial flounder.

This tuna was an erratic fellow. He soon gave up sulking and came to the surface to wheel about the boat in great circles; now submitting to the reeling-in process; now rushing away, hammering at the line with sturdy blows, to rise and repeat the rushing-in trick time and again. The endurance point would soon have been reached and another angler of small yellow fins or finarettes reaching back from the dorsal and neutral fins and some idea of the tuna may be had—the fish that towed our boat at least five miles and performed prodigies of valor.

The tunas were leaping all about us, but one such fish was enough pleasure and excitement and we turned toward Avalon. It was the perfection of sea fishing; being twenty miles out to sea in



reduced hors de combat by the tuna when a decided lapse was perceptible. The struggles were not so furious, and the big fish could be reeled in. On he came, running around the boat. "Gently!" whispered the boatman, fingering his gaff nervously. "Now, sir!" A gentle swing and the big gaff hook slipped beneath the white belly of the fish and a few seconds later he slides into the boat, nearly six feet of gleaming blue and silver; eyes big and staring; head powerful, beating the bottom with blows that fairly threaten the boat.

Imagine a mackerel weighing 150 pounds, colored as described, with rows water as clear as crystal, yet the tuna grounds were in shore along the rocky cliffs of the picturesque island.

The tuna is the game fish par excellence of these waters; a famous leaper and the most powerful fish of its size known. On the records of the Tuna Club are accounts of boats being towed from seven to twenty miles, and nearly every fish caught made a struggle worthy of record. The largest tuna taken with rod and reel weighed 183 pounds and fought its captor, the president of the club, four hours.

The club, with its three hundred members, advocates certain methods which



The second greatest catch in the world with rod and reel.

are religiously followed, and it offers a gold medal which is fished for every year and held by the angler taking the largest tuna. The line allowed is a 24-strand, which gives the fish every chance, suggestive of the idea which holds among the members of the Tuna Club which is to protect game fishes and give them every advantage.

Tuna fishing is a popular one at Santa Catalina, which is 3½ hours from Los Angeles, and in May, June and July the island is the Mecca of sportsmen from almost every state in the Union. The waters of California teem with game fish. In the south the yellow tail is taken with rod and reel from San Diego to Santa Catalina and beyond to the islands off Santa Barbara. The sea bass and black sea bass are others. The latter is taken at Santa Catalina on rod and reel up to 327 pounds, the record being held by F. V. Rider, secretary of the Tuna Club, who took a fish of this size on 24-strand line in 50 minutes.

The ordinary sea bass is taken all along shore to San Francisco, specimens weighing 75 and 100 pounds having been brought to gaff. San Luis Obispo is a famous place for these gamey fish, while at the mouth of the Santa Inez steelheads tipping the scales at 20 pounds delight the wielder of rod and reel. The variety of game fishes which can be taken along the Pacific shores is remarkable. The salmon comes into Monterey in July and affords great sport to San Franciscoans who go to Santa Cruz and various places along shore and catch the gamey fish in great numbers. This sport has made the harbors and bays of the country along the coast to the north famous in the annals of sport.

Vashti to Ahasuerus.

"And when the wrath of the king was appeased, he thought of Vashti.—(Esther 1:2.)

We had a bitter, bitter feud,
  My angry lord and I;
And men said, "Of't is Fate thus rude,
  So passes Love to die."
But oh I laughed in my glad heart,
  For well, well could I see,
That never earthly quarrel could part
  For long my king and me.

The dark-haired Esther on his arm
  At night sleeps by his side;
All wonder that I wish no harm
  To her, who is his bride.
Beloved! 'tis only I who know
  The thought that breaks thy rest,
Thy soul yearns for the long ago,
  When I lay on thy breast!

Some day they'll say, "Thy lord is dead."
  Then wonder much to see
My eyes yet sparkle, lips still red,
  Not pale as grief should be.
My own, not death, wedlock or pain
  Can stop Love's mighty sway;
And we shall kiss and love again,
  When these have passed away.

Adonen.

"That Good May Come."

TWO people, a man and a woman, were sitting in a well-furnished room on the ground floor of a house where apartments were to be let. There was the glare of the warm May sun on the road outside, and the noise of passing carriages containing daintily dressed women, with fair, expressionless faces, as befitted those bent on a weary round of afternoon calls.

The man sat close to the window with a cigar between his teeth. The girl had chosen an armchair near the door, which communicated with the bedroom beyond. He was dark and handsome, and, without being stout, had a certain sleek, comfortable appearance which gave an air of strength to the whole figure. There was nothing to find fault with in the man, or in his clothes, and yet some small irregularity of feature would have been welcome. He looked too neat, too self-possessed, too well-contented with himself.

His young wife was dressed in black, for since her marriage she had lost her mother. She was tall and slim and fair-haired. Her eyes were blue, her face refined, and her hands, long-fingered and white, were clasped together nervously. She glanced at the man in silence many times before she took courage and spoke what had been in her thoughts for some weeks.

He had been a successful author, full of interesting ideas, anxious to discuss literary politics, ambitious to get on in his profession—a being to look up to and respect, before she married him. The novels may have merely shown talent, not genius, the ideas may have been second-hand, the ambition simply vanity, but she could not know these things.

He had naturally frivoled during the Paris honeymoon, and she had been glad to feel that they were, for the time, equals; that they could play at being children, and laugh and be lazy, and let the serious side of life go by unrealized or forgotten. But the real secret of her love for him lay in her admiration of a superior intellect, her gladness at being able to lean on a nature stronger than her own. To the young Scotch girl, her education seemed to begin when she met her future husband. While they waited till their house in London was ready for them (they had been hurriedly summoned from abroad by the news of her mother's illness), she realized a dull sense of her husband's lazy, indolent life and vapid conversation. She admitted to herself at last that he was a different man. She thought that, if she did not inspire him to work, she could at least encourage him.

"Gerald," she said, "you never write now."

He turned slowly; all his movements were deliberate. "No," he said.

"Why not?"

"I don't feel in the mood."

"Will the right mood return?"

"I suppose so."

"You don't seem to care." Her voice was sharp.

"Why should I?" he asked. "I am not hard up just now."

They had both money enough, the wife especially.

"But," she exclaimed, "you have already made a name. You cannot allow your reputation to grow rusty."

He laughed good-naturally. "Dear child, I can."

She flushed. "I want to rouse you," she continued. "I can't bear to see you forgetting your work, and all you lived in connection with it, for no reason."

"You are the reason. I love you instead."

"O, but that is awful, Gerald!" She rose and crossed the room. "I dare not be to blame for your loss of ambition. I dread the consequences for us both. O, I love you; don't be afraid. I worship you quite foolishly, and you know I love you. But I also depend on your strength of character. I take pride in your genius, I admire your brain, just as I cling to the man who is everything in the world to me. I am not clever myself, I move in a small, narrow circle of people, well-bred,

I admit, but neither very 'smart,' to use an odious word, nor very interesting, as Bohemians are interesting. I have norrow conventional notions for myself. I shrink from the freemasonry of women who smoke, and talk 'shop,' and go everywhere alone, just because they write for the papers. Your men friends frighten me; they have tidings of the latest discovery, the latest news at the edge of their lips, while I never glance at a newspaper without just missing the one thing you consider worth reading. But then I know that I have been so trained to keep to my own particular path in the world, that I should lose your love by making myself ridiculous and being unnatural if I tried to alter my whole life now. You see, dear, I appreciate what I cannot attain. Many women are the same—women born old-fashioned, who feel what they never speak about to any one. I have merely the courage to confess to you."

"And all this"—he was astonished, but his eyes twinkled—"all this leads to—what?"

"To my greater courage in venturing to beg you to be more yourself."

"Have I changed?" The man's voice was hard and suspicious.

"Yes, dear," she faltered; "you have—a little—you don't write."

"Good God! I need a holiday badly enough."

"You are so lazy, Gerald, about everything. You see, darling, I want to be able to lean on you, to rely on your advice, to be able to count on your help in so many things. I should not complain if I had not been able to do that before, but I must speak when I see you so lazy and indifferent. Gerald, you move and talk as if nothing mattered. There is no business connected with our new home which you will undertake if you can help it. You simply drift where the mood takes you, and, if your love for me were not just the same, I should believe that you were weary of everything, including myself."

He frowned and stared into the street.

"Am I so changed as that?"

She had said all by then, and was grieved to have distressed him, although she could not wholly grieve because her words had taken effect. She knelt down by his chair and put her arms around him.

He turned his head and looked down at her.

"I dare say that you are right, little woman. I'll think about it, and get to work again." He sighed. "I have lost sight of everything but you. I want no friends, no other interests, no other ties. I only"—he bent low—"want your kisses; kiss me—kiss me."

She obeyed, and was glad he was not vexed with her. She did not realize that the man had a passionate craving for a woman's caresses and a woman's sympathy, which might lead him, in later days, to be well pleased with these things from the lips and hearts of other women.

He was merely for the moment taking refuge in the gratification of the feeling which had led him to desert his former life and former ambitions. But she had brought the past vividly before him, and as she sank into a sitting posture, with one arm across his knees, his face (which she could not see) was stern and worried. His hand touched her fair hair gently, for he was very tender with women, and wished to assure her that nothing in her words had wounded him; but he gazed moodily at the bright street, and his thoughts were far from the girl by his side.

He suffered acutely. The child whom he loved and adored had evoked the memory of another beautiful face, with the great mass of black hair lying in a loose knot in the nape of a white neck, the dark eyes flashing scorn into his own, the deep musical voice, strong with passion, reading a burial service over all his ambition, all his past beliefs.

"Go," she had said; "go and marry this mad fancy, this pink-and-white daisy. Throw your pen away, and forget that you have worked for men and women, in the arms of one simple girl. But be content with the life you have chosen. Come no more to me for sympathy, for help in your work or interest in your career. The latter is finished. Gerald Stanley the author is dead from this time to the end of all things, and the woman who helped to make him what he was resigns him to the woman who has

crushed his energies, and will live to know his name forgotten. When you have lost me, you will know what I have been to you."

He knew at last—he was to know more later, when evil was done that good might come.

"I think," said Maisie, after a long silence, "that I should like to go out. We might go and see your sister. Will you come?"

* * * * * * * *

Maisie sat up in her bed, her hair in pretty disorder, and rubbed her eyes.

"What did you say?" she muttered. "I was so sleepy, I had to go to bed. You dined with the publisher, didn't you?"

"I am glad you got my wire." (She was staring at his face, he was so very white.)

"The book is accepted," he added, much as he might have said that it would probably rain the next day.

She clapped her hands with delight. "O, Gerald!" She was one of those women who put on a certain dignity in the daytime, and become delightfully girlish when they reach their bedrooms. She laughed and congratulated him, and drew him down to kiss her, and chatted of her pride in him and her love for him, until the pain he suffered made his lips and hands grow cold. She was serious at once.

"You are tired, dear?"

He made up his mind that he would tell her that the book had been inspired, and he himself, encouraged and aided, by a woman of whom he had never spoken and whom she had never seen. He was sick with remorse, but the words would not come.

"Gerald, darling," she whispered tenderly, "do you know what I have been longing to say to you for some time? You are your old self."

He started violently. She laid her head on his shoulder, and continued softly: "When I first begged you to resume work, when I first reproached you for leading an idle, aimless existence, I fancied that I had done wrong, for you were made miserable by what I had said, and for over a month we were not very happy, dear, you and I. Then you found yourself. You began to work; you were 'adorable' to me; you thought and talked as in the old days; you had the same ideas; you were the man I lost my heart to, and have loved ever since. And then this book. Who woke your sleeping faculties into life, sir, but your stupid wife? So I, too, have my little share in your work, as in your heart. I am so proud of you, my husband! And you are not angry because I scolded you for being lazy, are you, darling?"

"No," he answered. "Angry with you? God help me!"

"O, I'm glad you're changed again, and I'm so happy!"

The man tried to speak, and failed.

There was a pause. Then a voice, unlike his own, asked slowly: "You are—what?"

"Happy—O, so happy!" repeated the girl.

Thorns.

It lies in my hand,
A dead, dead rose;
Not lovely now, but it once was fair.
No sweets are shed
From its petals dead,
But its thorns are sharp as ever they were.

It lies in my heart,
A dead, dead love;
Nor hope, nor happiness brings to me,
A faded flower,
It has lived its hour;
But its thorns are sharp as they used to be.

Florence May Wright.

An American Ideal.

By CHARLES H. CHAPMAN, Ph. D., President of the University of Oregon.

"IN our childhood we are near to God. The angels still visit and whisper news from the unforgotten realms we have left behind."

So sings the poet of immortality. Fresh from the Creator's hand; nay, trailing after us clouds of glory from the Eternal we come into this world of filth and deformity. It does not take long for the clouds of glory to fade away; but there is a time between childhood and manhood, before God has shut away his face and the everlasting doors turning on their golden hinges have come between us and our home, when life in one great throb of strength and hope. We feel then that no task is too hard for us, that no prize is too high, that all things great and worthy are predestined for our use. It is in that golden prime that the youth reads in his book of one who cut his way upward in a rocky cliff, climbing ever higher while his companions stood below and watched him. There were names on the limestone, cut by hands now feeble in old age or dead and in their graves, and over them all was one name—a name once mighty to charm the soul of youth to high endeavor—it was the name of Washington. "I will climb," said the boy, setting his teeth, "above that name, and I will cut my own higher than his." He reads of that youth, with a swelling heart, and whether it be through starvation and penury, or whether on the gilded rounds of the ladder which his friends have raised for him he feels that he, too, can climb and must climb, and he wills to cut his name high up beside the undying records of the great men gone before.

In the nation, too, there is a springtime when greatness is easier than it can ever be again. Nations grow cynical in their old age, and as grey-beards laugh at the enthusiasms of youth, so in their decrepitude nations smile at the rude zeal of their early heroes. There was a time when we made legends and heroic tales about Washington and Clay and Ethan Allen. We make no more legends and heroic tales; we smile when we hear them and the newspapers turn them to jest in their columns of fun.

"Imperial Caesar dead and turned to clay, might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

In our nation this springtime closed with the war of the rebellion. We still have men of eminence, but they are a very different race from those of the generations before the war. The men now coming into prominence in public life are mostly rich; the conditions which once made it possible for a poor man to reach exalted eminence have almost passed away. Let us hope that their absence is only for a time, and that they will again return. I do not believe that the unscrupulous, selfish man of great wealth who now parades in his brutal pomp upon the stage of our public life is the typical American; or that the conditions which have produced him are to be permanently satisfactory to our people. They are not the conditions which in a former epoch produced our great men—our Washingtons, our Franklins, our Marshalls, our Lincolns.

Let us consider for a few minutes the conditions which could produce such a man as Lincoln and put them side by side with those which are turning out our Tweeds, our Crokers and our Goulds. Let us call the man produced by these conditions the old-fashioned educated American. This man of whom I speak was generally born on a farm, but his parents were not peasants. He had good blood in his veins, his ancestors were free men and they were healthy. The man born with the potentiality of greatness in him does not come from a stock bestialized by tyranny, whether it be the tyranny of an imperious

monarch or the tyranny of a wage-master. The soul once crushed under a master's power, be the master a slave-driver with his whip and bloodhounds or a corporation armed with an injunction from the United States courts—the soul once crushed cannot arise in a single generation and assert its wings in the high air of freedom. The free soul must be born free. Here is the curse of our wage system. It keeps multitudes of citizens hanging for the bread of life upon the word of a master. Slaves in all but the name.

The education which trained the great American for his life work was a severe one; to live through it and come out with a store of energy for future use he needed a robust body to start with. The life of a city is full of intellectual stimulus, but it has not produced the loftiest thinkers, and it tends to degenerate the moral and physical fibre of the race. Great thinking which takes into account the problems of eternity must grow in the vast calm of nature's solitudes.

Not in London, but in his country home, with green orchards around him, Newton solved the problem of the inorganic universe; and in another country home Darwin deciphered for us the story of our origin. Almost all men who have attained to greatness have passed their youth in the country. Our typical American was born in the country on his father's farm. Barefooted and bareheaded he played with nature in his childhood, and she took him to her bosom and mothered him. The birds sang to him, and he knew their language as all our fathers knew it in the springtime of the world; the sun kissed him and bathed him with light; the living things of the fields and woods were his companions; the stars in their mighty march across the heavens perpetually sang to him, hymning the greatness and the mystery of God.

To the present generation such a childhood may have lost its charm. Its stern simplicity, its pagan health, the rude self-helpfulness which came from it are perhaps less pleasing to us than the pinched cheek, the slender frame, the politer manners of the city child. But the city child blossoms too young. The aloe fills out the rude and homely bulk of its prickly leaves for a hundred years before it flowers; to make a man you must have a childhood of placid, unconscious, natural growth, free from the pernicious influence of too many books and of fashion. Books are the curse of childhood. In that precious period when impressions are stamped upon the mind never to be erased it is things, realities that the budding man should deal with; he should learn to look at things as they are; he should learn that iron is heavy and ice is cold by holding the iron and the ice in his hand. He will then know that no amount of idle wishing will make the iron lighter or the ice warmer. While the modern child sits stooped over his book, our old-fashioned American was learning to use his eyes and his hands in the freedom of the fields and woods. We are coming back slowly and tentatively to this system of pedagogy as if it were a new and untried thing. We are now and then allowing our children to take their noses out of their books and learn to use the hands which must earn their bread; but it is with fear and trembling, we are horribly afraid that our primary schools may turn out a breed of mechanics, carpenters and engineers. So far they have produced a great variety of breeds (among them the stock of Coxey's army), but I cannot see that a generation of capable and honest workmen would be a thing to dread or a falling off from past achievements. Our old-fashioned American went to school and he had a book. He went to school barefooted, with patches on the knees of his trousers and on other regions not visible in front. His face was sunburned and freckled; and his hair stuck out through a hole in his straw hat. His book was a venerable volume inherited from his father before him. The torn pages were rich with grease and sound morality; and he learned to read them; he ciphered a little in his arithmetic and he learned to write. This ended his primary schooling. Grown into a rugged youth with huge bones and mighty muscles, he panted to take his place among active men and wreak his energy upon the world. He took his axe and went

into the woods or he followed his team with his hands upon the plow handles, proud and happy that he was a man and could earn a living for himself. But he was not a man, he was only a boy. Free and strong and calm, he knew nothing of the slumbering forces within his soul. He walked with God all day and at night he slept the dreamless sleep of holy youth. God looked upon him and loved him. The whole universe loved and helped him, for he was a harmonious part of the strong cosmos. We have all read with reverential awe the tale of Jay Gould's life; how he went to New York with a few cents in this pocket and rose to wreck the railroads and own the telegraphs of a great nation. Frequently our great magazines and newspapers call upon the youth of America to revere the memory and emulate the deeds of a similar one. It was not to dreams of great wealth, of wrecked railroads and plundered nations, that our old-fashioned American boy awoke. I am almost afraid to tell you what his ideals were—they were so boy-ilke, so countrified, so primitive. Our young man began to dream of fame. He would be a great general, a great poet, a great doctor or lawyer, he would go to congress and rise to be president of the United States, and nowhere in the noble old books over which he pored did he read the praise of riches, but on every page there ran the tale of bravery, faith and patriotic virtue; he read how noble it is to live and die, not for yourself but for your country; he read how Socrates went down to death for the truth, how Brutus loved his country better than his friend, and how the Spartan heroes stood and died on that memorable day at Thermopylae because it was their duty so to die.

The foundation of intellectual greatness is a sound body, and this our young American had. He had spent the first quarter of his life in training it and letting it grow. Then came his mind's turn. He took to reading and borrowed all the books in the neighborhood. Kind old ladies lend him volumes of poetry carefully wrapped in newspapers; the village lawyer lent him his speeches of Webster and his Shakespeare; the minister contributed a History of the Reformation. In this period of awakening the hunger of the mind is insatiable; everything is interesting, everything is food. At their first outlook into the world of knowledge the eyes see all things in sunlight.

The next scene in the young man's educational history was the college. He had to earn money to pay his way. Sometimes he chopped cordwood, sometimes he taught school, but in one way and another the money was generally found. At college he may have done chores to pay his board, or he may have kept bachelor's hall, but in some way he got through. At a fearful expense of time and energy he did finally fight his way to graduation and came out into the world a proud and happy bachelor of arts. Compared with the great foundations of our time the college which he attended was a poor affair. Its buildings were small and cheap; there was no elaborate outfit of apparatus; the professors were mostly old men who had spent the vigor of their lives in preaching. What had such an institution and such men to give a young man eager for all that is great and glorious in life? Very little of their own perhaps, but much which they held in trust. They could give him and they did give him the grand tradition handed down through the ages from generation to generation of great and transcendent living. They taught him the infinite value of high, unselfish conduct; the stern persistence which clings to its aim at the price of happiness and health and life itself; the unique and infiinite claims of duty upon the human soul. These things and not its mistaken notions of science, its tattered fragments of Greek and Latin, were the really precious gifts of the old-fashioned college to the young man. These were the gifts he took with him and built into his life, and it was lives so built that made the glorious first century of our nation's history. Thus after a terrible struggle,—at a fearful expense of time and strength,—here and there a young man of those days got himself educated. But at the present day it will not suffice to have here and there an educated man in the commun-

ity.. The state to save itself from ruin needs an educated generation; a whole generation trained to use hands, and head, to love their country, to emulate the great men of its past and to work for the stability and glory of its future. Such a generation the state cannot have without creating it. The state for its own salvation must seize upon the child and mould him into such a citizen as it needs. Gross and dramatic dangers like those of rebellion or foreign war rouse the people to rational action and submission. When the government seizes a man and makes him a soldier—takes him from his business and his family and exposes him to prolonged hardship and the peril of death, no one complains or questions its right. When the government establishes a costly school at Annapolis or West Point to train sailors and soldiers, no one questions the justice or expediency of the action. Yet these schools in a certain sense are for the few. In these great establishments a select band of young men are receiving a technical and highly specialized education at the expense of all the rest. But no one complains—the government must have soldiers and sailors, and we all see that in training these young men it is working for the ultimate good of us all.

It is easier to make a good soldier than a good citizen. The soldier needs only to fight well and to obey—the citizen must patiently meet the problems of civic life and solve them correctly as they arise day after day in endless succession. There is no commander who can irrevocably direct his action, there is no great day of battle and victory when at sunset he can lay down his arms and say "the war is over." It is truly noble and beautiful to die for our country, but there is an ineffably superior height of nobility and beauty in living for our country. In a great emergency the government can create soldiers in a few weeks—good citizens are only produced by the labor of patient years.

For the poor as a class higher education is forever impossible except through schools maintained at the public expense, and the primary schools which can exist without the aid of higher institutions are vain as the glitter of witches' gold. Instruction in primary schools always tends to aridity, formality and barreness. The influence upon them of higher instiutions is like that quickening which flowed to the dead son of the Shunamite from the body of Elijah. It is a very wakening of the dead.

We admit without difficulty the usefulness of the soldier. He fights for us. There is a tendency to doubt the ultimate value of the man who merely prays for us, but the unspeakable value of the man who can and will think for us we may have still to learn. And to find the thinker, to find the great brain, the mighty body, the generous soul—to find the Man keen to pierce to the causes of civic wrong, to endure the calumny without reward and fight the long fight that must be waged with unclean foes to the end that the people may continue prosperous and free—we must go among the ranks of the self-respecting poor. Thence they have always come, and thence they always will come. Shut the gate of higher knowledge to the poor and you shut our nation from its hope of future Franklins, Washingtons and Lincolns. Therefore we must look to it that the gate swings wide open and forever remains so.

Retrospection.

The phantom Past, with its dear, dead faces,
Rose last night from the tomb of years;
And clothed for an hour in its pristine graces.
Claimed my laughter, and found my tears.

Oh, not in vain to have loved and labored!
Not in vain to have hoped and feared!
Mistakes shall mortar thy stony sorrows;
And thence thy Temple of life be reared.

And over the grave of thy dead Ambition,
Shall blossom the Heartsease, wondrous fair;
And Time distill from thy tears of anguish
A lethal perfume, sweet and rare.

John Leisk Tait.

Through Winter's Snows.

By WALTER CAYLEY BELT, M. D.

THE Oregon mist was falling cheerlessly. The air was damp and heavy outside, but within my room was warm and cheerful. I was poking aimlessly about among the odds and ends in the bottom of my trunk. Suddenly I came upon a faded buckskin moccasin, grimy and blood-stained, cut and torn. The evergreens of Oregon faded from my view and gazing back across the slanting years, I beheld another scene.

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Night in The Great Lone Land. To north, to south, to east, to west, as far as the eye could reach, and beyond, stretched the silent snow on silent plains, a solitude so oppressive that with a sigh

I turned toward the hospital buildings, whose dismal gray afforded the eye its one relief from the shroud-like appearance of the plains. The shadow of a man fell across the snow. I heard a voice say, "Pardon, are you the doctair?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"I have come too late; m' belle Marie is dead, and I have suffer mooch with the cold."

I saw he dragged a freighted tobaggan.

"I am trappair," he said. "Jean Baptiste de Marechal, they call me when they christen me in the Church of Ste. Anne de Beauchere. 'Twas there I live, in Beauchereville, as a boy I love Marie Pasquod, and when I go to work for the company as voyageur, I promise to come back. I come, and find her wait these years, for her great love. There in Beauchereville I buy me little cottage, and we live so happy. Three children come, le petite Marie, Francoise and little Jean. Then I come to work for company again, in the country of the Great Slave Lake. I hear no news, but when I come to the fort every year. Then I hear that smallpox come to Beauchereville, that Francois, Marie and little Jean sleep in the shadow of the good Ste. Anne. I go back Quebec, and bring my Marie out to this lone country. She make me promise when she come, she make me sware the three-fold oath by the bones of my father, by the honor of my mother, by the altar of my faith, that if she die, no matter where, I bring her to Beauchereville back and let her sleep beside her dead and by the altar of Ste. Anne. There I shall also sleep. Twelve days ago she die, 300 miles north where I trap. I put her on toboggan, and start for railroad to take her home.

"I tramp all day over the frozen snow, and at night I watch to keep the big gray wolf away, and I kill nothing. For two days I boil my moccasin string to chew him. I was so hungry, but now I rest."

I realized that I was in the presence of a great character. There was a man who had dragged his wife's body, on foot over three hundred miles of frozen snow in an arctic winter, to keep a promise to the dead.

During his solitary journey I was the first white man he had seen. He was fearfully frost-bitten, but would not remain for treatment. He pushed on by train the following day for old Quebec. I begged for one of his tattered moccasins as a memento of his trip. Before he left, he raised the silver fur about the sled, and I saw the face of one who had passed through many tribulations into the perfect peace. I heard nothing directly from him, but a week or so later I saw in a press dispatch that the sacred ground of the churchyard of Ste. Anne de Beauchere had been desecrated by the blood of a suicide.

The Dynamics of Speech

As Introduced by Philosophy.

By ROBERT W. DOUTHAT, Prof. of Latin in West Virginia University.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.—Dr. Douthat begins in this number the first of a series of papers on The Dynamics of Speech and The Development of Language. His theory is new and strikingly original, and will appeal to all who are interested in popular demonstrations of scientific subjects.

EVERYBODY knows more or less about dynamics in machinery, but few people have thought much about man as a dynamo and of his speech as one manifestation of his power; and yet the whole civilized world is enlightened by words more commonly and more thoroughly than by electricity; it is stirred to action by words a thousand fold oftener than by machinery: words more than deeds brought on the revolution in America. The words of Patrick Henry touched hearts that could never have been otherwise moved; words have contributed first and most to all the reforms that have taken place in the world. Had not mind manifested itself in words, the Renaissance would never have begun in Europe? Blot out the literature of the world, stop the flow of speech and man would return to a state of primitive barbarism. Art and knowledge lost to him he would roam the plains and forests a savage, his home merely a shelter from storms, his fellow men as much his prey as bird or beast. Words are the force by which all civilization has come to the world, the force by which all religion is maintained, by which all science has been developed, by which all knowledge of the Eternal has been communicated, by which our souls are lifted to a likeness with God.

The proper conception for all things in the universe is to be found in the words that have come down to us from all the ages past. The mind of man is found in language, not in physical science.

Physical science reveals the mind of God. Man has been testing, as it were, the engines of thought,—these words of his,—for thousands of years, to find out whether they will convey the burdens of his soul to his fellow men, who, as people engaged in mental and spiritual and intellectual commodities. He has found his engines to be well built. They do convey his thought and the world gets the full benefit of his productions. Now and then an engine is built on a peculiar plan: it runs well for a time, but finally it fails to work. It then goes into the shops; and, if the master-workman sees that the principle on which it was constructed is not scientific, then it must be taken to pieces and the material otherwise employed.

Words that have been tested and not found wanting,—words that have conveyed the burdens of thought for ages,—words that connect, as it were, the mind of man with the mind of God,—words that are framed according to man's conception of the eternal fitness of things,—words that bring the history of the ages to the mind of the present,—these can never die; for the principle on which they were constructed is so thoroughly scientific,—accords so fully with all that is clearest and best, that we can say, in these all mind is stored,—by these all mind conveyed.

Every construction of the mind consists of parts; that which consists of parts can be separated into its elements; these elements are the abstraction that have been made from the objects presented; hence speech consists of abstractions, which, when separated, may exhibit individual values.

A great building is a construction of individual pieces of material and this illustrates a completed thought of many concepts; and, just as in the great building there may be many pieces of

timber or stone or metal of very nearly the same size and properties, so in a sentence or chapter or book there will be found many words or sounds of almost the same character. As the pieces of timber or stone or metal in the building, each of the same size and quality and use have the same value, so the same sounds in words have the same values.

Just as God out of "matter" creates all worlds and systems of worlds, all animals and vegetables, and keeps these in continuance throughout the ages, so man who is made in the mental and spiritual "image and likeness" of God forms out of "matter" all the utensils and machinery of the world in which he lives, all the statuary and other imitations of God's works, all the representations in printing and drawing and writing of his conceptions of the useful or beautiful for the need or enjoyment of himself and his fellows in this world.

Just as God also by the motion of portions of the atmosphere and of other substances upon each other produces noise or sound, so man by the same means and also by the contact and separation of his organs of speech produces noise or sound intelligible to himself, and these sounds, together with their representative forms, are as much a part of design on his part as are any of the other acts of which he is capable.

When he says God or writes the word, he means an Infinite comprehension, not a development. When he says man or writes the word, he means a manifestation or creation, who in turn as a lineal descendant of his Creator can continue to make manifestations or generations of his mind and spirit throughout the ages.

Men and women, the world over, have been occupied so much of late, each in his own way, with the revelations of physical science, that they have neglected to watch the connection between the mind that makes the revelations and the things to be revealed.

Remove man from this world, man with his inventive mind, and soon all that can be called art, science or literature will have passed away; and where music now swells in its voluptuous or to victory over injustice, where monuments rear their lofty heads in honor of the good or great, there will be the habitation of beasts, the abode of owls and bats.

How long man has occupied his place inspiring strains, where eloquence cheers in this world, no one knows; investigations are not complete. All we do know is that he is wonderful in capacity, constant in development, and mighty in action. He imitates or finds out the Divine mind, as said Kepler in his discovery of the laws of planetary motion: "I think thy thoughts after thee, O God," and as of all man's discoveries of the secrets of nature and of his plans according with nature's plans, we say, "He imitates God!"

This discovery of the thoughts of God; this imitation of the works of God attests a mental kineship with Deity than which nothing could be stronger proof that "man was made in the image and likeness of God."

Let us formulate this logically:

1. He who has the condition and capacity for copying the Supreme mind must be in mind a lineal descendant of that Supreme mind or of like powers;

2. Man does in his art, literature, sculpture and painting copy the mind of the Supreme Being; therefore,

3. Man must be in mind a lineal descendant of the Supreme Mind or of like power with such mind.

Or for number 2, take a negative form, as follows:

2. None of the lower orders of animals can copy in the smallest degree the mind of the Supreme Being; or, if you prefer,

2. Nothing done by the Supreme Being can be imitated by any one of the lower orders of animals; then,

3. None of the lower orders of animals can claim any mental kinship with the Supreme Mind.

Or, put the argument in still another form, as follows:

1. Mental or spiritual conceptions can be repeated only by mental or spiritual beings;

2. None of the lower orders af anicals can repeat the mental or spiritual conceptions of Deity or even of man;

3. None of the lower orders of animals are mental or spiritual beings.

Man is emphatically an imitator of the Divine Mind. He never builds a house without constant regard to gravitation; he builds no railroad without a study of centrifugal force; he never handles electricity without knowing how nature deals with the same force; he constructs no engine without first consulting nature, in order to ascertain how much strength will be required for the expansive force of a drop of water.

This spirit of imitation has necessarily controlled all his efforts in the past and will control in all the future. Of course, man will at times combine forces or elements, and thus seemingly make what does not exist anywhere in Nature's realm; but the fact that combination can be made is proof that nature's law hitherto unknown has been discovered; otherwise, the combination could never have been made.

However, as I have not started out to discourse on science or of physics in general, or of mind in its individuality, but of man's continual imitation of the Divine Mind, allow me to introduce a set of new categories, by which to explain the construction, operations and limitations of universal nature, from which as expression we learn the Divine mind, and from these by induction try to discover man's method of imitation in all his expressions of an inner self.

Man's Model.—These categories are not intended as an attempt to overthrow anything that has been done in the past, but as simply an effort to prove that the condition and operations pertaining to a universe without man have been the model for everything that man has done since his appearance on the globe.

Science.—When man finds out what nature is or does, he says he has a science. When he imitates her action, he says he is working scientifically: he is running on exactly parallel lines. When he fails to run his lines alongside hers, there is disaster, destruction, death. Her laws must be followed in the construction of all his machinery. Thus, man is proven to be an imitator.

One of man's earliest studies was astronomy, not because he so much needed the science in his daily struggles for life, but because in astronomy he could discover more of the wisdom and power of the Creator than anywhere else, and for 2000 or more years that was man's chief study. He saw in the heavenly bodies more for wonder and admiration than anywhere else. David said, "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast made, what is man that Thou art mindful of him or the son of man that Thou visitest him?" etc.

Well, this was a far-off study, seemingly the first method of study for any great subject,—a species of induction. We do not, as a rule, begin with details. We begin with the concrete: we take off the outside envelope before we begin to read, as it were, the contents of the letter. We first become acquainted by a general introduction and afterwards seek a closer intimacy. We are permitted to enter the parlor long before we become familiar with the kitchen. Geography was long studied before geology; botany before bacteriology; molecules before microbes,—the outer before the inner. Thought comes before belief, belief before knowledge.

Suppose, now, we thus treat our subject, going to the utmost bounds of knowledge, i. e., of everything that can be known or named in accordance with the condition or action of universal nature, and afterwards reduce to details as each particular subject may come before us.

Ampere made two great categories, "Matter and Mind," sufficient for the beginnings of our thought, but insufficient for its extension, because there is no hint of life or operation. Hume made two, "Ideas and Impressions," but these still present only the dead forms with their influence upon the general mind, and hence there is not enough difference between his and Ampere's to satisfy a living, active, almost uncontrollable power, the Ego of universal nature.

Man, the glory of the world, under the impulse of heaven's own life, inspired by the actual presence of Deity himself, gave instinctive utterance to his impulse,

and breathed out the soul's emotion in the one word Ego,—I go, I move, I act, I live; I see, I hear, I taste, I feel, I smell; I think, I reflect, I plan, I produce; I wish, I will, I perform. I feel my kinship with the Eternal. I seek to know, to appreciate his attributes, his excellencies, his glory; I feel longings uncontrollable: I must be divine.

The power of this one expression, Ego,—an utterance which began to be formulated from the manifested power and infinite resources brought to view in human art in the distant past, has been felt upon the mind and heart of the most degraded as well as upon those of the most cultured. It is reflected in letters of gold from the palaces, the temples, the pyramids, the sphinxes, the obelisks; the canals, the bridges, the railroads, the telegraph, the telephone,—all proclaim the source of Ego divine. Poetry, philosophy, science, art, testify in clearest terms that man's first utterance proceeded from an appreciation of his own innate worth; and, wherever men have wandered, to the icy regions of the North, to the torrid zones of the different hemispheres, as well as into regions more favorable for physical existence; whatever they may have done, in war or peace, at home or abroad, in the council-chamber or around the fireside,—they have everywhere felt the influence of this developed expression for both innate power and innate importance.

The old Greek Philosophy of Socrates and Plato, and other great lights in a benighted age, was not a deliverance of what originated in themselves. The ideas of Socrates and Plato had lain dormant in human hearts for ages past.

Not Original but Developed.—These ideas were only brought out by the intensity of emotion in these great souls. Plato and Socrates were moved by power within and by conditions without, to bring forth for the struggling mind of their time the ideas of truth and faith that hitherto had simply failed of development.

Through the influence of this one expression of the soul, Ego,—its meaning lost to the intellect, but felt upon the heart, chemistry has made her conquests, geology her revelations, electricity her advances, botany her classification, mathematics her deductions, medicine her progress, philosophy her connections.

But pardon this seeming digression, and let us proceed with a consideration of what has been done in the effort to connect the mind of the world with the operations and conditions of universal nature.

Locke has left us three categories, "Substance, Modes, and Relations,"—good as far as matter and our consideration of matter goes, but yet deficient in not showing what are the "modes and relations, nor yet intimating a great source of life and energy.

Finally, Kant has given us four, "Quantity, Quality, Relation and Modality," but still there is want of origin and action, both of which should be exhibited to make our categories of the knowledge correspond with the operations perceived in all parts of the universe. Kant's categories give us nothing more than the process of scientific investigation.

The categories which we would substitute for any that have hitherto occupied the mind of the philosopher are the following:

1. Comprehension, — because that will not only include such predicaments as "Quantity, Quality, Matter, Mind, Substance," but also indicate the original state of the universe as well as the perfected condition of every germ out of which new life is developed.

2. Separation,—because that will not only include "Ideas and Relations," but also suggest source for these and all other individual entities.

Individual Objects.—One of the first thoughts that can occupy our minds is, whence the individaul objects that present themselves in such infinity? We spend much of our lives in answering this one question, and most of us die leaving it to a great extent unsolved.

In all proper investigation, however, each separation is traced to some antecedent comprehension, from which the individual has come.

The blind man restored to sight would be impressed first of all with the number of objects in a separated condition.

3. Extension,—which is only hinted at in "Relation," "Impression," "Modality," but is proven to be a necessary condition of all life, energy, action, and the essential qualification of all creation or growth.

4. Limitation,—which has no place in any of the categories named, and is not generalized even by Aristotle in any one of his ten, but which has been adopted by us, because it represents, not only the temporary "position, situation, or habit," but also the necessary termination of all life, energy, action, growth, or state.

(To be continued.)

The Voice of the Silence.

By one of Portland's leading citizens, a prominent member of society, who for the present will remain unnamed. The author, a close student of human nature, holds that character is stronger than circumstances, and undertakes to illustrate his theory in a decidedly novel and interesting manner. The hero and heroine, taken from real life, and undoubtedly well known to the majority of our Portland readers, are placed in a purely fictitious environment, where they proceed to work out the writer's ideas.—Ed.

Prelude.

AWAY off on the very edge of the world is a land called Nowhere. And in this land there was born, once upon a time, a child who grew to be among women the fairest the sun has shone upon since Spartan Helen swayed the hearts of men by reason of her beauty.

In a grove of pines, upon a cliff above the sands was set the small gray cabin that she called her home. At evening, watching from its narrow windows, she saw the white gulls winging seaward and heard the wind whisper secrets to the trees. At her feet the wide slow river felt the strong pulse of the sea, and far out across the golden dunes the surf forever fringed the shore with pearl.

She was Nature's daughter, and had from birth companioned with that great Mother's sweet and solemn mysteries. The moaning music of the bar had been her lullaby. The west wind rocked her cradle swung beneath the pines, and her playmates were the wild young things upon the hills. The sweeping tides, the dash of waves, the rain and tumult of fierce storms, ocean-born, filled her with exultant joy. The tender light of the fathomless blue deep was in her eyes, her cheek was like the pink lip of a shell and her hair a midnight cloud. The tall green reeds that bent obedient to the lightest breath of summer had not more supple grace than she. Her voice, soft and low, thrilled with the vibrant melody of wind and sea and bird-song, and her smile was a flash of heaven's own fire.

Alone, yet never lonely, leaning so close to Nature's heart that she heard its rythmic beating, taught by the ever-changing loveliness of air and earth and sky to read and understand much that is ordinarily hidden from mortal sight and ken, she grew from child to womanhood, a fair human flower blooming as a wild rose blooms and blesses some desert place with its fragrance and its beauty.

There were few white faces in that Nowhere land. The men who went rarely up and down on the flow and ebb of the tide were rough and rude of speech. Absorbed in wresting a living from the untamed wilderness they had little thought or care for one of alien blood. To the Indians, the saddened remnants of a fading race, she was the "Moon Child," the "White One," and they held her in reverence and went softly past the pine grove on the cliff where her cabin stood. If, perchance they met her on the winding beach or on the hills they greeted her with fair words and with such gifts as the river and the forest yielded. In such wise she lived, lacking no essential to a happy, irresponsible existence. For lo! necessity had revealed to her the secret that was lost when the flaming sword was drawn before the gates of man's forfeited Eden,

and he was driven forth to learn through tears and toil, anew and blunderingly, the lessons forgotten utterly in the awful blindness that had smitten the soul of the race.

Time passes there on the edge of the continent as it must pass in all the regions of the earth, and as the years drew on the outer world began to crowd upon the borders of the land of Nowhere, and things were no longer as they had been.

Chapter I.

In the breathless quiet of an autumn morning Elise lay upon the grass-topped hill above the bar and listened to the changing music of the surf. She was waiting for the mighty discord that, on a day like this, always heralded the turn of the tide. The first pink flush of the sunrise reflected its warm light in the silver of the sleeping sea and a filmy mist hung over the river where it issued from the gates of dawn. The girl upon the hill-top revelled in the beauty of the awakening day. She had breakfasted on fruit picked as she came through the huckleberry thickets in the sands, and her finger-tips were stained with purple juice, therefore, as she lay at full length on the yielding thick brown grass, she washed them in the dew and dried them in the sun.

Just beyond the white line of the surf a tiny sloop rocked on the smooth swell. It had dropped anchor there at twilight the night before and its presence was a cause for speculation. Often during the brief years of her life she had watched the ships pass by from the north, and from the south, sometimes showing shadowy sails toward the horizon, sometimes skirting the lonely shore, and once a vessel had gone to pieces on the sands of the South Spit. But that was long ago, and from its wreckage her cabin had been built. She was a baby then and barely remembered the occurrence, or recalled the dead faces that, without benefit of clergy, were buried beneath the shifting dunes across the river. But that a boat should seek this untried harbor was a thing to marvel at.

The hours slipped past. It was dead low water and the ebbing tide had left a straight black lane through the gleaming snow of the breakers. There was ominous silence for a little space that was broken at last by a rending crash as if the sea and shore had been suddenly reft asunder. Then slowly, imperceptibly at first, the tide came swelling in. And on its generous breast the sloop, towed by six stalwart oarsmen in a small boat, was borne through the gap in the dangerous wall of surf, in safety to the river.

With her chin resting upon her clasped hands, her elbows cushioned in the soft grass, Elise watched the progress of that daring crew, sweeping in on the flood. When they drew abreast of her hill-top she sprang up and waved her hands, calling out the Indian word for welcome. They shouted back something in a tongue she did not understand, and laughed. Full of excitement and stirred by a curiosity as unusual as it was keen, she ran down the steep sliding sands to the beach. At a point where the channel deepened near the shore the rowers came so near that she saw their features clearly and distinctly, and one, a smooth-faced youth who sat in the bow met her questioning eyes with a glance that sent the swift red to her cheek and brow.

She lingered and let them pass her after this. She no longer felt curious or concerned about their movements and intentions, but was vaguely disturbed, she knew not why. When the sloop had disappeared around a bend in the stream she climbed to the brow of the cliff and throwing herself down upon a springing bed of dwarfed and wind-matted huckleberry bushes gave the day to dreams.

Meantime the sloop, towed to a safe anchorage off the Indian village, a cluster of miserable huts on the flats around the Point, lay with her head to the stream while her owners explored the new region which they held to be theirs by right of discovery.

"It's a God-forsaken place!" exclaimed the captain, a broad-shouldered son of Norway's rugged coast.

"All the better for our purpose," replied his companion. "We did not come here seeking society, human or divine. The aborigines haven't spirit enough to interfere, judging from their general ap-

pearance, and there doesn't seem to be anyone else, if we except the goddess of the shore who greeted our arrival."

"The river is full of salmon, that is the one apparent fact that appeals to me," said the captain, and proceeded to give orders for the disembarking of the stores. And that was the manner in which the city of Kama, in the land of Nowhere was founded, though few people care today to remember it.

For several days Elise kept to the cliff and to her cabin, though she was conscious of a vague restlessness that she had never known before. As yet she had neither seen nor heard aught further of the strange invaders of her peaceful realm, and she began to think they might have gone on up the river and she would never behold them again. But one morning going down to the beach to bathe she heard voices. She had just time to draw back into the shelter of a storm-twisted, up-rooted spruce when around the bend two men came slowly walking and examining the tide-marks and the drift-wood along the shore. They paused so near her hiding place that she could have reached and touched them with her strong white hands. And one was the youth who had looked at her in that disturbing fashion a few days before. She wished now he would pass on and let her bathe in peace. But when she was again alone she glanced about half fearfully before she cast her mantle on the sand and slipped into the tide.

Coming back along the beach an hour later, the two men noticed the prints of slender bare feet leading from the water's edge across the damp sands to a flight of rude steps going up to meet a narrow path that lost itself in the dense tangle of manzinita and sallal under the pines.

"There is probably an Indian hut up there," remarked black-bearded Hanson, the smith of the company. "If I wasn't so hungry I'd go up and investigate."

His companion laughed. "Go on to your dinner," he said, "I am not hungry, and I am going to see where this trail leads to." He sprang up the steps, pausing at the top to wave to Hanson swinging along toward the Point beyond which the village lay. Then he turned and came face to face with Elise.

"I—I hope—that is I do not mean to intrude," he stammered, more embarrassed than surprised, for now when he saw her again he became suddenly aware that this was what he had been expecting and longing for ever since that first day when her strange beauty illuminated the desolation of the lonely shore.

Her eyes drooped under his, and the warm color crept up to her forehead. "No," she said softly, "I am glad you are here, this," pointing along the path to the open door of her cabin, "is my home."

"Do you live alone in this wild place?"

"Yes."

"And are you never afraid?"

She lifted her eyes to his face in doubt and questioning. She but half grasped the meaning of his words, but she answered slowly, "No, I think not; there is nothing to fear."

"But you must be very lonely sometimes, there are not many people coming and going on the river."

She shook her head. "No, I am never lonely, but," she smiled and looked up at the brown pine branches overhead, "I shall be when you go away."

And yet this was the first white man to whom she had ever spoken face to face who was not twice her years, and unshorn and uncouth. The instinct is inborn in womankind. Perhaps Eve coquetted with the serpent in the garden before the fall.

After that there were few days on which they did not meet. The meetings were, for the most part, brief. Elise would have had it otherwise, but Odin was busy. The company of which he was a member were working night and day to get their stores under cover and their buildings ready for the season's run of salmon. They found the Indians friendly and disposed to help, and the prospect for immediate returns from their daring investment of labor and capital in an unknown land was promising. The men chaffed Odin about his "pretty white girl" at first, but they had other and more serious matters in hand and did not interfere though his was not the only young head among them that could be turned by a lovely face. They always greeted her with a

certain deference and respect when they passed her on the beach or in her canoe on the river. She representd, in a way which they dimly recognized, their absent wives, mothers and sweethearts. And though they wondered not a little over her presence in this uncivilized place, they forebore to question.

Sometimes in the tender glow of the warm autumn twilight Odin came down the river in his skiff and found the girl waiting, and they would drift on the tide where never a ripple stirred, till the stars came out and the red flush faded from the western sky. Sometimes they wandered down the beach and climbed the hill above the bar to the grass-cushioned couch where Elise had lain and watched the sloop come in on that eventful morning. And once, it was a day long to be remembered for more reasons than one, they left the river and following the surf-bordered sands came at length to a brook that spread itself out in wide shallows to meet the sea. Upon its brink they paused and Elise glanced down at her embroidered moccasins half irresolutely. For the first time in her brief experience she hesitated to do the thing that impulse prompted.

"We cannot cross," said Odin, but she pointed to the looming headlands shutting off the sea-view northward.

"It is beautiful up there," she murmured. "You can see almost to the other side of the world." And she sighed regretfully.

For answer Odin stooped and gathered her in his arms. "I will carry you," he cried, "that is the only way."

The brook was wide and the sands might be treacherous. It was therefore necessary to move slowly and with caution, and the warm clasping arms about his neck may have confused him somewhat so that he failed to perceive just where the water ended and the dry ground began. But at last the soft clasp loosened and Elise whispered shyly: "I think we are across."

"Yes," he replied, we are," and reluctantly released her. There were many rough places in the steep trail that wound up over the headlands, and she, whose feet were as accustomed to these rugged heights as are the swift feet of the deer let him help her at every turn.

They came, about noontide to a narrow grassy ravine opening toward the sea. At its foot the rocks were bare though still wet from the dashing spray.

"We are hungry," cried Elise, "and there is our dinner waiting for us. We have only to build a fire and lo, the feast is spread!"

She began to gather dry twigs and branches blown from the big spruce trees at the head of the ravine in some long-past winter storm. And when they had their fire burning brightly they went down upon the rocks and with the aid of Odin's pocket-knife and the sharp steel blade which she always carried at her belt in her rambles on the hills, it was an easy task to obtain enough shellfish for their present needs.

"Now," said Elise, when this task was accomplished, "we must carry them up and throw them upon the fire, and then we will dine."

A golden afternoon followed, spent for the most part in the little hollow where the steep walls shut out all but a scant triangle of sea and sky, and where the warm sunlight poured its soft splendor over them. It is beautiful to be young. They were both very young and one of them was very fair, the consequence was inevitable. Life could never be quite the same to either after that day, that perfect day. And when, in the deepening dusk they said good night at the door of the cabin in the pine grove their lips met in love's first clinging kiss.

Early in the winter the sloop sailed away with the result of the season's work safely stored in her hold, but because of the values permanently represented in machinery, canning apparatus and buildings it was deemed advisable to leave some one of the company in charge. Odin volunteered to remain till spring, and Hanson the blacksmith was to keep him company. There was little real labor to be performed now, and through the long stormy winter their time was their own to spend as they might please. It naturally followed that Odin pleased to spend the major part of his days and nights beneath the roof that sheltered Elise. There was always some excuse, some reason by which he justi-

fied his presence there. For instance, drift-wood must be provided for the fire that warmed the day's hearth-stone. Her white hands, he held, were unfit for such rough work. Hanson agreed with him that it would not do to "let a woman chop wood," while two strong men lounged in idleness in her immediate neighborhood. And Hanson gallantly offered to do his part toward relieving this necessity but found his services not required. Sometimes he strolled with Odin down the beach, but very rarely mounted the steps to the cabin door.

"He's to be trusted, that boy," he would mutter to himself sometimes, sitting in front of the stove in the office of the cannery on a long evening, waiting for Odin's return. "He's one in a thousand, so long as he is as he is I've no call to interfere." But Hanson did not attempt to conceal from himself the fact that he was dissatisfied with he present state of affairs. He thought much of his own pink-cheeked daughter, a girl about the age of this strange creature who had bewitched his companion, and feared she might, at this very moment, be dreaming of the youth at whose coming he had more than once seen her blue eyes soften tenderly. He would willingly have trusted his motherless Nellie's happiness in this young man's keeping, but Odin's attentions had never been pronounced and there was nothing to do or say but wait and hope that everything would turn out right in the end. And while he waited Elise and Odin together dreamed away the golden hours.

The girl's education was progressing at a rapid pace. Love is a capable teacher, and when the pupil is keen for knowledge time does not drag. There were books in the cabin, the remnant of a once valuable library. Elise could not remember when or how she had learned to read, and it is doubtful if she understood a half of what she read, though she read much. However, with Odin's voice to interpret, and the tender expressive pauses, the illuminating glances and fitful discussions in the firelight, she began to grasp the hidden meaning of the printed page. But it was not from books that she was gaining her knowledge and understanding of life. She was reading, rather spelling out letter by letter the lesson of human nature from the leaves of a palpitating human heart, and the pastime possessed a growing fascination for her. At this time she was not conscious of any motive, or, indeed, of anything beyond the fact of present happiness. To be taken care of, to have her simple wants provided for without exertion upon her part was an experience so altogether new and delightful that she gave herself up to the full enjoyment of it.

Now and then the rain-clouds rolled away, the wind fell and the sun shone out warm and clear as in midsummer, and they would spend the day rambling over the hills above the bar, or, crossing the river, walk miles along the south shore, listening to the ever-present sound of the surf, silent for the most, or speaking their half-formed thoughts in brief, disjointed sentences. But it was on those evenings when the pines were shaken by the storm, and the wind moaned about the cabin eaves that they made real progress. It was very pleasant in the cabin with the rain beating upon the window panes and the drift-wood fire burning brightly upon the hearth. The rough walls were hung, and the floors were spread with furs—pelts of the bear and beaver, the panther and the seal, tanned and presented to the "Moon-Child" by the Indians. Her couch which was set against the wall in the corner by he fire-place was covered with a rug of priceless sea-otter skins so skillfully pieced together as to seem but one.

They were sitting here, Elise with her bare arms clasped above her head and her eyes watching her companion's face, he with an unwonted shadow on his brow.

"Why do you speak of going away?" she questioned. "Are you then so weary of—the river that you long for home and friends?"

"I have no home," he replied; "that I have told you often, and no friend so dear as the one I shall leave behind when I go away from here."

She brought her clasped hands down into her lap and leaned caressingly nearer. "Then why do you go?" she

murmured softly.

Her oval cheek was temptingly near his lips, he felt the warm pressure of her form, but he did not move or even look at her. Perhaps he dared not trust himself to do so.

"Why do you go?" she repeated.

"Because I must. There are many reasons, the chief of which is yourself."

"I! indeed no! If I furnish a reason at all, it is for staying. Do not go; please say that you will never leave me."

She put both her hands in his and looked in his eyes.

"Listen," he held her off at arm's length. "I am going to speak plainly, more plainly, perhaps, than I have any right to speak, but I believe it is better that I offend you than that you should not understand. I love you!"

"I have known that for some time. Did you think that would offend me?"

"I am going away because I love you."

"I do not understand—"

"If I loved you less truly I might be tempted to bind you with promises that you would sometime regret. But I ask you to promise nothing only to believe that all my life long I shall love you, and only you, and that I seek to win fortune's favor only that I may be free to win your's."

"But do you not already know that I love you? Have I not told you so a thousand times, and in a thousand ways?"

"I know that you think you love me."

She was puzzled. This was a new note in the prelude and it interested her at the same time that it awakened a faint half fear and doubt. She looked at him wonderingly, smiling to see that he dared not meet her glance. "He will not go, he cannot leave me," she thought exultantly. And yet there was something very determined in the lines of the face fronting her in spite of the averted eyes. She tried to come closer, but he held her off resolutely.

"No," he said, "I must tell you while I have the will to do it. You cannot live here in this fashion all your life. It is impossible. When you become acquainted with the outside world your wants, your needs will increase. Your heart will change with your changing environment, knowing this I have no right to claim from you the promise which I am sure you would freely give, and I do not claim it. Only," and he let his eyes rest tenderly upon her now, "When the time comes for you to meet life's responsibilities I must be in a position to protect you. Do you understand?"

She shook her head. "Not altogether," she said. "What is this promise which you make so much of, and which you will not claim though you hold me ready to grant it?"

"Why," he answered, the color flushing his boyish cheek, "the pledge that a man asks of the woman he loves when he feels that he justly can. I should ask you to become my wife."

"Your wife!" Then wonderingly, "Your wife! that means——"

"Everything!"

"You would really want me to be that—to be everything to you?"

"If I could be sure that you would be happy."

She gently drew her hands from his clinging clasp and walked slowly to the window. It was a wild night, but the moon, struggling through a cloud-rift, struck a faint responsive gleam from the black breast of the river where it showed briefly between the tossing branches of the pines. A sudden sense of desolation swept over the girl, a premonition of impending fate perhaps, she shuddered and came back to the fire.

"I wish," she said, "that we had not spoken of these things, they make me uncomfortable, and we have been so happy!"

Chapter II.

The winter could not last forever. With the dawn of spring the sloop returned bringing this time the wives and children of the members of the company. The Indian village in the flats became the scene of busy domestic life, cabins went up and household goods, disembarked from the sloop, were moved in and in a very brief space of time the new-born town wore an air of semi-civilization that robbed it of all attractive-

ness in the eyes of Elise who, at Odin's request visited the feminine additions to its population.

She was very sweet and gracious in her manner to these invaders of her realm, but they did not get on, somehow. Odin said when she spoke to him about it that they did not understand each other. "You meet and greet them as if you were a princess and they only the commonest clay; they resent it, of course."

"But I do not mean to treat them as—as inferiors," cried the girl, hurt for the first time in their association, by some vaguely implied disapproval in his tone. "I want them to like me, for your sake, and I am ready to like them if they will let me."

"They never will," he said with brutal frankness, "because they cannot, and never can understand you. There is nothing people of our class so quickly and deeply resent as condescension. It is something they cannot forgive."

"But the condescension, as you call it, in this case, is pure imagination," she cried.

"No, pardon me, it is not imagination. It is there and it is very real, though you are perhaps unconscious of it."

"And you resent it, too—"

"No," he replied, "no, you cannot help it. They are the common people, they are my people, you are not. You cannot understand us."

"And yet," she reminded him, smiling half-fearfully, "you claim to understand me better than I understand myself. Are you quite consistent, my Odin?"

They were standing in her cabin in the gloaming. His hand was upon the latch of the door preparatory to departure, and now when she repeated with a faint touch of kindly derision in her tone, "Are you quite consistent, my Odin?" he threw his chin up and drew his brows together in a way he had when troubled or annoyed, and looked—anywhere but at his fair questioner. She watched him closely, as she had grown to do of late. Every change of expression in his cleanly moulded face, every fleeting shadow in the deep-set gray eyes, every quiver of the thin-lipped sensitive mouth, interested her in these lengthening days of the early spring. There was a dim premonition of impending change in their relationship that disturbed her at times. She was vaguely conscious of an ever-present feeling of expectancy, and each act of his, each word and look took on a new meaning. She studied him as she would not, and could not have done a few months before. Seeing now that he either did not intend to answer her question, or that he could not, she asked another.

"Why do you say you are of the common people? Why do you say that I am not? Are we not fashioned from the same clay by the hand of the same Creator?"

Still he did not look at her. "You ask me difficult questions," he said. "I cannot explain as I would, but the fact remains, we are not of the same class. I am a working-man, a laborer. I have broken stones upon the streets of San Francisco for my daily bread. I am of the people!"

"You make distinctions, my Odin," her tone was a caress, so soft and sweet it was, so tenderly lingering upon the pronounciation of his name, "but you fail utterly to convince me of a difference. I, too, am acquainted with labor. Do I not work, keep my cabin and supply my own needs? Why, until you came and relieved me of the necessity for it I did all sorts of hard things, and enjoyed doing them."

"It was not the same; you have never worked for wages, you could not, you were fashioned for another fate, and you can never understand the lower classes."

"Of which you are?"

"Of which I am."

"And yet," she mused, still regarding him attentively, "you have the speech and manners of a gentleman."

He winced visibly and drew himself up proudly. "That," he said with bitter emphasis, "is one of the few privileges of which capital has not yet deprived labor."

"You are like Launcelot now," she cried. "Don't you remember the lines you read only last night? 'Alas! I am not great save that it be some far-off touch of greatness to know well I am not great.' Ah, my Odin, why should

we trouble about conditions and classes and such things? Have we not each other, and is not the summer about to dawn? Ah, when you have seen the rhododendron bloom upon the hills and have bathed in its rose-colored flame you will forget that you have ever known the name of care. You will stay till the rhododendron blooms, and then——"

"And then?" he repeated.

"Ah, who can say what will happen when the world is laid under the spell of that enchantment. Kiss me if you must go."

Odin had to submit to much questioning from the women of the company. "Who is she? Why does she live here alone? It is not the proper thing for a girl to do. And her dress! Really, Odin, if you have any influence with her it is clearly your duty to persuade her to dress like a white girl." To which Odin replied that, not being very well informed in the matter of prevailing fashions he did not feel competent to advise any woman about her dress; he preferred to leave that delicate subject to the management of the sex most interested. As for himself he saw nothing lacking or inappropriate in the attire of Miss Devore.

The questions, "Who was she?" and "Why was she there?" he could only ignore, since he could not answer them. These interrogations had often vexed his own waking dreams. He had never presumed to put them to the girl herself. What she might choose to tell him he would gladly hear, but as yet she had pleased to tell him next to nothing. Once he opened a book and read aloud the name written in a cramped old-fashioned hand upon the fly-leaf, "Ambrose Devore."

"That was my father's name," she remarked, "these books were his, and all these things," sweeping her hand about the room where many quaint vessels of hammered brass and silver hung against the rude wall, "were his. He built this cabin before he went away and left me with Satla. Satla was very old and I was very young. Indians live to a greater age than white people, I think, but in a little while, a few years, I have forgotten how many, she, too, went away. Since then I have been alone. Alone till you came, my Odin."

She clasped her hands upon his arm and smiled up into his face. "I shall never be alone again."

And that was all he knew, or, he told himself, was likely to know of her past history. But the present—was it not his? and the future—he did not allow himself to dream much about the future.

One May morning, Odin coming down the river, found Elise sitting upon the steps that led from the beach up to the pine grove.

"I am waiting for you," she cried; "I have something to show you, a beautiful surprise. Tie your boat and come with me."

To land and secure the light skiff out of reach of the tide was the work of a moment. As he mounted the steps she rose and resting her two hands upon his shoulders leaned down ,offering her cheek which he touched briefly with his lips. There was a reserve, amounting almost to reluctance in his response to all affectionate demonstrations from her. He never volunteered a caress.

"No," she cried gaily when they reached the cabin door, "we are not going in; come this way, follow me, I will lead you into Paradise."

She turned off down the narrow path that ended, or seemed to end abruptly at the spring, cut off suddenly by a dense tangle of chapaoral. But Elise, stooping, put aside the screen of slender green-leaved branches and led him into the semi-darkness of a trail worn deep in the moss-carpeted sand by the moccasined feet of countless generations of red men. The way was so narrow that they had almost to force their way at times through the crowding undergrowth. In the deeper hollows under the big spruce trees, the sallal and giant ferns met above their heads and they groped their passage through a dimly lighted tunnel of rank vegetation. As the trail wound up the steep slope of the first ridge they came again into the sunlight and from the summit caught a glimpse of the sea between brown trunks and soughing branches of the pines. They rested here a moment leaning against the mossy bank.

"We are almost there," Elise said. "This hill-top is the western gateway. Come!"

A turn in the path shut out the sight and sound of the sea. They stood upon the verge of a deep curving hollow from the center of which rose a little knoll. Overhead the spreading, flat-topped pines shut out the sky. Below, to the right, to the left, crowning the knoll and crowding the hollow, a brimming blossoming valley of tender pink that ravished the eyes, and steeped the senses in a langourous sweet calm. The rhododendron was in bloom!

Elise reached out her hands, clasped and drew them back against her heart. "Ah!" she breathed, "it is beautiful!"

"Yes," he replied, it is beautiful, beautiful." But he was looking at her as he said it, and in all that sea of bloom the only flower that he beheld was her face.

(To be continued.)

The University of Washington.

By EDMOND S. MEANY, Professor of History, University of Washington.

IT is a part of the American form of government that the state should recognize its responsibility toward the youth of the land. When an American state recognizes a responsibility it usually proceeds with commendable directness to discharge the same with full measure. Washington territory was organized as an integral part of the Union by act of congress dated March 2, 1853. At that time the American people had behind them more than two centuries of experience with educational problems. Harvard had been founded in 1636, William and Mary's college in 1693, and Yale college in 1700. While stumps still lingered in the new streets of the town of New Haven, those sturdy New England pioneers in 1641 agreed to establish and maintain from the common funds a public school. Thus they began one of the first systems of free public schools in human history. The plan spread, and within eight years we find that there was not a New England colony, with the exception of Rhode Island, in which some degree of education was not compulsory. American history shows that from that day to this every hardy American pioneer who pushes out to conquer the wilderness builds for his family a home, for his kine a shelter, and then forthwith proceeds to join with his nearest neighbors to erect and maintain a common school.

Is it any wonder then that we should find that this idea of the common school had so permeated the public mind and so influenced the public policy that the act of congress which organized the territory of Washington should contain the generous provision that two sections of land in every township should be granted and dedicated to the support of common schools?

Is it any wonder that we should find that the establishment and maintenance of schools should be among the problems solved by the very first session of the territorial legislature?

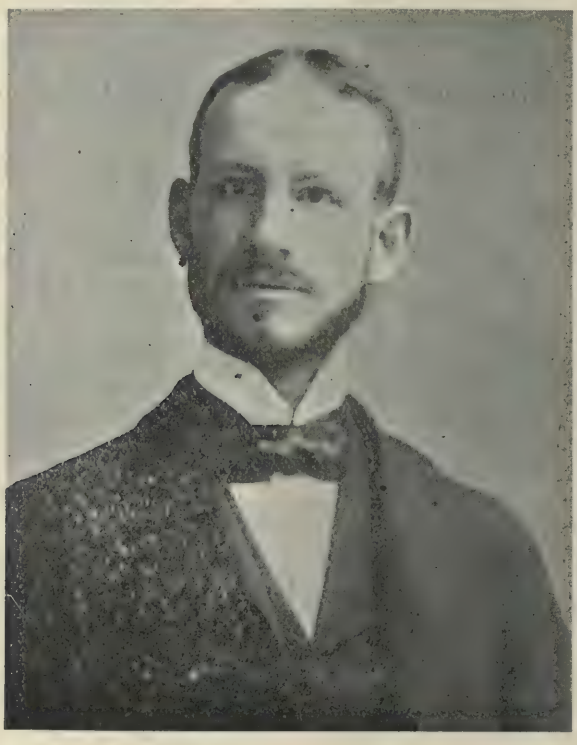
Let us glance briefly at that past, for out of it has grown the present. Upon the organization of the first territorial legislature Governor Isaac Ingalls Stevens, first and greatest of the commonwealth's executives, delivered his initial message, filled with wholesome and wise recommendations. Among other things he strongly advised immediate action in the establishment of a system of common schools. In this portion of his message he uses these words: "A great champion of liberty said, more than 200 years ago, that the true object of a complete and generous education was to fit man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war."

The legislature was ready to act, and the common school system was at once

established, and has grown to such proportions and attained such a degree of excellence that it is a pride of the people.

In closing his recommendations as to education, Governor Stevens said: "I will also recommend that congress be memorialized to appropriate land for a university." The legislature also acted promptly in this matter. Congress had granted for the Oregon university two townships of land, and on March 22, 1854, congress was memorialized for two townships of land for the Washington university. In the incredibly short space of four months, or on July 17, 1854, congress granted the land as requested.

At this time a government census showed the total population of the new territory to be just 2965 souls. The boundaries then extended from the Pacific ocean to the Rocky mountains, embracing, besides the present area, portions of Idaho and Montana. In spite of their few numbers and the miles of wild lands between their settlements, they had unbounded ideas of universities. On January 29, 1855, they established two, one at Seattle, another on Boisfort plains, in Lewis county. The agents appointed to select the granted lands failed to do their part, and on January 30, 1858, the universities were consolidated and located on Cowlitz Farm prairie, in Lewis county. Again the lands were not selected. The pioneers along the shores of Puget sound grew tired of this jugglery, and on January 25, 1860, they incorporated the Puget Sound University, but before a building could be erected the other pioneers relented, and in January of 1861, the university was relocated in Seattle. Hon. Arthur D. Denny, founder of the city, gave a ten-acre site. The legislature named Rev. Daniel Bagley, John Webster and Edmund Carr a commission to select the granted lands, to sell them for not less than one dollar and a half an acre, and to build the university. They did it.



President Frank Pierrepont Graves.

The corner stone was laid on May 21, 1861, and school opened in 1862. The sessions have known but few interruptions from that day to this.

The territorial history of the institution is filled with struggles, with victories and defeats, the latter predominating. Most of the lands having been used for buildings, there was no revenue except from the tuition fees paid by the students. Not a dollar was appropriated from the treasury of the territory until 1875, when $1500 was given for repairs. In 1877 the sum of $3000 was voted out of the treasury to pay the tuition fees of scholars to be appointed by the legislators, the judges and the governor. similar provisions were attached to all subsequent appropriations, which amounted in all, from 1854 to 1889, to the sum of $34,350.

Under the changed conditions of statehood, from November, 1889, to the present time, the university has fared much better. The total appropriations for that period amount to $473,492 38, of which $225,000 will be paid back upon the sale of university lands. The University of Washington now has one of the finest sites in America. It consists of 355 acres in the city of Seattle. This land has water frontage on both lakes Washington and Union. The soil is covered with a luxuriant growth of native trees and shrubs, most of which will be preserved though thousands of specimens of other plants are being introduced every year so that the University will soon have one of the finest arboreta in America.

The new buildings include one large main building, made of stone and pressed brick, at a cost of $112,000; a small but complete stone observatory building; a large frame drill hall and gymnasium building, and a brick power house. The illustrations of these buildings are made from photographs by a student, Clarence B. Blethen, of Seattle. Other buildings are planned for the near future.

The main building is well equipped with numerous laboratories stocked with the latest approved apparatus to aid in the institution of chemistry, physics, biology, geology and civil engineering, as well as a library, museum and lecture rooms. The latest additions to the faculty and to the material equipment provide for the work along lines of mining, mechanical and electrical engineering, showing that the university will keep pace with the rapid development of the various resources of the state.

The great event in this year's history of the University of Washington is the formal inauguration of President Frank Pierrepont Graves, Ph. D., LL. D., on November 30. Dr. Graves has for three years enjoyed the distinction of being the youngest college president in America. He was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1869. He was graduated from Columbia university in 1890, and later pursued post-graduate studies in the large universities of the East, including Harvard, Columbia and Boston. He was an instructor of Greek in Columbia, later professor of classical philology in Tuft's college, from which place he went to Laramie in 1896, to become President of the university of Wyoming. His progress has been substantial, as well as rapid. He is the author of three Greek books: "The Burial Customs of the Ancient Greeks," The Philoctetes of Sophocles," and "A First Book in Greek," the latter being written in conjunction with Dr. E. S. Hawes. In 1895 he was married to Miss Helen Hope Wadsworth, a graduate of the Boston university, in the class of 1891. President Graves, with his scholarship, energy and enthusiasm, and his wife, with her culture, refinement and sympathetic interest in all that pertains to the university, have inspired the institution with an abundance of new life.

The attendance has already risen from 164 at the close of last year, to 230 at the close of the first term of this year. Besides these regular students there are 130 teachers who are pursuing free Saturday courses, established for their benefit. During the winter months free courses will be offered for miners and prospectors. Last year these helpful courses in mineralogy and assaying were highly appreciated by a large number of miners and others interested. The attendance this year will be much greater, judging from the number of inquiries.

Besides the regular members of the faculty this work will be aided this winter by a course of lectures by the superintendent of the smelter at Everett, Luther D. Godshall, Ph. D., who is a member of the board of regents.

The enthusiasm that characterizes this year's history of the University is by no means confined to the new president, the faculty or the board of regents. It has stirred the entire student body. There are new musical clubs, an orchestra, new literary societies, and a general activity that ensures success.

The door of the university is open. Tuition is free to all who are able to do the work required.

Recent laws provide for cities of certain size, maintaining free kindergartens. The state of Washington thus provides free education from the baby schools of the kindergarten through the graded schools, the high schools and on to the exalted degree of doctor of philosophy, from the post-graduate studies in the state university. No citizen can ask more, no state can do more for the youth of the land in whose keeping is the future of the nation.



Observatory.

Man.

Op'ning the map of God's extensive plan,
We find a little isle, this life of man;
Eternity's unknown expanse appears
Arching around and limiting his years.
The busy race examine and explore
Each creek and cavern of the dang'rous shore,
With care collect what in their eyes excels,
Some shining pebbles and some weeds and shells;
Thus laden, dream that they are rich and great,
And happiest he, that groans beneath his weight.
The waves overtake them in their serious play,
And every hour sweeps multitudes away;
They shrink and sink, survivors start and weep,
Pursue their sport and follow to the deep.

Cowper.

Our Point of View

History records no greater progress in any line of human endeavor than has been made in science during the nineteenth century. The practical inception, development, and perfection of the many uses of steam have all been crowded into less than the one hundred years that are so soon to be brought to a close, and to even enumerate the comforts and conveniences that have been made possible through the agency of steam alone fills us with amazement. Yet, with all the results that have directly or indirectly come from it, steam takes a comparatively insignificant place when we consider what science (we use the term in its broadest meaning) has accomplished. The nineteenth century, therefore, will be known as the scientific age. If distance, both on land and on sea, has not been entirely annihilated, it has at least been brought largely under the control of man, and for the transaction of business we may indeed say that it has been annihilated. The locomotive thunders over its steel rails at more than a mile a minute, the ocean greyhound plows its way through foaming billows at almost the same rate, and what these lack the telephone, and the telegraph, furnish. This said, the introduction to the wonderful story of progress is hardly made, and to go into any detailed consideration of the subject would take us beyond the bounds of our present purpose. In all of the lists, however, that have been made of the inventions and discoveries along the lines of science that have taken place during the nineteenth century there have been some omissions of such importance as to suggest a compilation of the list that follows:

In travel and transportation—The locomotive, the steamship, the electric car, the pneumatic tube, the bicycle, the grain screw and elevator, the hydraulic, steam, and electric elevators, and the horseless carriage.

For the recording and transmission of thought—The telegraph, the telephone, the phonograph, the gramaphone, the kinetescope, short-hand, the typewriter, the mimeograph, electrotyping and stereotyping, the postal card and envelope, postage stamp, marine and military signal code, wireless telegraphy, the cylinder printing press and the perfecting printing press.

In light and lighting—The friction match, petroleum, coal gas, gasolene, electric lighting and acetylene gas.

In heating—Steam, hot air, hot water, and electric.

In metallurgry—The Bessemer process of converting pig iron into steel, Harveyized and nickle steel, the reduction of gold ores by the cyanide process.

In physical science—The unity of the constitution of the universe, the wave theory of light, molecular theory of matter, conservation and correlation of energy, Weber's law, vibratory theory of atoms, variations and survivals of species, the cell theory of organisms, the vortex theory of atoms, overtones in musical notes and the scientific basis of music.

In photography—Photography itself, X rays, color photography and from it printing in natural colors, the application of photography to astronomy and physiologoy, and engraving of photographs (half-tones) by acid etching.

New sciences—Geology, biology, philology, botany, history, psychology, bacteriology, the spectroscope, analysis of light, chemistry and archaeology.

New inventions—Harvesting machinery, cotton gin, smokeless powder, sewing machine, planing and wood-working machinery, the diamond drill, high explosives, new gases and "liquid air," paper-making machines, the dynamo, breach-loading ballistics, steel building material, the machine typesetter, armored ships, the hydrostatic press, the turbine water- wheel, the screw propeller, iron-clad vessels, roller process of making flour, stem-winding watches, logging machinery, land cleaning machinery,

Bowers' dredger, house-moving apparatus, the manufacture of ice and hermetical sealing, the compound of sulphur with India rubber, and countless others.

In medicine and surgery—Anaesthetics and the organic origin of disease.

Besides these may be mentioned scientific weather forecasting, which is rapidly becoming more and more accurate, and hence of greater importance.

It is difficult to realize that all of these wonderful inventions and discoveries in science have taken place during the nineteenth century, and that hitherto the world has been in comparative darkness. It is difficult to realize that we have been so singularly fortunate above those of other centuries, and now that the opening days of a new century are at hand we look forward with wonder, and ask, can this continue? Is the scientific progress so wonderfully introduced by steam to continue, or is the thought of the world during the next century to take some new, and to some an unexpected turn? Present conditions point to the latter theory as the most probable. If so, in what line may we expect to look for progress and development? Certainly not in literature. The field has been too thoroughly exploited already. Homer, Virgil, Dante, Chaucer, Spencer, Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Browning, Goethe, Schiller, Hugo and Hawthorne are not likely to be equalled, much less surpassed, by the literary lights of the next century. Certainly not in art. Two hundred centuries have struggled in vain to reach the standard set by Greece in sculpture and Italy in painting. Phidias and Michael Angelo! Is the century that produced an Edison, a Tesla, to turn about and discredit such names as these in art? Certainly not in philosophy. The sturdy old philosophers of Greece would stir in their graves at the thought. Plato, Socrates, Descartes, Bacon, Spencer. The mere mention of such names is sufficient argument. Certainly not in music. Rubinstein said, some years ago: "With the supremacy of Bismarck on the one hand and Wagnerism on the other, with men's ideals all reversed, dawns the critical moment for music. Technique" (the scientific side) "has taken gigantic strides, but composition, to speak frankly, has come to an end. Its parting knell was rung when the last incomparable notes of Chopin died away." Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Haydn and Chopin have set the standard in music, and it is inconceivable that such a reaction could take place after a century of science and money-getting as to produce music more sublime than that which has already been given to the world. What, then, is left for us if we are not to see the progress along any of these lines? We may in our haste say that there is nothing worthy left. Ah yes! we have forgotten. There is something higher, nobler, more divine than literature, or art, or philosophy or music, and it is this—the most natural thing in the world, a reaction against a century of headlong rush of science, and each for himself—that is left for us. It is the downing of the selfishness in men's natures—a vast movement forward to uplift our fellow beings, to create more humane conditions, to make life what it was intended that it should be; in short, it is to improve the social conditions of the masses—what we call social progress. This is the task, as we see it, for the coming century. How well it will be performed will not depend upon a Michael Angelo, a Plato, a Shakespeare, or a Mozart. It will depend upon the great masses who are to come after us, and in the proper performance of which each individual will have a personal interest and a personal stake. It will depend upon the proper education of our sons and daughters so that they shall be prepared to meet and bear the responsibilities which will come upon them, and nobly perform the duties of American citizenship.

Much is being said and written about the advisability of our holding the Philippines, and judging from the interest which is taken in the question and the diversity of opinions that are expressed it seems inevitable that the question will come up for final settlement at the next presidential election. Doubtless by that time "expansion" will be pretty well threshed over, and the people in a position to cast their votes intelligently. At

the present time, however, there seems to be but one standpoint which is generally considered, and it is not altogether to our credit that this is so; for, instead of being actuated by the spirit which characterized the heroes of '76, who laid down their lives for the principle that "government must derive its just powers from the consent of the governed," and the principle upon which this commonwealth was subsequently founded, the question has descended to this, Would it be a good investment financially?

Surely this great nation, conceived upon principles so diametrially opposed to those embodied in such a question, has not so far forgotten its heroes and its traditions and has become so absorbed in finances as to lose sight of the higher considerations which should influence it in deciding a question of this kind. The question of duty here is paramount. Of course we cannot consistently turn the Philippines over to a foreign power, neither can we return them to Spain for misrule and corruption. There is no shifting our responsibility in the matter. But we should not force the Philippines to accept any government that may be obnoxious to them, whatever that government may be. The people to be governed are the ones to be considered. Finances and trade advantages have nothing to do with the preliminary question, unless we wish to prostitute our noblest traditions to the love of money. If the people of the Philippines, therefore, accept willingly a government of the United States pure and simple all well and good. But if they prefer to try it themselves under the kindly protection of this great nation, it is clearly our duty to let them do so. We have no rights over the 9,000,000 people who inhabit those islands, and there is no logical ground on which we can compel them to accept the form of government that we may prescribe. Duty is the first consideration, and the substitution of anything else for it shows degeneration.

There is always a charm in turning the pages of a new book. We take it in our hands with feelings akin to reverence and pride, and vistas of thought rise before us. We have put the old book aside. Its leaves are perhaps torn and soiled, and though we lay it away with relief, nevertheless there are present feelings of regret as well. Here is a page that represents some neglected opportunity, and we turn it quickly. Here a page full of pleasanter recollections, and there another of regret. But the old book is done with now. Its torn leaves and memories are things of the past, and we put it back upon the shelf. We handle the new book reverently. Its immense possibilities fill us with awe. So it is with the years of our lives. We have put aside the old volume with its 365 pages of cares, joys and sorrows. A new book awaits our reading, and men pause with its unopened pages before them, wondering what this marvelous book of life has to tell—whether of further joys or sorrows, triumphs or failures, and there springs up in the heart of each man the determination to do his part well, to make the most of the reading.

Thus we are brought face to face with one of the strongest impulses of the human race—the desire for improvement. The pity of it all is that the resolutions which are the outcome of this are made only to be broken. The leaves of the new book are turned with haste or carelessness. The meaning of the divinely written pages is misunderstood or misinterpreted through that indifference which amounts too often to skepticism, and so the story of human life and fruitless endeavor goes on and on in a never-ending succession of volumes, and man learns but little after all from the perusal of the book of years. And yet some good must come even from broken resolutions, and the world is better because they have been made. The strong man, however, does not make resolutions. He acts. "Let us make no vows," therefore, "but let us act as if we had."

The fact still remains that the article by Captain Cleveland Rockwell on the "Physical Characteristics of the Northwest," which appeared in our October number, is by far the most interesting and comprehensive article of the kind that has yet appeared in print. We are

constantly receiving the most flattering notices from different parts of the country concerning it, and are moved to mention the matter to our readers as a gentle reminder at this time because so much worthless stuff is being foisted upon the public in the guise of annual "literature."

Owing to the fact that so many changes have been made in this issue in regard to the type, paper and general make-up of the magazine, we have been compelled to publish a little later than usual. Our purpose has been, and always will be, to improve the magazine from month to month, and we wish to express again our deep appreciation of the many kind suggestions and criticisms that we have received looking to the improvement and success of the publication. In this connection we would like to call the attention of our readers and the public generally to the Portland firms who are so liberally patronizing The Pacific Monthly. It is the advertiser who has made the American magazine, the magazine which stands head and shoulders above those of the rest of the world, possible, and it is to him that we must look for support. The best way, therefore, to encourage a magazine here is to read our advertisements, and, when trading with a firm whose advertisement appears herein, to mention the fact that you saw the "ad." This is a small favor to ask of our readers, and a word of this kind here and there will be gratefully appreciated. Try it. You will be glad if you do. A further word in regard to the date of publication of The Pacific Monthly. For the next few months we propose to issue on the 15th of the month, but later on to come out on the first, working gradually to that end.

The short story, "That Good May Come," which appears in this number of The Pacific Monthly, is equal in its way to "The Other Woman," that brief but intensely interesting study in speculative morality written a few years since, by Richard Harding Davis, and published in The Interior. It is a story that compels thought, and while it is suggestive of the everlasting tragedy that underlies human love and life it is not altogether sorrowful. Let him who reads learn if he can a lesson, but it is first of all a warning to the woman. This is our reason for reproducing it here.

It is not by precept alone that the great lessons of human life were, or are ever to be, taught. Love, the author of the sentient universe, became the example of supreme self-abnegation that all mankind might learn the secret of the happiness that is the birthright of the race.

"When all's said, and all's suffered and done
The secret in four little letters
Lies clasped: it is love that men live by!"

Not blind devotion to the individual, though that, too, has its place and mission in the shaping of human destiny, but the wide, far-reaching tender heart that enfolds all humankind and beats in unison with the great heart of the world,—the love that understands, that strives always to uplift, to improve, to restore; that builds, perhaps upon the mountain top, perhaps in some quiet corner of the valley, a temple to the Ideal and keeps the alter fire forever burning though the physical man hungers for daily bread or dines upon a crust. It is the man who is ready to sacrifice material comfort, the things men in the aggregate have grown to esteem necessities, but will never lower his standards or desecrate his ideal, who has learned how to live. Such an one,—it may be he is an artist patiently working out with palette and brush the beauty that illumes his soul, teaching by means of color the single note in the harmony of the Universal Whole that is given him to teach; he may be a musician, an orator, a writer of books, a man of affairs, a political leader; he may stand in the full front of the public gaze or he may toil in obscurity,—but whatever and wherever he may be, he is preeminently a teacher, divinely taught, who lives and works that others may live and learn.

The Magazines

FOR JANUARY.

Scribner's—

The Rough Riders...Theodore Roosevelt
On the Fever Ship.....
.....Richard Harding Davis
Though We Repent.....
.....Louise Chandler Moulton
The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson
.....Edited by Sidney Colvin
The Entomologist.....George W. Cable
The British Army Manoeuvres.....
.....Capt. W. Elliott Cairnes
The Muse's Tragedy.....Edith Wharton
Song.....Richard Hovey
The Peach.....Arthur Cosslett Smith
Search-Light Letters.....Robert Grant
A Ride Into Cuba for the Red Cross..
.....Charles R. Gill, M. D.
With the Sirdar.....
.....Major Edward Stuart Wortley

"Though we repent, can any God give back
The dear, lost days we might have made so fair—
Turn false to true, and carelessness to care,
And let us find again what now we lack?"

Louise Chandler Moulton's little poem strikes a note too true to be ignored. "Though we repent," what have we, after all, but the dust and ashes of Dead Sea apples as the fruit of our repentance! Richard Hovey, the handsome dark-bearded writer of very charming verse, has a little "song" in the January Scribner's that is more than ordinarily sweet and touching. In the first installment of "The Entomologist," George W. Cable proves that he has lost none of his power to charm. Nothing could exceed in delicate finish the description of that great event, the capture of the Psyche crew. "And all this life and beauty, this gay glory and tremorous esctacy and effort was here for moth-love of one incarnate fever of frail-winged loveliness!" The bit of moralizing that follows is exquisite. Only Cable can carry us into that delightful atmosphere of bloom—of blossoming flowers and flowering humanity. In "Search-Light Letters," Robert Grant is somewhat severe in his treatment of would-be "first-class passengers," the men and women without ideals. But it cannot be possible that "Solomon Grundy" represents Mr. Grant's idea of the average American. "The Muse's Tragedy" is so obviously a woman's story that one does not need Edith Wharton's signature to know that it was written by one of the sisterhood. No one but a woman would so betray the sex. There are two men whom the world loved and still loves—not reveres and honors, particularly, but loves, and one of these is Robert Louis Stevenson, who though dead yet lives in the hearts of his readers. The letters edited by Colvin are interesting only because they reveal more of the beloved personality of the writer.

The Cosmopolitan—

The Making of Stained-Glass Windows
.....Theodore Dreiser
Princes of Egypt...Charles Chaille-Long
In Dreamy Hawaii.....George Merrill
The Coming Electric Railroad.....
.....Sydney Short
Joseph's Dream.....Grant Allen
Electing a Governor...Samuel G. Blythe
Banked Fires.....Anna A. Rogers
A Curious Indian Burial Place.....
.....Jennie Lown
Irish Leaders in Many Nations.....
.....John Paul Bocock
The Jews in Jesusalem.....
.....Edwin S. Wallace
Autobiography of Napoleon Bonaparte..
Cradle Song.....Wingrove Bathon
For Maids and Mothers—The Overtaught Woman..Harry Thurston Peck
Some Picture Books of Olden Days..
.....Mary E. Allen
Great Problems in Organization.....
.....Charles R. Flint
The Philippines—Shall They Be Annexed?.....A. H. Whitfield
A Plea to Peace....Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Sydney Short writes entertainingly in this number of the possibilities and probabilities of electricity supplanting steam. "Joseph's Dream" is one of Grant Allen's very vivid illustrations of what might happen. "The Autobiography" of the great Napoleon is at last finished, though the mystery remains. But mystery or no—the autobiography has been one of the most interesting expositions

of the life and times of Napoleon that has been given to the public. "The Over-taught Woman" is, to my mind, the most important article between the covers of the Cosmopolitan for January. Every mother who has daughters to educate should read it and ponder. Every young woman who is spurred by an ambition to obtain a "higher education" and to emulate man in his specialized work, should peruse Mr. Harry Thurston Peck's wise dissertation upon the incompetencies of sex and be warned in time. George W. Merrill gives one the idea that "In Dreamy Hawaii" life is next door to Paradise, and Jennie Lown describes Mimaluse Island, in the Columbia river, where the Chinook Indians in by-gone days were wont to deposit the bodies of their dead.

McClure's—

Voyaging Under the Sea....Simon Lake
Stalky & Co.....Rudyard Kipling
The Day of Battle.....Stephen Bonsal
The War on the Sea and Its Lessons
.....Capt. A. T. Mahon, U. S. A.
Rising Wolf-Ghost Dancer.....
.....Hamlin Garland
The Parrot and the Melodrama.....
.....E. Nesbit
The Later Life of Lincoln.....
.....Ida M. Tarbell
From War to War.....F. W. Hewes
The Scotch Express.....Stephen Crane
The Regular Fighting Man.....
.....James Barnes

Hamlin Garland is a realist, but he is also a poet and an artist, and so is saved from the bareness and bleakness that usually follows in the wake of realism. This virile Westerner paints pictures, only he uses his pen instead of a brush, and the colors he mixes upon his palette are words that glow. "Rising Wolf," and the description of the Ghost Dance in McClure's for this month is somewhat different from anything that he has heretofore written. Kipling's "Stalky & Co." is quite as good as the two preceding stories of the series, but somehow Messrs. Stalky Beetle and McTurk are not so interesting in this number. Perhaps they are growing up too fast. Stephen Crane is always Stephen Crane, no matter whether he writes of war or peace or speeding express trains. Simon Lake's description of the "Argonaut," the submarine boat, is wonderful enough to turn Jules Verne pale with envy. "The Parrot and the Melodrama," by E. Nesbit, is a delightfully written bit of romance of the rather old-fashioned sort, and ends as all romances should, in a marriage.

Harper's—

The Naval Campaign of 1898 in the West Indies....S. A. Staunton, U. S. A.
Their Silver Wedding Journey.....
.....William Dean Howells
A Glimpse of Nubia, Miscalled "The Soudan".....Capt. T. C. S. Speedy
The Weakness of the Executive Power in Democracy.....
.....Henry Loomis Nelson
The Love of Parson Lord.....
.....Mary E. Wilkins
The Span of Life.....
..Wm. McLennan and J. N. McIlwraith
The Sultan at Home.....
.....Sidney Whitman, F. R. G. S.
The Naval Lessons of the War.....
.....H. W. Wilson
The Romance of Chinkapin Castle..
.....Ruth McEnery Stuart
Fifty Years of Francis Joseph.....
.....Sydney Brooks
Brother Jonathan's Colonies.....
.....Albert Bushnell Hart
Bismarck the Man and the Statesman
.....Charlton T. Lewis
Story.....F. Hopkinson Smith

Sidney Whitman may be right in his estimate of the Turk, as an individual, but English-speaking people, in the light of modern history, must question the correctness of his views of him as a nation. We are willing to believe in the gratitude—in that "feeling of attachment towards English and Englishmen in general"—but we do take with a grain of allowance the assertion that England has made a mistake, an irretrievable blunder in her treatment of the "unspeakable." Captain T. C. S. Speedy's "Glimpse of Nubia" is full of interest, particularly that portion of it descriptive of native hunting. In speaking of Bismarck's autobiography in January Harper's, Charlton T. Lewis says: "It is a book of confessions, conscious and unconscious. There is nothing like it in literature. * * * The greatest men have almost always been too reserved for the curious interest of posterity; and when, like Frederick II and Napoleon, they have been eager and lavish in giving information, we must be

glad to accept it, not as what we wish for, but as what they would have us see. The curtain is lifted, but the scenes are set to shut off most of the stage. Bismarck, on the other hand, gives us an unre-



PRINCE BISMARCK
After an engraving
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served sweep of vision, a reckless thoroughness of exposure, which seems to negative all concealment." Mary E. Wilkins has given us, in "The Love of Parson Lord" a story so sweet and touching that, coming from her pen, it is a surprise. For once she has made the New England character loveable in spite of its hardness and coldness.

Century—

The Carlyles in Scotland...John Patrick
Jonathan and John..Charles D. Roberts
On a Boy's First Reading of "Henry V."....S. Weir Mitchell
Via Crusis.....F. Marion Crawford
Uncle Still's Famous Weather Prediction.....Ruth McEnery Stuart
Alexander the Great.....
.....Benjamin Ide Wheeler
The Many-Sided Franklin.....
.....Paul Leicester Ford
The Darkened Day..John Vance Cheney
Carlyle's Dramatic Portrayal of Character.....Florence Hotchkiss
His Wife.....Mrs. Poultney Bigelow
The Sinking of the Merrimac.....
.....Lieutenant Hobson
An American in Madrid During the War.....Edmund Kelly
"You Taught Me Memory".....
.....Curtis Hidden Page
Advantages of the Nicaragua Canal..
....Capt. A. S. Crownenshield, U. S. N.
The Limerick Tigers.....
.....Harry Stillwell Edwards

Ruth McEnery Stuart's negro stories are always enjoyable. She understands her subject and her characters are real. "Uncle Still's Famous Weather Prediction" is quite as good as anything she has produced. "The Darkened Day," by John Vance Cheney, strikes again that new note that has of late appeared in his verse, the tender, half-sadness that is like the influence of a sunny October afternoon—vaguely, deliciously felt, but not understood. Mrs. Poultney Bigelow's little story points a moral with a vengeance, and the reader's sympathies are all with "The Wife." "The Limerick Tigers" is rollicking with fun, though probably to the "Tigers" themselves their experiences appear to verge upon tragedy. There is something peculiar apparent at times in Lieutenant Hobson's literary style in his account of "The Sinking of the Merrimac," but it is good reading nevertheless, and it is well that it was written. "Via Crusis" is not altogether equal to the prior work of the author. Marion Crawford is happier in a summer latitude. He is not so much, or so delightfully at home in England as beneath the warm blue skies of Italy. However in this number the scene shifts to the south, and Mr. Crawford is getting back into his semi-native environment.

Munsey's—

Our Relations With the Far East..
.....Charles Denby
An Unromantic Romance..A. J. Gillette
The Advance of American Dramatic Art.....Clement Scott
A Spanish Painter in America.....
.....Lena Cooper
The King's Mirror.....Anthony Hope
The Point of View....Walter L. Hawley
Luxurious Bachelordom..James L. Ford
The Garden of Swords..Max Pemberton
"From the Depths of Some Divine Despair".....Tom Hall
The Home of Jefferson.Maud H. Peterson
Should Fortune Come.....
.....Theodosia P. Garrison
Swallow.....H. Rider Haggard
Afloat.....Grace H. Boutelle
Something More About Advertising..
.....Frank A. Munsey

The most interesting thing in Munsey's this month is the beginning of An-

thony Hope's new story, "The Mirror of the King." It is written as only Anthony Hope can write, and it bids fair to outclass "The Prisoner of Zenda" in point of literary merit. There is a dignity and seriousness apparent that in no way detracts from the graceful ease of Mr. Hope's inimitable style. This is a republican age, but in spite of it we like to be presented at court, and this entertaining writer permits his readers to associate on the most intimate terms with royalty. Kings and queens, princes and princesses, become under his generous and kindly treatment delightfully human, and yet lose nothing of the fairy-like glamour of romance in which they were enveloped when we beheld and admired them through the rosy mists of our childhood days. The particular personage to whom we are introduced in the opening chapters of this new royal chronicle is a very fascinating youth, and already the possibilities for future romantic complications are in sight. But there is something besides romance here, a deeper vein than has hitherto characterized the work of Anthony Hope Hawkins. Frank Munsey has something more to say about "Advertising" that is well worth reading, since it is doubtless the outcome of practical experience. And Rider Haggard's "Swallow" is nearly ready for her homeward flight.

To the Oregon Grape.

In the crown of our land I will twine me a flower,
Which Nature hath given our woods for a dower,
Whose glossy green leaf robs the sun of its fire,
And seems wet, as with rain, in its lustrous attire.
The glintings of gold in its round blossoms shine,
In its fruit is the red of the generous wine,
Or a tint amethystine perchance 'twill disclose,
Or a jewel of jet 'mid the cold wintry snows.

From the summits' basaltic whence waterfalls pour,
Their bright crystal floods with a deafening roar
To the canyons below where the sun arrows gleam,
Through the whispering alders that bend o'er the stream,
The crisp crinkled leaf of our plant shall uprear,
Its sharp pointed lances from year unto year,
Defending its own, as our sons shall defend
Our State from invasion till cycles shall end.

Ever bloom on our hills, give thy smile to our vales,
When the Spring on the soft breeze its fragrance exhales,
Or the Summer or Fall o'er the forest doth throw
Its robe, or the Winter its mantle of snow.
Fit emblem of beauty, of vigor and wealth—
A Trinity joined in the Godhead of Health—
For a giant who rears hoary Hood as his crest,
And kneels with rapt face to the wave of the West.

I. W. Whalley.

The Month

A RECORD OF THE WORLD'S PROGRESS.

In Politics—

The Paris journals publish the prediction made by the recently deceased Hutchinson Bowles, who was the correspondent for the London Standard from that city, that England would make war upon France. The Canadian press is united in its expression of the belief that nothing is to be gained through the American-Canadian commission for Canada by appealing to the sympathetic side of Uncle Sam's nature. It is generally conceded that when the United States begins to realize the value of the Canadian market there will be a change of front. "America will pay a fair price for Canadian trade when she discovers that it is wanted elsewhere," says the Ottawa Free Press. William J. Bryan, in a speech at Lincoln, Nebraska, December 23, declares that the "American people have not accepted the gold standard as final." He deplored the growth of what he calls the "paper money trust," which he considered a greater menace to the country than any foreign foe could be. Joseph H. Walker, who is chairman of the house banking and currency committee, gives out the opinion that there will be no currency legislation passed by congress before 1904. His reasons for this belief is a lack of agreement between those in authority at Washington. Twenty million dollars are to be paid to Spain as "indemnity" for her losses in the recent war. It is well done, for Spain. She shifts a respons bility which she was no longer able to meet, lays down a burden too heavy for her to carry, and preserves her honor and replenishes her depleted treasury.

In Literature—

"A Fleet in Being," Kipling's splendid tribute to the British navy, is fully appreciated by the Spectator, which does not hesitate to declare it a piece of truly patriotic work, and his best. One of its most commendable features, according to the Spectator, is its beautiful discretion in telling only those things that make for the honor and glory of English maritime power and leaving unsaid all that could in any way reflect discredit upon the navy, which is one way of saying that Mr. Kipling tells the truth, but not the whole truth, and is a clear confession on the part of the great London authority, that there are things on the English seas that will not bear exposure in the strong searchlight of public print. William Watson's collected poems are at last given to the world in one precious volume, and the world is receiving them with due measure of gratitude. Glowing color, virile strength, melody as pure and sweet and tender as the "music of the spheres," beauty of form and feature—all these are in William Watson's verse, and more. He is one of the world's great singers. Thomas Hardy has produced a volume of verse which he appropriately calls "Wessex Poems." Hardy's poetry is too much like his prose to be attractive. There is altogether too much of the unhappy and hopeless realism that characterizes "Jude the Obscure" apparent in these poems to make them pleasant reading." The New God," by Richard Voss, is described as a "wonder tale" by the critics. It is a story of the Christ, and is the work of a poet rather than of a novelist. Theodore Watts Dunton has produced two remarkable novels, "Aylwin," and "The Coming of Love." These books are notable for the fact that some of the most interesting literary characters of the age figure, thinly disguised, in their pages. Ian Maclaren has published another book. It is called "Afterwards," and it is not about Drumtochy. Pinero's "Trelawny of the Wells" is the successful play of the month.

In Art—

Barnard's new work, "The Hewers," is now ready to be put into marble. The clay model just finished has been photographed, and reveals the inspiration of a genius that compels recognition. This figure, "The Hewer," is one of a colossal group which the sculptor has designed and sketched in miniature. Whether the group is ever completed or not this one figure is in itself a noble work of art, and one of which America may well be proud. Laura Carroll Dennis says of Barnard: "Art to him is the expression of life, and though he stands on the mountain top, his heart throbs with the great heart of humanity." Emil Sauer, the young pianist of whom it is predicted that he will eclipse Paderewski, arrives in America this month. He has already captured Berlin, London and St. Petersburg. It remains to be seen how a New York audience will receive him.

In Science—

Six new chemical elements have been discovered since the beginning of the year 1898. These are krypton, neon, metargon, coronium, polonium and etherion. Etherion is much lighter than hydrogen, and is a better conductor of heat. It is claimed that it exists not only in the solar atmosphere and in that of the earth, but that it is diffused throughout all space. The physiological effect of music has already been recognized, and it is now proposed to utilize it in the treatment of certain diseases, particularly in nervous maladies. Hellite is a new explosive of American manufacture and invention, the power of which is almost beyond belief. It is comparatively noiseless, and has already passed the experimental stage.

Leading Events—

December 1.—Governor Tanner, of Illinois, is indicted by the grand jury for omission of duty in connection with the Virden coal miners' riots, October 12.——The French government issues a decree forbidding the importation of fruits and plants from the United States——President Alfaro, of Ecuador, assumes a dictatorship over that country.

December 2.—Emperor Francis Joseph's semi-centennial jubilee is observed throughout Austria——The United States is recognized as the supreme power in the province of Santiago de Cuba.

December 3.—American officials begin the work of cleaning the streets of Havana.

December 4.—President Zelaya, of Nicaraugua, appoints a new cabinet.

December 5.—General Henry succeeds General Brooke as military commander in Porto Rico——The closing session of the Fifty-fifth congress begins with the reading of President McKinley's annual message.



EMILIO AGUINALDO

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December 1-17.—Massachusetts cities hold elections——Two thousand Spanish troops sail from Havana for Spain——Orders are issued for the establishment at Havana of the United States garrison, to consist of the Eighth and Tenth infantry.

December 7.—Mass-meetings are held in Chicago to protest against the extension of the street-railroad franchises for fifty years.

December 8.—The United States senate takes up the Nicaragua Canal bill——The house passes the urgent deficiency appropriation bill, providing funds for the support of the army and navy——The court of cassa-

tion at Paris orders a stay of proceedings in the Picquart court-martial——Henry Lavenden is elected a member of the French Academy.

December 9.—M. de Geirs, the new Russian minister to China, presents his credentials to the emperor, declining to recognize the Dowager Empress.

December 10.—The American and Spanish commissioners at Paris sign the peace treaty ——William Black, the novelist, dies.

December 11.—General Calixto Garcia dies.

December 12.—Major-General Ludlow is appointed first military and civil governor of Havana——In the house of representatives, Hepburn, of Iowa, introduces a bill appropriating $140,000,000 for the construction of the Nicaragua canal.

December 13.—Major-General Brooke is appointed military and civil governor of Cuba ——The resignation of Sir William Vernon Harcourt as leader of the British liberal party is announced——Former Chief Justice J. E. Waite, of the Oregon supreme court, dies——The corporation of Yale University accepts the resignation of President Dwight.

December 14.—The United States senate continues to debate the Nicaragua Canal bill ——President McKinley addresses the Georgia legislature at Atlanta.

December 15.—Spain agrees to pay the January coupon on the Cuban debt——The United States senate passes the urgent deficiency appropriation bill for the immediate needs of the army and navy——M. Muller is elected president of the Swiss confederation ——A warrant is issued in Paris for the arrest of Count Ferdinand Esterhazy in connection with the Dreyfus case.

December 16.—The American peace commissioners leave Paris——The house passes a bill to extend the customs and revenue law of the United States over Hawaii.

December 17.—The house passes the Indian appropriation bill.

December 18.—The Spanish peace commissioners arrive at Madrid.

December 19.—Mr. O. H. Platt, of Connecticut, defends the right of the United States to hold territory under any form of government it pleases.

December 20.—President McKinley returns to Washington——The French senate adopts a bill prescribing death for state officials who are guilty of treason in time of peace.

December 21.—Generals Miles and Merritt testify before the war investigating commission at Washington.

December 23.—Colonel Roosevelt's reports on the fighting before Santiago are made public.

December 23.—Spain's minister to the colonies announces that the payment of the coupons of the Cuban bonds has been assured.

December 24.—Agoncillo and Lopez, the Filipino envoys, arrive in New York.

December 25.—Three thousand employes are thrown out of work by the closing down of the cotton factories in Augusta, Georgia.

December 26.—General Merritt, at Chicago, discusses the situation in the Philippines.

December 27.—American troops are fired upon in Havana——Porto Rico makes known her desire to be admitted to the United States as a territory.

December 28.—General Brooke refuses to recognize the Cuban insurgent army—— Ilo Ilo falls into the hands of the Filipinos.

December 29.—The Cubans again petition General Brooke to be permitted to take part in the celebration of the Spanish evacuation and are refused.

December 30.—The Cubans consent to postpone their celebration of independence.

December 31.—At Washington orders are issued for additional troops to Cuba to assist in maintaining good government there.

Some Day I Shall Meet My Love.

In years to come, the Time unwinds
The tangled skein of days and nights—
The silken threads of dreams strung thick
With promises of dear delights—
Perhaps when summer's soft wind blows,
Perhaps when falls the winter snows—
But some day I shall meet my love.

And some day I shall know my love,
And watch her eyes with love-light shine,
Some day shall feel the tender warmth
And radiance of her smile divine.
And heaven itself shall stoop to be
One with our great felicity
When some day I shall know my love.

Ah some day I shall woo my love
With tender words and kisses sweet,
And my true heart with all its love
And passion lay at her dear feet.
And she will reach her hand to me
And whisper, "Love, I love but thee,"
When some day I shall woo my love.

Ah some day I shall wed my love,
And with love's magic golden key,
Unlock the door to that sweet joy
That yet is nameless mystery.
And we shall wander hand in hand
Through that fair flower-enchanted land,
When some day I shall wed my love.

Lischen M. Miller.

Books

The Semi-Centennial History of Oregon, the first of a series of historical bulletins issued by the university of Oregon and edited by Professor F. G. Young, is welcomed as the public beginning of a work whose value to the state and to posterity it is difficult to overestimate. This number serves to introduce and explain in a clear and comprehensive manner the nature and import of the series. In the supplement which is particularly well written, the editor says: "The settlement of Oregon was the climax and consummation of the march of the American people across the continent. The Pacific was first reached by the American pioneer in the Oregon region. The passages made by the pioneer families across a 2000-mile stretch of wilderness made up of plain, parched desert and rugged mountainous regions —all infested by fiercest savages—have no parallel in history. These migrations rank in the history of colonization where the voyages of Columbus and Magellan rank in the history of maritime discovery."

Professor Young has been engaged for several years in gathering together the authentic records of the early settlement of Oregon, the letters, the diaries, the written and verbal accounts of pioneer experience. This material he is carefully examining and classifying, as it comes into his hands, rejecting nothing that can add, in the smallest measure, to the completeness and value of the historical report and accepting only that which is verified truth. The organization of a state historical society, of which Professor Young is the head will prove without question a very helpful factor in the work which so far, has been a labor of love on the part of the able editor and historian.

"And Cyrano de Bergerac—you have read the play—what do you think of it? How did it impress you?"

"Ah! At first I was amused, then interested, and at last filled with a sweet and elevating sadness, a sympathy that was admiration, a tenderness suffused as with golden sunlight. It is beyond criticism because it touches the heart and appeals to the soul."

"Bismarck's Autobiography," published by Harper & Brothers, gives us almost a complete history of Europe during the last three-quarters of a century, but more than that it gives us a clear insight into the private and public life of the man who, perhaps more than any other, made this history.

The sympathy of the world was with Bismarck when, a few years ago, he was forced to resign the chancellorship and retire to his country place at Friedrichsruh, with nothing before him but the cheerless prospect of an idle and inactive old age. He had always been in the thick of events, and it goes without saying that the day of his retirement was the bitterest day of his long life. But as we now see it, that day was a most auspicious one for the world. For had the Iron Chancellor remained in public life, it is probable that his monumental autobiography would never have been written, and we would never have known the great diplomat as he really was. The idea of an autobiography was first suggested to Bismarck in 1889, but as he was still in active public service at that time, it was impossible for him to attempt such a task. But after he had surrendered the reins of government and had retired to his peaceful retreat at Friedrichsruh, the thought became more and more pleasing to him. He was a man after Kipling's own heart. He liked to do things, and with his life behind him and the monotony of idleness before, it was with relief that he turned to the doing of his last great work, telling the story of his life. Like Napoleon on St. Helena, with the mem-

ory of his past greatness, living over again Jena, Wagram, Waterloo and Austerlitz, one may imagine Bismarck watching from afar the political arena and longing to be again at the helm, setting his course for the nation. And in telling this his own story, Bismarck is once again in the strife, he lives in the old time fighting days, and while in the old library at Friedrichsruh he dictated this wonderful biography to Lothar Bucher, the fire and vival picturesqueness of his words prove beyond a doubt that the old statesman, in spirit at least, was living again in the days when he had at last realized his ambition, when France was crushed and Germany united.

The announcement of a new novel by H. G. Wells, the far-famed author of "The War of the Worlds," will be of



H. G. Wells
(By Courtesy of Harper & Brothers)

interest to a large portion of the reading world that took pleasure in that eccentric, fantastic, and delightfully impossible flight of fancy. This new novel is entitled "When the Sleeper Wakes," and is to appear as a serial in Harper's Weekly during 1899.

Herbert Bashford, whose poems have already won a degree of recognition from an appreciative public, has produced through Whitaker & Ray, of San Francisco, a volume of verse, "Songs of the Puget Sea," that is attractive in appearance. It is a dainty little book in white and green and gold, and the type is clear and the paper all that it should be. Of the quartrains that make up the latter half of the volume the best is this:

"When dashing, gallant Custer fell he gave
The world a shining name Time cannot dim;
He was a soldier so intensely brave
That even Courage paled to follow him."

There is another, "A Sea Picture," that is faultless. "The Derelict" is the one poem of the many that is not marred by a false note:

"Men come not nigh when they pass me by,
For they fear me, everyone,
As I cleave the gray of the dawning day
Or drowse in the summer sun.

Past unknown isles, for miles and miles
I wander away to where
The iceberg lifts and the salt spray drifts
In the freezing Arctic air.

I steal by the bars when the flame-winged stars
Have swarmed in the upper blue,
And the glow and shine of the drenching brine
Like the white fire burns me through.

I haunt as a ghost the rock-girt coast
Where the bell-bouy loudly rings
And the breakers leap to the mighty sweep
Of the night wind's sable wings."

Mr. Bashford has an unhappy way of marring his work by inartistic touches. His verses, with a few exceptions, are like pictures that are spoiled by an awkward stroke of the brush at the finish.

Beautiful things come out of the South besides magnolia blossoms and George W. Cable's Creole stories, and not the least beautiful that has appeared during the year just closed is Howard Weeden's "Shadows on the Wall," a volume of negro portraits and verse dedicated to "The Absent." The black faces that accompany each little poem are drawn from life by one who knows and loves and understands her subjects. We are so accustomed to seeing the negro caricatured that these countenances, tender, sad, or rollicking with fun, as the case may be, are a revelation.

College Correspondence

University of Oregon, Eugene.

Now that the holidays have passed the students are studying fiercely. The amount of method in their madness will appear at the "exams," which are to be held the first week in February.

A valuable little book, which is all our own, has just come from the university press. Professor Carson has compiled the standard rules and regulations governing the making of good English prose, especially for the use of the English department in the university, although in the preface she expresses the hope that the book will become valuable to all the students. Brief, but clear and concise in wording and form, this book gives, in small compass, the important rules, leaving out, what so many books of like nature do not, that which is extraneous and confusing. A notable thing is the number of blank pages interspersed to be filled at the student's discretion. Intended for use on the home campus only, this book would be of great assistance to students elsewhere.

On Friday, January 6, a committee of senators and representatives from the legislature visited the various classrooms. They were also present at the assembly, where each member made a few remarks appropriate to the occasion.

Cheered by the success of last year, the U. or O. Glee Club is continuing its work with enthusiasm. Though many of the members of the '97-'98 club are not in the university, the complement of membership is full, and the club is earnestly at work preparing for its tenth concert, to be given some time in March. Under so energetic and interested a leader as Professor Glen, the club cannot fail to repeat its last year's history and add still more chapters.

Laura Miller.

University of Washington.

At the public inauguration of Frank Pierrepont Graves, Ph. D., LL. D., as president of the university of Washington, addresses were delivered by President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, and Hon. John R. Rogers, governor of the state of Washington, to a large audience of the distinguished men and women of the commonwealth. President George H. King, of the board of regents, remarked that the board of regents hoped the new president would continue his administration for a score of years at least. Everything promises a prosperous career for this institution, and its friends have gathered new hope and courage from the auspicious announcements at the president's inauguration.

On commencement day over 50 students will be graduated from the university. This is by far the largest graduating class in the history of the institution.

George Cameron King, of California, one of the privates in Roosevelt's famous regiment of "rough riders," gave a lecture in the university recently on "The Battles in Cuba."

Students in the departments of geology, chemistry and biology have organized the geological society of the university of Washington. They began their existence as a society in a modest way, and have already given several programmes, made up of papers showing an earnest and studious research into the problems discussed.

The winter schools for miners is proving a success. Between 20 and 30 mining men are taking advantage of the work offered. The increase in this work has necessitated the employment of a new instructor in metallurgy and mining. The new member of the faculty is Dorsey A. Lyon, A. B., of Standford University. Dr. Lincoln D. Godshall, superintendent of the Puget Sound Reduction works, at Everett, who is a member of the board of regents, is giving a series of practical lectures in this winter school for miners.

Rev. William M. Barker, D. D., Bishop of Olympia, has contributed to the university library a valuable catalogue of "Facsimiles of Manuscripts in European Archives, Relating to America."

The free Saturday courses for public school teachers and others are still well attended by large classes of earnest students.

Edmond S. Meany.

Leland Stanford Junior University.

January 1 was the day for new vows, and this semester opens with a rush of renewed energy and determination.

Encina Hall, in spite of examinations, took on a gay appearance the last Friday of the semester, for a regulation "cake walk," in which dusky gallants and beauties in gaudy colors danced to Darktown music on the polished floor of the Encina clubroom.

On Tuesday evening, December 20, the Encina students presented Captain Forrest S. Fisher, of the 'varsity eleven with a solid silver loving cup, with a cardinal pennant and white block "S" in enamel, as a token of their appreciation of his services as 'varsity captain and halfback.

Chester Murphy, of Salem, Or., the popular quarterback, has been chosen captain for 1899. He is one of the best individual players Stanford has ever turned out, and has proven himself a star player and an excellent field-general. His eighty-yard run in this year's 'varsity game has not been equalled in intercollegiate games on the coast. It is a notable fact that Murphy, a Salem, Or., boy, succeeds Fisher, who hails from The Dalles, Or,. giving Oregon a good representation of captains.

A movement has been begun in the senior class to raise a fund for the erection of an athletic training house for the university teams. The co-operation of the alumni, students, faculty and friends of the university is to be enlisted. The house as planned will cost in the neighborhood of $4000, and will have, it is hoped, a dining-room and kitchen for training tables, an assembly-room with fireplace, dressing-room with lockers, hot and cold showers, rubbing and steam rooms. The movement is in charge of the '99 finance committee, of which Forrest S. Fisher is chairman.

O. C. Leiter.

University of California.

A corps of distinguished American and European architects have been in Berkeley, who are competing in the great international contest for the plans of the new university.

Eleven firms of architects are represented, coming from Paris, Berlin, Zurich, New York and Boston. They are the ones who were successful in the preliminary competition recently decided in Antwerp, their designs being selected from over 100 sent in. According to the terms of the competition, they were to come to California, to inspect the university site, to remodel their original plans and submit the finished designs in May. They have all returned home now, but before leaving Berkeley they expressed themselves in terms of the highest praise over the possibilities, architecturally, which the university site offers for an imposing group of college buildings. "Nothing in the world can equal it," said one of their number. "The Golden Gate and San Francisco bay to the front, the foothills behinds, and the gradually rising slope from the bay shore, giving its immense sweep of view, presents a site unparalleled. It calls for some radical design, unique in its nature, to be in harmony with its surroundings."

Next in order comes the question of the presidency. President Kellogg's resignation takes effect on March 23. The board of regents, in their December meeting, appointed a committee to nominate his successor. The committee consists of two or three of the regents, the governor-elect, the speaker of the assembly and President Kellogg himself. These gentlemen will meet early in January to formulate their plans.

The whole question is vitally important to the students and faculty, and to arrive at a hasty conclusion would be a most inappropriate thing. Opinion is

divided as to whether a choice should be made from out of the list of possible candidates already identified with the university's corps of professors, or whether some eastern scholar of more than local fame should be sought. Professor Bernard Moses, of the department of history and political economy, and Professor William Carey Jones, of the department of jurisprudence, are the only two men whom Berkeley can offer for such an important work. But it seems almost certain that the board of regents will look toward the Eastern universities for a candidate. Several prominent men have been mentioned, among them, President Benjamin Andrews, formerly of Brown; President Hyde, of Bowdoin, President Gates of Amherst, Albert Shaw, editor of the Review of Reviews, and Professor J. W. White, of the department of Greek at Harvard. Many more have been mentioned, which only goes to show how uncertain the matter is at present. There is a general feeling, however, that now, if ever, a mistake ought to be avoided, and the less the committee hastens the more is their final decision likely to be well received.

The intercollegiate Carnot debate promises to be the one topic of interest as soon as college opens, but there will be time to speak of that later.

Charles E. Fryer.

A Boy's King.

My papa, he's the bestest man
  Whatever lived, I bet,
And I ain't never seen no one
  As smart as he is yet.
Why, he knows everything, almost,
  But mamma says that he
Ain't never been the President,
  And that surprises me.

And often papa talks about
  How he must work away—
He's got to toil for other folks
  And do what others say;
And that's a thing that bothers me—
  When he's so good and great,
He ought, I think, at least to be
  The Gov'nor of the State!

He knows the names of lots of stars,
  And he knows all the trees,
And he can tell the different kinds
  Of all the birds he sees,
And he can multiply and add
  And figure in his head—
They might have been some smarter men
  But I bet you they are dead.

Once when he thought I wasn't near
  He talked to mamma then
And told her how he hates to be
  The slave of other men,
And how he wished that he was rich
  For her and me—and I
Don't know what made me, but
  I had to go and cry!

And so when I sat on his knee
  I ast him:—"Is it true
That you're a slave and have to toil
  When others tell you to?
You are so big and good and wise,
  You surely ought to be
The President, instead of just
  A slave, it seems to me."

And then the tears come in his eyes,
  And he hugged me tight and said:—
"Why, no, my dear, I'm not a slave—
  What put that in your head?
I am a king—the happiest king
  That ever yet held sway,
And only God can take my throne
  And my little realm away!"

S. E. Kiser, in Cleveland Leader.

Drift

A Feminine Deduction.

"This world is a hollow sham," exclaimed the New Woman, with a petulant sigh.

"Sit down and tell me about it," said her friend. "What has upset your usual sweet-tempered serenity?"

"Oh, nothing in particular, and everything in general. For instance, I have found out that the more a woman sacrifices for a man, the less he cares for her."

"Certainly," acquiesced her friend. "Have you——"

"No, oh no," hastily interrupted the New Woman. "And another thing," she continued. "The more you make a man suffer the more he is willing to suffer for your sake. In fact, his devotion increases in exact ratio with his misery."

"Perhaps so," said her friend, hesitatingly.

"No 'perhaps' about it. The whole system of marriage is based upon a wrong conception of woman's duty to man. That is why there is so much unhappiness in the world."

"Why, how do you make that deduction?"

"It is simple enough. A girl marries with the mistaken notion that it is her sacred duty to do everything, bear everything, and be everything that will add to her husband's comfort, pleasure and convenience, and she very soon discovers that instead of securing his happiness and her own thereby she has lost it, and then she grieves and frets and wonders, and lies awake nights trying to think up still greater sacrifices to make for his dear sake, but it never works satisfactorily. What she ought to do is to let him do the sacrificing and the suffering. It is the only way in which the welfare of the family can be preserved."

"But that," objected her friend, "does not lessen the unhappiness. It only transfers it."

"Nonsense; that is just where you make your mistake. A man is perfectly happy only when he is miserable."

M.

"Is that the man, Mr. Reed?" asked the magistrate, as the policeman led forward the man accused of burglary. "It is." "Did you recognize him while he was in the house?" "I did." There was a burst of incredulous laughter from the court and spectators. "Discharge the prisoner," said his honor.—Puck.

A certain learned professor in New York has a wife and family, but, professor-like, his thoughts are always with his books. One evening his wife, who had been out for some hours, returned to find the house remarkably quiet. She had left the children playing about, but now they were nowhere to be seen. She asked what had become of them, and the professor explained that, as they had made a good deal of noise, he had put them to bed without waiting for her or calling the maid. "I hope they gave you no trouble," she said. "No," replied the professor, "with the exception of the one in the cot here. He objected a good deal to my undressing him and putting him to bed." The wife went to inspect the cot. "Why," she exclaimed, "that's little Johnny Green, from next door."—S. F. Argonaut.

"I can give you gas if you are afraid the pain will be too great to endure," said a dentist to an elderly colored woman, who had come to have several teeth extracted.

"No, sah, no, sah!" she said, shaking her head emphatically; "you don't gib me no gas en hab me git up out'n dat cheer en walk home dead, no, sah! I reads de newpapahs!"—Youth's Companion.

An Etching.

It is perhaps one of the saddest things in life to find that youth has forever slipped away and left us empty-handed and alone, stranded upon the bleak island of Middle Age, in the midst of the sea of Regret. The next saddest thing is to discover that we do not actually care. To realize that in the breast where the heart once beat quick and warm with the red current of human love and emotion, there is only a void that aches, and aches, and aches. Better fierce, maddening pain, bitter tears and the tumult of hate and thwarted passion than this dead calm that is neither akin to joy nor despair, that has ceased to hope, to regret, almost to remember. * * * *

Fifty-seven years is a long time to have lived upon this earth. Yet, though I number my birthday so, I find it is ages since I ceased to live, if one counts time by heart-beats. Fifty-seven! My mirror tells me that I look ten years older, and experience whispers "you could give points to mother Eve, my lady." Well, maybe. But Eve had only one temptation. And she was, furthermore, unfettered by inherited tendencies. Distinctly Eve had the advantage. The wonder is that she could have sinned at all, companioning with angels, freshly fashioned by the hand of God, environed by Paradise, while I, but I do not envy Eve, her garden, or her Adamic mate, her innocence, or her apple from the tree of Knowledge. I do not envy even the angels in heaven. For my bliss, though brief, was greater than any joy the angels know. And though I have ceased to feel, to care, or to regret, the glory of that love is mine to remember through all eternity. * * *

There are times, seasons, moments, when a vague half-tenderness stirs somewhere in—not my heart, for that is dead—but in that senseless void, where once my heart leapt warm and true, a living, loving rose of passion, and I wish that I could love again. * * *

They tell me he is handsome. I do not know. I only know that he seems kind, that his eyes are like deep wells of light, and that their steadfast questioning gaze almost awakens my dead heart, but when he takes my hand, I know that it is all too late, too late. Some other woman, younger and more fair, will win his love and make him blest, and I shall smile to see their happiness, and yet—and yet—ah, me, I wish that he did love me!

Oraaro.

Among the many slaves upon the plantation of a distinguished Southerner during the late war was a blind and decrepit old woman known as Aunt Idy, who for some reason thought to better her condition by taking the oath of allegiance.

One of the younger servants, hearing what had taken place, went to "ole miss" to make inquiries, and after being told that her friend had sworn to support the constitution of the United States, exclaimed:

"Fo' de Lohd! I don't know how Aunt Idy is gwine to s'pote the United States, when she can't s'pote herself."—Harper's Magazine.

A good education is a relative thing. What was called a good education a few years ago is now common. It is pretty hard to keep up with learning—seeing there is continual increase in human knowledge, and no royal road to it. I can only say this, that for most people, the way to get a good education is by hard knocks, constant effort, devotion to the one aim, the cutting off of all distractions, a love of knowledge and a bias for its possession scientifically, inability to be discouraged, knowing how to wait, dependence on God and frequent and fervent communion with him, this, with common sense all the way through.—F. S. Arnold.

Doctor Talmage's youngest daughter was fond of evening gayeties, and often slept late in consequence. Coming down about 9 o'clock one morning, she met her parent's stern gaze, and received the very depressing greeting of: "Good morning, daughter of sin." "Good morning, father," was her response.—Current Literature

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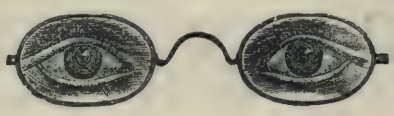
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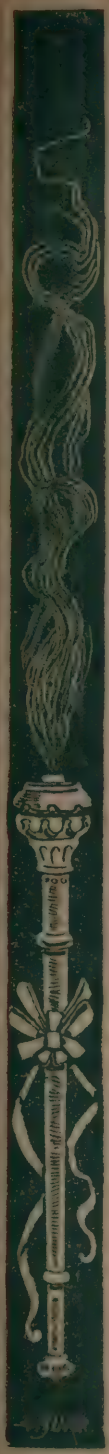
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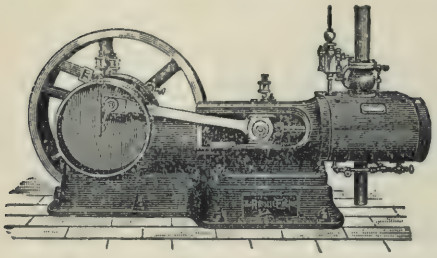
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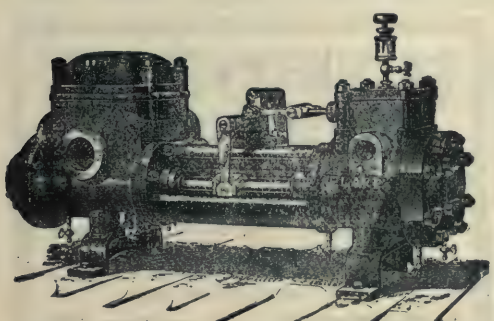
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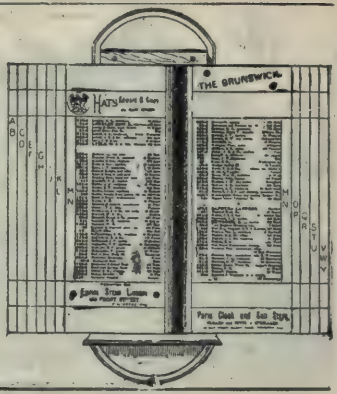
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(*See page 187.*)

The Pacific Monthly.

Vol. 1 *FEBRUARY, 1899* *No. 5*

With Aguinaldo in the Phillipines.

By CAPT. H. L. WELLS, of Company L,
Second Oregon Regiment Volunteers, stationed at Manila.

ON Sunday, the ninth of October, it was my good fortune to attend a grand fiesta and witness a review of the Filipino army by Emelio Aguinaldo, president of the so-called Republica Filipinas. The scene of festivities was the pueblo of San Fernando, capital city of the province of Pampanga, some 60 miles from Manila, and the place of residence of some of the wealthy sugar-planters who are backing the insurrection. When I beheld the display of wealth, the bitterness of feeling of the planters against Spain and their enthusiasm for the cause of liberty, I understood better than before how it has been possible for Aguinaldo to carry on the insurrection, and maintain his army of barefooted warriors in the field. These rich, educated and intelligent landed pro prietors are the brains and sinew of the revolution, while the common herd, which is guided by them as absolutely as the populace of any country is managed by the aristocracy, is the bone.

Spain, in her exactions of revenue, has spared neither high nor low. Everything has been taxed, from the pig of the peon to the sugar fields of the planter, and taxed beyond endurance. These exactions have not been extorted to support a just and proper government, but to enrich the ecclesiastical and civil authority in the islands. Every man, woman and child has felt the heavy hand of the tithe gatherer and the sting of official arrogance. Enterprise has been repressed and industry stifled, while toll has been levied upon the food and productive energy of the poor. No wonder the Mestisto or full-blood Filipino landholder gives freely of his wealth to shake off the burden, and no wonder the peon carries the Mauser, Remington and bola and tramps barefooted through the swamps to break the power of Spain and give his native land freedom from oppression. Go where you will, both in country and city, the same sentiment prevails, and the universal phrase, "Espanol mucho malo" is heard on every hand and from the lips of age and infancy alike. Not a man with a drop of native blood in his veins is to be found among the supporters of Spain. I have seen men as white as the whitest Spaniard in Manila, and every drop of the white blood that of Spanish ancestors, declare his undying hatred of the Spaniard. To be sure there were volunteers of mixed blood and even pure native stock fighting with the Spaniards up to the capture of Manila by the Americans, but that was the result of conditions more than of sentiment. They were not adherents of Aguinaldo and were but following the custom of generations in filling the ranks of Spain's insular army; but now that the power of Spain has been broken, a Filipino government organized and Agui-

naldo placed at its head, their patriotism has risen above the restraints of immemorial custom and they are prepared to fight against their former companions in arms, if need be, to prevent the re-establishment of Spanish authority in the Philippines. Whether they will submit peaceably to the extension of American authority over them is a question yet to be determined. They have organized a republic and talk much of absolute independence and the future of the Republica Filipinas; yet from my observation I am of the opinion that should a policy of local self-government be pursued in the most populous provinces and the leading citizens be intrusted with it, the rule of the United States can be established without encountering armed opposition.

At the fete it was my good fortune to be the guest of one of these worthy backers of the insurrection, to meet the president of the newly organized republic while surrounded by his counsellors, and get a good insight into the conditions as they now exist, as well as to see the people in large numbers and unrestrained in the expression of their feelings and asperations.

We left the station at Manila at 6 o'clock in the morning, after a sharp ride in one of those miniature vehicles that are used for carriages in this country, drawn by equally miniature, but spirited, horses, and secured seats in a second-class car, the only first-class seats having been taken by other excursionists. Our party consisted of three officers and a lady, the wife of one of them, a worthy representative of the beauty, grace and intelligence of the women of America, of whom there are not half a dozen now on the islands. The railroad was built by an English corporation, and is an English institutions with Filipino modifications. The cars are the small compartment variety in use in England, opening from the side and having a footboard along the entire side, along which the conductor walks while collecting fares. It is here where the Filipino modifications make their appearance. In this warm climate the windows are left open for the free entrance of the breeze and



Suspension Bridge across Pasig River, Manila. The picture also shows the large native cascos used as freight lighters on the River and in the Bay.

cinders, and through these openings the conductor thrusts his black head and hands to receive the tickets. They also serve to frame the grinning countenance of the guard when he pauses to listen to the conversation of the passengers and to laugh at the American tongue struggling with Castilian.

I am afraid we were a source of great anxiety to these poor officers, for the American custom of getting off the train at every station and jumping on again after it is in motion seems to be a new one. Their fear that we would be left behind or come to grief was pitiful at first, but it lessened somewhat when our skill in executing the feat was made apparent to them by repetition. I am afraid we even contaminated the natives, for at one station we persuaded half a dozen of them to get out and stand in a group for a photograph, and just as the button was pressed the little black urchin (machacho) who rings a dinner bell to start the train, swung his bell and the train began to pull out. Then "there was female voices mingled in cries of alarm. We gave them the benefit of our experience and a genuine American "hustle," but the net result was one lady and one gentleman left behind. The conductor, assisted by the entire assembled populace, succeeded in stopping the train and taking them aboard again, but thereafter they could scarcely be persuaded even to put their heads out of the windows.

At every station the train was inspected by a squad of insurrectos, the entire country outside the city of Manila being mounting in hot haste," and male and under their control. Under the protocol signed with Spain, the American troops were confined to the occupation of Cavite and the bay and city of Manila. Spain's authority had already been extinguished in the country by the insurgents, and this resulted in the Americans holding the city and the rebels the country. This has caused a little friction at times, because of Americans being denied the right to pass Filipino outposts. Only last Sunday the colonel of the Oregon regiment, with a party of officers and Red Cross nurses, on an excursion by launch up the River Pasig to the Laguna, was refused permission to proceed after going a few miles, and had to return to the city. When the treaty of peace is made, the Americans will either withdraw entirely or establish their authority over the entire island, by force if necessary, and the insurrectos army will be a thing of the past.

The railroad, so far as we saw it, runs through a low and fertile country. The rivers that flow down from the mountains enter the bay through deltas, and the road bed is a succession of embankments between long stretches of water and bridges across streams. The engineering problems in its construction were not serious ones, but the amount of culvert and bridge work was considerable. I have been told that of 40 engineers employed on the work 39 died. No Caucasian can work all day in a hot tropical sun and a malarial atmosphere and escape fever, and day work was necessary in surveying this road, for there is neither dawn nor twilight in the tropics. The succession of night and day is almost as abrupt as the opening and closing of a door between a lighted room and a dark one. The long evening twilights of the American summer are unknown, and the joy of sitting on the front porch, playing an after-dinner game of tennis or taking a spin of an hour or two on the wheel, comes not to the dweller in the tropics. No Caucasian should come here with the expectation of working in the sun and going home again alive, and as there is but a brief time each day when the sun is not hot while it is light enough to do outdoor labor, it follows that such work must continue to be done by natives.

The railroad skirts the bay of Manila around to the north, and then continues northerly to the upper portion of the island. Its passenger traffic is large, three long trains, chiefly of third-class cars, running each way daily. Its freight business consists chiefly of rice, sugar, tobacco, coffee and hemp. As for food products, each district supplies itself with the rice, sugar, fruit and fish that constitute the bulk of the native diet, so there is but little outward movement from Manila in this line, while nearly all that reaches the city from the outside is transported by water from a distance or from the vicinity of the city by carts

drawn by water buffalo (carabao) or in baskets on the heads of women, who are the breadwinners of the lower classes. For the entire 60 miles between Manila and San Fernando the road is bordered as far as the eye can see with fields of rice and sugar cane and banana plantations, while native towns and villages are as close together as the towns along the



A typical company of Aguinaldo's Filipino Army.

best railroad lines in the United States. The province of Pampanga is especially rich in cane fields, and there are districts not reached by the railroad where great quantities of sugar go to waste annually for lack of transportation. With facilities for marketing the product the output of sugar from this district could be increased many thousands of tons annually. The same can be said of coffee, tobacco and chocolate. The finest tobacco is grown in the northern provinces, and immense quantities are consumed in the home market. Imagine a population of 8,000,000 people, each one of whom smokes from 25 to 100 cigarettes daily, for the habit is universal among men, women and children alike, and most of whom smoke cigars, and one can get some idea of the consumption of tobacco. Add to this home demand a good foreign market and the tobacco business would assume gigantic proportions. There is certainly field for the investment of capital in railroads, plantations and the manufacturing industries necessary for the preparation of the products of the islands for market.

There was a large crowd assembled at the San Fernando station when we arrived. An elegant carriage, drawn by four gaily caparisoned and decorated white horses, was in waiting for President Aguinaldo, while the Calle Real (the royal road, as the main thoroughfare everywhere is invariably called) was lined with soldiers, who faced inwards from opposite sides of the street, the men being at intervals of about five yards, and the line extending along a distance of nearly two miles. Between these lines we drove in the fine carriages our host, who had gone up the day before, had

sent to the station to meet us, receiving salutes from the soldiers as we passed, and being objects of intense curiosity and interest to the thousands of natives who lined the street. It was indeed a triumphal procession of the first Americans who had been seen in that section of the country. The entire route was lined with decorations of colored paper on bamboo frames, and at intervals the street was spanned by a handsome arch made of bamboo poles interlaced with woven bamboo strips. These arches were exteremely graceful and artistic in design, and in this respect more than compensated for their lack of the massive effect so characteristic of the triumphal arches constructed for American celebrations. They had the advantage, also, of cheapness, for the entire half dozen did not cost as much or contain as much material as one average arch of American design and construction. Here is a suggestion to American Fourth of July committees to dwell upon. To us the most pleasing and significant feature of the decorations was the blending of the American and Filipino flags. Every short distance there was a pole bearing a shield, on which were the letters "U. S." at the top and "R. P." at the bottom, with Old Glory depending from one side and the sun and stars, emblem of the island republic from the other, testifying to the idea of the people that the United States and the Republica Filipinas were united in the cause of human liberty. This was the keynote of our treatment, and on every side we heard the exclamations, "Buenos Americanos," "Vive los Etatis Unidos," "Vive la Republica Filipinas!"

We were driven to the house of our host, a "casa grande" in very truth, and were given breakfast and a smoke, the latter both before and after eating. It is impossible to enter a Filipino house, from the grandest hacienda to the meanest hut of polen-thatched bamboo, without being offered a cigarette as soon as the ceremony of shaking hands has been concluded, and this invitation generally



Captured Spaniards and loyal Filipino soldiers pitching pennies on the Santa Lucia, the boulevard between the wall and the Bay, Manila.

includes a cigar and is almost always followed by the tender of something to drink and to eat. They are royal hosts, these Filipinos, and go to the limit of their means, and are courtesy and genuine kindliness personified. We were, of course, at this time specially entertained, but I have found the same spirit to be all-pervading wherever I have been, in country and city alike. If one dares to express his thanks for such courtesy he is at once overwhelmed with the assurance that the whole house is his and all its inmates his servants. I am the possessor on this basis of several of the finest residences in Pampanga and a retinue of servants that would pauperize an Astor for their support.

The dinner table is always set, and there are always soup, wine, fruit and delicate cakes for those who do not desire a heartier meal. The entertainment fund must be large in the course of a year, for friends come in by the dozens every day. As for servants and hangers-on in these grand houses, they are as thick as flies. Three or four meet you in the entrada below, others greet you on the stairs, others wait on you in the hallway, while still others swarm in the dining-room and kitchen. There is not much room required for their accommodation, for they sleep on woven palm mats on the floor, the mats being rolled up and put away in the daytime. If one has occasion to move about the house at night he is in danger of stumbling over recumbent forms wherever he goes. As for food, the expense of keeping servants is very light. Rice, boiled dry and eaten with the hand, is the chief article of diet, to which are added chocolate, fruit, and of late bread. The many dainty dishes spread before the guests are not for the consumption of servants in the Philippines any more than in the United States. There is a good reason for so many servants. They are necessary in order to get anything done, for my observation is that for practical work one good household servant such as the American housewife has and abuses with overwork is worth a dozen of them.

About an hour after our arrival at the house we were drawn to the window overlooking the decorated street by the strains of martial music, and saw approaching the celebrated native band, followed by Aguinaldo behind his four milk white steeds and surrounded by a mounted body guard. He raised his hat in greeting to some of our party as he passed, while many of his staff and officers and civil dignitaries in the succeeding carriages and on foot shouted salutations. Behind them marched a body of troops as an escort. This native band is justly celebrated. I venture the prediction that if it ever comes to the United States, even Sousa's military band will be overshadowed in popularity. It is not a noisy organization, volumes of sound apparently being its least consideration, and for this reason is not so good for marching purposes for a body of troops as large as a regiment as the military bands to which we are accustomed; but for harmony, accuracy of time, perfection of tone and phrasing it is unapproached by anything I ever heard. There is a preponderance of reeds and French horns, hence the harmony and the lack of noise. If Sousa could hear one of his own marches played by this Filipino band, he would feel still better pleased with himself than he does now. It must not be supposed that the band plays marches only, for it renders operas and the most exacting classical music with equal perfection. This excellence of tone and accuracy of time is characteristic of all the native musical organizations, even to the small theater orchestra and the mandolin and guitar quintettes. Wherever two or three of these musicians are gathered together, there music is found.

President Aguinaldo proceeded to the large government house, where he held a reception and was entertained at a banquet. The Americans were presented to him and sat at the table as guests of honor. Previously, however, there was a review of the troops, some 3,000 of them marching past the window where Aguinaldo stood. A window in this country consists of a broad opening in the side of the house, extending nearly its entire length and closed by sliding frames of window glass, or sea shell, and wooden slats. With these drawn to one side the whole interior is exposed. It

was thus the president stood, an American lady on either hand and backed by a group of his staff and American officers, while the troops marched by in columns of fours.

The review was by no means imposing. Indeed, there is nothing imposing about the Filipino soldier. He is neither Romanesque nor statuesque. Wherever I have seen him, on guard or standing in line, he presents a lifelike representation of one afflicted with "that tired feeling." His backbone appears to be plastic and his legs of unequal length. In all my experience of four months around Manila I have never seen a company perform evolutions with anything approaching the precision and snap displayed by the American soldier, either regular or volunteer, even with but a few days of drill, nor have I seen anything but the simplest movements attempted. They do not even keep step well, and the manuel of arms seems as an sealed book to them. They utterly lack that coherence and solidity that come from drill and discipline, and to me seem but an armed mob that would easily be brushed aside by a much inferior body of trained troops. A few of them have served in the Spanish army and show signs of training and possess a degree of military bearing, but the great majority possess little of either. The review over, Aguinaldo made a speech in Tagalo to the crowd that filled the plaza, but owing to an unfortunate neglect of my early education, I am unable to repeat it. There were, however, occasional allusions to the Americans, which always evoked exclamations of approval from the crowd. The ceremony concluded with the inevitable photograph, Aguinaldo being taken with his fair American visitors and group of officers and dignitaries. Then followed the banquet.



Moro natives of the large island of Mindanao. The Spaniards never conquered this tribe.

Let no one imagine this was a feast of rice and garlic. On the contrary, away out here in an interior province of Luzon, with no one present besides the natives, except the few American guests, I sat down to as fine a banquet as it was ever my good fortune to attend. There



Dip net fishing in Pasig River, Phillipine Islands. The fishermen live in the little thatched hut on the raft.

were spotless linen, fine crockery and table ware in abundance, cut glass and silver, while the menu embraced a multitude of finely cooked dishes, with wine and champagne. Fish, flesh, fowl and fruit, with innumerable delicacies, served promptly and in good style, kept us busy for more than an hour, and then came the toasts, both in Spanish and Tagalo. So far as my limited acquaintance with the former language enabled me to follow the speakers, I gathered that the substance of all the speeches consisted of praise of the liberator, as Aguinaldo is styled, and his counsellors and soldiers, and the pledging of faith to the Republica Filipinas, accompanied by occasional allusions to America, which were invariably greeted with applause. An American medical officer was one of the speakers, and took occasion to announce that a cable had just been received to the effect that the United States had demanded of Spain an indemnity of $90,000,000 or the session of all her East India possessions, and that Spain had acceeded to the latter alternative. This statement was received with shouts of approval, and there followed vivas in rapid succession for the United States, President McKinley, the Americans, Aguinaldo, the Filipino republic and everything else their enthusiasm could suggest, Aguinaldo himself proposing vivas for the Americans. This sentiment is not simply an expression of present policy, but is genuine on the part of the great masses of the people. They are immensely pleased with the Americans, who have come so far across the sea to overthrow the power ot their immemorial oppressor. In my judgment this is all the masses care for, to be relieved from Spanish rule and burdensome taxes, and if the American government gives them this they would be perfectly satisfied with the present status, were it not for the influential classes urging them on to the support of an independent republic. At present the influence of the leaders is powerful. Aguinaldo is almost venerated as "El Libredor," and the idea of an independent government under the protection of the United States has taken a strong hold upon the class composing his army. It

is on this basis they cheer the Americans, and they always are careful to include the Republica Filipinas in all such sentiments. Still, I believe the wealthy classes are satisfied that American rule is better for them than an unrestrained government of the people, while the masses, as I said before, are well enough satisfied to be relieved from the dominion of Spain. The element of danger in the situation, as I conceive it, is the Filipino army, both organized and unorganized. Their heads are so swelled by their success in arms, that they imagine themselves to be great fighters, and even think they could whip the Americans should it become necessary. They want to rule, to confiscate Spanish and church property and collect taxes and exactions such as they have become accustomed to. Their idea of a government of their own is an opportunity to run things with a high hand and to do unto the Spaniards as was done unto them. The American idea of government and civil and individual liberty they do not comprehend. For this reason there may be some friction in fully establishing American authority and laying the Republica Filipinas on the table indefinitely, and it will call for diplomacy and delicate handling. My own idea is that the more wealthy and intelligent natives should be given positions, such as provincial governors and district officers, and that a degree of local self-government be provided for. In this way the aristocracy might be placaded and the backbone of opposition broken.



The cave of Viatuabato, the entrance to the stronghold in the mountains of Bulacan province, Luzon, where the insurrectos held the Spaniards at bay during the insurrection of 1897. The Spaniards lost many thousand soldiers here, and finally broke the rebellion only by bribing Aguinaldo, the leader.

Returning from the banquet to our host's residence, we indulged in the inevitable siesta preparatory to attending the grand ball in the evening. With true native ease, we spread mats on the polished hardwood floor, and with heads on a wool pillow slumbered until a general alarm was sounded for dinner, an affair not much less elaborate than the banquet.

The ball was held at the house of a

wealthy planter, a spacious mansion, and was attended only by the president and his staff, the local officials and their families, a few visitors from Manila and our party of four. The people generally were having festivities of their own at other houses. In every respect the ball was such as would be given at the home of a wealthy and refined American family. Aguinaldo and his staff and the American officers were in uniform. for bright colors was evident, but harmony of color and artistic effect were characteristic of every costume. The native dress consists of a somewhat narrow skirt of silk, with a long train, a waist of pina cloth, with very wide sleeves and a collar piece of the same material, covering the shoulders, reaching half way down the back and in front the ends fastened together with a brooch just above the waist. Pina cloth is as



Company L, Second Oregon U. S. V. Entering Manila, Aug. 13, 1898.

Other gentlemen were in black evening dress. The ladies were attired in costumes of embroidered silk and pina cloth, made in the Filipino style, and decorated with diamonds. In all my similar experiences I have never seen such a display of diamonds as was made on this occasion. There were finger rings, ear-rings, brooches, pins, hair ornaments and watches studded with them, soltaires and clusters. But there was no vulgar ostentation. The taste fine as silk, but quite stiff, and is of native manufacture from the fibre of the pine palm. Its stiffness causes the rolled collar to stand out from the neck and the large sleeves to stand entirely free from the arms, thus promoting the comfort of the wearer. In compliment to our hosts the lady of our party wore one of these costumes, and was justly complimented for her beauty and radiant appearance. President Aguinaldo especially expressed his pleasure at the

honor paid his people by the beautiful American, who was not only the first American lady in Pampanga, but the first to wear the national dress of the Filipinos. A little after midnight we withdrew from the ballroom and were soon soundly asleep on our palm mats on our entertainer's floor.

There had been nothing except the style of furniture, the architecture and the color of the dancers to distinguish this from a ball in my native land. The Filipino plays the host and the guest with equal courtesy. He is refined in sentiment. He is spotlessly clean in person and raiment, and a thorough gentleman. Nothing but an unreasoning prejudice against color would prevent him from being a welcome guest in any American home. In color, he is very light, even when there is no admixture of white blood, especially the native of Pampanga. The tint is not that of the American mulatto, but a brighter brown or light yellow. Of course, as one progresses downward in the social scale, he encounters less refinement and intelligence, and comes in contact with customs that do not charm; but in the main he finds personal cleanliness everywhere, associated, strangely, with an indifference of cleanliness of surroundings that it is difficult to comprehend.

Adam's Mother.

By MRS. W. L. WOOD.

MRS. Gloon stood by the kitchen table mixing a sponge of brown bread. The light from a single candle blended dimly with the fading light shining through the stove door, throwing shadows of her movements on the wall in long, blurred lines.

The tall Seth Thomas clock, in the sitting-room, was striking nine, when Adam opened the outside door and came in. He looked tall and big-boned in his best suit of clothes. His boots creaked as he crossed the room and sat down by the stove, but they did not creak enough to drown the heavy sigh that escaped from his lips.

His mother gave him a quick look.

"What be the matter, Adam?" I hope nothing's wrong."

Adam did not answer at once, but sat gazing at the toes of his boots which he moved restlessly.

He must wound his mother's feelings deeply, and he shrank from doing it. Finally, he began to speak in sort of a mutter that grew clearer as he proceeded.

"What can I do? Mrs. Allee said, tonight, that Ellen sha'n't marry me, no way; and Ellen, she just cries and won't say a word."

"Ellen Allee sha'n't marry you, eh! Why not, I want to know? Hain't you and me better'n the whole pack of shiftless Allees?" She lowered her voice as Adam raised a deprecating hand. "Well, perhaps, Ellen's better'n the rest, but what Mrs. Allee can object to Adam Gloon for is mor'n I can see."

Adam struck his right hand several times, then, shaking his shoulders and straightening up, as if for an effort, he said:

"Mother, can't you see, it's not me. It's—it's—well, she kind of thinks maybe Ellen wouldn't get what she ought to eat."

"Heh! What she ought to eat! Well!" gulping to clear her throat, "You can say to Mrs. Allee with my best respects, that though I hain't ever had a running to silk dresses and no stockings, nor to dancing the whole night and letting my children go to school without their breakfasts, still I may starve folks what's my own kin; and that I hope Ellen won't ever set her foot inside this house again."

Adam groaned. His mother's strained voice softened to a crooning monotone.

"They sha'n't treat you so, Adam. I know I'm right. If I should touch meat it would be struck from my hand. Hain't I tried it. I know butter'n meat are the killing of folks. Them that eats plenty of brown bread and takes a cold bath every day can live forever." Her face shone like a zealot's.

Adam stifled another groan. He could not tell his mother that many people thought she had killed her three little daughters and her husband by her rigorous treatment. He could not tell her that, but Mrs. Allee had not spared him, when trying to save Ellen from a life under his mother's rule.

He said nothing more, but took up his burden bravely. Nothing could shake his mother's convictions.

One Sunday afternoon, several months later, Mrs. Gloon sat by the open front door, looking out over the fields that were almost ready for cutting.

The wind gently swayed the tall timothy, shading it into a thousand tones of green. A narrow path ran from the doorstep up the sloping field to the road.

Presently she saw a man coming. She could not see plainly over the tops of the bushes that grew thickly along the old rail fence, but when he reached the gate and turned down the path she saw that it was Adam, with his shoulders squared and the light of a great joy upon his face.

Instinctively she arose, and a moment later Adam put his arms about her and said, with a sob in his voice:

"Mother, she's going to marry me, after all. Her folks are going to Palouse to live; and she will stay and marry me as soon as I like.

"She doesn't care if she won't have what she likes to eat, she says, if she can be with me."

Adam did not notice his mother wince, but she said, fiercely, to herself, as she prepared supper:

"I know I'm right. Hain't the spirits told me time 'n time again."

Adam and Ellen were married a week later. Mrs. Gloon had supper ready when they came home. She was heaping a plate with thick slices of brown bread. There were already on the table a bowl of apple sauce and a few dishes filled with steaming vegetables.

Even these tasted flat, and Ellen loked for the salt. Then she remembered that Mrs. Gloon never used it. She made a wry face and looked across the table at Adam, but he kept his face bent over his plate. She smiled to herself. What did she care about trifles with him to shield her from the real troubles?

Indeed, the three lived very happily together for many months until Ellen began, gradually, to sicken. She had some fever, and, occasionally, a chill, but she always declared, each day, that she would be better tomorrow until, at last, a tomorrow came when she could not raise her head from her pillow.

Mrs. Gloon nursed her assiduously with her vigorous cold water treatment in which she had most absolute faith. But Adam grew alarmed when day after day went by and still Ellen grew weaker.

He knew that his mother would not tolerate a doctor. He had ventured to propose bringing in Dr. Rummens, "just to sort of see Ellen," and his mother had said: "So, you don't trust me, Adam? Me, as has nursed sickness for more years 'n you've been born. The day a doctor comes in I get out, for good."

One day Adam started into the room just as his mother was preparing the daily cold plunge for Ellen. The blankets were toasting before the fire for the sweat afterwards.

Ellen did not hear him open the door, she was pleading so earnestly in her weak little voice:

"Oh, mother, please let the cold bath go for today. I feel like it will kill me."

"There, there, child, it's just what you need to get that awful fever out of you."

"But I'm so weak, I know it will kill me; it's so cold, so cold," Ellen wailed.

Adam's muscles grew tense and his jaw squared. "Mother," he said, trying to steady his voice, "Mrs. Kramer's awful sick and they want you quick."

Mrs. Gloon set down the bucket of cold water she was going to pour into the tub.

"Mrs. Kramer? Dear me! How'm I going to leave Ellen, though? She seems powerful weak today."

"I can take care of her. Can't I, Ellen dear? You'd better hurry, mother." He drew his breath quickly. He felt as if he was choking.

This was about ten in the morning. At two, Mrs. Gloon turned wearily in at her own gate again. Although it was October, the air was warm and she felt hot and dusty from her four-mile tramp.

The fields had been harvested months ago, and were green again with soft young grass, among which the cattle were browsing luxuriantly.

"I wonder where Adam could have heard that Mrs. Kramer was sick," reiterated she, "when she never was better'n her life."

She pushed open the door, and then fell back a step. The whole room was in confusion. She went in. Ellen was gone. Also, the covers and mattress from her bed. Other things were gone, too. Even a chair or two, a rug and some dishes. Mrs. Gloon stood paralyzed. Adam, her beloved, had done this! Had deceived his own mother. Had told her a lie, and then stolen away like a thief. Her son, who was usually so tender to her. This was what she had slaved for, saving and working for such a son!

Although tired from her long walk, she took no food during the rest of the day. In the evening the lowing of the cows aroused her. She let them into the barn and fed and milked them.

This had been Adam's work, but she supposed for the rest of her life she would have to do it. She would not ask him. No. She would never let him come back. She noticed that the big wagon and the two horses were gone. When she went back to the house she could see the ruts where the wagon had been backed up to the porch.

She could not sleep that night, although she laid down on her bed. She was right, she knew she was right. Ellen would have got well. She would not have let her die.

At the first streak of dawn she heard someone on the back porch, but when she opened the door there were only two buckets of foaming milk standing there.

Adam had remembered her, after all. Adam, who was not worthy of one thought, who had torn himself from her heart by one wicked act. She stood in the door with her hair wild from the sleepless tossing, a tiny shawl pulled together about her throat and held tightly there, her whole body shaking from exhaustion and suffering. She could see Adam as a baby crowing in her arms; as a boy upright and true; onward through the years always loving, always thoughtful, until now, a big strong man who had always been so good to her. For the first time her heart melted a little. He loved her, after all.

Had she been too determined? Ellen had been brought up differently. Perhaps she could not stand the way they lived. She knew she was right, but, still, she may have been too set. Adam ought to ask to come back and she would let them.

From the window she saw the smoke curling up from the little house down the creek, the house that her husband had built the winter after they came to Oregon, after that weary march across the plains. Here they had settled in this beautiful Willamette valley, and in the little old cabin her children had been born.

Twice during the day she forced herself to gulp down some tea, but food choked her. Towards evening she felt weak and dizzy.

At dusk, Adam came with the milk again. She thought, perhaps, he would come in, but he did not. She sat cold and still when she heard him, on the walk, coming nearer and nearer to the house. She held her breath as he set the buckets on the porch. Then, after a moment's pause, as if waiting for some sign from her, she heard his boots creak away again.

She sat for several hours, quite still, but her eyes glowed in the dark like fire. Finally, she arose stiffly, and went into her room and laid down on the bed without undressing. Nothing mattered now; her life was dead. She had only lived for Adam.

About two in the morning she got up, suddenly. She had been wrong! It came upon her like a flash of fire, flooding her soul with new light, burning strong and

steady, a conviction to last as long as life.

In the future people could do as they thought best. She could not change, entirely, for herself, but Adam and Ellen could do as they chose. She would go at once and ask them to come back. She could not live without them.

The moon was setting full and glorious as she started, but she did not notice. The way seemed long and she felt very weak. She found a stick to help her, but, even then, her progress was painfully slow. Her feet felt so heavy that she could scarcely lift them, while her head was strangely light.

She did not see the beautiful silvery light upon the fields and creek, her light was inward, burning to the extreme point of limit.

Before she was half way, she stumbled and fell. What a relief! She would crawl. But soon the heavy fatigue came back. When she reached the bars she dragged herself painfully through them.

The night was cold and the grass heavy with dew. Her skirts were soaked and clung in a sodden mass to her, chilling her through and through. She could not go much farther.

For the first time a fear came over her that she would never get there. She who had always been so strong and well, who expected to live to be a hundred. She went only a few feet at a time now, and her breath came hard and thick. She had no feeling in her legs; she dragged herself by her arms.

The cabin at last! The first streak of dawn lighted the eastern sky as she touched the step. She could dimly hear Adam's step within. He heard her weak voice and opened the door.

"Mother! Mother!" he cried, with a great sob in his voice, as he gathered her up into his arms.

"I've—come—for—you—and—Ellen. I—I—was—wrong," she whispered.

The Scarlet Huntsman.

Have you seen the scarlet huntsman
  Wave his arms and bare his head,
Leading forth the Indian warrior
  To the wigwams of the dead?

When the silent march is taken
  To the happy hunting ground,
Leaves no trail that we can follow
  Or the echo of a sound.

For the calm of night 's unbroken
  As the specters softly glide
Passing through the stilly silence
  On beyond the "great divide."

On beyond, to where the tribesmen
  Clothed in immortality,
Reunited with his lost ones,
  When he plants his last "tepee."

Through the gates of snowy splendor
  On the mountains' rocky crest,
Where the smiling valley 's waiting
  For the Indian soul to rest.

Walter Cayley Belt, M. D.

Joseph Simon,

Oregon's Junior Senator.

THERE is not in the political history of the state of Oregon a more unique and interesting figure than that of the Hon. Joseph Simon who was recently elected to the United States senate by the legislature of his own commonwealth.

Perhaps no one man, since the territory of Oregon was admitted to statehood, has exercised so strong an influence, has played so important a part, or has shown so masterful a hand in shaping the political destinies of this quiet and conservative corner of the world as the subject of this brief sketch.

Born on German soil, but so early an adopted son of America and American institutions that it is not possible he remembers his mother country, this man exemplifies the irresistible power of silence, of the subtle energy that moves unseen and unheard, acting with thought directed force upon the minds and matters of men, compelling co-operation and obedience. Even his enemies, and the man of political strength must have many, admit his astuteness, recognize his ability and accord full measure of admiration to his extraordinary foresight and executive adroitness.

"He sits in his office and men go to him, but he goes not to any man," remarked one of the disappointed, commenting upon the results of a recent campaign in local politics. "He understands human nature, and he knows every man's weak spot."

It is this knowledge, this understanding, rather than a happy combination of circumstances that has helped him on to success. An ability to grasp the meaning of a situation in its entirety, to mold men to his will, and the material at hand to meet the exigencies of the hour, this constitutes no small factor in the upward progress of the man of public affairs. That Senator Joseph Simon possesses this ability is not doubted by either friend or political opponent.

As years count Senator Joseph Simon is still a young man, having first seen the light of day in 1857, in the town of Bectheim in Germany. He had been in this world little over a twelvemonth when his parents brought him to America to become in all essential things an American. He was elected to the state senate in 1880, and served continuously in that body for 18 years. In 1888 he was made secretary of the state republican committee of Oregon, and in a short time the entire management of local political campaigns was left in his hands.

The story of his career, if written out in full and up to date, would read like a romance, and it would, further, embody a large share of the political history of Oregon for the last twenty-two years. For since his first appearance in the arena in 1877, when he was elected to the city council of Portland, his finger has apparently never left for a moment the political pulse of his all but native state. From the city hall to the state house, from the state house to the senate chamber, it has been a careful, a thoughtfully considered and uninterrupted progress, illustrative of the thoroughly democratic possibilities of the institutions of this great American republic.

It may be claimed with perfect truth of Senator Simon that he is almost wholly a self-educated man. Leaving school at the age of 14, he assisted his father in business for a few years, but his inclinations were not toward a commercial career. He had other tastes and ambitions, and when he was 19 years old he began the study of law in the office of Mitchell and Dolph, becoming in 1873 a member of the firm of Dolph, Bronaugh and Dolph, Hon. John H. Mitchell having retired upon being elected to the United States senate from Oregon. In 1883 the election of J. N. Dolph to the same high place made yet

another change in the firm, which now became known as Dolph, Bellinger, Mallory & Simon, and so stands today, though the junior member has followed in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessors and is at the present moment occupying a seat in the senatorial chamber in the capitol at Washington. It is expected that he will make for himself a reputation in national affairs corresponding to that which he has already won in the political arena of his own state.

The Voice of the Silence.

By one of Portland's leading citizens, a prominent member of society, who for the present will remain unnamed. The author, a close student of human nature, holds that character is stronger than circumstances, and undertakes to illustrate his theory in a decidedly novel and interesting manner. The hero and heroine, taken from real life, and undoubtedly well known to the majority of our Portland readers, are placed in a purely fictitious environment, where they proceed to work out the writer's ideas.—Ed.

Chapter III.

What is love but dream that, passing,
Leaves the dreamer once more awake?
What is love but a trifler, cruel,
Bruising the heart he can not break.

BEFORE the last rose-hued bloom had faded in the rhododendron thicket, just as the wind, strong and steady began to blow from the northwest Odin said good-by and sailed away.

The sloop was a staunch little craft, but the growing trade on the river demanded a larger vessel and one not altogether dependent upon wind and tide for her means of locomotion, therefore Odin was commissioned by the company to select and charter a small steamer to supplement the voyages of the sloop. It was decided rather suddenly to send him. Hanson was going, but Hanson was not on his own affidavit a competent man for the business, knowing more about the welding of iron and the forging of steel than about boats. The only other man who could be spared at this time was Odin, and Odin, in spite of his youth was a man in whom the company reposed the utmost confidence.

"Going away!" echoed Elise in tones of incredulous amazement when he came down the night before he sailed to bid her good-by. "No, no, I will not believe it. You are not going."

They were standing in the twilight in the cabin door, but now she turned and went in. She was dazed by his announcement. She did not believe that he would go and leave her. He could not; how was she to live without him? And yet down in her heart something told her that he spoke the truth.

He followed her in presently and stood silently regarding her in the dim light. He longed to throw himself at her feet and tell her that he would return never to leave her again, that he loved her and would make her his wife, but the stern sense of justice that had always dominated every act of his young life held him speechless. Perhaps if she had wept he would have so far forgotten his resolve as to have spoken the irrevocable words, for he could not resist the sight of a woman's tears, but she did not weep, she only sat there upon the fur-covered couch, leaning back, her hands clasped in her lap and her eyes downcast, waiting for him to break the silence. Instinctively she knew that his pain far outweighed her own, and woman-like, was glad that he suffered.

"You will believe me," he said at last, in his slow, hesitating fashion, "when I tell you that it costs me more, far more than it can cost you to say good-by."

"Then you do not mean ever to re-

turn?" she asked quickly.

"Yes, I shall come back. It is not likely that I shall be absent longer than a couple of months, but I cannot expect to find you unchanged when I return. Many things may happen in two months."

She lifted her eyes, and he felt their soft glow through the summer dusk. "Odin," she said, her voice sweeter, more tender than he had ever heard it, "Odin, will you leave me, even for two months when I say to you as I say now, Beloved, I cannot live without you? Oh, does my happiness mean so little to you? If you must go take me with you."

She reached him both her hands, and as he clasped them in his own, drew him down upon the couch at her side, leaning her dark head against his shoulder. "Take me with you, take me with you, Odin," she begged. But he did not respond either to her words or to the caress. She could not see in that dim light that his eyes were full of tears, or know that he dared not trust his voice, and she felt hurt at what she deemed his indifference, hurt and surprised. How had she mistaken him so. All at once she remembered that in all their close and intimate companionship he had never once uttered a term of endearment, had never given her an unsought caress. Was it possible that he did not care, after all? A sudden fear gripped her heart, but she put it resolutely aside. If he did not care, he should.

"Dear," she said, leaning nearer, "you are breaking my heart, and you do not seem to care."

"No, not that; I would spare you pain if I could. It would have been better if I had not come into your lfie; I have only made you suffer, and I would give the world, if it were mine, to secure your lasting happiness."

"And yet it is such a little thing I ask of you—only to stay with me, to go on as we have begun, to live always as we have lived since that day you came first and taught me what it was to be alone. I had not known the meaning of solitude till you made me understand what companionship was. If you are absent but a day I am restless and wretched. When you go I count the hours, the minutes, till you come again. Can I live two months, not seeing your dear face? two long, weary, endless months? Oh, you cannot ask it, you cannot!"

Odin drew away from her. He clenched his hands till the nails cut into his palms. His face was white with the intensity of his emotion. It seemed to him, in that brief moment, that he lived and suffered centuries of fierce physical pain, and still fiercer mental agony. He cursed himself for his weakness, and drained to its bitter dregs the cup of unearned remorse.

"Why do you shrink from me? Do you no longer love me?" questioned the girl, in her low, sweet tones.

He found his voice then. "Yes, I love you," he said. "If you knew me as I am, you would know that I am not worthy to touch the hem of your dress, but you shall not be the worse for my love. I must go now." He stood up and reached her his hand. She put her own shapely white one in it, and rose too. She was beginning at last to realize the futility of words, of looks, of kisses. He was going, and nothing she could do or say would stay him for a moment. Therefore she was silent and still. She did not even offer her lips when he said good-by; she did not watch him down the path to the beach as was her wont, but stood leaning against the door which he closed behind him as he went out, conscious only of the magnitude of her disappointment.

As for Odin, that night marked an epoch in his life. All through the summer darkness and into the gray dawn he walked the beach below the pine grove and fought the battle which few men escape, but which alas, few men may win. But the victory brought him little joy, brought him, in fact, only bitterness of heart, and doubt and pain. Hope's smile he would not see, and the future held faint promise of happiness or even peace. But he knew that once for all he had vanquished the demons of the night, and might henseforth go on his way unharmed by their red-lashing torments.

It was perhaps a month after Odin's departure, that Elise, restless and lonely, wandered aimlessly along the river

beach. The hours seemed to drag their weary length on leaden feet, the days were empty and the nights were dull, or disturbed by vaguely troubled dreams. The girl had tasted the sweet of human companionship and Nature no longer sufficed. She missed the clinging touch of hands, the light of loving eyes, the sound of a voice whose every note was a caress. She longed without the consciousness of the longing for some one to talk to. She recalled again and again, each incident of the past half year, remembered every word and glance and tone, and wondered and questioned and doubted. He was so strong, so kind, so cold; he said he loved her, yet seemed always to impose an impenertable barrier between them. Was it because, after all, they were of a different class as he declared? Elise knew little of classes and conditions. In her limited experience there had been no room for such knowledge, but she felt instinctively the difference that separated her from the women in the village. They were farther from her in all things than the Indian girls whom she sometimes met on the beach or on the hills. The Indians, at least, had been taught by the same great Mother of them all. They had learned their lessons from the same book and saw and understood the hidden meaning of things.

"Of the people" he had named himself, he who was so strong and noble, and so true, like the heroes in the old romances he read aloud to her those long rainy afternoons and evening last winter. Were the people then so superior? She wearied of this questioning in time and gave herself up to dreams, drifting upon the rose-pink flood of fancy until the realities of life became blurred and indistinct. She often climbed to the hill-top overlooking the bar where she would lie for half the day gazing out over the ocean, yet seeing nothing that was visible to the physical sight, because she was looking into the past, or trying to pierce the veil that hung like a silver sun-shot mist between the present and the future. This state of mental indolence might have continued indefinitely but for a timely interruption which had the effect of startling the girl from her dreams and which gave her something less enervating if less pleasant as an occupation.

On that afternoon when Elise, strolling beside the river, became suddenly aware that she was observed by a pair of sullen black eyes, she entered upon a new phase of existence.

It was just where the current at low water bares the barnacled length of an old uprooted spruce, the beach ends abrupty, and the ebbing tide, deep and dark, sweeps passed the dead spruce with the velocity of a mill-stream.

Huddled in an uncomfortable fashion upon the log was a girl, a girl with a handsome swarthy face and a wild tangle of raven hair. She was bare-headed and wore a gay-colored shawl drawn closely about her shoulders and trailing down upon the wet sands.

For a full minute the two stared at each other in silence, the blue eyes wide with wonder and surprise, the black ones burning with hate and desperation. Then Elise smiled.

"You are not from the town," she said in the musical Indian tongue.

"No, I am not," the stranger replied in English.

"And yet—"

"I ain't white, and I ain't Indian. O God, I ain't nothin'!" Her head went down upon her out-flung arms and her ungainly figure shook with a passionate fury of dry, tearless sobs.

Elise impulsively drew nearer and laid her hand upon the unkempt hair, waiting till the storm had passed. When the girl lifted her head it was not to look at her companion, but at the hurrying stream.

"There ain't no use livin'," she said sullenly, "I'm goin' to drown myself!"

"Oh!" cried Elise, "why should you do that?" Her voice was vibrant with sympathy and sweet and tender. "Why, oh, why, should you think of such a dreadful thing?"

But the girl shook her hand off roughly. "You better not touch me!" she exclaimed. "I ain't fit; ain't nobody speaks to me up town, but I don't care!" She slipped awkwardly from the log to the sands, clenching her hands in a sort of impotent dull rage. "I don't

care," she repeated, "I don't care!"

She was a head shorter than Elise as she stood there, her handsome features distorted with passion. Noting the latter's curious glance she instinctively drew her shawl closer, then with an angry gesture flung it aside.

"There!" she cried fiercely, "I don't care; everybody knows."

But Elise did not understand. The meaning of the speech was lost upon her unsophisticated ears. She only saw that the girl was unhappy, and her own disappointment inclined her to sympathy.

"I am sorry people are unkind to you," she murmured softly. "Will you not come home with me? I will be your friend."

The girl eyed her suspiciously. "Friend!" she exclaimed, with bitter scorn, "friends don't count when you're in trouble. I ain't got any friends, and I don't want any; they treat you like a dog when—when your trouble comes."

But Elise was not to be put off by rudeness. The dark wild beauty of this girl's face attracted her, and she could not bear the sight of pain. She caught the fringe of the gay shawl as its wearer turned away.

"Tell me where you are from. Do you belong to the river?"

"No."

"You live—"

"Up there." She motioned toward the Point and Elise remembered that just around the bend there was an old cabin, long deserted, but for the last few months, occupied by a white man with an Indian wife and several half-breed children. The man was employed by the company to provide wood for the cannery and the woman was given odd bits of work now and then by the feminine portion of the growing community.

"Will you come here tomorrow?"

"What for?"

"I wish it." The blue eyes looked steadily into the dark ones; there was a compelling force in their depths. Slowly the anger faded from the black orbs and they drooped wearily till the long lashes rested upon the brown cheek.

"You will come." It was not a question this time, but a command.

"Yes."

"Good-by then, and remember that I am your friend." The two girls, both children of Nature, yet opposite as the poles, went their separate ways. In that brief meeting a long chain of circumstances was set in motion that was destined to influence the life of each in ways it was not then possible to foresee or even to dream of.

(To be continued.)

Life's Elegy.

I've wandered far o'er land and sea,
  I've seen the lighted festal hall,
And heard the wail of misery
  Above the flaunting prompter's call.

Upon the dark and silent street,
  Except the sound of quickened tread,
Or ruthless whir of driven sleet
  There comes the cry—"Oh give me bread!"

Who has not heard the robin sing,
  The burden of a matin lay?—
Yet it has felt the talon's sting
  Before the song has died away.

Why softly treads the timid deer,
  To startle at the rustling leaf?
Why should with darkness, waken fear,
  And morning bring so often grief?

The tiny motes within the air,
  The monarchs of the sea and plain,
Live only to a life ensnare,
  Strive only to give pain for pain.

"And is it so with man?" I ask,
  Once more retrace the lighted hall;
Upon the street, a sullen mask
  Is penury—the sleet, a pall.

"Of thee, O world, why is it thus?"
  I ask, "Will this forever be?
Must life be ever ravenous,
  And ever man know misery?"

Thy answer is:—"We little know
  The workings of an endless time;
Man's days may be for weal or woe;
  His portion, dreary heights to climb.

Within a book of endless leaves,
  Is life the turning of a page,
And happy he who well believes
  A fairer lot his heritage."

Valentine Brown.

Oriental Learning.

By J. HUNTER WELLS, M. D.

EDUCATION in the Orient, that is to say, in China, Japan and Korea, has its foundation, its structure and its pinnacles in Confucius and Mencius. To know Confucius and Mencius, or Kong-Maing, as he is called in Korea, is to be educated. There are very few men who attain to the point set as a standard. The test is to repeat from memory long passages from the master, as Confucius was called.

The Chinese classics which comprise some of the writings or sayings of Confucius and Mencius, besides those of other authors are translated into English by James Legge, a professor at Oxford, England, who was for many years a missionary in China. The books in seven large volumes, are full of rich and pithy, terse and true sayings. Every subject, outside of science or the Christian religion, though that is nearly paralleled in its morals, is considered. The scholars who have attained to a perfect knowledge of the Chinese classics do not always practice the moral precepts they have learned. What people do?

The books are, of course, written in the Chinese characters. And these characters are symbols of ideas. They must be learned like pictures, though there is a very set and certain way to write them, and they are designated by strokes, i. e., so many strokes of the pen to the character. Boys old enough to walk or a little older are put to studying in classes, and the one that yells the loudest is the best student. A room full can be heard afar off, for the din is something awful. They write and yell, and yell and write. They keep this thing up for years, though as they get on into thirties and forties they sing the characters monotonously instead of shouting them as in their early youth. Since there must be a character for every idea there are consequently characters of characters, but it is surprising how few are absolutely necessary. There is more poetry in the classics of the Orient than will be believed until they are more widely scattered and better known. The philosophy of Emerson, with grander and more beautiful ideas still, is embodied in the Chinese classics. Every discovery of the past fifty years outside of strictly scientific lines has been known to the Chinese for ages. Everything, however, is now in a state of decay. The dismemberment of this great empire is a certainty of the immediate future. When the barriers of its deadly conservatism are broken down we shall learn much that will surprise and interest us.

The system of education prevalent in China for hundreds, perhaps thousands of years, outlined as briefly as possible, consists in teaching the classics, and nothing but the classics. This barbarous fashion is not entirely absent from our own schools and universities. The difference lies in this only: The Occident goes to the extreme in trying to teach each student everything under the sun—the Orient teaches but one.

The introduction of "Western learning," as it is called, by the missionaries is so small in proportion to the population, and its influence so very limited except in Japan, as to hardly deserve mentioning. The expensive methods in vogue, as compared with the native schools, are not commendable. The methods of Christian missions and mission schools are open to question.

Reverting to Confucius, it is interesting to note the subjects on which he most frequently conversed, viz.: the odes, the history, and the maintainance of the rules of prosperity, feats of strength, disorder, and spiriual beings. Since he was supposed to speak only of things worth while and to keep silent on those not worthy of consideration we get an idea of what was important. "He said: "Shall I teach you what is knowledge? When you know a thing to hold that you know it, and when you do not

know a thing to allow that you do not know it—this is knowledge."

In any comparison of Job and Confucius or of Solomon and Confucius the latter must invariably suffer. For instance, Job says concerning the law of understanding and wisdom: "Behold the fear of the Lord that is wisdom: And to depart from evil that is understanding."

Confucianism is not a religion. As far as it goes it is good, but it stops short of spiritual things. The secret of the stability of the Chinese Empire through all the past ages has not yet been discovered. It would be strange indeed if it could be proven that it was due to the system of education laid down by Confucius and Mencius. Their philosophy compares favorably, nay is even superior to that of Plato. One thing is certain, the Greeks of old had no monopoly on learning, and it would not be surprising if those venerated old sages got many, if not most, of their notions from far Cathay, for the learning that we are considering was at its zenith long before the "Glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome" was dreamed of.

Education in the Orient then, is a looking-in rather than a looking-out. As before intimated, the western method has leavened Japan, and as a result Japan has now a system mainly due to the missionary societies which made the educational plan the principal feature of the work. In the great empire of China with its doubly, triply encased conservatism the outposts have as yet been merely touched. It is true they have a "university" or two at Pekin and important schools elsewhere—mainly on paper, but little influence is felt in the empire from western education. The character of a people determines largely the possibility of change, so when we reflect on the leading characteristic of China as a settled conservatism, that of Japan as malleability and that of Korea as mediocrity, we can draw some theoretical conclusions as to what may be.

At any rate the educational system of the Orient comprised in these three countries and coming down through the ages has, it would seem, proven a good thing in the matter of preserving a government intact for a longer period than that of any other country since time, so far as history shows, began. Surely this is as important as the little learnings of Greece and Rome, which are over and over included in the philosophy of the Orient. A living language and a living people are more worthy of consideration than a dead concern.

The average Chinese is a man of ideas and resources. There is in each individual, as in the nation, a latent force that needs but the leaven of western education to awaken. And when once the Chinese citizen is aroused to a sense of his situation China will become the nation of the future.

O Love! from out the great Profound
If thou but once would stoop to read
The prayer that's written in my heart—
And from the ramparts of sweet heav'n,
Lean out and whisper, "I forgive,"
Oh then the earth again were fair,
And it were then worth while to live!

Lischen M. Miller.

The "Lettre de Cachet" in California.

By DAVID STARR JORDAN, President of Leland Stanford Junior University.

IN the first week of January, 1898, an incident occurred in the state of California which deserves more than a passing notice, not for the fact itself, but for the light it throws on our local criminal processes.

A professor of botany in one of our universities, a man known in his profession throughout the world, a traveler of large experience, a director of the Sierra Club, and one of its leading workers for forestry preservation in the United States goes into the beautiful Santa Cruz woods with students on a camping trip.

When the camp breaks up, the professor walks over to Santa Cruz. He is attired in woolen shirt and blue fatigue jacket, with coarse walking shoes. At the hotel he is recognized at once and treated royally. He carries a bundle of preserved plants, a carefully made chart of the roads of the county, a few dollars in money and a razor. He walks from Santa Cruz to Capitola station, taking the train there, but stopping over at Watsonville to study the fungus that lives in sugar refuse.

It appears that some three weeks before a stranger had passed from Santa Cruz to the village of Soquel and the neighboring station of Capitola. He was described as "about six feet tall, middle-aged, weight 160 to 175 pounds, wearing gray pantaloons, stout shoes, light flannel shirt, a brown coat, an overcoat, black hat, a beard about one inch long." At one saloon in Santa Cruz, and at one each in Soquel and Capitola, this stranger had passed on the bartender a counterfeit ten dollar piece. This was a most clumsy counterfeit, half thicker than the genuine coin, made of tin and lead, with a thin gilding. To the end of securing this person, a blank "John Doe" warrant was issued by the justice of peace at Soquel, charging John Doe as above described of the general crime of felony. The description fits about 15,000 different men in California, and in all but four points it applied to the professor botany.

Seeing a man in a woolen shirt, on foot, a deputy constable of Soquel jumped at once at the conclusion that this must be the desired counterfeiter.

At the Watsonville hotel the professor was accosted, "See here, pard," by a rough-looking person, who insisted on knowing his name and location, and who with two others, claiming to be officers, took him into custody. The professor insisted on the right to telegraph to his friends, but the only answer from the Watsonville constable was profanity. The explanation that botanical exploration was the purpose of the professor's movements was considered by this man an insult to his understanding, and he departed from the "lock-up" at Watsonville with a perfect torrent of oaths.

The constables of Watsonville and Soquel were disappointed at the amount of money they found on their captive. They acknowledged it to be good money, and the former said that he would keep it. He was a married man and needed it. He was anxious to make a bet with the professor that he was the counterfeiter. That the professor refused to bet on a sure thing was to this amateur detective evidence enough that he was the culprit.

When the professor offered to bring any number of witnesses to show his whereabouts at the time the coin was passed, the Soquel constable said, "They all prove an alibi, but the best alibi in the world will count nothing against the identification of these Soquel complainants." They went on to say "they could arrest any man they chose and the law could not touch them."

At Soquel, one of the complainants thought him the man, but could not swear to it. Another said, "Pratt, he doesn't look to me like the man I saw." But the constable took this as an absolute identification, and putting handcuffs on the professor drove with him to the

county seat, where he was placed in jail in a cell with two felons convicted of an unspeakable crime.

At Santa Cruz, the constables hailed a notorious "jack-leg" lawyer and strongly urged their captive to employ him.

After a night in jail at Santa Cruz, the fact of his presence became known to friends in the city. Notice reached the university, the chief of the United States secret service came from San Francisco, and the machinery of the real law was invoked to release the professor from jail. The United States officer found not a fact to justify even suspicion much less detention, the whole case resting on the assumption that a professor or a gentleman would not wear a woolen shirt nor walk when he could afford to ride.

The moral of the incident is in the light it throws on the dangers to which our loose criminal practice of "setting a thief to catch a thief" exposes those who are not criminals.

"Little George."

By ADONEN.

IT was down at St. Louis, the great electric race track, that I first saw "Little George." Weighing less than 100 pounds, with his clear-cut features, he looked under 30, though I was told he was nearer 40, and had been a hard drinker for the last 15 years.

"He knows all there is to know about horses," one of the big stable owners said. "There isn't his equal on the turf, sir, if he'd stay sober; but you never can trust him, unless it is some big race that touches his professional pride. Twenty years ago he was great; I never knew what knocked him out, but fancy there was a woman in it, as he won't look at the pick of them now."

I had noticed that George was kind to a degree to everything feminine, but a timid touch on the sleeve of a lady, if a kicking horse were backing toward her, or she was likely to come in contact with one of the innumerable buckets of water that are always in rapid transit at the racing stables, was the extent of the attention he would volunteer.

I really admired his knowledge of the many phases of horseracing, and tried to draw him into a sort of friendship; but for a long time he was shy of me, and even after we had spent long evenings together, any allusion to his past would end the conversation for that time. But the day he rode and won the famous race, the race that kept the telegraph machines ticking, changed the fortune of more than one rich young blood, and filled with bank notes some hands that had almost forgotten their touch, "Little George" was cheered by the lucky ones, and that evening he was given a supper by his admiring, if noisy friends. But he managed to steal away, and came up to my room. "I don't want to get drunk," he said, "if only that tonight reminds me of a night long ago. I want to tell you about it, and you can put it in your old paper if you want to. I know there are many things we have to bless our sires for being burdened with, yet my father was as good a preacher as ever lived on a Massachusetts donation; and I've heard him say I hadn't an ancestor who ever thought of a horse except as a beast of burden.

"I was sent to a good New England school, but before I was in the Third Reader, I knew every horse that had any speed for 20 miles round, and could tell whether you had to take a bone for the dog, or cider for the man, when you wanted to get a neighbor's horse out, on a moonlight night. My father was too

busy with his sermons and the asthma to look very closely after me, but after his death I quieted down a bit. Mother was all I had, and I had her but a few months longer. Then with my little bundle I started for the big city, where every year hundreds of country boys come to ruin, who might have been happy on the farms where they were born. You say I've made a success of it? Why man, many times I've been ruled off the track for so long I've been glad to ride Indian cayouses for a blanket or pair of moccasins.

"I've worked in haying, and herded hogs, and more than once I've asked for the piece of bread I did not get, and slept supperless, with no covering but a bunch of sage brush. Of course, I get back again, strike something like this of today, and have a big time while the money lasts; but it is soon gone, and I am worse wind-broke than if I had rode every day sober. Some day I'll get caught in a crush, and if I am crippled I shall hang round the stables as a swipe till the whiskey does its work. Lucky the old jock who gets done to a finish by a fall. But let me tell you how I got to this.

"I had no special plan as to how I was to live when I reached the city. I hung round the livery stables, simply because I could not keep away from the horses. Curly, the man who had charge of one of the stables, let me share his lunches for doing nearly all the work for which he drew pay. By and by I was hired to help around the stalls. I was delighted to have found work, but it was not all sunshine, and often I've cried half the night with homesickness, and in the chilly mornings, forced the first oath from my aching throat, because the men said my eyes were red. I was known only as 'Little George,' for I shrank from owning my father's good old name, while I was living the life of a tramp.

"Only once since I left the old home have I told my right name, and that first time shall be the last. I don't know how long I'd been with Curly, when the great racing millionaire M—— left some horses with us while he had a car repaired. I used to exercise them, and in two days I knew each horse's peculiarities. Old M—— watched me pretty closely, as I rubbed down his high-steppers, and when the car was ready, I belonged to the great man's stables. I was soon his favorite, and was known as a crackerjack wherever we went.

"I liked the life. Still, in the first years I might have quit and have led a different one, for the racetrack is like what the Chinese say about opium-smoking. A man may smoke and quit any time until he gets the "yin" or craving. Then good-bye friends, hope, rest 'm; he'll never fling the pipe away but to return to it. Yet after 10 years of racing, I would have sworn—no I did swear I had worn the colors for the last time.

"It happened at a state fair. Some of the best horses in the West were there. I was riding Columbia then, the little black mare who carried everything before her, year after year. I had never touched her with spur or whip, and her soft nose against my face, in the dark stall at night, was dearer to me than the smiles of all the girls I'd ever seen. But one day an old minister brought his pretty daughter to see the wicked racers. And from the moment I looked in her face, I thought I could give up everything I held dear if I could win her.

"I got the morning off to show them round, and before night I had told them who my father was, and enough to make Nellie look at me as a hero, and her father say he would save me like a bran-mash from burning, or something of that sort. They staid till the fair ended, and when they left I went with them. Old M—— swore, and the boys thought I had consumption.

"I went to work on a farm close to Nellie's home, and though a young farmer, who was a great exhorter, Lem Lyum by name, seemed to be the Rev. Turner's favorite, he wasn't Nellie's. At last the old man wrote to the pastor of the church at my old home, to know if I had left my character there. Jim Marsh was their elder then, and he wrote back giving me a grand-stand recommend. To this day, I never knew whether he did it because he was converted by my father's preaching, or be-

cause he won two dollars from me the night his white mule beat my yearling steer. (The yearling lacked training and flew the track.)

"After that Nellie and I were regularly engaged. We were to have a year's training, then if we kept our pace, we were to pull in double traces. Lem Drum grew pale and thin in those days; but my pretty girl said he could not feel as deeply as I would in his place. I certainly felt considerably at that time, not only that I was in love for the first time, but that I was trying to make myself believe I was not only longing for a sight of the little mare, but for anything on the track, even a rub-cloth.

"The year had nearly passed, when Lem brought us a paper that told how old M—— had matched Columbia against anything west of the rockies.

"There was a big field, but the writer prophesied the mare would find her Waterloo in an unknown, that was supposed to have been smuggled from the East for that very race. They were already at the fair ground, and I was glad I had promised to take Nellie.

"The day came at last, and while Lem and my father-in-law-to-be viewed the stock, Nell and I looked at embroideries, and furniture, ate ice cream, and were almost too happy. Yet I was glad to leave her sitting with some friends, while I flew to the stables. Yes, flew. And Oh, the sight of the colors, the little boots, the caps with their tiny chin-straps, the mingled smell of horses, leather, cigar smoke and liniment, the banter and joshing of the swipes, the thin-faced crackerjack, talking so earnestly to the little group of elegant looking gentlemen.

"But how can I make you, or anyone but us understand how the blood dashed through my veins as it had not for months; and old Columbia's joy when I went into her stable, is a thing to be remembered. I thought old M—— would shake my hand off. His rider was all that had caused him anxiety. But I thought he had other cause to worry, when I saw the unknown.

"I knew the big, long-limbed bay as soon as I saw him. He had a record that was hard to beat, but it was gained under another name. I told the old man there was trickery, but he said he would bar nothing; and before I knew it, I was trying on the boots, and looking at bridles all at once. I did run up to speak to Nellie, and for once was glad to find Lem Drum beside her eating peanuts. I told her I would be back in half an hour; and in 10 minutes I was in the stirrups, with the smooth track seeming to spring beneath the little mare's feet. Fifteen of us lined up, to start at the dropping of the flag. Races were not all fixed and jobbed as they are now days. And as I looked down the line till I saw the unknown with a knot of scarlet ribbons in his bridle, I knew that at last I was at a horserace.

"I got off well, and kept the little mare close at the big bay's heels. The unknown was the best runner on that track. I knew it then; but his rider had been annoyed that we had changed riders, as he had studied the other lad's method. His temper irritated and excited his mount. The mare kept her pace bravely, and then the unknown's jock began to get nervous and gain on us by spurts that were made too soon, and the little black was going steady as an engine.

"Both the bay and his rider were showing temper, while I was bending over Columbia's neck, coaxing, petting, saving her by every trick my experience had taught me.

"The pace was telling on the bay, but poor Columbia was calling in her reserve strength, and I could feel her big heart thumping against my knee as though it would burst as we drew up beside our rivals.

"As the home stretch smoked behind our horses, I realized that I was not doing farm work. My breath felt clogged, and the red ribbons on the unknown's head spread into a blood-red bar across my eyes. Side by side we strained every nerve as we neared the wire, but neither could get an inch to the good. As the confusion of voices shouted, "The unknown wins." I drove the cruel spurs in poor Columbia's side, and with a convulsive spring we had won by a nose.

"I held up my whip, and heard the

monotonous voice call, "Columbia wins; time——, but I don't remember any more till the boys were carrying me on their shoulders trying to see how quick I could empty a champagne bottle. I have a vague rememberance of a big spread that night, and I stood on two chairs trying to make some one bet that the little black wasn't a world-beater.

"But in the early morning I turned on a hot pillow and wondered how I could haul fence posts with such a headache. I thought if I could not work, I'd spend the day at Nel— I was awake in a flash, and soon out in the grounds inquiring for the sweetest face in the big crowd of yesterday. Poor child, she had refused to leave the grand stand till long after dark; then she suddenly begged Lem to take her home. I got a little box through the mail with every trinklet I'd ever given her; but it was not her little hand that addressed it. I subscribed for her home paper, till I read of the marriage of "Miss Nellie Turner and Mr. Lemuel Drum." I'd never drank except for the company before, but that day I stopped the paper, and bought me a flask. Well, I'd found where I belonged, and from that day I have never willingly left the track.

"Are you asleep pard? I am going down to see if the old horse finished his oats." And Little George passed out into the false electric sunshine.

The Dynamics of Speech

As Introduced by Philosophy.

By ROBERT W. DOUTHAT, Ph. D., Professor of Latin in University of West Virginia.

Second Paper.

I WISH again to ask the reader's pardon for philosophizing before taking up my subject in its special bearing; not because I am loath to begin the subject of Dynamics, but because I have found it necessary to establish the principles on which expression, the interpreter of the mind, depends for its values, before taking up a subject which has so often been discussed from the historical standpoint, but without any philosophical groundwork. There is a history of language and there is a philosophy of language, and neither is complete without the other. Besides, as we have found, the categories established by Aristotle, Locke, Ampere, Hume and Kant do not give us any principles on which to begin analysis: the former categories provide for investigation only, as a method of induction, leading us to the what, and then desert us at the very point where we most desire to know the why. We have therefore been compelled too laborate a set of principles, by which to ascertain the why, not only in language, but also in all science; and because these principles are new, we feel that it is necessary to state them fully and clearly, so that all our readers may get the conception we have of the dynamics of speech.

It seems that this system which we have sometimes called "Induction by the Analysis of Production" is the only method by which to arrive at satisfactory results in either science or philosophy. By simple induction we may learn the how as well as the what in scientific subjects, subjects belonging to the material world only; but, by induction alone, we cannot advance far enough to ascertain the why. This last must come from the analysis of production, and this depends on the proper understanding of the four great principles by which all the universe in all its organisms, as well as in all its smallest molecules, has come to be what it is.

We are not seeking to overthrow any-

thing that has been built up on good foundations, yet we are not to be satisfied until we know the why of all things in science, in philosophy, and in religion; until we know what the highest pinnacles of observation and the most powerful glasses, and the most comprehensive faith can reveal. These are some of the reasons for clinging a little longer to our philosophy, before applying its principles to a single branch of science.

Additional Reasons for the four new categories—Comprehension, Separation, Extension, and Limitation—suggested in last paper, and reasons for the order in which they are arranged.

1. Because comprehension, separation, extension and limitation represent the four great principles on which the Creator has proceeded and still proceeds in all His operations throughout the universe. Chaos as conceived by the ancients was the Laplace nebular hypothesis, the great original physical comprehension. Out of this separation came the different constellations or systems, each of which by extension moved out to its proper limitation or orbit. Again, gravitation is comprehension, the power which would bring the whole universe into one again; and the centrifugal force is separation, the tendency of all life and energy to reveal itself. Compression is comprehension, expansion is separation.

2. In the vegetable world, the grain is a comprehension or combination, the chemical constitution of which we need not name, the biological process through which the germ passes we need not discuss: we know there are at least two parts in every grain, and any two or more parts brought together in a properly associated grouping are sufficient to constitute a comprehension. Out of this comprehension the germ begins to evolve, develop, as soon as proper environment is afforded: this is the beginning of separation, and it is worthy of repetition, this is the tendency of all life and energy,—this disposition to reveal itself. Growth, in one sense, is the lengthening or prolonging process, but more correctly the plant's inherent power to "gather in" (comprehend) the material necessary for its extension. Finally, cessation of growth constitutes limitation. Next, the completed growth becomes a comprehension; decay and dissolution become separation; the passing of each individual element back into the soil or the atmosphere, an extension; and each individual atom finally combining by affinity with its own, a limitation.

3. All taking of food into the body is an act of comprehension; digestion is neither more nor less than separation into proper elements; circulation is extension of food elements to their proper places; and deposition and assimilation are limitation. Then, the work having been completed in one direction, we have in the body even while living as a comprehension, separation going on continually; every pulsation, every breath, every opening of a pore in perspiration, every exercise of a muscle, every bath,—every effort of the organs of sight or hearing or other sense, every utterance of the tongue,—all produce more or less the effect called separation; and, finally, when for the body separations exceed comprehensions, then, as with the matured plant, decay and dissolution must result in death. As there were two extreme comprehensions for the plant, so there are for the physical man, one for the germ out of which life was developed, the other for completed growth, out of which came dissolution and death. Before the decay of the plant, as before the decline of the man, separation is, as we have said, a continuous operation; but supplies of the material necessary for renewing the comprehension are equally continuous.

4. The thought-process is very similar to that of generation. The mind is the matrix or suitable receptacle for holding not only the ovum of adaptability, but also for receiving from without through the senses such impressions as can affect this ovum. When the ovum of adaptability is affected by the outer object, then conception is said to take place; and, as in the development of the plant, suitable nourishment must be taken from without, so additional kindred objects or subjects of thought are added, perhaps rapidly, perhaps slowly,

until a sufficient amount of investigation has satisfied the demand for accurate information. This end of limitation, we call knowledge. Now, the reception of an impression from without was an act of comprehension; the first thought was a separation from the ovum of adaptability as it was offected by the impression from the outer object. Then, as memory, the great storehouse, the almost infinite comprehender of the mind, not only holds, but continually gathers facts, these facts by the power of abstraction, which is only another name for separation from the comprehension, become suitable nourishment for the thought-plants, and these grow more or less rapidly by extension through the kind of nourishment received, until belief is reached, and finally the completed thought becomes knowledge, a limitation of the thought-process. Now, the thought-process being completed, the thought, which we call knowledge, is a comprehension, and from the comprehension will begin expression, only another name for separation, as what we have found to be truth affects our action toward ourselves or others. May be, we only speak, still we are separating from our comprehension. If we paint, we are still bringing out what properly belongs to a comprehension or connected whole within. If we are sculptors, all the properly related forms, completed forms within, are being transferred to marble. The transferrence is separation and extension; and, when all that we know has come out in language, spoken or written, in painting, in sculpture, or music, then we have reached our limitation. Each individaul statement made by us is like some feature of a marble statue made by the sculptor. Think of Hart's working for nineteen years to shape his statue of "The Perfect Woman." This was a continuous development of the idea of beauty possessed by himself.

When the mind attacks any subject, the subject being no part of the mind, the mind takes it as it appears, and, for the time being at least, regards the subject as concrete, or a comprehension. Then, analysis, or separation of parts, is attempted; and, if analysis be found possible, investigation by extension through all ramifications or concatenations is continued, until we have done all that the human mind is capable of doing, and then we have reached the limitation. This limitation becomes to us knowledge, our knowledge of that subject; and, until some other person can make for us a more exhaustive analysis, a greater number of separations, we must be content with what we have done. Every analysis properly conducted by us increases our stock of knowledge, and, from this comprehension, we use, but never destroy, except by substitution of some other analysis, the comprehension we have made. Here is the philosophy of omniscience. All parts of the universe,—each individual atom being thoroughly examined before it went into comprehension, the relations among all being accurately known by the comprehensions which have been made,—all parts are perfect mental comprehensions; there can be no substitutions in the Divine Mind; and hence, all being perfectly comprehended, and the individual comprehensions being infinite, the mind that comprehends must also be infinite.

Kant said, "Give me matter and I will build a world!" The implication is, not that "I have the power of all the combined forces of the universe, but I have the knowledge of principles on which the world is constructed." Perfect knowledge, then, for which no substitutions can be needed, would give perfect power, or omnipotence; for all relations or extensions being clearly apprehended, the touch of one would affect whatever other one we might wish to move or displace. But, as man's knowledge is imperfect, he cannot be omnipotent. God is omnipotent, because he is omniscient; and because is he omniscient, he is also omnipresent, being able by his omniscience to affect any part of the universe.

Think of the one force called electricity. Man has gotten possession of a few facts about electricity and he makes this power over which omniscience has full control, because of perfect comprehension of all its extensions, to work wonderful results; but, because man does not know the one great comprehension of this force, nor its distinct forces or modes of separation from the one great com-

prehension, in which all is stored, and to which all returns, nor the limitations to which all extensions may be made,—because his comprehension of all facts is incomplete, therefore man's power is incomplete in the use of that by which omniscience can control all worlds.

Definitions of the Categories.

COMPREHENSION is to be thought of both as an act and a fact, both as initiatory or appetitive and as complete or realized. Prehension is only holding; comprehension is the act or state of like things together, as in groups or classes. This is the original and the present definite conception, but occasionally we find an expression which partakes more of the prehension than of the comprehension character of this notion.

Chaos, we say, represents the original state of the universe, and we call that comprehension, simply because in the attenuated condition of the nebular mass the difference in constitution of atoms is overlooked. Now, since the distribution of the mass into systems and suns and planets, although we have reason to believe that each part contains more or less of the same cosmic material, still we, following nature's own separations, extensions and limitations, make more distinctions in the groupings and classifications. Iron and wood brought together in an implement of husbandy or even in a furnace will not constitute a comprehension in the proper sense, but any two or more metals capable of forming a definite and an almost indistinguishable mass can be termed a comprehension.

Animal and animal may be classed together, but it is not because any two animals can propagate a species which shall combine the characteristics of both, but because anima, "life," is the characteristic of all creatures that have breath and voluntary motion.

Plant and plant may be classed together, but, as in the case of animals, it is not because any two plants growing side by side can propagate a species which shall combine the characteristics of both, but because plant, "vegetable life," is the charactertistic of all growth from the earth.

Classification is always properly made when the things brought together can be named from a possible union and communion of qualities or modes of operation, or, as we would say under the new categories, of separation, extension, and limitation; for such things can form comprehensions.

Hunger is initiatory or appetitive comprehension, being nature's desire and need of elements properly belonging together.

SEPARATION is to be thought of both as an act and a fact, partial or complete, including all ideas of division, evolution, manifestation, revelation, derivation,—everything belonging to partition of original mass or deduction from the known to the related unknown, and suggesting a great antecedent comprehension, out of which all have come. Mortality, for instance, suggests, implies, presupposes creation. Creation is comprehension, and so exhibits a putting together of like parts. That which is composed of parts can be divided; hence all visible or sensible combinations can be separated, not only by the chasm which would indicate lack of affinity in the condensed state, but also as atoms from the same original comprehension. Mortality is the possibility of dissolution; immortality is the impossibility of dissolution, and hence immortality can belong only to the spiritual state,—a state subject to no changes, no separations.

All phenomena of earth or air or sky are partial separations from a mass, of whose comprehension we have not definite information,—at least not enough of information to enable us to classify the operations and thus call them revelations or manifestations.

EXTENSION, which should be thought of as an act and a fact, from comprehension to limitation or vice versa, represents in general the continuous process of development or the gradual reduction to original elements called decay. It is growth of the animal or plant, the development of any physical, mental, or moral power, the expansion of fluid or gaseous material, or

the reduction that may take place in bringing the atoms or parts of the completed whole back to their original comprehension.

Putting a two-foot point of iron on a ten-foot wooden spear does not extend the wood. It may extend the line on which the spear was begun: it certainly cannot be said to extend the wood. Extension is not the same as tension, any more than comprehension is the same as prehension or separation is the same as partition. Extension implies the drawing out either of one mass in length or breadth or the development of a germ by the addition or introduction of similar material,—material that has an affinity for the cell-structure already begun in the germ itself.

Similar material, similar substance, similar conceptions of the mind,—these may be extended by the similar, but otherwise never. The law will ever be similia similibus.

Out of this proper conception of extension comes naturally that of parallelism so apparent in expression.

LIMITATION, which should be thought of as an act and a fact, approaching and ended, represents that condition of the physical and mental activities which is denoted by temporary or permanent position, actual or assumed, as well as by full development from a germ, so far at least as the physical world is concerned. If vegetable life could be continued indefinitely, then in the torrid zone under favorable conditions one vine might cover a million acres, one tree overshadow a continnent; but each plant has its prearranged possibilities, and beyond these it cannot pass. So in the animal world: none can exceed the limits of pre-organized possibilities.

In the intellectual world, we find the same rule holds: man's powers are limited. "Thus far" is not found decreed for the waters alone, but also for the workings of mind.

In the spiritual world alone there seems to be no limitation.

Former categories do not explain or even indicate a single act in the natural world. Language and Nature are thus divorced, and the man who has not made language a study does not understand the scientists who speak of the world immediately around our homes.

(To be continued.)

Will You Be My Valentine?

I.

Sweetest, dearest baby mine,
Will you be my valentine?
I will love you fond and true,
I will kiss and cuddle you.
Every night upon my breast
I will rock you into rest.
Sweetest, dearest baby mine,
Come and be my valentine!

II.

Into Dreamland we will go
Where the golden poppies blow.
When the daylight fades and fails,
In a boat with silken sails,
We will cross the Slumber Sea,
Where the winds are fair and free.
Sweetest, dearest baby mine
Will you be my valentine?

III.

All along the shores of sleep
Dreamland children laugh and leap.
Up and down and to and fro,
With feet as light and white as snow,
Bright locks tossing in the sun,
Robes by fairy fingers spun—
Hear them, see them, baby mine,
Precious Dreamland valentine.

Lischen M. Miller.

Our Point of View

The McEnery resolution, which was adopted in the senate, February 14, by a vote of 26 to 22, must commend itself to both those who favor "expansion" and those who oppose it. The resolution is a conservative, and, at the same time, a just and equitable solution of a very perplexing problem. It is a statesmanlike document. The text is as follows: "That by the ratification of the treaty of peace with Spain it is not intended to incorporate the inhabitants of the Philippines into citizenship of the United States, nor it is intended to permanently annex said islands as an integral part of the territory of the United States, but it is the intention of the United States to establish on said islands a government suitable to the wants and conditions of the inhabitants of the said islands, to prepare them for local self-government, and in due time to make such disposition of said islands as will best promote the interests of the citizens of the United States and the inhabitants of said islands."

An organized effort is being made in California to free the Stanford University estate from an obnoxious burden of taxation which is so large as to seriously cripple the work that the university is intended to accomplish. One of the purposes of Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford in donating so freely to the cause of education was to establish a university from which no one would be shut out for purely financial reasons. With this object in view tuition was made free, and the University stood out as a public institution open to the young men and women of the world—a unique monument to the generous philanthrophy of its founders. As a result of this liberal and far-sighted policy men and women from nearly every part of the world went to Californai to attend the University. Then came the death of Senator Stanford and the long-drawn-out government suit. On the top of these misfortunes there was the burdensome taxation which, at this critical period, almost sapped the vitality of the institution. The income was insufficient to meet the demands upon it, and it became imperative to exact a registration fee of $20.00 per year from each student. Through the self-sacrificing devotion of Mrs. Stanford the University has struggled through a season of depression that would have discouraged a less determined and generous woman. The condition is still such, however, that unless the taxation is removed the University will be compelled to adopt a tuition fee such as is in practice at other universities. California is noted for her generosity in matters of education, and her people and legislators are not likely to permit such a blow as this to the cause of free higher education. This is a question in which not only the people of California are interested, but one in which the sons and daughters of other states and other lands are equally concerned, and a decision against the University will, in many respects, be a calamity to the Coast.

Whenever a man becomes great either by reason of statesmanship or learning or accomplishments of any nature and posterity accords to him his just dues, there always rises the profound critic and investigator who undertakes to undermine the belief of centuries and show us that we have been worshipping false idols. Homer, Shakespeare, Napoleon —indeed almost every great man whose name is on the pages of history has been subjected to such investigation. In the light of this modern criticism we are forced to recast our ideas of many great characters, but there is one whose glory time cannot dim nor whom investigation can dethrone from the lofty place which

he holds in the hearts of his people. Were it only for the moral effect of the example that he left of ideal American manhood, Washington would forever stand as an unparalleled example and be worthy of the greatest reverence. For whatever American manhood and American ideals may accomplish they will find their initiative, their inspiration in the lofty example of Washington's life and purpose. Under conditions which try men's souls to the utmost Washington maintained an equilibrium that few men are permitted to attain. Napoleon was a great leader, a skillful tactician, a remarkable organizer, but he lacked the manhood, the strength of character that distinguished Washington and placed him far above any other leader of any other nation. It is not, however, on account of his manhood alone that we look up to Washington and honor his memory, though it was his example more than that of any other one man which laid the foundation of that character which we have in mind when we speak, with swelling hearts of patriotism, of an "American." His statesmanship, his generalship, and his foresight, which is being recognized today as it never was before, have all been accorded the highest terms of praise and recognition by the world. Just one hundred years have passed over the head of the young republic since Washington was gathered to his fathers. Other men may come and go; they may leave an indelible impression upon their age on account of their statesmanship, their executive ability, their learning; they may stand forth as great benefactors of the race, or even of the world; but with the American people Washington will forever hold his place—"first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

When the sleeping earth begins to waken, long before the first robin's note is heard or the flash of the first bluebird's wing gladdens the hearts of the children, men's hopes are born anew, men's dreams take color from the promised glory of the spring. And that which seemed difficult or doubtful when Nature lay cold and passionless in the embrace of winter, all at once becomes a joyous possibility. The blood flows faster and the pulse beats strong—though there is yet but a promise; a blessed expectancy that may prove a disappointment when it comes to realization. But it is in anticipation that men's best joys lie, and better a promise unfulfilled than the deadly monotony of satisfied hope.

The disgraceful scenes that are being enacted in so many of our state legislatures over the election of senators should be sufficient argument to convince even the most strenuous opponent of election by popular vote that it has at last become a necessity, if the dignity of our institutions is to be preserved. Charges of bribery have been flying from one section of the country to the other, and the work which the representatives of the people were elected to do is being largely left undone. A demoralizing result to the sections in which such scenes are taking place cannot but be the outcome. This must especially be the case, inasmuch as charges of bribery have in several instances been proven, if indeed not actually admitted by those offering the bribes, and nothing has been done. Those "elected" take their seats, and the people stand calmly by and allow such an outrage to be perpetrated. When our elections degenerate into such a disgraceful farce as this it is time something was done. There is nothing to do in this instance but take the election out of the hands of the legislators and put it in the hands of the people, where it rightfully belongs. Until then there is no hope for a better condition of affairs, and unless the people compel legislation on this subject there never will be any. Certainly under present conditions the senate is not likely to champion the desired cause.

One would hardly think that at this late day it would be necessary to say anything in defense of higher education. The importance of preparing the mind

as thoroughly as possible for the duties of life is so patent to even an ordinary thinker that it seems trite, if not quite out of place, to attempt any defense of it at this time. The day is rapidly approaching when the young man without a college education will be so greatly hampered in the struggle for existence that he will be relegated to a position of a menial character, if he succeeds in holding any at all.

The theory of "the survival of the fittest" is truer when applied to this aspect of progress than to any other. In spite of what is said to the contrary, it is the young man whose mind has been systematically trained who is best fitted to bear responsibilities and rise to emergencies, whether in business or professional life. In the face of all this the proposition that has been made to diminish the usefulness of the University of Oregon is rather startling and, to speak frankly, inexcusable on the part of members of the legislature who are at least supposed to be in touch with advanced thought. The cry has gone forth that the University is burdened with incompetent teachers. The legislature, therefore, propose to remedy the situation by reducing salaries! Could there be any greater folly than this? If a man has incompetent clerks in his business does he reduce salaries if he wishes to improve the state of affairs? He raises the salaries so that he may secure good men. Oregon never can have a first-class university if such a spirit continues. Already hundreds of young men have been driven to other states because of the shortsighted parsimony of our legislature in matters of education. In direct contrast to the policy of Oregon has been the practice of California, and more recently of Washington. California has freely spent thousands on her University, and today there is nothing in California that the people point to with more pride than to Berkeley. The Stanford University estate has recently been taken out of the probate court, and the University will soon come into endowment of many millions. Washington is reaching out in educational lines, and bringing strong men to its institutions. It has remained for Oregon alone to propose an entrenchment in providing for its intellectual needs.

"Now let us have done with a worn-out tale,
The tale of an ancient wrong, * * * *
Let us speak to each other face to face
And answer as man to man,
And loyally love and trust each other as only
free men can."

The feeling to which Alfred Austin gave expression last spring has been steadily growing through all the year. Scarcely a day now passes that some prominent personage either here or across the seas does not publicly voice the sentiment. An alliance between America and England is no longer in the realm of the merely possible. It has become a probability whose strength increases with every edition of an international press, and with every message flashed from shore to shore, from sea to sea. One language, one watchword—Freedom!—one people indissolubly bound together in a friendship that

"Shall last long as love doth last and be
stronger than death is strong."

Kipling's command to "Take up the white man's burden was not to England alone, but to the race that has drawn its strength from the soil of every civilized land; the great white brotherhood, the amalgamated millions who speak the English tongue.

The Month

A RECORD OF THE WORLD'S PROGRESS.

In Politics—

In America the one subject of engrossing interest to statesmen is "expansion." In England it is the Eastern question. In France the fear of impending social revolution leaves no room for anything else, and the czar of all the Russias, though bent upon convening his "peace congress," still finds time to increase the imperial military forces. As for "expansion," those who favor it find no lack of authority for so doing. All the dead statesmen of eminence whose influence is supposed to live after them have been dragged from their graves to testify in behalf of the expansionists. Abraham Lincoln is quoted as having said in a debate between himself and Douglas in 1858, "I am not opposed to honest acquisition of territory, and in any given case I would or would not oppose such acquisition according as I might think such acquisition would not aggravate the slavery question among ourselves."——In response to a dispatch from London requesting an expression regarding Great Britain's imperial policy, Admiral Dewey is reported to have said: "After many years of wandering, I have come to the conclusion that the mightiest factor in the civilization of the world is the imperial policy of England."——Congress and the various legislatures now in session throughout the country are distinguished for the good they are leaving undone.

In Science—

In the test of the hill-climbing ability of motor cars, recently made in France, a slope of 11 per cent and a distance of 1800 kilogrammes was covered in three minutes and fifty-two seconds by the winner, who used an electric carriage. This, it would seem, effectually demonstrates the future utility of such cars——In connection with the trial trip of the new first-class French battleship "Jaureguiberry," which has a displacement of 19,824 tons and a speed of 18.07 knots, it is interesting to note that, according to the Scientific American, "Among the modern and accepted practices which are due to the French initiative may be mentioned the mounting of heavy guns 'en barbette,' the use of electricity for hoisting ammunition and guns, and the use of water-tube boilers and triple screws; while to these may be fairly added smokeless powder, with its accompaniment of guns of extreme length and high velocity and the use of high explosives."

In Art—

The reported discovery of a picture of the Madonna by Cima is to be taken with a grain of allowance. If true, it means a valuable addition to the world of art, for Cima was a Venitian colorist who ranked with Titian and Bellini, and there are only a few of his paintings known to be in existence——The Russian Ambassador at Madrid has purchased the recently discovered bust of Christ, which is pronounced by those qualified to speak with authority upon the subject to be the work either of Michael Angelo or Donatello. One remarkable feature of this bust is that the eyes are of blue rock crystal. Queen Victoria, to whom a photograph of the newly discovered art treasure has been sent, desires to have a copy of it made in marble——Carlos Durand, one of the greatest artists in the world today, according to an enthusiastic admirer, arrives in New York during the month. His coming is hailed with joy by American artists. His mere presence is expected to act as a stimulus upon Art (with a capital A) in this country——In Portland the Sketch Club, under the

management of its able young president, is accomplishing a great deal in a quiet way. An exhibition of the year's work of this, the most important art organization in the state, is hoped for in the spring——It was three hundred years ago in Florence that the first grand opera was produced.

In Literature—

Frederic Remington's "Sundown Leflare" seems to be the literary sensation of the hour. It is distinctly American, and Mr. Remington is to be congratulated upon having made a discovery that enriches the literature of his country—— According to Mr. Edward Garnett, an English writer of note, Stephen Crane is a "genius," but a "genius" with limitations. "A surface painter," Mr. Garnett calls him, who possesses the power of revealing the depths by a single stroke. Mr. Garnett thinks that in technique he is Kipling's superior, and that America may well be proud of the young master of the pen, whose "genius for slang," whose exquisite and unique faculty of exposing an individual scene by an odd simile places him in the rank of greatness——Kipling's place in literature is universally recognized. He speaks and the whole world listens. He sings a song and the reading public of two hemispheres hears and heeds. "The White Man's Burden" strikes a higher note than did the "Truce of the Bear."

"Take up the White Man's burden—
In patience to abide,
To veil the threat of terror
And check the show of pride;
By open speech and simple,
An hundred times made plain,
To seek another's profit
And work another's gain."

——There is much interest evinced in the new periodical which Lady Randolph Churchell proposes to establish in London, and which is to be called "The Royal Magazine." Among the contributors to this high-class publication will be the Emperor of Germany, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the President of France, the Duchess of Marlborough and others of noble blood. It is to be the most costly periodical ever published, and will be issued by John Lane, of the Bodley Head. Nothing will be spared in the way of artistic embellishment. The royal contributors will illustrate their own articles, and the pages will bear embossed escutcheons of the writers. It is to be printed upon vellum, bound in purple and gold and tied with white silk ribbons, and will utterly eclipse anything in the magazine world ever yet produced——It has been predicted that the day of the short story is passing, but as yet there is no evidence of its decay. Some of the best work of the month is embodied in the still popular short story. Jack London's "White Silence," in a late number of the Overland, is a tragedy of the far north, and contains enough material for a three volume novel, yet is so perfectly handled that there is no evidence of crowding. The scene of the great novel of the future will be laid somewhere within or near the Arctic circle, and it will be a story of human endeavor and human endurance such as the world has never yet had a record of.——Another sketch published in the Gray Goose, remarkable for the tragic suggestions it contains, is "In the Twilight," the recent production of a Portland writer, Bessie May Guinean. It is an artistic study in effect, and the climax is so unexpected that it makes the reader gasp. Miss Guinean's work bears promise of future possibilities——Edwin Markham's poem, which embodies the one great question of the age, is a work in keeping with Millet's masterpiece, "The Man With the Hoe," whose title it bears. The poet has caught the artist's—conscious or unconscious—meaning and voiced it in words whose strength and truth beat down the delusions of society.

"For this man with the Hoe,"
"A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,"—
What is he but the products of man's selfish greed—

In Education—

That the standard and efficiency of the American public school system has greatly improved during the last 20 years

is shown by R. H. Thurston, of Cornell, in the Scientific American. He says: "On comparing the work of our high schools of today with that of the colleges of fifty years ago or more, it will, I think, be discovered that the best of them are actually graduating their pupils with practically as extensive acquirements as did the colleges at that earlier time."

Leading Events—

January 1.—English papers reviewing progress of the past year express amazement at the expansion of America. "The dominant fact of 1898 has been the rise in position of the English-speaking people."——Henry Watterson suggests Dewey and Lee for democratic nominees at the next presidential election.——Orders are made for placing the navy upon a peace basis.——Spain in Havana formally cedes Cuba to the United States.

January 2.—Six regiments of infantry are ordered to the Philippines.——Governor Roosevelt, of New York, is inaugerated.

January 3.—The national committee of the democratic party decides that the issue of free-silver at 16 to 1 must be upheld in the campaign of 1900.——Lord Beresford repeats his advocacy of an alliance between England and the United States.——Gomez advises Cuban soldiers not to disband.

January 4.—Congress reassembles after the mid-winter holidays.——A train between Omaha and Chicago travels 502 miles in 10 hours.

January 5.—In Idaho and Indiana legislatures meet.

January 6.—Baron Curzon assumes the viceroyalty of India at Calcutta.——In Kartoum the corner stone of the Gordon Memorial college is laid by Lord Cromer.

January 7.—Aguinaldo in Manila, issues a proclamation protesting against the American occupation of the Philippines.

January 9.—Oregon legislature meets.

January 10.—Charles Magne Tower, of Pennsylvania, is named by President McKinley as ambassador to Russia; Frank Addison C. Harris as minister to Austria-Hungary.

January 11.—Joseph H. Choate, of New York, is named as ambassador to Great Britain.

January 12.—Commissary-General Eagan, in testifying before the war investigating commission, makes a bitter personal attack on General Miles.

January 13.—The German government officially denies that it is helping the Filipinos.

January 14.—The largest steamship ever built is launched at Belfast and christened the Oceanic.

January 15.—Upon the dissolution of the Central Labor Union and the Central Labor Federation of New York, the General Federated Union is organized with a membership of 100,000 men.

January 16.—The war department investigating commission having declined to receive Commissary-General Eagan's testimony as at first presented, he strikes from his statement the abusive language and returns it.——The Dreyfus-Picquart discussion is postponed for a month by the French chamber of deputies.

January 17.—President McKinley orders the court-martial for Commissary-General Eagan.——In the Irish elections the labor party is unusually successful.

January 18.—Commissary-General Eagan is relieved from duty.

January 19.—The United States transport sails from New York for Manila with the Fourth infantry and a battalion of the Seventeenth infantry.——The United States cruiser Philadelphia is ordered to Samoa to protect American interests there.

January 20.—In New York Croker declares that free silver is a dead issue.——At a cabinet meeting in Washington, D. C., island affairs are freely discussed.——The amended Morgan Nicaragua canal bill passes the United States senate.

January 21.—In London a decree is signed appointing General Kitchener governor-general of the Soudan.

January 22.—In New York a mass meeting of citizens is held in the Academy of Music tonight under the auspices of the Continental League for the purpose of protesting against the policy of "imperialism."

January 23.—General Lee, chief quartermaster of the department of the Lakes, invites proposals for the erection of an ice plant at Manila.

January 24.—In the United States senate the Philippines and the peace treaty are discussed.

January 25.—The senate adopts a resolution protesting against allowing Roberts of Utah to hold his seat in congress.

January 26.—In Madrid the cabinet meets under the presidency of the regent. Premier Sagasta outlines the government's intentions relative to the peace treaty.

January 27.—The United States senate passes the pension bill. The house debates the army bill.——In Berlin the emperor's birthday is celebrated.

January 28.—At the annual dinner of the Silversmith's Association in Birmingham, Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain predicts a "joint imperial destiny for England and America."

January 28.—Right Honorable Walter Hume Long, president of the board of agriculture, in a speech at Newcastle favors English American alliance.

January 30.—Fearful storms are sweeping the North and Middle West.——At Vancouver, B. C., the Philippine commissioners are enthusiastically greeted.

The Magazines

FOR FEBRUARY.

The Century—

Harnessing the Nile.....
.....Frederic Courtland Penfield
A Fairy Grave.....John Vance Cheney
What Charles Dickens did for Childhood.....James L. Hughes
Franklin's Religion..Paul Licester Ford
A War Song of Tyrol..S. Weir Mitchell
Via Crucis.....F. Marion Crawford
Sunsets.....Ida Ahlborn Weeks
On the Way to the North Pole.....
..... Walter Wellman
The Reformation of Uncle Billy....
.....Ellis Parker Butler
The Curing of Kate Negley.....
.....Lucy S. Furman
Escape.....John White Chadwick
Henry George in California.Noah Brooks
Alexander's Conquest of Asia Minor,
.....Benjamin Ide Wheeler
The Painter de Mourel.....
.....Marie L. Van Vorst
A Farewell.....Harriet Monoe
Cole's Old English Masters.....
.....John C. VanDyke
The Sinking of the "Merrimac," Part III.....Richard Pearson Hobson,
.....N. C. U. S. N.
How It Is Done in Other Countries.
..... George McAneny
Capture of Santiago de Cuba.....
William R. Shafter, Major-Gen. M.S.D.
The Orator..George Edward Woodberry

With due respect to General Shafter and other military men of note, I am inclined to think that it is not only better taste but better policy to leave the telling of the story of great battles, heroic endurance and splendid achievement to the press correspondents. Richard Harding Davis, Stephen Bonsal, Stephen Crane and the rest have given us such vivid pictures of the thrilling events of the recent campaigns in Cuba and Porto Rico that General Shafter's matter-of-fact recital in the February Century seems commonplace, and Lieutenant Hobson's "tell it all" series reads unsatisfactory. There is more in knowing what not to say than at first appears. It is the thing that is left unsaid that constitutes the charm of a story. The gallant hero of the "Merrimac" evidently has not discovered this secret. He would never have painted that interior scene during the bombardment of Morro Castle if he had. "The Reformation of Uncle Billy" is a short story brimming with homely pathos, and "The Curing of Kate Negley" is a comedy that may, or may not, disguise a moral. Frederic Courtland Penfield gives an entertaining description of the prospective damming of the Nile at Assuam by the British government, and Professor Wheeler continues "Alexander's Conquest." The illustrations which accompany these papers are beautiful, and lend an additional charm to an already fascinating subject. The Century is the magazine par excellence when it comes to illustrations.

Harper's—

Lieutenant-Colonel Forrest at Fort Donelson.....John D. Wyeth, M. D.
Ghosts in Jerusalem.....A. C. Wheeler
A Trekking Trip in South Africa..
.....A. C. Humbert
Anglo-Saxon Affinities.....Julian Ralph
Maya, aPoem.....Emile Andrew Huber
Their Silver Wedding Journey.....
.....William Dean Howells
Love .....Margaret E. Sangster
The Astronomical Outlook..C. A. Young
Baldy.....Sarah Barnwell Elliott
The Span o' Life.....
Wm. McLennan and J. W. McIlvaith
The Clew.....Robert Monry Bell
The Sick Child.....
Henook-Makhewe-Kelenaka (Angel de Cora) .....
His Talisman..Martha Gilbert Dickinson
The Spanish-American War.....
.....Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge
His Nomination.Margaret Sutton Briscoe
Facing the North Star.....C. C. Abbot
Remorse.....Artnur J. Stringer
With Dewey at Manila.....
.....Joseph L. Stickney
Love's Insistence..Nina Francis Layard
The United States as a World Power
.....Albert Bushnell Hart

"Ghosts in Jerusalem" just misses being a strong piece of work. The Oriental vein which predominates in the story

is fascinating, and the descriptions are treated in a masterly manner, and the characters of "Bish," the Arab servant, and "Bel Amish," the "Rabbi," are studies unmarred by a single false stroke, but the cold-blooded Americanisms introduced so promiscuously throughout rasp the reader's nerves. The calculating New Englander does not form a harmonious part of the Oriental whole—and the effect of his presence in that dreamy, occult atmosphere is disastrous. Howells in "Their Silver Wedding Journey" is more rapid than ever. His people are not interesting in books, and in real life they are simply unbearable. Oh yes, they are real. You meet them every day. That is the one thing I have against Howells —his characters are true to life. They are so insipid, so shallow, so intense. They agonize over trifles and spend whole forenoons in worrying discussions about shades of things, and always manage to miss the meaning and the tragedy of life. Joseph L. Stickney tells, in a most entertaining manner of his experience "With Dewey at Manila." There is a picture in Harper's this month that attracts me. It is the face of a little Indian girl silhoutted against the dusk of the desert, and it illustrates the story of "The Sick Child," told by Henook-Makhewe-Kelenaka.

McClure's—

The White Man's Burden..... ..... Rudyard Kipling
Under Water in the Holland..... ..... Franklin Mathews
Hitting the Trail.....Hamlin Garland
Adventures of a Train Dispatcher.. ..Capt. Jasper Ewing Bradley, U. S. A.
Stalky & Co., (III) The Impressionists ..... Rudyard Kipling
Lincoln Gathering an Army..... .....Ida M. Tarball
Marines Signaling Under Fire at Guantanamo..... Stephen Crane
Life Masks of Great Americans..... .....Charles Henry Hart
Between Two Shores.....Ellen Glasgow
The war on the Sea and Its Lessons .....Captain Alfred T. Mahan
In the Third House.....Walter Barr
Dewey at Manila....Edward W. Hardin

Admiral Dewey will ever remain enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen as the hero who won a great battle and forebore to write about it for the magazines. The public is equally divided between appreciation of his courage and admiration for the common sense that prompted him to decline the work of recording the glory of his achievement in cold print. Edward W. Hardin's account in McClure's for this month of "Dewey at Manila" leaves little to be desired. It is comprehensive and complete, an epitome or history which proves the exception to McCaulay's statement. Stephen Crane writes in his usual graphic manner of "Signaling Under Fire at Guantanamo," where he lay in a trench with the four signalmen upon a hill-top through the long weary nights and waited for the dawn. Speaking of these daybreak experiences he says: "I, at least, always grew furious with this wretched sunrise. I thought I could have walked around the world in the time required for the old thing to get up above the horizon," which is forcible if not altogether elegant. This article of Stephen Crane's is, in its way, the best piece of work he has produced, and shows a strength and vigor unmarred by certain faults that distinguished the earlier efforts of the author of "The Red Badge of Courage." "Between Two Shores" is a tragic episode of unusual interest, and illustrates the futility of time's limitations. Hamlin Garland takes his readers with him out into the illimitable solitude of the desert. "Hitting the Trail" under his guidance is a pleasure not to be missed by any lover of Nature without regret. "The Indian laid his trail in conjunction with the stars and mountain peaks." And the trail, unlike a road, according to this poet of prose, "loses itself in Nature. It is a purple-brown ribbon in the grass, a silken strand on the hillside. The trail is poetry; a wagon road is prose; the railroad is arithmetic." But you must read to understand the charm of this gossamer thread," this looping, curving mystic path through the wilderness. "The White Man's Burden," the message, the command comes to us, as to England.

Scribner's—

The Rough Riders...Theodoré Roosevelt
Four National Conventions.....
.....George F. Hoar
The Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann
.....Joel Chandler Harris
The Letters of..Robert Louis Stevenson
..... Sydney Colvin
The Lepers.....William Charles Scully
Asceticism.....Elizabeth M. W. Fay
The Entomologist.....George W. Cable
Riordan's Last Campaign.Anne O'Hagan
Song.....Arthur Sherbune Hardy
William Makepeace Thackeray.....
.....W. C. Brownell
The Washington Monument.....
..... Julia Larned

Theodore Roosevelt and his "Rough Riders" are always interesting regarded from any point of view. They are heroes of romance as well as war. "The Lepers" is a strong story, a tragedy, dark, yet with a gleam of heavenly light illuminating its closing scene, like a ray of sunset glory breaking through the blackness of a day of storm. W. C. Brownell writes delightfully of Thackery, and George F. Hoar gives an account of "Four National Conventions," that every boy should read—since it is a chapter, or, rather, four chapters of our country's history. The letters of Robert Louis Stevenson deepen in interest as they proceed. There is, however, always that suggestion of physical suffering coming up to darken the record of his brightest days. Even as a boy he dreamed of a home in the summer islands of the Southern seas. The cold winds and dreary rains of the north chilled and oppressed him, and he hated above all things else, a storm at night. "Riordan's Last Campaign" is one of those stories that seem to be growing in popularity of late, setting forth the general depravity of politicians and the corrupting influence of politics upon the average man. Riordan was one of the rare few who have the moral courage (or was it cowardice) to break away from it all and bury ambition.

The Cosmopolitan—

The Emperor William in the Holy Land .....Samuel Ives Curtiss
After the Capture of Manila.....
.....Frank R. Roberson
Her Guardian Angel.....Loyd Osbourne
The New Organ.....Eliza Calvert Hall
Mr. Cornelius Johnson, Office-Seeker
.....Paul Lawrence Dunbar
Among the Dyaks.....
.....J. Theodore Van Gestel
The Trek-Bokki of Cape Colony....
.....S. C. Cronwright Schreiner
City Subways for Pipes and Wires..
.....Henry F. Bryant
The Professor.James Gardner Sanderson
The Haven of Dead Ships.....
..... Sylvester Baxter
How an Empire was Built.....
.....John Brisban Walker

The name of Mohammed is suggestive of the romance and mystery of the desert. Washington Irving and Carlyle have glorified the prophet, and now John Brisben Walker is repainting the always fascinating portrait anew in the pages of Cosmopolitan. Mr. Walker's story of "How an Empire Was Built," only begins in this number, but it enthralls the interest of the reader at once. Paul Lawrence Dunbar is loyal to his people always, whether he sings in resonant verse or writes in graphic prose. The story of the disappointment of an office-seeker of color is vivid and human. "The Haven of Dead Ships" is a thrilling tale of the Sargossa Sea that leaves the reader wondering how much of it is fact and how much fiction. Among the faces reproduced in that part of the Cosmopolitan devoted to the stage is that of Gladys Wallis, the charming actress, who won the hearts of enthusiastic Portland audiences once upon a time, and whose subsequent difficulties with an unfeeling manager enlisted public sympathy.

The noon of night—a night in June—
A sense of roses drenched in dew—
The mellow moonlight streaming through
The vine-hung windows, and we two—
Our warm hearts beating close in tune,
Did pray it might be always June.

Lischen M. Miller.

Books

Harpers have brought out Margaret Deland's "Old Chester Tales" in a charmingly bound volume. The "Tales" are eight in number, and are illustrated by Howard Pyle. Everyone who had the pleasure of reading these sweet and simple chronicles of quiet life in a country town as they appeared from time to time in Harper's Magazine, will want to own this attractive-looking volume.

John Kendrick Bangs is always entertaining after a fashion. We are all fond of delightful absurdities like the "House-Boat," and therefore we are ready to be pleased with "Peeps at People" of note through Mr. John Kendrick Bangs' glasses, the lenses of which are so constructed that they show all things comically distorted yet pleasantly real. "Peeps at People" is also from the house of Harper. Still another book, a collection of short stories under the title of "Moriah's Mourning and Other Half-Hour Sketches," by Ruth McEnery Stuart, gotten out by this house, is delightful reading. It is full of the fun and touched with the pathos of the life on the plantation.

"Paul the Man, the Missionary and the Teacher" is by Orello Cone, D.D., and is published by the MacMillan Company. Dr. Cone draws his conclusions not from what has been written by other people, but from what Paul himself wrote, and he has produced a work that is of incalculable value and interest to the student of Scriptural lore and not without attraction for the general reader.

Copeland & Day publish Morris Rosenfeld's "Songs of the Ghetto," edited and translated by Professor Leo Weiner, of Harvard. These are songs of the people who toil in the darkness that would be despair but for the sweetness of a faith that poverty and degradation are alike powerless to dispel.

One of the remarkable books of the year 1898 was written by Henry Morris under the title of "Waiting for the Signal." There are many things to criticise in the work, but there is much that commands the respect and admiration of the unprejudiced reader. The writer makes the mistake of mixing, or rather of trying to mix up a love story with an exposition on progressive politics, and the result is unfortunate. Still, cutting out the romance and sentiment together with those chapters that attempt to portray the evil that exists in the name of polite society, there remains a book that no man, interested in the social and political problems of the day can read with indifference. In the chapters describing the dawn of the revolution and the destruction of New York, there occur passages that closely approach the point of grandeur.

William M. Stewart, of Nevada, is chairman of the convention which meets in Chicago for the purpose of reconstructing the government, and Harvey, of "Coin's Financial School" fame is secretary. The constitution itself is not so bad perhaps, considering that Ignatius Donnelly is chairman of the committee of ninety appointed to draft it. This same committee is honored by the name of a former governor of Oregon and one time mayor of Portland, Sylvester Pennoyer. The other Oregon member is Mr. M. A. Miller. Mr. Charles A. Towne, of Minnesota, W. J. Bryan of Nebraska, Altgeld of Illinois, Weaver of Iowa, Peffer of Kansas, Tillman of South Carolina, and last but not least, James Hamilton Lewis of Washington, all have a place upon this committee.

Drift

Human nature is swayed by mixed motives. Even an act that appears disinterested may be prompted by selfishness. An amusing illustration of this fact is given in the following anecdote:

An aged negro sat on one of the old wharves at Salem, fishing. A colored boy was sitting beside him, eagerly watching the bob as it danced up and down. Suddenly the bob went under. The boy in his excitement leaned so far over the edge of the wharf that he lost his balance and fell into the water.

Instantly the old man dropped his fishing pole and jumped into the water for the boy, and after a good deal of splashing and sputtering, with the help of several men on the wharf, both were hauled out, gasping for breath.

One of the men, who had helped them expressed his admiration for the negro's courage.

"That was a brave deed of yours, my man," said he.

"What dat?" asked the disciple of Walton, as he went to pick up his rod.

"Why, your jumping in to save that boy."

"Dat boy! I doan keer nuffin for him! But he got all de bait in his pocket!"—Youths' Companion.

"Hinnery Clay," said Mr. Dolan, "wor a great mon." "He wor that same," replied Mrs. Dolan. "He wor that great a mon," her husband went on, "that he had a cigar named after 'im." "Thrue for yez. Only 'twor no cigar. Twor a poipe."

Washington Post.

By no means the least important of our new possessions is the Sulu Archipelago, a group lying south of the Philippines, and comprising about 150 islands. Like the Philippines, many of the islands are barren and uninhabited, but the larger are fertile and under the careful tillage of a most industrious people, who have the honor of being the first Mohammedan subjects of the United States.

The ruler of Sulu is a devoted Mussulman, and acknowledges the supreme authority of the Turkish Sultan, and the customs of our Mohammedan fellow-citizens differ but little from those of the same faith in other parts of the world. It is more than probable that the sultan will be a source of endless trouble to our country. The Spaniards, from all accounts, certainly found him unruly, and derived but little profit from their suzerainty of the islands.



The Sultan of Sulu.—After a Photograph in Harper's Weekly. Copyright, 1899, by Harper & Brothers.

THE SULTAN OF SULU.

"What are the things that touch us most as we look back through the years?" asked a lady lecturer, impres-

sively. There was a moments' awful pause, and then a small boy in the audience answered: "Our clothes."—Tid-Bits.

Tid-Bits.

When a Girl Really Loves.

When a girl is not as sure of her affection as she is of the shining of the sun in the heavens, it is well for her to pause, to give herself all the benefit of the doubt. She should wait until she is able to say with truth when she gives her word, "I would rather be your wife than do or be anything else in the world." If there is in the farthest corner of her heart one little doubt that the full revelation of love has come to her the chances are that it has not. This is not to say that doubts never arise in love. The happiest engagement in all the world is often not without a haunting fear attendant upon it. Indeed, it often happens that two singularly honest and earnest young people have periods of exquisite self-torture during the engagement time, and the more mature and experienced they both are the more likely this is to happen, for then each sees more clearly than in early youth the perils that may come. Each realizes that though love is the greatest solvent of difficulties it is not the only one—that there are sure to be the gravest strains upon human nature in the delicate adjustments of married life. One may be able to trust one's self in the great crises of life, but it is the pettiness of every-day living that lays bare one's besetting sins. A sensitive girl dreads, as cares increase, that the romance may depart, that her husband may sometimes come to find the smaller and less brilliant world in which the home-keeping wife dwells commonplace and sordid. The true-hearted lover fears that in some sudden blindness he may blunder into wounding the tender sensibilities that seem so exquisitely dear to him now. Often each dreams that he or she, or both together, may prove inadequate in the plain, practical, every-day affairs of life.

Intimate acquaintance, congeniality of tastes and purposes, respect, admiration, material and social advancement—all these may appeal at some time to the young woman or the young man as furnishing the possible material for a prosperous venture into matrimony. But to those of us who are on this side of married life, with years of experience to give us insight, there never was a greater fallacy. I would say to all young women (and I would I had the tongues of angels to say it as I should), "Love your lover or do not marry him." Respect and admiration may do for friendship; marriage absolutely demands love. You remember that when the apostle Peter sums up the qualities that go to make the perfect Christian character he does not begin by urging the necessity of faith. He assumes its existence at the start. He says, "Add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge." It is as if he would have us know that faith is not to be regarded simply as an adornment to the Christian character. It is a prerequisite. It is the atmosphere in which the Christian life has its breath and being. So it is with love when the time comes to settle the gravest question of life.

I think one reason why the married life so often has too little romance in it is because the engaged life has had nothing else. I know of no preservative of romance in married life so sure as good housekeeping, and I know of no profession so serious, so absorbing, so demanding preparation and skill as the profession of the housewife. When a young woman marries she as really enters upon the practice of a life profession as does a young man when he is admitted to the bar or puts out a little sign with M. D. upon it after three or four years spent in preparation. The man, you see, is willing to equip himself fully for his part of the partnership. Does it seem businesslike and in good faith for a woman to take the place of the second partner with a most indifferent training or even none at all? I would have the young girl who has committed herself to an engagement undertake at once a course in practical housekeeping.—Helen Watterson Moody in February Ladies' Home Journal.

"I had a strange dream last night." He leaned back in his chair and drew his

hand lightly across his eyes, as if he doubted that he was even yet awake.

"Yes?" said Lycia, half turning from her desk so that she faced him across the narrow strip of carpet. "Yes? what was it?"

"By far the most remarkable—the most wonderful dream that has ever disturbed my slumbers."

"Was—was it unpleasant?" timidly, half-hesitatingly questioned Lycia.

"Unpleasant! Well I should say not. On the contrary, it was the sweetest, the happiest experience that ever came into my life, sleeping or waking.

"Tell me about it," she murmured softly, turning away her eyes and making unintelligible marks upon the blotting pad with her pencil.

"I don't know whether I can or not," he replied. "It would be difficult to find words capable of describing the beauty, the joy, the ecstacy of that dream. And yet," he added, "it was so real that even now I am shaken with the memory of it. No I cannot express it in words."

"You might try," she suggested, still engaged in decorating the blotter, and seemingly absorbed in the occupation.

"All night long I seemed to be, no, I will say I was rocked in soft clouds of rose and gold, upon celestial heights, all night long I lay steeped in melody, light and fragrance. Every pulse was set to music, every heartstring thrilled with joy at the lightest touch—" He paused, and Lycia glanced up.

"Were you alone?" She just breathed the question, but he caught it clearly.

"No," he said, "no, oh no, I was not alone. He glanced at her then looked away, and the color crept to his forehead.

"Who was with you?" her eyes still bent upon the blotter.

"I cannot tell you that, I dare not, you would never forgive me."

"Tell me," she insisted, her own face flushing and palling.

"No," he said, "I must not."

"You must," she whispered. "I— it may be that I already know."

"No, you do not."

"Then I insist upon knowing."

"Will you forgive me then?"

"Yes, yes, anything—"

"It was you."

"I know— I know— I, too, dreamed last night, and my dream was the counterpart of yours!"

They regarded each other with pale cheeks and questioning eyes.

"What can it mean?" she said under her breath.

"I do not know," he replied, "but I do know what heaven means, and I know——"

"No, no, you must not say it," she cried. He sprang up and came a step toward her. She rose, too, and the look in her eyes held him where he stood.

"I swear to you—" he began, but she stopped him with a gesture. He would have taken her outflung hand, but she drew it back. "Only in dreams," she said with quivering lips, "only in dreams," and with bowed head, he obeyed her unspoken command and passed from the room and from her waking life forever. But a man may barter his hope of heaven for a sweet dream's sake!

Oraaro.

"Liz," said Miss Kiljordan's youngest brother, "do you says 'woods is,' or 'woods are?' "

"Woods are, of course," she answered. "Why?"

" 'Cause Mr. Woods are down in the parlor waitin' to see you."—*Ex.*

The Horse to Become Extinct.

Within the next dozen years, I feel confident, there will not be a horse in any of the large cities of this country. This statement may seem radical, but it is based on a growing fact and is not merely the declaration of an enthusiast. It is only ten years since the first electric cars were run in America.

The passing of the horse, begun by the electric cars, will be completed by the motor vehicles. They will be improved as we go on, and even if we advance no further than we have at present one result will be a general improvement in the pavements, which will be made firm and hard and can be kept as clean as the sidewalks.

It will cost just one-half the present

rate to keep these pavements clean and in repair, and the sanitary value of them is not the least to be considered.

Horses's hoofs tear up streets more than the wheels of wagons. The horse brings more filth, dirt and disease to cities than almost any other agency, and with the horse eliminated we shall have clean, even streets, which are a comfort and substantial benefit to any place that possesses them.

The horse will be relegated to the country, to those who love him well, to the plough and windrow, to the green meadows, far from the electric fever of great cities, where people are eager to benefit by the marvels of end-of-the-century science.

It will be some time yet before motor vehicles become cheaper. They are expensive to make, and the only factor that can act to cheapen them is the demand. People must buy them to diminish the price.

The history of the bicycle will be repeated on a gigantic scale in the development and use of the motor vehicle. I made my first bicycle in 1877. Only 92 wheels were sold that year. We are turning out 750 a day now, and, should the exigency arise, could increase the number to 1,000.

I have said the horse, who has served us well and against whom I have not the slightest personal feeling, will be relegated to the country. But even in his green retreat will he be followed by his Nemesis, with a heart of petroleum or electricity.

As the utility of the motor vehicles becomes more widespread they will traverse country roads in sufficient numbers to necssitate the placing of charging stations in the principal country hotels. So it will come to pass that while you are sitting at your meal, instead of having horses watered and fed, your vehicle will be getting stored with the energy to take you along the next stretch of your journey.

In Europe the motor vehicle is becoming popular—it is very much so in Paris, where the condition of the streets is such as the motor will eventually bring about here. We recently received an order for 100 vehicles for Berlin, which we will not fill.

If the horse is finally forced from the country-side—and that is not likely to happen for many years—I am not enough of a prophet to foresee just what will become of him. If indeed he at last becomes extinct he will exemplify a principle as old as civilization—that great progress is built upon the extinction of old forms. If he must go the horse will finish with the consolation of a race well run.—Colonel Albert A. Pope in the New York Sunday Journal.

Manila is always interesting, the Manila of the old days especially so, one of the most romantic, richest, and fairest cities of the sleepy East. Warmed by the tropical sun, cooled by the breezes of the Pacific, it was blessed with features of climate and commerce which permitted men to grow rich while at the same time they lived lazy and contented. It



A Bit of old Manila.—After a drawing in Harper's Weekly.
Copyright, 1899, by Harper & Brothers.

was the ideal home for the Spanish official or adventurer who wished to seek his fortune in distant colonies, and yet enjoy a life which forever reminded him of sunny Spain. The Spaniards did indeed become rich, but only through their cruel oppression of the natives, and during their rule, lasting almost four hundred years, the islands remained practically undeveloped. Apart from beauti-

ful Manila, with its Spanish buildings, its delicate Spanish architecture, a bit of which is shown in our illustration, taken from the current issue of Harper's Weekly, the towns are and have been mere collections of straw huts, and the natives of the archipelago for the most part are as barbarous as when Magellan met his fate on the island of Cebu.

Visitor: "What are you crying about, my little man?"

Little Willie: "All my brothers hez got a vacation, and I hain't got none."

Visitor: "Why that's too bad. How is that?"

Willie (between sobs): "I—don't go —to school yet."—*Life.*

A poor man lay dying, and his good wife was tending him with homely but affectionate care.

"Don't you think you could eat a bit of something, John? Now, what can I get for you?"

With a wan smile he answered, feebly: "Well, seem to smell a ham a-cooking somewhere; I think I could do with a little bit of that."

"Oh, John, dear," she answered, promptly, "you can't have that. That's for the funeral."

New Boarder: "What's the row upstairs?"

Landlady: "It's the professor of hypnotism trying to get his wife's permission to go out this evening.

Spare Moments.





Dr. Stork's Bill.

Oh, Dr. Stork, though I've been ill
I can't afford to pay your bill;
I haven't got a single penny,
The guinea-pig won't lend me any;
Besides, dear ma, I think you're wrong
To make your bill so very long
But still, I'll tell you what to do,
Please call again, kind sir. Adieu!

Poems to Order.

There once lived a gentleman, so I have read,
Whose wisdom was something profound,
And though I know naught of the life that he led,
His teachings I know to be sound.

"Protect me," said he, "from my friends, and I fear
No stab from the hand of a foe,
For I'll be on guard when my foe shall appear,
And quickly shall ward off the blow."

And often I've thought of his wisdom so great,
And often this thought have expressed,
When bound as it were by the grim hand of fate
And solemn defeat have confessed.

The tailor can make you a garment to fit,
Likewise the shoemaker a shoe—
But poems to order? Just think for a bit,—
Great heavens! Oh, what shall I do?

The poet would dwell where the lily-bells chime,
He fain would reach hights that are grand,
But if you would have him Parnassus to climb,
At least let him lay off the land.

He'd linger and wait where the primroses blow,
And birds twitter soft in the trees,
And list to the zephyrs in tones soft and low,
Re-echo the songs of the seas.

He'd linger and wait where the buttercups grow,
And willows bend over the stream,
And whisper a sonnet of long, long ago,
When life was an unsullied dream.

But if he be tied to a prosaic weight,
Pray heaven, let's loosen the strings!
Or else he will fall a sad victim to fate—
No tune to the song that he sings.

J. P. Brashear.



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Why should you not walk and work as painlessly as the man whose wife, sweetheart or sister you are? You are not a laggard by nature, but some bodily derangement or displacement has sapped your ambition and made you weak and peevish. Wherever you are, the miserable pain in your back or side or abdomen is ever present. Write for illustrated book, giving candid facts and conclusive testimony, SENT FREE, in plain sealed envelope. The brace has CURED THOUSANDS just such as you. This letter is one of thousands:

Health Brings Beauty; the Natural Body Brace brings Health.

Pine Forest, Alabama, May 30, 1898.

I was well pleased with my brace from the beginning. After wearing it four weeks, I am delighted with it; would not exchange it for money or anything else. I send you my heartfelt thanks for it. I had suffered a long time with falling of the womb, painful menstruation, constipation, heart disease, backache, headache, bearing down pains, etc. MRS. W. B. McCRARY.

Money refunded if Brace is not satisfactory.
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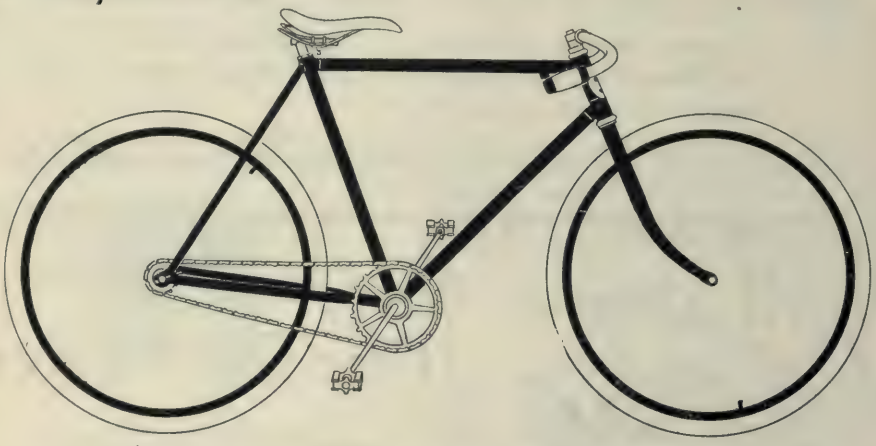
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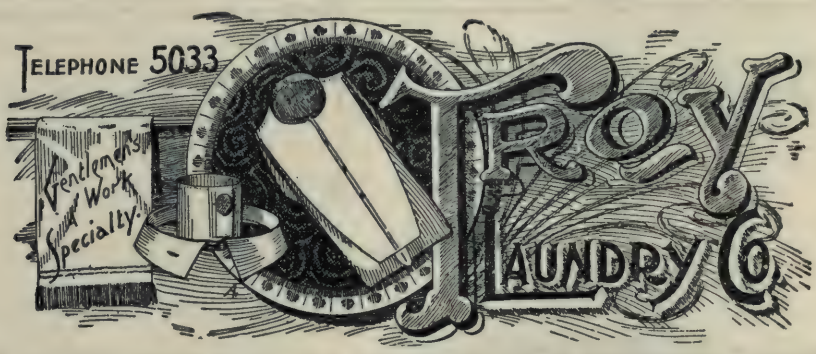
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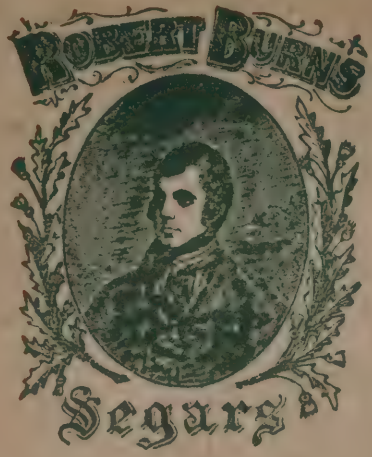
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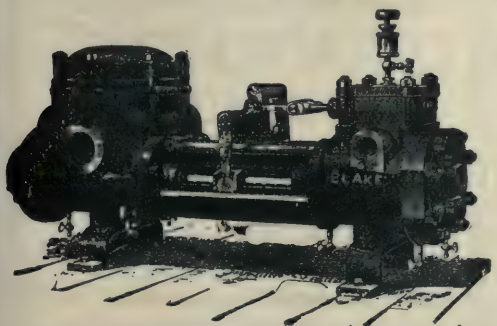
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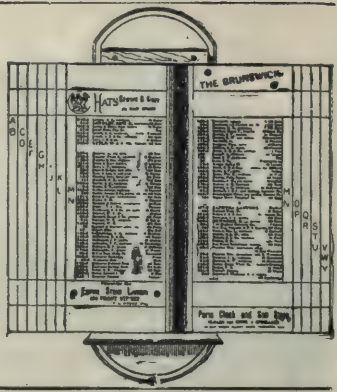
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Frederick Warde as "Macbeth."

The Pacific Monthly.

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The Genius of Shakespeare.

By FREDERICK WARDE.

A PREVAILING misconception of the social condition of the parents of William Shakespeare, the influences of his childhood, his opportunities of education, his youthful environmnt and the surroundings of his manhood are, in a great measure, responsible for the doubts that are so frequently expressed of the possibility of such a man having the ability or knowledge to conceive, develop, and write the plays and poems ascribed to his name. The popular error being that Shakespeare, having been born in such humble circumstances, had little or no education, and was of such a wild and dissipated character that the proposition was absurd and untenable.

John Shakespeare, the father of William, was not a peasant, but a sturdy yeoman, and belonged to that great middle class of England which has always been, and still is, the very backbone of the British Empire, and from whose loins sprang our own great American Republic of today. He was a man of substantial means at the time of the birth of his eldest son (William); one of the chamberlains of the borough of Stratford, 1564, and shortly afterwards was raised to the dignity of an alderman and thereafter was entitled to the honorable prefix of "Mr." Mary, his wife, was the daughter of a wealthy Warwickshire farmer, named Arden, whose family were afterwards ennobled. It was from such sturdy stock that William Shakespeare came.

It is but fair to assume that, under these conditions, the parents of Shakespeare were not without some little education and refinement, and, with the natural maternal pride that a mother takes in her first-born son (William was her third child), that he received his first knowledge at his mother's knee, and from the Holy Scriptures, a copy of which was doubtless to be found in almost every homestead in the country. If we could have looked, therefore, through the diamond-paned windows of the old gabled house in Henley street, Stratford, on some summer evening, after the shadows had fallen we might have seen a little fellow attired for bed, kneeling at the feet of his gentle mother, with his hands uplifted, repeating after her, with his infant lips, the Lord's Prayer, and imbibing the first knowledge of the divine principles of the Christian faith, which he so frequently and beautifully expresses throughout his plays.

At the age of seven years Shakespeare entered the village grammar school of Stratford, of which Walter Roche, a man of considerable learning, was then master, and attended it for seven years. We have no absolute knowledge of the curriculum of study at that school, but the

probabilities are that it consisted of English, rudimentary Latin and literature. There is no record of Shakespeare's progress or conduct while at school, but from the subsequent genius he displayed it is but reasonable to suppose that he was an apt scholar. Seven years under the direction of an able tutor, at an age (seven to fourteen) when the youthful mind is most capable of receiving and retaining impressions would form the foundation of a pretty substantial education and probably a very sound one for the period in which he lived. Ben Jonson, himself a university graduate, speaking somewhat slightingly of Shakespeare's classical knowledge, said that "he knew little Latin, and less Greek," and a perusal of his plays shows us that the Latin quoted therein is of just about the quality that an intelligent boy would gain at a public school, while the scenes, between the French princess, her maid, and the king in "Henry V," would indicate that his knowledge of that language was of the same rudimentary quality as his Latin.

Of his life on leaving school (about 1578) to assist his father, who, with a large family, was then in financial difficulties, we know little. In his moments of leisure he doubtless shared the recreations of the youths of his own age in the neighborhood, for in his plays we find constant references to and quotations of the terms used in bowls, quoits, archery, hawking, hunting, wrestling and other sports of the period. In his pastoral plays, such as "A Midsummer's Nights Dream" and "As You Like It," we find ample evidence of his powers of observation, unconscious doubtless at the time, of the beauties of nature, the variety of the wild flowers, the habits of the birds, the insects, the animals, and the reptiles that he found in the meadows by the Avon's banks.

"Where daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white;
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight."

Also of his wanderings in the woods of Shottery and Charlecotte, where he found

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

I can readily imagine that he, himself, saw

"The poor sequestered stag, that from the hunter's aim had taen a hurt"

augment the already swollen stream with his superfluous tears. It was, doubtless, from his own childish experience with some village Yorick, that he placed in Hamlet's mouth the line—

"He hath borne me on his back a thousand times,"

And from the immature observations of his youthful days developed the philosophy of his maturer years. During the days of his courtship of Anne Hathway it is not difficult to understand how, to the eyes of the youthful lover nature took on an added beauty, and the natural poetry of his mind developed under the influence of "love's young dream." His indiscreet, and (for him) premature marriage followed, when he was little more than eighteen years of age—Anne Hathway was eight years older. With its realities and responsibilities, he awoke to the bitterness of an enforced cohabitation with a woman who, if not absolutely uncongenial, was certainly far inferior to himself in every quality of mind and imagination. His escapade on the estate of Sir Thomas Lucy probably led to his subsequent flight to London to avoid its consequences.

What a revelation to this country youth must have been the vastness of that great city, for it was great, even in the days of "good Queen Bess," with its life, its wealth, its palaces, its pageants, and its play-houses. It was to the latter that he naturally drifted, first finding employment outside its doors, then within as "call boy" or prompter's assistant, and finally as an actor. Here he found his proper and natural sphere, here the natural trend of his mind and heart found a congenial atmosphere, and here his natural amiability and intellectual accomplishments found speedy recognition, and secured his rapid advancement to fame and for-

tune. Then commenced his life's great work. Fired with ambition, and filled with emulation of the brilliant minds with whom he was brought in contact in that exceptionally brilliant period of the world's literary history, the genius of his soul gave to time and posterity that series of plays and sonnets that have never been equalled for exquisite poetry and sublime philosophy, and made him recognized as the greatest dramatic poet that the world has ever known.

The works of Shakespeare! What an area they cover! What worlds of passion! What flights of fancy! What exquisite wit! What unctious humor! and what marvelous descriptions are to be found within them! There is not a single chord in the whole gamut of human passion that he has not touched, delicately, yet firmly, from the ambition of a monarch to the first faint flush of love in a young maid's heart.

It is marvelous to contemplate that in the brief span of a human life so much knowledge could be acquired. And it was acquired; but how? Not by the systematic education of a school, college or university, but by contact with men and manners, and by the marvelous genius of observation that he possessed to an almost superhuman degree. The physician marvels at his knowldge of physiology and medicine, the lawyer at his cognizance of law and legal phraseology, the scientist at his possession of his secrets, and the philosopher at his familiarity with the mysteries of nature. But analyse his words, and you will find that they are the result of acute observation and philosophic reflection, and not of study or application. He clearly described the circulation of the blood, long before Harvey discovered it, but not its application and use in the treatment of disease. The principle of gravitation was clearly defined by Shakespeare in "Troilius and Cressida" before Sir Isaac Newton was born, but I doubt if he realized its scientific value. His knowledge of legal terms and the general principles of law could easily have been obtained, but his application of law is very defective; in the "Merchant of Venice," for instance, the decision of Portia would hardly be upheld as "sound" by any of our courts. His skill in navigation and seamanship, together with his apparent familiarity with nautical phrases, as shown in "The Tempest," may be attributed to his acquaintance and conversation with the sailors that frequented the taverns, near the theatre at Bankside, while the adaptation of many of the old Italian stories upon which some of his plays are founded does not of a necessity imply a knowledge of that language, but may have been gathered from the narratives of persons who had read or heard them, and related them in the hearing of the poet. Shakespeare evidently possessed the faculty of remembering everything he ever read, heard or saw, and preserving the same for use and reference whenever occasion might require it.

The three books that Shakespeare certainly did read are the Bible, "Plutarch's Lives" and "Holinshed's Chronicles." Of the first we find evident familiarity from frequent reference and quotations in all his plays. In "Julius Caesar" and other classic works he follows Plutarch closely, in some instances almost verbatim; while in his historical dramas he has—with the poet's license—used Holinshed almost exclusively. There is nothing, in my mind, in Shakespeare's use of the old stories, plays and poems in "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," or his combination of them in "The Merchant of Venice" or "King Lear," etc., that is inconsistent with the suggestions I have made. Institutional education up to a certain point develops the mind; beyond that it contracts it.

The works of Shakespeare show him to be a man of fairly good rudimentary learning, but with a mind unfettered by the discipline of systematic study, soaring with unclipped wings to the heights of his own poetic imagination, and not confined by the dogmas of circumscribed thought or the orthodoxy of any philosophic sect or creed. We must concede Shakespeare's genius, and genius cannot be judged by the common standards of ordinary humanity; it is not amenable to law, custom or rule; it soars where it lists, and is controlled by a power "greater than we can contradict."

I therefore cannot doubt the authenticity of the works of William Shakespeare, or find in them anything that is inconsistent or incompatible with the accepted facts that are in our possession of the birth, parentage, education, youthful environments and the mature associations of the man.

NOTE.—I am indebted for the confirmation of the facts stated above to a recent work entitled "A Life of Shakespeare," by Sydney Lee, whose patient and exhaustive researches into Elizabethian literature entitle him to be classed as an authority that should forever dispose of that absurdity—the Baconian theory. F. W.

"How Knoweth This Man Letters, Having Never Learned?"

By WILLIAM BITTLE WELLS.

FOR those who are willing to meet it, the plays of Shakespeare present the most remarkable and perplexing problem in the history of the world's literature. Some put the question lightly aside with an air of superior wisdom, while others give it a hasty and superficial consideration, or else scoff at investigation, however fair-minded it may be, as an insult to the master-mind which conceived the splendid Shakespearean drama.

We have been prone to consider a discussion of the problem profitless; and yet when one is willing to throw aside prejudice and preconceived notions, based upon anything but facts and investigation, and look at the question of the authorship of the plays attributed to Shakespeare in a calm and dispassionate manner, he comes into touch at once with the most fascinating study in literature, and faces a question in which no one who speaks the English language and who is conversant with its literature can afford to be unconcerned.

The first difficulty which confronts us in accepting Shakespeare as the author of the plays attributed to him is that of "marrying the man to his verse." Ever since any serious study of the plays has been undertaken this difficulty has been recognized, and the more the plays are studied the greater it becomes.

The lawyer who pores over his Shakespeare finds unmistakable evidences that the author has at his finger tips the legal phrases and usages of the Elizabethan age, and must, at some period of his life, have studied law. Dr. Abbott, of Stanford University, one of the college authorities in this country on law, and a thorough student of Shakespeare, is of this opinion. Lord Campbell, the chief justice of England, wrote a book to show Shakespeare's remarkable familiarity with the science of jurisprudence. Richard Grant White says:

"Legal phrases flow from his pen as a part of his vocabulary and parcel of thought. * * * This could not have been picked up by hanging around the courts of London, 250 years ago." As to the correctness of Shakespeare's law, Lord Campbell, whose words should come to us with considerable weight, says:

"While novelists and dramatists are constantly making mistakes as to the law of marriage, of wills, and of inheritance, to Shakespeare's law, lavishly as he expounded it, there can neither be demurrer, nor bill of exceptions, nor writ of error."

The physician or surgeon who, after the weary rounds of the day, sits down by the evening lamp to refresh and compose his mind with "Hamlet" or "King John," or "Coriolanus," or "Julius Caesar," is lost with admiration and wonder at the remarkable knowledge of medicine that the pages display. He finds that the author of the plays was undoubtedly acquainted with, and made known,

the circulation of the blood,—forestalling Harvey's announcement by many years, for Harvey's book was not published until 1628, and yet there is nothing in it more definite than the following from "Coriolanus," which appeared in 1623:

"I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain,
And, through the cranks and offices of man:
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live."
—Coriolanus, Act I, Scene 1.

And again from "Hamlet," Act I, Scene 5:

"The leperous distillment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with the blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body."

Dr. J. C. Bucknill, of London, whose book on the "Medical Knowledge of Shakespeare" appeared in 1860, says: "It is possible to compare Shakespeare's knowledge with the most advanced knowledge of the present day." Such testimony is not to be waved lightly aside.

The theologian who seeks to brighten his sermon with gems from the great dramatist is amazed to find that the pages of the Shakespearean drama sparkle with quotations and thoughts from the Bible, and John Rees, of Philadelphia, was so thoroughly impressed by this fact that in his book on "Shakespeare and the Bible" (Philadelphia, 1876), he "assures us that the youth Shakespeare, on quitting his virgin Stratford for the metropolis, was scrupulous to avoid the glittering temptations of London; that he eschewed wine and women; that he avoided the paths of vice immorality, and piously kept himself at home, his only companion being the family Bible, which he read most ardently and vigorously!"—(Morgan.)

And Bishop Wadsworth, of England, on page 345 of his "Shakespeare's Use of the Bible," says:

"Take the entire range of English literature—put together our best authors, who have written on subjects not professedly religious, and we shall not find, I believe, in them all, printed so much evidence of the Bible being read and used as in Shakespeare alone."

So, too, the philosopher, the philologist, the linguist, the scientist, and the historian, who scans the Shakespearean page, finds that his learning has been largely anticipated, and comes to the inevitable conclusion that the author of the plays must have been a thorough student of his branch of knowledge.

"Shakespeare," says Alexander Pope, "must have been very knowing in the customs, rites, and manners of antiquity. In 'Coriolanus' and 'Julius Caesar,' not only the spirit, but the manner of the Romans is exactly drawn; and still a nicer distinction is shown between the manners of the Romans in the time of the former and of the latter. Mr. Waller (who has been celebrated for this last particular) has not shown more learning in this way than Shakespeare." And Mr. Morgan adds: "A philologist will scarcely need perusal of more than a Shakespearean page to arrive at this judgment. Wherever else the verdict of scholarship may err, the microscope of the philologist cannot err. * * It is infallible, because, just as the hand of a writer, however cramped, affected, or disguised, will unconsciously make its native character of curve or inclination, so the speech of a man will be moulded by his familiarity, be it greater or less, with the studies, learning, tastes, and conceits of his own day, and by the models before him. He cannot unconsciously follow models that are unknown to him, or speak in a language he has never learned."

What has puzzled the critics, therefore, as much as anything else is to account for the knowledge of the modern languages which the author of the plays exhibits. To have written "Romeo and Juliet," "Othello" and several other plays Shakespeare must have had a knowledge of Italian, since there are numerous illustrations of the author's use of Boccaccio, Cinthio, Belleforest, and Grotto, whose works were not then translated into English.

To meet all this learning in law, medicine and theology, all this knowledge of literature, science, history and philology, we have but two terms in

the grammar school at Stratford, where there was practically nothing taught but Latin and Greek. No serious attempt was made to teach English or any of the branches that today are deemed necessary. To meet it we have a man, who, after leaving his native town with the most superficial training of an elementary character, went to London friendless and alone, and there to eke out a livelihood was compelled to do whatever his hands might find to do; to meet it we have, again, the man whose time in London was so thoroughly used in acting and managing that it is impossible that he could have found the leisure to prepare himself for constructing the splendid drama that goes by his name. May we not ask, then, with some show of reason, "How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?"

The question is one which has perplexed Shakespeareans and anti-Shakespeareans alike. The latter, however, have found a solution which, they say, has at least the recommendation of common sense—while the former continue to extoll Shakespeare's learning, and yet fail utterly to account for it on any reasonable basis. One of the most striking of these utterances was by Jean Paul Richter, who exclaimed:

"Shakespeare spanned the ages that were to roll up after him, mastered the highest wave of modern learning and discovery, and touched the heart of all time, not through the breathing of living characters, but by lifting mankind up out of the loud kingdom of earth into the silent realm of infinity; who so wrote that to his all-seeing vision schools and libraries, sciences and philosophies were unnecessary, because his own marvelous intuition had grasped all the past and seen through all his present and all his future, and because, before his superhuman power, time and space had vanquished and disappeared."

Were we to admit all this there would, indeed, be no cause for doubting that Shakespeare wrote the plays, but to admit it, as a writer says, is to assert that a miracle was vouchsafed to the Elizabethan age which the people could not understand or appreciate and did not recognize.

The celebrated historian Guizot, in his "History of England," reinforces what has already been said. He says:

"Let us finally mention the great comedian, the great tragedian, the great philosopher, the great poet, who was in his lifetime butcher's apprentice, poacher, actor, theatrical manager, and whose name is William Shakespeare. In twenty years, amid the duties of his profession, the care of mounting his pieces, of instructing his actors, he composed 32 tragedies and comedies, in verse and prose, rich with an incomparable knowledge of human nature, and an unequaled power of imagination, terrible and comic by turns, profound and delicate, homely and touching, responding to every emotion of the soul, divining all that was beyond the range of his experience and forever remaining the treasure of the age—all this being accomplished, Shakespeare left the theatre and the busy world, at the age of 45, to return to Stratford-on-Avon, where he lived peacefully in the most modest retirement, writing nothing and never returning to the stage—ignored and unknown, as if his works had not forever marked out his place in the world—a strange example of an imagination so powerful, suddenly ceasing to produce, and closing, once for all, the door to the effort of genius."

The inconsistency of this statement never seems to have suggested itself to Guizot, though he had stated the Shakespearean problem in the most exact terms. Guizot, however, is only one of the many who have been likewise puzzled.

Coleridge exclaims: "In spite of all biographies, ask your own hearts—ask your own common sense to conceive the possibility of this man being the anomalous, the wild, the irregular genius of our daily criticism. What! Are we to have miracles in sport? or (I speak reverently) does God choose idiots by whom to convey divine truth to man?" And Hallam says: "If there was a Shakespeare of earth, as I suspect, there was also one of heaven, and it is of him we desire to learn more."

Mr. Furness, of Philadelphia, whose

great work, "The Variorum Shakespeare," has attracted world-wide attention, also says:

"I am one of the many who have never been able to bring the life of William Shakespeare and the plays of Shakespeare within a planetary space of each other; are there any other two things in the world more incongruous?"

These are only a few of the conspicuous names in literature which have testified to the same effect. Goethe, Schlegel, Carlyle, Palmerston, Emerson, Hallam, and Gervinus may be added to the list. Besides these a host of others, students and professors, who have made a specialty of Shakespearean study, have found it impossible to reconcile the marvelous learning shown on every page of the Shakespearean drama with the meagre education and literary training which it is known that Shakespeare had. "Genius" may explain much, but it fails utterly to account for the learning that could be obtained only by years of incessant study, and no one yet has been so short-sighted as to offer it as an explanation.

As Morgan says, "The question is not 'Was Shakespeare a poet?' but, had he access to the material from which the plays are composed? Admit him to have been the greatest poet, the most frenzied genius in the world; where did he get—not the poetry, but—the classical, philosophical, chemical, historical, astronomical and geological information—the facts that crowd these pages?"

Granting that Shakespeare was as other men are—a mortal being not inspired so that he might divine all knowledge without study, there is but one conclusion to which this mass of testimony and criticism forces us, i. e., that Shakespeare could not have written the plays, and that he did not is consequently the ground which the anti-Shakespeareans take.

The second stumbling block in our effort to prove that Shakespeare was the author of the plays attributed to him is his will—and here again, if we insist on our belief in his authorship, the mystery becomes deeper and more inexplicable. If we adopt the new theory, however, which is given further on, the will explains itself. Morgan has summed up the question so well that we quote him on the subject entire:

"No Shakespearean has ever yet attempted to explain the fact that William Shakespeare, making his last will and testament at Stratford, in 1515, utterly ignored the existence of any literary property among his assets, or of his having used his pen, at any period, in accumulating the competency of which he died possessed. The will is by far the completest and best authenticated record we have of the man William Shakespeare, testifying not only to his undoubtedly having lived, but to his character as a man; and—most important of all to our investigation—to his exact worldly condition. Here we have his own careful and ante-mortem schedule of his possessions, his chattels real and chattels personal, down to the oldest and most rickety bedstead under his roof. And we may be pretty sure that it is an accurate and exhaustive list. But if he were—as well as a late theater manager and country gentleman—an author and the proprietor of dramas that had been produced and found valuable, how about these plays? Were they not of as much value, to say the least, as a damaged bedstead? Were they not, as a matter of fact, not only invaluable, but the actual source of his wealth? How does he dispose of them? Does Shakespeare forget that he has written them? Is it not a fact, and is it not reason and common sense to conceive, that, not having written them, they have passed out of his possession along with the rest of his theatrical property, along with the theater whose copyrights they were, and into the hands of others? This is the greatest difficulty and stumbling-block for the Shakespeareans. If Shakespeare had written these plays, of which the age of Elizabeth was so fond, and in whose production he had amassed a fortune, that he should have left a will, in items, in which absolutely no mention or hint of them whatever should be made, even their most zealous plundits cannot step over, and so are scrupulous not to allude to it at all. This piece of evidence is unimpeachable and conclusive as to what worldly goods, chattels, chattel-interests, or things in action, William Shakespeare

supposed that he should die possessed of. Tradition is gossip. Records are scant and niggardly. Contemporary testimony is conflicting and shallow, but here, attested in due and sacred form, clothed with the foreshadowed solemnity of another world, is the calm, deliberate, ante-mortem statement of the man himself. We perceive what becomes of his second-hand bedstead, but what becomes of his plays? Is is possible that, after all these years' experience of their value—in the disposition of a fortune of which they had been the source and foundation—he should have forgotten their very existence?"

One point, however, is not mentioned, so far as we have seen, by any of the critics, and the mystery is made much deeper by it. At the time of Shakespeare's death—1616—some of the best plays that have been attributed to him had not been heard of. If we can, in any way, explain his failure to mention the plays that had already been published and from which it has been supposed that he made his fortune—though this view is gradually losing ground—how can we explain by any sort of jugglery his failure to mention his ownership—if he ever did own them—of such plays as "Othello," "Julius Caesar," "All's Well That Ends Well," "Henry VIII," and seven or eight others? Again the only sensible theory is, that not having written the plays, and never having owned more than a stage-right in them, he left them out of consideration in his will as a matter of course.

A third stumbling-block, and one almost equally difficult to overcome, is the fact that Shakespeare never, upon any occasion whatever, claimed that he was an author either of the plays attributed to him or of anything else, but persistently and consistently ignored the publication of the plays just as any one would have done who had no interest in them and who was consequently unconcerned. The fact, also, that none of the plays were entered for copyright by Shakespeare or printed for him is startling and significant.

As for Ben Jonson's, Green's and Meres' testimony, they may all be put aside as of about the same value. Jonson contradicts himself, and hence must be thrown out of court; Meres simply enumerates plays that had been printed as Shakespeare's, and Green calls Shakespeare a plagarist because his own lines had been appropriated.

So facts might be piled up, nearly all of which would point to one inevitable conclusion—namely, that Shakespeare could not have written the plays,—but among them no one fact is more significant and suggestive than that the state of literary composition in Shakespeare's day was such that anonymous and joint authorship was the most common occurrence. From this fact a new theory has arisen, and today it has come to be quite generally regarded as the most probable solution of the problem. This theory is to the effect that arriving in London without employment Shakespeare commenced life by holding horses at the theater door. By attending strictly to business he secured a position in the theater itself, and finally in 1599, became a partner in the Globe. The plays that were produced at the theater at this time became known as "Shakespeare's plays," just as today the plays given at Daly's and the Lyceum in New York are occasionally called "Daly's plays" and the "Lyceum's plays," though they have been written by different authors. The plays which were produced at Shakespeare's theater proving a success, the publishers of that day made use of the fact by printing Shakespeare's name as the author of various plays which he never claimed and which, the new theorists assert, he did not write. In one case, "The Passionate Pilgrim," a vigorous protest was made by the real author, Dr. Heywood, of two of the poems in the collection, and in the third edition Shakespeare's name was removed. The other real authors did not protest, so the adherents of the new theory claim; first, because the plays might have been sold to the publishers with the understanding that they were to use them as they might see fit; this stipulation being made by the publishers because they were accustomed to put on the title pages of their productions any name that might add to the sale; second, be

cause literary composition at the time was in more or less disgrace, and those in high positions could not afford to be known as authors; anonymous authorship was the natural outcome of this state of affairs, for "between the Stationers' Company and the Star Chamber it was a fortunate author, printer, or reader, who escaped hanging, disemboweling, and quartering, with only the loss of ears or liberty."—(Morgan.)

London was full of playwrights, contemporary with Shakespeare, some of whom we may be confident submitted their plays to him, and the plays were subsequently printed as Shakespeare's. "Henry VIII" is an example. The "Two Noble Kinsmen" and "Edward III" are others. These plays are today by the most learned critics admitted not to have been written by Shakespeare. Fletcher is most probably their true author. Shakespeare, however, had made a success of his management of the Globe theater, and his name was one for the printers to conjure by.

This theory is sustained up to this point by the actual fact that when "Romeo and Juliet," "Richard II," "Richard III," and other plays now attributed to Shakespeare were first published Shakespeare's name did not appear on the title pages as their author. As Morgan says again, "This theory seems to tally with the evidence from what we know as the 'doubtful plays.' In 1609, there appeared in London an anonymous publication, a play entitled 'Troilus and Cressida.' It was accompanied by a preface addressed, 'A never writer to an ever reader,' which, in the turgid fashion of the day set forth the merit and attractions of the play itself. Among its other claims to public favor, this preface asserted the play to be one 'never stal'd with the stage, never clapperclawed with the palms of the vulgar,' which seems (in English) to mean that it had never been performed at the theatre. But, however virgin on its appearance in print, it seems to have very shortly become 'staled with the stage,' or at any rate, with the stage name, for, a few months later, a second edition of the play (printed from the same type) appears, minus the preface, but with the announcement on the title-page that this is the play of 'Troilus and Cressida,' as it was enacted by the king's majesty his servants at the Globe. Written by William Shakespeare. Now, unless we can imagine William Shakespeare—while operating his theater—writing a play to be published in print—and announcing it as entitled to public favor on the ground that it had never been polluted by contact with so unclean and unholy a place as a theater, it is hard to escape the conviction that he was not the 'never-writer'—in other words, that he was not its author at all—but on its appearance in print, levied on it for his stage, underlined it, produced it, and—it proving a success—either himself announced it, or winked at its announcement by others, as a work of his own."

If Shakespeare did not write the Shakespearean plays, who, then, did? Certainly it were foolish to maintain that Bacon, or any other one man, could have written them. "All honest commentators have confessed the difficulty of believing, from internal evidence, that but one single hand wrote the plays and poems" (Morgan), and when this is reinforced by external evidence to the same effect, there is but one conclusion that can be reached. Fletcher wrote "Henry VIII." If he were capable of the sublime passages which end with—

> "O Cromwell, Cromwell,
> Had I but served my God with half the zeal
> I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
> Have left me naked to mine enemies."

which it is now admitted that he did write, may he not have been capable of more of the great thoughts which fill the pages of the Shakespearean drama? May his not have been the master-mind which, aided by others of experience and learning, was at the back of the entire drama? Or, again, it is not reasonable to suppose that Marlowe, Bacon, Beaumont, Greene, Nash, Ben Jonson, Dekker, Walter Raleigh, Edmund Spencer, Matthew, Southampton, Montgomery, or Essex submitted plays to Shakespeare as manager, and for reasons which we have already outlined preferred not to be known as their authors? Certainly this is the more sensible theory than to main-

tain doggedly that they belong to the hiatus in the life of an uneducated and unlearned manager of a theater, who, to have written them, must have violated every law that has guided others in literary composition since the dawn of literature.

After all, we have the plays—that is the principal thing,—and were it not that such an inquiry as this arouses and stimulates interest in the plays themselves it would be largely in vain. For it is only by understanding the environment in which they were written, the wonderful knowledge which they display, the philology, philosophy and learning which crowd the pages that they can be most thoroughly appreciated.

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*The writer wishes to acknowledge his special indebtedness to the last named book, which has been freely consulted in the preparation of this paper.

As in a Dream.

As in a dream we hum an unknown air,
A distant theme of gay or sad refrain,
Yet when awake cannot—alas—recall
One note of it nor bring it back again—

So in our lives we fain would catch once more
The key-note of a dead past's harmony;
Would tune our hearts to passion's sweet dream-song
And feel again the old glad ecstacy.

It is in vain;—yet why regret and grieve?
The fragrance lingers where was once the flower;
And Memory's book still bears upon its leaves
The perfumed impress of that long-lost hour.

Marion Cook.

Kahwayo.

By LIZZIE G. WILCOXSON.

AGAINST a background of tall, dark hemlocks and firs, of slender maples, of underbrush and ferns, three bright-shawled Indian women slowly moved through a trail. They were followed by a half dozen children clad in a variety of parti-colored rags. Two of the squaws, in addition to a large, closely made pack on the back, carried each a pappoose bound up Indian fashion. The third and youngest squaw supported on her shoulders a pack that in appearance would have been a load for a pony. In the rear of the procession a cayuse, loaded top and sides, was guided by a youth who sat perched on the top of the pack.

The pappooses slept and their little heads hung and wagged out of their baskets with the motion of the steps of the squaws.

The rising sun portended a bright, clear day, but the bushes and moss along the trail were heavy with moisture that fell in showers at the lightest touch, and the "flap, flap" of their wet skirts and the faint, soft "swish," "swash" of their wet moccasined feet and the "thud" of the pony's hoofs, made a mournful accompaniment to their silent march.

In spite of their stolid expressions, slow progress and unbroken silence—for Indians never carry on conversation—there was an air of alertness about them; an expression—if the poor creatures may be said to have any expression but that of an animal long inured to cold, hunger and hardships—of anticipation. This was, indeed, the case. They were journeying down the river to a piece of land where their braves had been quartered for two moons past slashing down timber. The slashing was now finished, and they were to be paid off—not in trade or store checks or orders—but in money. There was, therefore, ahead of them a journey to town, some twenty-five miles away; a high old time generally, a choice of coffee, and perhaps sugar,—if the money held out sufficiently after buying the bright bandannas, the new blue overhauls, the flowered calico, and perhaps some new shawls—how many and how much of which would depend on the covetousness of the merchants; but still there would be a lot of money; a lot of new things to wear; a lot of whisky, and a big potlatch when they got back home, with perhaps something to eat for several weeks to come.

What mattered the diet of fern-root bread, dried salmon eggs and sour berries for two weeks past? Nothing; it was better than fern-root bread alone, or potatoes alone. It was but a month since that they had had a bear. Fortunate, they counted themselves. To be sure, it was but a lean old she-bear, and it was unlawful to kill her, but that counted for nothing with Kahwayo, who slew her with a pine pitch knot, as heavy as a great iron sledge. Kahwayo was the squaw with the big pack. She was exceedingly strong; and for temper, there was not her equal in many tribes. She did not brawl: that is not the forte of the squaw. But Hawk, who was once her brave, mysteriously died after having sorely beat her while he was in a drunken mood. Kahwayo looked stolidly impassive as the Indians came and took charge of poor Hawk, examined his swollen form and emptied out upon the ground a pot of poisoned fish she had given him to eat. Hawk was buried and a feast was made and Feather took Kahwayo and, profiting by Hawk's fate, he treated her with due consideration, putting great value upon her enormous strength.

That was many moons ago: perhaps as many as forty and more, for she had borne him several pappooses, the youngest of which was now being carried by one of the other squaws, who could not carry the heavy pack on Kahwayo's back.

It was near the middle of the afternoon when they reached their destination. All day they had plodded on; not stopping at noon. There was nothing in the way of victuals with them; the last of the bread and dried fish having been eaten very early that morning before starting out on their journey. Their

plan was to stop a day or two at the camp at the slashing, and then proceed on the trip to town.

"It is very warm," said Kahwayo, as they stopped at the bark tent built against a great tree near a clear running stream of mountain water. She was reeking like a horse pulling up a hill. They all unburdened themselves; the babies were hung on a projecting pole. The dogs, five of which were following, commenced to nose eagerly around the scattered pans and skillets in the tent hunting for stray bits to eat. But the attention of the women was drawn to a small group of men who were engaged in a hot dispute. They were two white men and three Indians. The older white man and the one who was doing the talking, was a large, bulky man, with much beard and thin hair. In the heat of the argument, he continually removed his hat and mopped his bald head quite fiercely. The young man was his son. He was a good-looking, happy natured fellow of not more than twenty. He was taking no part in the argument, and when the women and children arrived, he meandered around them, prodding the young ones playfully with the end of his walking stick. The women sat down on the ground and paid attention to what was going on, though they said nothing either to the men or to each other.

"Well, all I've got to say," cried Mr. Combs wrathfully, "you don't get a blessed cent of money till you do that job right. It's a blessed fine thing that I happened to come out instead of trusting to Bart to see to it. I'll pay you fellers when you've gone over this land and cut down them half trees. I ain't a goin' to stand a stump over six inches high in this slashin', though. You can just mark that. The stuff won't half burn, and I ain't goin' to stand it."

The Indians refused to reslash the stumps which were left unreasonably tall, but which would have made but little difference in the burning of the slashing. Thus both parties were right in a measure and both wrong. The settlers for the most part were careless in slashing and the Indians are not more thorough than they are forced to be, and they felt that they were being hardly treated.

"Bart," called Mr. Combs, "Bart, you come here. I've just laid the law down to these lazy, thieving brutes. I'm goin' on out to town an' I won't be back here till the first of the month. That'll give 'em plenty of time to do this job up right. I'm goin' to leave it to you to see after, an' if I can't get back, you can pay 'em off when its done."

"Oh, all right," replied Barton Combs, who was tired of the discussion, and wanted to get on and complete his arrangements for a hunt through the mountains.

The Indians had no recourse but to do the work demanded of them; and, since it had to be done if they would get their money, they picked up their axes and without so much as a word to their squaws squatting near, they sullenly began to hack at the tall stumps of the vine maples and alders.

No one marked the brawny, brown squaw, who sat a great carved thing so dumb and wooden and passionless; no one but a dog, who, looking into her hot, angry eyes, uttered a low growl and crouched at her feet, keeping his eyes on her face.

Two weeks is not much in an Indian camp, where time is not reckoned as dollars and cents, and though at the end of that time but a small portion of the ground had been gone over, Barton had returned from his hunt, and desired to go on to the railroad and thence home.

"Oh, bother," concluded the young man, after seeing what they had not done, "t'won't make a shakes difference unless the old man comes back. I'll take my chances on that."

He paid them for the work, offering the condition that they would complete it. "Not that I expect for a moment they will," he thought; but more to uphold his father's policy.

"Now you fellows do what's right, and finish cutting those stumps. Tell you what: Father means to buy that forty just across the river; and if you do this business up in good style, I'll have him give you another job there. And, by the way, I've got to go over there. I guess I'd just as well this evening as any other

time. If you'll put me across opposite Haizlip's ranch, I'll stay all night there, and you can come for me in the morning if he hasn't got a boat. I'll be back in a couple of hours, and don't forget to have your boat ready," he called as he strode away.

Shortly after he was gone, Kahwayo rose from the very dirty mat, where, lying propped on one elbow, she had been stemming the gooseberries piled around her. They were for sale to the white folks on the prairie: the Indians are not so particular as to require the bloom ends taken off the berries they eat. She went in the direction of the river. A big, lumbering skiff was tied to a little tree bending over the bank. Kahwayo untied and drew it upon the river bank. She climbed in and for two hours she bent industriously over a piece of work she was accomplishing in the bottom of the boat. When it was done she spread her shawl over it, and an expression of intense satisfaction was depicted in her face. The contrivance she had made was simply a great hole filled with a stop that could be jerked out by an attached thong. She pushed the skiff into the water and sat down in it. She waited for a long time, but having no engagements to interfere with her waiting, she waited without impatience. The sun set in a bank of yellow; the moon rose—a tiny crescent balancing on a twig of cedar—a dear little baby moon, so fine, so delicate, so innocent. It gave no light to speak of, but the sky was so clear and the stars came so bright, that when Feather—or to speak his English name, Tom—came down with the young man, Barton Combs, their features were clearly distinguishable. Feather was not averse to letting Kahwayo do the labor of putting Combs across; he had in fact been inwardly wroth at the prospect of having to exert himself so unnecessarily when he had a squaw; but Feather never raged at his squaw, even when she occasionally chose to be undutiful and leave him turns of this sort to do.

Barton seated himself in the boat and Kahwayo slowly swung out into the stream. Combs took off his hat and threw back his head to enjoy the refreshing breeze. He had been walking hard and was very warm, though the evening was almost cold, as most Washington evenings are; especially on the Cowlitz river, whose waters are icy all the year round.

The young man soon forgot where he was in the absorbing enjoyment of the beauty of the evening. The rugged, steep, rock walls of the river, the high dark hills, the clear studded sky, and the tiny moon! He did not realize that they had reached a landing till Kahwayo moored the boat near a tree that had fallen and projected far into the river. Before he could question her reason for not approaching the bank, she had leapt suddenly out on the log, giving the boat such a tremendous push with the oar that it snapped in two. As Kahwayo leapt upon the log a sharp report was heard like the firing of a pistol: she had in reality pulled the stop out of the hole. An icy stream of water spurted through the bottom of the boat that was going straight to the bottom.

Had he been a tolerable swimmer, his being violently thrown into the cold water and stunned by what had so unexpectedly and inexplicably occurred would have been paralyzing; but as it was he was unable to swim at all, and was bodily fighting the waters, whose swift current it is impossible for a horse to tide at that point, before he could realize what had happened.

On the bed of the river a few rotten planks was all that was left of the boat. If Feather resented its loss, the fact that Kahwayo was not disposed to discuss it prevented his being violently curious; or if he was angry he swore inwardly and did not strike. He remembered poor Hawk.

For days and weeks and months the woods and waters were searched for the missing Combs boy; but no living eye saw an Indian woman secure the body from a drift of brush five miles down the river and bury it deep in the woods, and hide well the grave.

Only the stars could tell of the white face raised to heaven from the black, rocking water, the dispairing call of agony, and the dying gurgle that was the last breath of a brave young life.

Columbus En Voyage.

By LISCHEN M. MILLER.



WHAT lies beyond and still beyond
That far dim line of sun-kissed sea?
Lie there the golden shores of Ind,
The isles of spice and clove and balm,
Soft-cradled in a sea of calm,
Or fanned by perfume-burdened wind?
Oh for wide wings and strong and free—
To sweep, and sail, and seek and see!

O wind-swept waste of tossing sea!
Beyond thy limitless, profound,
And voiceless depths, Hope reaches hands.
I cannot rest, I cannot rest!
In all my own, or other lands
There is not any rest for me
Till I have pierced thy mystery.

O wild Atlantic! whose broad breast
No daring prow has ever pressed,
Beyond the bounds of dark and light
How many leagues thy billows roll!
What mighty secrets must be thine!
Yet something whispers in my soul,
Aye, thrills through all my daytime thoughts
And echoes in my dreams at night,
That all thy secrets shall be mine.

They say my hopes are wild and high,
They tell me I am mad with dreams.
Oh give me ships, but ships, and I
Will leave no sea unsailed, or prove
The verity of that I speak.
I will find all I sail to seek,
Unlock the ocean's gates, and pour
The wealth of India at their door;
On every shore, in every land,
Wherever God's fair sunlight gleams,
Will plant the cross, the cross shall stand.

What, Cosa, ho! Who murmurs now?
(The men are sullen, sick with dread
Of unknown dangers. Ah! they fear
We sail so far we cannot find
The homeward way.) What do I hear?
Turn back? Turn traitors at the last?
No, no. Sail on! Sail hard and fast!
Obey the promise-laden wind,
And leave all thought of fear behind.

The smooth sea like a river runs.
We sail into the autumn sun's
Warm place of dreams. Upon my brow
I feel the spice-breath of Cathay,
And feel anew, my soul arise.

Away! We claim no cowards here!
Curse-laden lips and angry eyes
Divert me not. Forward, forward! I say.
This is no time to turn or stay.
Brave men of Arragon, Castile,
And from Cantabrian summits blue,
Stand staunch and steadfast, firm and true!

Within my soul I know—I feel
We draw anear the looked-for land.
With every mile my hopes increase.
The sea, the air is full of signs.
The dove, white-breasted, weary-winged,
The dog rose' briared branch of bloom,
The soft air laden with perfume
Give welcome. Your avowed despair
With our high purpose ill inclines.
Back to your places! Foul or fair
We turn not till we touch the strand
Of some rich, ocean-cradled land.

Is that a star? Low down and dim
It seems to kiss the ocean's rim.
And yet—it moves! 'Tis gone. Alas!
Did I but dream I saw it pass?
My eyes are grown so worn of sight
With this long watching day and night
I know not when I see aright.
At times my very senses reel,
My heart turns faint with hope deferred.
Weary and worn, day after day
I watch the great sun rise and wheel
Across the hollow of the sky
In awful splendor—flushed and red
Lie rocked in his great ocean bed.

Night after night, in silentness
Upon my tired heart seems to press
The solemn solitude of these
Unfathomed, vast and trackless seas.
The very stars above my head
Grow pale, and fade, and fail in dread.
And then, it is as if I heard
God's voice whisper to my soul
Through the still night; and at the word
Grim doubt and darkness seem to roll
To nothingness.

Lo, faint and far,
Again that trembling, tossing star.
Ho, Pedro! here, your eyes are true;
What gleams athwart the gloom of night?
It is no star! O God, a light!
Land, land at last! Ho, comrades, land!
Upon your knees! Lift heart and hand!

Some Phases of Our National Life.

By C. E. S. WOOD.

I AM in general an optimist, in particular a pessimist. I believe the world is growing better, kinder, as a whole. But politically and as regards the destiny of the United States I am a pessimist. By pessimist I understand one who refuses to believe there is an individual God seated on a golden throne, with a harp in one hand and a trident in the other, keeping both eyes steadily fixed upon the United States and warding from this new children of Israel all the consequences of its follies. I deny that the United States can do safely because of God-given impunity and destiny those things which in the past have led to the wreck of nations. I believe that in state life, in man life, in morals, in physics like causes will still produce like effects as from the beginning and so to the end. I believe the duty of the state to its children is not to furnish a free education in Latin, Greek, French, German, drawing, botany, etc.; that the public school system as a system of free education has its sole reason for being in making better citizens, more intelligent voters and mothers of voters; that more constitutional history showing the why and the wherefore of the downfall of the Roman Republic and Empire and of the French Empire and Republic—more study of English constitutional history and of political economy and less of the "accomplishments" free gratis from the taxpayer is what is needed. I believe a closer study of Bryce's "American Commonwealth" and Von Holst's "Constitutional History of the United States" is what is needed and less attention to the yawp of the campaign stump speaker, as a rule as ignorant as his hearers and not so honest.

I believe all nations have lives as the tree has, and as the man has, and the seeds of death are in them all. I think this great nation will rise as others have through struggle and simplicity to luxury and corruption from the rule of the people to the rule of obligarchy, and so to tyranny, call it by what name you please—president, cabinet, senate or dictator. Be sure, the name will never again be harsh; we are too well posted for that now and too well pleased with our rattles and toys to notice we are tied in the chair. And then on the ruins or readjustment of the United States will arise a new young giant, and so on till the sun cools. The very life of the world is change, and change leads upward to the perfect fruit and downward to the rotten fruit and the new seed. We cannot escape this change as a nation any more than a man can escape youth, manhood, death.

All we can do, in my belief, is to so wisely adjust ourselves to true principles as to make the growth to ripeness as long and healthy as possible. That is best done, in my opinion, by heeding the errors of past nations and adhering to principle irrespective of momentary expediency. For example, the question of the hour is imperialism—the Philippines. It did not seem well to us to say we waged war because of the destruction of the Maine, for it has been our boast that we originated and fostered the new international science arbitration. And as to the two questions: First, Was the Maine destroyed intentionally by an outside force? Second, Was Spain morally the culprit? no verdict was rendered by an arbitration jury, although Spain called for arbitration. If the act was found to be the crime of some fanatic fiend Spain would still be legally liable, but not morally, and by the rules of modern international and private law the satisfaction would be in full damages, with punishment to the real offenders. Had this course been adopted, it is probable that with all of the civilized world on their track and the temptations to betrayal the miscreants would have been

hung long ago, and one cannot but feel out of the vengeance of the human heart that this would have been more satisfactory than the destruction of Cervera's fleet and its brave and in this respect innocent complement.

War ought righteously to have something of hatred in it. It ought to savor of the bitter fight to the death rather than the theatrical bout in the prize ring. This righteous hatred existed in the Revolutionary war and the war of 1812. It even existed in the Mexican war because of massacres and reprisals along the border. Though the Indian has been a plundered being from the beginning, still our actual conflicts with him have been brought on by his own bloody outrages calling for repression and revenge.

But the Spanish war laid aside the plea of vengeance because the cause was weak. No one believed the Spanish government had even tacitly counseled the barbarism of blowing into eternity hundreds of men resting in a peaceful and friendly harbor. So admitting that the force was an outside torpedo, just who was in morals responsible for it we could not fix—and Spain, disclaiming the act in horror, offered to submit the whole matter to arbitration. In this condition and in the modern atmosphere we ourselves have been so proud of preparing this was not yet casus belli. So we said we would war for humanity in general, but limiting our liability to those next our own doors. Making haste to assume no knightly duty to the Armenians, with the holy fervor and sincerity of the Crusader who prayed to God before he slew the Moslem (and no one doubts the sincerity of the Crusader), we announced this was no war of conquest, no war to acquire territory, but we should on taking the burden from our brother's back return to our own homes and leave him to his. I think too much has been made of this early promise, for it may well be with nations even more than men that the tremendous march of events makes futile promises given in utmost good faith. Still the pride of nation more than the pride of a man should make it bend every energy and endure every sacrifice to keep its reputation as a nation of its word, for if it be admitted promises mean nothing provided a good excuse can be found for the breaking, and excuse will never be lacking. I believe with nations as with men the occasion when the promise truly cannot be kept is a rare one. I think it has been unfair, too, to laugh at our intent to help the reconcentrados, those unhappy devils not having been once thought of after the war began, for what we were striking at was not the oppressor of those particular wretches, but a system which made wretches in perpetuity.

If those reconcentrados for whom we fought found sudden graves, still there will not be any more reconcentrados. At the time we declared war against Spain, Cuba and the Philippines were, and for a long time had been, in revolt against that country. We made these rebels our allies. We ourselves secured and reconveyed Aguinaldo back to the Philippines, and we made common cause against the common enemy. The result was victory over Spain, peace, and instead of indemnity to us from Spain we paid her twenty millions for her sovereign rights in the Philippines.

If we as a people choose to do this as a means toward peace and present the Filipinos with purchased instead of conquered freedom, very well. But if because we have bought or conquered we step into the shoes of Spain and hold the Filipinos in vassalage, it seems to me a violation of principle, good faith and good morals. They can justly exclaim we did not expect to exchange one master for another. We can imagine their feelings if we suppose France, after helping us to shake off the yoke of Great Britain, had said now you may look to us for protection and government; you are now our colony, not England's. Our proud boast has been that we have taught the world there can be no just government save by consent of the governed. Against this declaration of independence, against our solemn promises, we assert sovereignty over the Philippines and shoot our late allies as rebels. Of course, the end is easily predicted. That is not the point. The bad morals and logic of our position is felt so clearly that it is avoided rather than met, and

canting phrases like "benevolent assimilation" are coined. The trouble with such benevolence is that the whole question is decided by the benevolor, and the benevolee has nothing to say. When the wolf ate the lamb for muddying the water below him, he gave reasons for his benovelent assimilation—but the real reason was he liked spring lamb. So here the real fact is we are drunk. Every soldier and sailor of the late war deserves the name of brave man. We have added deeds of gallantry and courage to our record. He would be a sorry American who would belittle the record; yet the truth remains, speaking comparatively with our own wars and late European wars, this war of ours was a pic-nic. It was the cuffing of a ragged newsboy by a well-fed man. But it has been so long since we had that greatest intoxicant ever known or that will be known—victory in war—that we became in all things a little drunk.

The Philippines are fertile and untouched. Our trade is ready for them, and our ringsters, concessionaires, grafters and franchise-grabbers water at the mouth. It is our spring lamb, and we forget that the water flows down from us, so we talk of benevolent assimulation.

I am a doctrinaire, theorist, old woman, granny, or some other of the polite names given in intelligent discussion to people who do not agree with your views. And what is most hurled in our gums is we offer no suggestions. There are several that could be offered. One, a radical mode—as reconstruction treated the freedmen. Do it; and let the consequences take care of themselves. If the gutters are uncleaned I notice the disease germs, alas! do not seek out the board of health or the street commissioner. They take my baby from me or your wife from you. A law has been violated, and Nature drives her juggernaut car recklessly over innocent and guilty till the error is adjusted.

We could reserve coaling stations. Say to foreign residents: "The Filipinos have succeeded in their rebellion, you can go or stay as you please. We are going to leave them to work out their destiny." Say to foreign nations: "This was our scrap; you keep out of it or we will have a war in which all America will join till the last son be slain if necessary." Say to the Filipinos: "Sail in; do the best you can, and may God have mercy on your souls."

That would be in keeping will all our promises, all our principles, but it would not be keeping much territory, and here's the rub. There would be trouble, of course. But a tidal wave does not swallow itself because a fisherman must drown. Or we could say: "You Filipinos get together and let's see how you manage. But any revenge, any savagery, and we will be right here to take a hand ourselves. Meanwhile as before, say to the other nations: "'Keep off.' This is not at our 'own door,' but still we shall make it our business." Or we could say we will exercise temporary power over Manila only, and we solemnly say it is temporary only, till we see a civilized government in being.

My own theory is to put matters exactly where they would have been had the Filipinios succeeded unaided in their rebellion. That is radical, simple, true to our promises, our principles of self-government and our doctrine of non-interference in foreign affairs. I should let results take care of themselves as God lets the pestilence eat itself out. There is no doubt, however, that we are being influenced not by morals or principle, but by mercenary motives of trade, plantations, etc. This is hardly a path that can be trusted. It may be the right one. Chances are, not.

Speaking for the selfish interests of the people, and not for the bosses, I believe this distant aggrandizement bad. By this outside weight broke Rome. Colonies are fruitful of corruption. They are removed from the usual restraints. They are the natural prey of the carpet-bagger and the schemer. Representation from them is impossible; yet we fought the Revolution because of "taxation without representation." They necessitate a large army and larger navy —non-producing classes, a drag on the taxpayers.

Republics (even the Dutch) have never been good colony makers. To have colonies there must be a constant and

efficient military force. Only monarchies or single-head executives given long tenure can be trusted to keep always an efficient military force and to keep a single eye on the colonies. There must be the iron hand at home always stretched out to the baby.

We are not a concentrated government. We are not, in my opinion, a strong government except as we now exist. We are already, in my opinion, tending toward a government of classes. This assertion is generally met by howls of derision, and it is pointed that such groaning Jeremiahs have lamented since the first formation of the government. Yet, nevertheless, in spite of derision, the commonest man feels in his bones that this is less and less a government of and for the people. The senate represents not the plain people, but the concentrated wealth of the country. That seats in the senate are as surely and regularly bought as was the imperial chair sold by the Praetorian guards is notorious. If the people, and only the people, were considered, would Oregon have passed through an entire session with no business done and no election?—a feat Utah has just imitated. No business is done in Pennsylvania because the bosses struggle together. The same in California, the same in Delaware, Nebraska. Wherever and whenever a senatorial election comes on, unless the incumbent has stacked up the legislature with mere tools, you can depend upon the people's interest being set aside while two rich men or men backed by wealth struggle in bids for the seat.

I think the very difficulties of changing our written constitutions is a weakness, not a strength. The Oregon constitution meddles with all sorts of details that have no business in an organic law; yet it requires four years to even start the preliminaries to a change, and the consent of two successive legislatures.

Senator Hoar, in order to obviate the scandals now incident to every election of United States senator, is advocating that after a certain number of ballots the candidate receiving the plurality shall be declared elected. I hope the measure will fail. It will still leave the matter with the few and make the boss of the state more powerful than ever. I want the matter to become so rotten it will compel a change and send the election directly to the people. This is only one of many suggestions to show we are not by system nor in fact fitted for governing outside nations.

We do not want to increase our military power, a power which necessarily is at the call of the executive, and under which as a master France groans today. We do not want to increase the plunder for the political bosses and adventurers. As for trade, we can get it if we deserve it by buying where we can buy cheapest and selling where we can sell dearest, and letting others do the same. Alliances can be by treaty as well as by force.

These remarks are useless, for they come from a mere theorist, one of a class who has never helped the world a particle. Christ and Luther, and Voltaire, Tom Paine and Washington, Jefferson and Garrison and Phillips were theorists. Captain Kidd was, and Croker and Senator Hanna are men of action.

"Mother and Mammy."

Among the ranks of shining saints
Disguised in heavenly splendor,
Two Mother-faces wait for me,
Familiar still and tender.

One face shines whiter than the dawn
And steadfast as a star;
None but my Mother's face could shine
So bright and be so far!

The other dark one leans from heaven,
Brooding and still to calm me;
Black as if ebon Rest had found
Its image in my Mammy!

Howard Weeden in "Shadows on the Wall."

The Voice of the Silence.

By one of Portland's leading citizens, a prominent member of society, who for the present will remain unnamed. The author, a close student of human nature, holds that character is stronger than circumstances, and undertakes to illustrate his theory in a decidedly novel and interesting manner. The hero and heroine, taken from real life, and undoubtedly well known to the majority of our Portland readers, are placed in a purely fictitious environment, where they proceed to work out the writer's ideas.—Ed.

Chapter IV.

Love seemeth such a wondrous thing
When hearts are young and hopes run high,
But thoughtless baby love takes wing
When hearts grow old and fond hopes die.



A MAN may live without talking, a woman will not. The need of a listener sent Elise early to the rendezvous. In consequence she spent an impatient half hour upon the beach waiting for her companion of yesterday. The wind, blowing steadily and strongly from the northwest, lashed the river to a foaming fury. There was always rough water at the Point when a good breeze met the ebb tide as it did today. Beyond the tossing white caps the sand dunes stretched away to the south, golden in the glorious sunlight, and the overarching sky gleamed hard and bright as burnished steel. The rush of the wind and the sweep and surge of the waves deadened the heavier sound of the surf.

As Elise neared the Point she saw a little skiff drawn up on the sands and a sudden longing came upon her to be out upon that heaving tide. Since Odin's departure she had not gone much upon the water. Though restless and discontented, she was not inclined to physical exertion—and this was the more surprising because hitherto in exercise of the most vigorous sort she had always found a keen delight. As she stood there watching the flashing white caps, one shapely foot upon the gunwale of the boat, her elbow upon her knee and her chin resting in her hand she forgot her loneliness—forgot the tragic half-breed girl, and Odin, and the past half-year, and was for the moment the Elise of former days who missed nothing from her daily life, having known only solitude and the companionship of Nature. The gold of the sun, the blue of the sky, the lift of the waves, the strong steady push of the wind against cheek and breast—these thrilled her once more with all the old-time joy. It was as if she had suddenly awakened from a sickly sweet and troubled dream to the glorious realities of a healthful daytime existence. She stood up, straightening her lithe figure to its full height and turned her face to the wind, lifting her lips to meet its kiss and her breasts as to the welcome pressure of a lover's vigor-

ous embrace. And no human suitor ever wooes with the inspiring passion of the north wind, no kisses stir the heart and set the inmost chords of being aquiver with the echoed music of the spheres like its kisses upon cheek and lips and brow.

She looked around presently with a start of surprise. The handsome half-breed was standing close beside her. The girl laughed. She was neatly dressed today and her black hair hung in two shining heavy braids almost to her knees.

"I did not know you were near," exclaimed Elise.

"Did I scare you?" asked the girl, showing her white teeth in amusement. "That is the Indian in me. I can go soft like a panther."

Elise glanced down at the skiff. "Can you row?" she said. For answer the girl laid her brown hands upon the gunwale and shoved the light craft down the sands into the water, where it rocked perilously.

"Let us cross," cried Elise, pointing to the opposite shore. The noise of the wind and waves all but drowned the sound of her voice, but the girl understood and held the boat steady for Elise to step in. It was the work of a moment—that embarking—but a moment fraught with difficulty and danger. For the wind caught the prow of the skiff and swung it round and before they could get hold of an oar they were in the trough of the sea and drenched to the skin. A flat-bottomed boat is never a safe sort of a vessel in which to navigate rough water, and in a sea like this —both girls knew what would happen if the wind caught them broadside on the crest of a wave, and each instinctively grasped an oar and fell to work with set teeth and tightened muscles to avert the catastrophe. When they were at last head to the wind they found themselves far out in mid-stream, tossed up and down on the great white crests and showered by the salt spray with shattered rainbows. They said no word, but as they exchanged swift glances they laughed for very joy. They were become a part of that splendid tumult of wind and wave, summer sunlight and leaping color. Fear! One loses the sense of it in moments such as these, and is intoxicated, held in thralls by the triplicate of motion, sight and sound.

The tide carried them seaward and the wind beat them back. But they landed wet and glowing on the yellow sands, and drawing their boat up out of the reach of the tide which might turn before they came back, set out across the shifting dunes toward the white surf line. It was a good two miles, and by the time they had covered the distance their wet garments were effectually dried by the sun and the wind. They sought out a sheltered spot in the lee of a mighty redwood brought in mid-winter storms from the south and flung here high and dry upon this desolate shore to whiten under a northern sky.

They threw themselves down upon the warm sand and gazed at each other in silence. After all there was not much between them that could be put into speech. A certain kinship of spirit, a sympathy and an understanding that went deeper than words, drew them together. Therefore though they spent the whole afternoon together, they exchanged no confidences and knew as little of each other's history when they turned their faces from the setting sun and loitered homeward in the gathering twilight as if they had not met. The wind had fallen and the tide was running swiftly in wide, flattening waves. Their boat was already lifting on the ground swell, and they stepped in and pushed off. It was the work of a few minutes to row to the further shore, and Elise helped to draw the skiff up across the narrowing beach and secure it for the night. There would be a high tide, for the moon was near its full.

"Good night," said Elise when, their task concluded, they reluctantly separated. "Come tomorrow."

"Yes," was the reply. "Yes, tomorrow."

But it was not to be. Just before noon of the next day an Indian woman mounted the steps to the pine grove and knocked at the cabin door, which Elise, wondering, opened to her. She wore a gaily colored shawl about her head and shoulders, holding it close under her chin with one small brown hand. Both

the hand and the chin were richly tatooed, but the broad blue bands, and anchors and stars were not able to altogether obliterate the symmetry of the one or the womanly beauty of the other.

"You know my girl Nanita?" she queried, her voice as low and soft as the breath of summer. "She cannot come. She cry because you told her to come and she cannot."

The Indian woman's eyes fell; the shadow deepened upon her face. "She sick," she said sadly. "The baby come last night. The poor little baby that nobody wants, and Nanita turn her face to the wall and cry."

A wave of color swept up over the face of the young girl and fled, leaving her pale with the sudden revelation of the nearness of a great mystery. The mystery of life, of maternity. Something in her own breast awoke and claimed recognition. Yet she felt rather than understood the meaning of it, for her thoughts were but confused, half-lights just then.

"Why do you say that?" cried Elise, "and why does Nanita cry?"

The Indian woman shook her head slowly. "Nanita not want him," she sighed. "I not know what to do."

"Oh!" exclaimed Elise—and then was silent. Here was a greater mystery still, and by this she was vaguely troubled. But the baby—there sprang up in her heart an instant yearning for the little new-born waif whose mother did not want him. And Nanita was ill. When people were ill they died; at least it had been so in her limited experience. She remembered her father and Satla—both of whom had sickened and "gone away," and now it was Nanita, her companion of yesterday. Oh, it was cruel—not to be borne! She leaned against the rough frame of the door and covering her face with her hands burst into a passion of tears.

The Indian woman regarded her with a certain quiet sympathy which expressed itself in her great softly luminous black eyes. She could not weep. The hardships of semi-civilization, coupled with the natural stoicism of her race, precluded the possibility of tears, but a woman's heart, the mother-heart is always the same, be the breast beneath which it beats black, or brown, or white as the driven snow.

"Don't cry," she said, her voice tenderly cadenced—a mingled murmur of the wind and the waves in summer twilight.

Elise lifted her tear-stained face. "It is for Nanita that I weep," she murmured. "For Nanita because she will die."

"No, I think she will not die."

"Not die!" cried Elise. "Oh, I am so glad, so glad." She clasped her hands impulsively and her eyes through her tear-hung lashes, shone like stars in a mist. "Tell her not to be unhappy. Tell her I am her friend, and I am glad about the baby! Do you think"—timidly—reaching out her clasped hands and then drawing them back against her breast, "I might see it? Would Nanita object?"

"No, I think she not care. Some day you come. Good-by."

The Indian woman moved away swiftly and silently as a shadow. As she reached the top step of the flight leading down to the beach, Elise called to her and came running down the path.

"Wait!" she cried. "Take this; it is for the baby."

It was a small square shawl of some soft Oriental weave heavily wrought in scarlet and gold—a gorgeous bit of color, and fit to wrap an infant prince for fineness. But to Elise it was only a bit of bright cloth that might please the young mother. It had been among her possessions ever since she could remember, and she occasionally during the past winter had worn it about her bare shoulders when she sat in the firelight with Odin. The woman took it with a murmured word of thanks. Her face lightened with gratitude and pleasure. She was touched by the kindness that prompted the gift, and the gift itself appealed to her barbaric love of color.

Chapter V.

Love, crimson-throated, sang to him,
Through golden days and nights,
He steeled his heart, he would not hear,
Or heed love's dear delights.

Then Love spread wide his purple wings,
And hushed his silver song,
And he who would not listen hears
Its echo all day long.

EARLY in October Odin returned. With him came Hanson and Hanson's daughter Nellie. From her father first and later from Odin, when she questioned him, Nellie heard much about the beautiful white girl in the cabin in the pine-grove. She guessed at the truth of the situation as a woman is apt to do when her own heart is in any way involved. And while it was not within the bounds of nature not to feel resentment, she was altogether too sweet and fair-minded to lay it up against the stranger. And she had a not unfeminine curiosity to see this "Moon-child" of the solitude.

Odin's first thought on landing was of Elise. Indeed, during these three long months she had not been out of his mind for many consecutive moments. He had not written. There was, he felt, nothing to say that could be put upon paper,—but he had yearned in every fibre of his being to see her, to feel again the touch of her hands, her lips, the yielding pressure of her form, warm and strong. When he recalled, as he did a thousand times, the tenderness of her words, the music of her voice, her loving glances, and the lavish unsought caresses, he cursed his own seeming coldness, and the stern sense of duty that had held him in its iron grasp, unresponsive. It came to him, too, that he had been unnecessarily cruel, had hurt her when he might have been kind. If she loved him as she said, and the conviction grew upon him that she did, he would throw prudence to the winds—and marry her at once. Fortune seemed inclined to smile upon him now. He stood well with the company. There was no reason why he might not take a wife if he desired. As for the future—he put the thought of it resolutely away. If he failed to make her happy, if she should come in time to regret having married him—but he got no further than that. It was enough that he could secure her present happiness. The picture that presented itself when he recalled their parting and her pleading cry, "Beloved, I cannot live without you! If you must go, take me with you!" tortured his overwrought conscience with scorpion whips. He thought of her loneliness, her helplessness, her unprotected days and nights in the little cabin. No, it was not right—not to be endured. She should henceforth ask nothing of him that he would withhold, and when they met again he would take her in his arms and tell her all that he hitherto had left unsaid.

Hungering for the sight of her, he



watched with eager eyes from the deck of the schooner as they came swiftly in upon the flood that breathless afternoon, past the pine grove that sheltered her cabin. But he saw nothing save the rustic gable, the flight of steps and the path losing itself in the shadows of the trees. The sun was sinking into the sea, a globe of molten gold that seemed to tip and spill its liquid splendor upon the darkening purple of the ocean's rim, when free at last from the confusion of disembarking, Odin hurried along the beach and mounted the steps to the cabin. He half-expected to find her waiting and watching for him—but the door was closed. It was not until he had knocked a second time that he observed that the place wore an air of unwonted desolation. He knocked again, and his heart sank when no welcome voice bade him enter. Evidently she did not know of his arrival. She might be out upon the hills, or over on the ocean beach. He tried the door; it was not locked and he went in. The bare floor echoed to his tread. It was almost dark in there, but still light enough for him to see that the place was empty—uninhabited. Elise was gone.

(To be continued.)

Alaska.

By GEORGE M. MILLER.

THE district of Alaska embraces the most northwesterly portion of the western continent. It has a frontage on the Pacific ocean of 2,178 statute miles, beginning at latitude 54½ degrees north and longitude 130½ west and extending northwesterly to 60½ degrees north and 146 degrees west; thence southwesterly to 52 degrees north and 175 degrees west. Its frontage on Behring sea extends from 52 degrees north in a northerly direction to 72 degrees north and 165 degrees west a distance of 1,390 miles, and on the Arctic ocean from 165 degrees west easterly to 141 degrees west, which parallel forms the division line with the British N. W. Territory. The above lines embrace both land and water, of which about 600,000 square miles is estimated as land. These measurements do not include the numerous shore indentures formed by bays, inlets, sounds, etc., which, if added, increase the shore line of Alaska to something like 25,000 miles.

The area of Alaska is more than twice that of Norway, Sweden and Denmark combined, where nearly 9,000,000 persons, or 29 to the square mile, find support. I make comparisons between Alaska and the above three countries because they are situated in the same northern latitude, and therefore subject to similar climatic and other natural conditions. We find the warm ocean currents of the Pacific washing the northern shores of this continent just as the gulf stream of the Atlantic flows against the northern shores of the eastern continent, and similar climatic conditions result, so that it is not surprising that in southern Alaska bloom the bluebells and purple heather of Scotland.

Possessing the same natural conditions as Norway, Sweden and Denmark, Alaska is probably capable of sustaining an equally dense population. As illustrating the adaptability of this zone for human habitation, I cite the fact that in Russia, the great city of St. Petersburg, containing over one million population, is situated on latitude 59 degrees 56 minutes north, which is 330 miles farther north than the southern limits of Alaska, present population of which apportions to each man, woman and child an area of fifteen square miles. Fully one-half of the inhabitants are natives, bearing a close facial resemblance to the Japanese race, of which they are sup-

posed to be an offshoot. Those living along the coast have excellent board houses, usually painted white. They are strong, well-built fellows, excelling the average Anglo-Saxon in endurance. They are superstitious to a degree, and easily demoralized by contact with civilization.

Alaska's magnificent stretch of seashore is indented at conventient intervals by bays and inlets of sufficient depth to accommodate the largest of our men-of-war. Many of these deep-water channels extend inland far beyond the range of an enemy's guns, where cities may be built with fortifications as impregnable as those of Gibralter. This whole coast line has a climate that is but a trifle more severe than that of the Washington and Oregon, and many degrees milder than that of the Dakotas, Northern Michigan and Wisconsin. The hardy vegetables, clover, timothy, oats and barley flourish and there are stretches where many thousands acres of arable land are still unclaimed.

From the foregoing it will be seen the need of Alaska today is more people. The political importance of the territory is apparent when we reflect that it affords room for at least twenty millions of men, with latent resources sufficient to make them a thrifty people. If, in the course of human events, Canada and the United States come under one government the possession of Alaska will assume an importance not now appreciated. When we consider the fact that from 1881 to 1890 more than 392,000 Canadians immigrated to the United States, thus showing their preference for our government, it seems not improbable that in due course of time, the whole coast from Mexico to Behring Straits may be united under one flag. The Canadian people are our first cousins and next-door neighbors. We have been playing in each other's back yards for lo, these many years. To tear down the fence and make one big playground might make even the "Czar of Peace" open his eyes. The resources of Alaska are almost wholly untouched. As a field for the expansion this territory certainly has a hopeful future.

Beauty.

(A thing of beauty is a joy forever.—Keats.)
A color on the evening landscape fell,
A rosy flushing, as in northern night
The aurora paints the pole-star's citadel;
It touched the wintry mountain's vestal white
With tints from petals of the summer's rose
And softly bathed the vales with ruddy light,
And wrapped the forest where the deer repose.

Up floated from the west a golden mist,
And broadened in the east a zone of blue,
Above lay stretched a veil of amethyst
And clouds, the setting sun to hide from view,
In gold and ruby blent, did draw anear,
But more than color must a scene imbue
E'er it shall grow to be a mem'ry dear.

Oh not well ordered scenes, not light and shade,
Not flowing rivers, not the waterfalls—
Resounding through the far-extended glade
Not high up-lifted distant mountain walls
Bathed softly in the glowing sunset's dyes,
Not objects of themselves, where beauty thralls,
Can bring the soul up in the straining eyes.

Some subtle influence shines out through it all—
Some secret ray unseen to corporeal eye,
Is yet revealed through Nature's outward wall
To spirit seeing. This can never die,
For what is beauty but soul harmony
Once seen, forever held in memory.

Francis M. Gill.

A Fantasy in E Minor.

By ORAARV.

THE light was out, and the moonlight shining softly through the half-opened windows, harmonized with the music. And ah, such music!—a young soul, sweet and strong, thrilled with the beauty and meaning of life, speaking in melody, unrestrained and free, the thoughts, the feelings, the aspirations, the lofty purpose, the tenderness, the vaguely defined passion that words are inadequate to express.

I listened there, leaning back upon the pillows, and was lifted and borne upon the silver tide of that imprisoned wailing voice. Beneath a summer sky, where sunny foot-hills run down to the wooded banks of a crystal river, I drifted and heard the birds singing sleepily and soft, and the ripples kissing the pebbled shore in the golden afternoon. All was peace. There was a sense of brooding calm, the absolute content of the spirit that is merged in dreams:

"In dreams rose-misted,golden, full of odorous delights."

Down the river of Youth, long since forgotten, I drifted through a blissful eternity:

"For they care naught for heaven who are rocked upon this tide,
Who have caught the golden gleaming
Of that amber light, far-streaming,
Ah they indeed, have little heed
For aught .n life beside!"

Then the theme changed, the melody deepened, a tender chord crept in with a wailing, ever-increasing insistence. Then—then it was no longer the strings of the violin, but the strings of my heart that quivered beneath his bow,—a rapture that was pain, a joy that was exquisite torture, the pleasure that stings to the touch—I caught my breath at times as his strong wrist swept the bow across the bare and bleeding strings with merciless power. But just when the ecstacy became too intense to be longer borne, the music mellowed and softened. The senses, keyed to the keenest tension, were now steeped in a langourous sweet calm that seemed

"To sap the soul's vitality,
To rob life of reality,
To heal the smart of the torn heart
With honey-fragrant balm."

Softer and more sensuous grew the strains,—persuasive, suggestive, irresistably sweet.

But,—O the exaltation of the notes that followed! A voice calling from the mountain tops, clear, unfaltering, vibrating with a passion not of earth but of heaven, a command before whose trumpet tone the baser nature dissolved into nothingness, and only the divine longing that is our claim to kinship with Deity remained. And as I listened the voice grew stronger, swelled into a celestial chorus that swept up from the moonlight-misted mountain crest to the ramparts of Paradise and floated back, clear and sweet, a strain so pure and strong that from the first note to the last it was sustained, unbroken.

Other moods succeeded, full of determination, and of the vigor of youth whose enthusiasm is undimmed, and daunted at no difficulty, breathing sometimes of disappointment, of doubt, but never of despondency.

After the music we had coffee, sitting in the dim light dreaming and talking. When he went away he left the violin in its case, leaning against the chair by the window. And I, when I had said good night, went back to my cushions upon the couch. It was not a night that was conducive to sleep. Moonlight is too precious to be wasted.

Sitting there, still shaken with the joy of the music which had glorified the room, and seeing all things, past, present and to come, through a silver moon-lit radiance, my eyes chanced to fall upon the violin-case leaning against the chair. I swept my hand across my eyes and looked again. Was I awake or dreaming?

The case was open (its owner had closed and locked it before he went away), and the violin glowed with a

faint, but steadily increasing white light as if it were gathering and drawing into its luminous strings all the moonbeams of the warm winter night.

Gradually as I looked the case faded from sight. A long-drawn quivering sigh breathed through the room. I started and glanced half-fearfully about. When my eyes again sought the luminant violin it had disappeared. In its place a slender shaft of dense white light gleamed and wavered, and opened as the leaves of a book are opened, revealing a form so graceful, a face so exquisite in its loveliness that my very heart stood still for wonder of it.

Victor Hugo says there are times when the soul kneels, no matter what may be the attitude of the body. My spirit went down in reverence before that lovely vision and my eyes filled with sudden tears, for the beauty of that perfect face was softened, not dimmed, by a nameless sorrow.

Again that low shivering sigh shook the silence of the narrow room, and though I uttered no word my whole being went out in sympathy to my unbidden guest. She smiled—oh the rapturous tenderness of her smile!

"You are a woman and you can understand." Did she speak the words? I do not know. I only know that I caught the meaning of the soft music that stole, low and still, upon my ear.

"You have listened, and you have felt my pain and thrilled with my joy when my lover played upon the living strings of my heart. Only a woman who has loved and suffered as I love and suffer can know, only a woman who has been swayed by the leaping flame of a fruitless passion, who has beaten with bruised and bleeding palms against the prison-bars of relentless fate, who has staked all for love's sake and lost it through time and eternity, can see, or hear, or understand. I strive to speak to him. He said—I heard him tell you—that often when he held me close and told me all his thoughts and feelings, his hopes and fears and aspirations, I seemed to respond, I was for him no longer a violin, but a human soul who answered mood for mood and hope for hope, who understood and sympathized, a friend whom he could trust, who never failed him.

"But, ah, he does not dream of all I am, all I would be to him. He is young, aglow with the fire and passion of youth. He goes where I do not. Warm rose-white bosoms, warm gold of perfumed tresses, loving glances and tender clasping arms—ah how shall I weave a spell potent enough to preserve him from temptations like these? Could he but see me once, as you see me now, but for one moment taste the sweetness of my lips and feel the radiance of my smile no other woman, though beautiful as day, could have the power to hold him for a single instant. All kisses after mine would be as wormwood after the balm of wild honey in the comb. Nearest and dearest of all the world to him I am, and must ever be; but you are a woman and you know when a woman loves she must have everything or nothing. I am a jealous mistress. And alas, I have but one charm to hold him against a world of womankind. Only my voice answers when he touches my heart-strings, and others may lure him by a thousand graces. What is the strength of a tone compared to lips that kiss and arms that twine? Can a man's craving for companionship be satisfied with a sound alone?

"I am a prisoner, and he, only, can unlock my prison doors. In the name of your own fruitless love, and ill-spent passion I implore you to help him find the key. Save me from a fate like yours and in the sight of heaven and the angels it will be counted in your favor. So you may win, in some dim far-off fashion, a reflex happiness for your own."

The music ceased, dying away in a tender cadence. The light began to fade.

"I promise," I cried. "Oh, my sister—for love and pain have made us kin—I promise, but tell me how. Oh, do not leave me yet! Your story is half-told"—

But before the words had left my lips the beautiful vision vanished. I rubbed my eyes and sat up. The moonlight shone in at the window and showed me the violin-case closed and leaning against the chair just as its owner had left it. And yet—I am sure I was not asleep and dreaming.

The "Kid."

By BESSIE MAY GUINEAN.

HIS own name was Frank Templeton, but in that wild, Western country it seemed the most natural thing in the world that he should be known simply as the "Kid." He won this sobriquet from his extremely youthful appearance. In reality he was not young. He had long ago passed the meridian of youth and ran the gamut of the world's excesses and pleasures. He had come West to recuperate his shattered health and fortunes; to get away from every one who had ever known him in the old days; that is the reason he had chosen this new mining camp as his stopping place. There was another reason, too, which had been largely instrumental in inducing him to make the change. Back "home," in "the states," he had a little sweetheart who watched and waited for his return. She had had faith in him when every man's hand had seemingly been turned against him. It was for her sake that he struggled to reform.

He did not have capital enough to buy a mine, and the hard, poorly paid life of the average miner did not appeal to him. So he hung around camp, making friends with the boys, doing such odd jobs as came his way and waited patiently for an opening. It came sooner than he anticipated. The night clerk of the only hotel in camp was one night killed by a member of the lawless element which infests such places, and the "Kid," having a superior education, was asked to take his place. The work itself was not hard, but the danger was great. Large sums of money were daily deposited in the hotel safe by the miners, and unless he kept a sharp lookout he was liable to share the untimely fate of his predecessor.

He entered upon his duties with many grave misgivings, but as time wore on and nothing happened he gradually forgot his fears. In case of an emergency he kept his pistol close at hand. "If the time ever comes to shoot, shoot quick and without mercy," he had been told. But he never felt that he would like to do that. Deep down in his heart was a settled conviction, but where he got it he never knew, that there was a soft spot in every man's nature that could be appealed to. He was always a little bit ashamed of this thought because he considered it an evidence of weakness on his part. Nevertheless so strong a hold did it have on him that he privately resolved, should the time ever come, to make a test case of it, and then, if necessary, shoot afterwards, for the "Kid" was not a coward.

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The day had been intolerably hot. It was 2:30 in the morning, and the "Kid," tired, sleepy and exhausted from the unaccustomed heat of the day, sat blinking on a high stool behind the counter and yawning sleepily. He was the sole occupant of the office. Even the lusty-lunged miners, who used to bear him company, had succumbed and turned in His eyes wandered to the hands of the office clock, and he noted the lagging hours with growing impatience. He took out a book and tried to read, but could not concentrate his thought on the printed page before him. A feeling of impending disaster, which he could not shake off, crept over him. That day an unusually large sum of money had been deposited in the safe by one of the miners who had "cleaned up," and was going home. "Going home!" The words rang like a knell in his ears. When would he see his dear old home again, and Doris ——? He closed the book hastily, jumped from the stool and started for the front door; the cool, fresh morning air would no doubt dispel his illusions. He had his hand on the low, swinging gate which would admit him to the outer office, when he was suddenly stopped and found himself gazing into

the gleaming muzzle of a revolver, while a gruff voice commanded:

"Stand right where you are, pard!" Then he was told to open the safe. He did it with trembling fingers.

"Now hand out your money and be quick about it!" was the robber's next command. The "Kid" hesitated; for the first time the full measure of his responsibility rested upon him. With a muttered imprecation, the robber told him to hold up his hands and then went through the safe himself. When the "Kid" saw the money intrusted to his care stolen before his eyes his blood boiled, he forgot all about his sentimental ideas of appealing to the robber's better nature—

How it happened no one knew, but a few hours later the "Kid" was found on the office floor with a bullet wound in his side, surrounded by every evidence of a struggle.

Tender hands carried him upstairs, but the veterinary surgeon, the only doctor in camp, shook his head ominously when he saw him.

The "Kid" lay in the best bedroom with closed eyes and a smile upon his lips. During the day he had been delirious and had spoken constantly of "Doris"; when the heat of the day had spent itself the fever wore away and he lay in a sort of stupor.

All was quiet in and about the house; the noisy voices of the miners had sunk to an awed whisper. No man about the camp had been more universally admired for his never-failing good nature and accommodating disposition than the "Kid." During the afternoon a meeting behind closed doors was held in the hotel parlor; when it was over a handful of sturdy, determined looking men issued forth, mounted their ponies and rode away.

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Some time later one of the watchers beside the "Kid's" bedside arose softly and stepping over to the window drew aside the curtain and raised the sash; as he did so a smothered exclamation escaped him; then the other watchers hurried toward the window and looked out, then stepped back hastily, carefully readjusting the shade as they did so.

The man on the bed lay perfectly motionless. So quiet was he that had it not been for his fitful, irregular breathing they would have thought him dead. All at once he stretched out his arms, and half rising to a sitting posture, called out in a loud, clear voice: "Doris, I am coming!" and fell back—dead.

At that moment the men who had gone forth that afternoon tip-toed into the room, and saw the motionless form on the bed with the sheet drawn over the face.

"Boys, we did a good job that time," whispered a big, red-shirted miner, in a voice rendered hoarse from emotion as he nodded toward the window, and his companions gave silent assent.



Our Point of View

For a world as old and experienced as ours, there is a surprising lack of common sense in the educational theories of today. And yet it is granted at once that there is no question which should have more fully occupied the minds of the greatest philosophers and the clearest thinkers of every age and community than that which has to do with education. It is impossible to overestimate the importance of such a question. In its varied aspects it involves the successful prosecution of every form of human activity, the happiness of the individual and the welfare of the state. Yet the world as a whole has always been strangely unconcerned and apathetic in the matter. No great international convention has been called to discuss and decide the proper studies to be pursued, nor indeed have the nations themselves taken that serious interest in the question which its character warrants. Educational progress has been the result of spasmodic attempts to improve the condition of affairs. Consequently it has been very slow. Today we are teaching the same subjects that were taught five hundred years ago—a little Greek, a little Latin, a little Mathematics. It is true that some considerable advance has been made in methods during this century, but when we compare it with the hundreds of years during which educational progress was practically at a standstill, it sinks into insignificance. In spite of the attempts, however, that have been made to improve educational systems, the vital point, a practical education—one adapted to real needs—seems to have been almost wholly lost sight of. There were, it is true, leaders here and there who saw far more clearly than their contemporaries the faults and weaknesses of the system, but no concerted movement was made to get at the real purpose of education and apply it to the growing mind, or if any attempt was made by a small coterie it died an ineffectual death. The history of education shows, then, that a haze has obscured the minds of men in regard to one of the most important influences in molding the world's character and progress. Stranger to relate, the haze has not entirely lifted even today. What is the purpose of education? We say it is to prepare one for the duties of life. Unfortunately it falls very far short of this. The young man or young woman who completes the entire educational system as it exists in our country today has simply been systematically trained to do clear thinking. So far as this is adapted to practical needs so far is our education practical. The greater part of the system, however, is of an aesthetic nature. And yet with all its deficiencies, the man with a college education is three thousand times better off than the man without it. But the conviction is forcing itself more and more persistently upon thinking men and women that eight years of academic and collegiate study should have a more tangible result than merely a cultured and well-organized mind. While the cultivation of the aesthetic side of things should never be lost sight of, our educational system should be, and is capable of being, made far more effective than it is today. Let us come to some definite agreement as to the purpose of education, and then arrange our curriculum accordingly. Is it to make good citizens? Then let us have more economics, more civil government, more discussions on national issues in our high schools and academies and less botany, less language, less mathematics. Is it to fit the student for the duties and responsibilities of life? Then let us brush aside some cobwebs that have obscured the light these many centuries, and force common sense into the question. Let us stop cramming the mind with absolutely useless stuff from the primary school to the post-graduate couse. Let us teach the student those things that have direct and vital relation to the activities and responsibilities of life. English should be so taught that

the student will, after twelve years of study in the grammar and high schools, have at least a good knowledge of English literature, with more than ordinary ability to express himself. Let thoroughness be the watchword instead of superficiality.

Of all the faults of our educational system, however, none stand out so glaringly as those which have to do with the education of women. It is here that we find our system most inconsistent and most ineffective. The eight years that a man spends in academic and collegiate training, whatever they may really accomplish, are intended ostensibly to prepare him for the duties of life—his chosen profession or calling. The four years that he spends in the medical college or in the study of law or dentistry or the ministry or in any definite branch of learning finish his education. Whatever he may think of the other years spent with this end in view, the last four are certainly efficacious. He is prepared to do something. There is nothing in the education of women, as we seem to conceive it today, to correspond to this. Her education is almost purely aesthetic. The few attempts that are made to teach her something of household duties and responsibilities may be laughed to scorn, since the few colleges for women which have attempted anything of the kind have generally limited their curricula in this regard to washing dishes and making beds! The weighty questions involved in the matter are put lightly aside without consideration, and the minds of the young women are filled with stuff than cannot possibly be of practical value. And yet to the woman who proposes to undertake the responsibilities of married life what can be of more importance than a thorough understanding of household management and a grasp of the intricate problems of domestic economy? The happiness of a home, the success of the entire experiment of marriage, as well as the foundation of the family and hence the security of the state are dependent upon these things far more than we may be inclined to admit. And yet there are women today who prate about "women's rights" as if such were the panacea for all the wrongs that are existent, when our educational system is so poorly adapted to the needs of women that it is becoming a menace to our homes, and a cry is going up for women —leaders—to reform the state of affairs. For it is a serious and startling fact that as a rule the young women of today know less and care less about domestic problems than those of any other generation in our history. Whether this alarming tendency to belittle the home is the result of our educational system (in that it may, by neglecting its proper sphere, bring about that result), or whether it is the outcome of social conditions which follow the degeneration of democratic simplicity to "imperialism," is a question too involved to be considered here. The remedy, however, is not hard to find. Change the curricula of studies in seminaries, girls' high schools and colleges so that the things of practical value will be taught and an interest aroused in the questions which must be met and decided in the home. The field is large and inviting. There is nothing that has more fascination for a woman when she once becomes interested in the subject. Appeal to this natural interest, and by teaching household management and its kindred subjects to the young women who are to rule our homes, they can be made brighter and more comfortable, the family more prosperous and the nation more stable. The practical elements are, therefore, what we believe to be most needed in our educational system; for it is by the introduction in our curricula of those subjects that appeal to our common sense that not only our young women can reach the true ideal of American womanhood, and in large measure be the preservative factor in our nation, but that our young men can be made much more efficient in business and professional life and better and wiser citizens.

Kipling, Kitchener and Dewey! The men of war and the man of letters! We worship our heroes, but we love our story-tellers. We fire salutes over the graves of our victorious warriors and heap them with gorgeous floral tributes, but where sleep beneath the sod our Stevensons, our Byrons and our Fields we plant sweet violets and water them with our tears. When the author of the immortal Jungle Books lay ill in New York and very near the brink of that dark river which divides this land of mortality from the great Unknown, the love of the English-speaking people went up in one unbroken prayer to Omnipotence to leave us yet a little longer the companionship of this singer—this seer who is still too young to have delivered his message in full. America, no less than England, pays loving tribute to this genius of the age. Kipling belongs not to any one country or people, but to the world—to humanity. He has been charged with saying unkind things of America and Americans. The accusation is unjust. He has simply written of us as he found us, and because he saw us as we were, as we are, and said so, we cried out and complained. The truth is often bitter, and when we sit for our pictures we want the photographer to do a deal of retouching. Kipling's photographs of men and things are pitilessly exact. He never goes to the pains of transforming a mole into a dimple. But there is no evidence of ill-nature, no sign of malice in this truthfulness to nature. There is rather a large-hearted, rugged, fraternal affection. For he accepts as "brothers in blood" the strong and the true, no matter what their faults may be. To him—

"There is neither east nor west,
Border nor breed nor birth;
Where two strong men stand face to face
Though they come from the ends of the earth."

"'Tis the way the good Lord has in makin' us cowards continted with our lot, that he never med a brave man yet that wasn't half a fool," remarks Mr. Dooley, discoursing upon the interesting subject of "Me Frind Hobson." But just now we are strongly impelled to call Mr. Dooley's attention to, at least, one exception. Admiral Dewey, in refusing to allow his name to be used as a candidate for the presidency in 1900, seems determined to leave the world one hero without a flaw. The title of president could not add lustre to a name already crowned with martial glory, and Admiral Dewey is a greater man upon the deck of his flagship than he could possibly be in the presidential chair. Indeed, it does not always follow that a great general and a brave warrior make a good president.

Just how far the responsibility of the state should operate in matters of education has always been a fruitful subject of speculation. While the more thoughtful and intelligent men have, as a rule, favored an increase of this responsibility, there has always been a class which has vigorously opposed it. The latter have maintained, though unsuccessfully, that it is not the function of government to provide for the higher education of its future citizens, or to undertake any responsibility toward the youth other than the training which the "grammar" schools give. It has stood for a minimum of responsibility in all matters. An exponent of this theory was discussing the question editorially a few years ago, and in the course of his remarks exclaimed: "We shall soon see the state usurping the duties of parents, and washing the faces and combing the hair of the scholars." This he considered the ne plus ultra of irony, but it has actually come to pass that in one of our larger cities the ragged, unkempt urchins who attend the public schools have their faces washed and are put in a respectable condition before they are permitted to enter the school room. The resolution, recently adopted in Bavaria, which proposes to provide for the care of the teeth of children whose parents are too poor to attend to it is a step in advance of this, and one that has the recommendation of common sense. It strikes directly at the root of one of the greatest evils of our day—the improper mastication of food. It is probably true that no other one cause produces so much ill health as this, and it is to be earnestly hoped, there-

fore, that the Bavarian experiment will prove a success. After all, the question which we must face and answer is not so much one of responsibility or duty as it is of means. Most of us will admit the responsibility of the state to the poor, the necessity of a change in the terrible conditions of the crowded tenements of large cities where ignorance and crime go hand in hand, but it is how to meet these conditions which puzzles our wisest philosophers.

The authorship of "The Voice of the Silence," the serial now running in The Pacific Monthly, has been attributed to every man of any social prominence in Portland. The name most frequently mentioned in connection with it, however, is that of a well-known member of the bar, who is distinguished for his discriminating taste in art and literature.

The French have no verb which can serve as the equivalent of the English "to kick." Happy French! Not having the word, they escape the horror of its misuse, its abuse, which afflicts English-speaking America from Cape Cod to the Golden Gate, from Maine to Mexico. If, however, this single inelegant word were the only one of its kind subjected to the indignity of being made to do duty as a sort of verbal football, we should have little cause for complaint. Alas, it is but one of a thousand, bruised, and buffeted about, and torn, and tossed from tongue to tongue by educated men and women. For it is, we say it with regret, the college graduate who excels in feats of this nature. The man who is, supposedly, well instructed in the correct use of English is, invariably, he who most pointedly and persistently refrains from any practical exhibition of his knowledge. Indeed, it is not far from possible to estimate the amount of schooling a young man has received by the extensiveness of his vocabulary of "slang," and by the attitude of lofty indifference which he assumes toward grammatical construction. In this connection the question re-occurs: Does any language lend itself so readily to the requirements of "slang" as our own beloved, continually mutilated and cruelly maltreated mother tongue? The most alarming feature of this linguistic epidemic which, by the way, partakes of the nature of a disease, is its insidious power of infecting all who come within the radius of its influence. It is a contagion from which there seems no possible avenue of escape. Where is the physician who can prescribe for such a plague, or who can check, at least, its destructive progress? We have reformers of every sort. Why should not some philanthropic scholar inaugurate a movement to reform the abuse of the English language before it is destroyed and utterly obliterated by modern "slang." Such an one would confer an inestimable benefit upon humanity—for in rescuing his mother tongue from assailing dangers he would at the same time, so subtle is the relation between speech and action, improve the manners and the morals of his time.

Arnold White, in his London correspondence in Harper's Weekly, paints a dismal picture of the social conditions among the poor and lower classes of London, which furnishes much food for thought. Among other things, he says:

> One-fifth of the inhabitants of London still occupy dwellings unsanitary from overcrowding. Within a mile of the Mansion House are masses of men, women, and children who are more truly barbarian than the Basutos, Sudanese, or the aboriginal tribes of the Himalayas. * * * * * Myriads of children produced in reckless disregard of parental responsibility and plunged into an environment of villany and vice, with no play-ground but the streets, is a feature in English city life which attracts little attention, but it is as much a reality as the Soudan victories. The social reformers are no more in agreement than theologians themselves, though there is a general conviction that a great deal requires to be done. Although there is no country in the world where the social revolution is less likely to take place than in England, there is national weakness and shame in the social condition of masses of our countrymen, and until a new Savonarola arises to rouse the national conscience, the tendency will be to go from bad to worse.

Apart from the facts which Mr. White has given us, the striking thing about his correspondence is the view which he takes of the social revolution as if its coming were an assured fact,

which is postponed only on account of a lack of a leader. With the dissemination of knowledge on these important topics, doubtless not one, but many leaders will arise the world over to better the condition of humanity. In one respect General Booth, of the Salvation Army, is a pioneer in this field, and much as some people are inclined to scoff at his work it has accomplished and is accomplishing a world of good which the future alone will be able to fully recognize and appreciate.

Apropos of the recent discussion concerning the rejection of Poe by America, it might well be remembered that this brilliant and erratic genius who blazed with such a fitful, half-heavenly, half-lurid glow, was after all a poet's poet. Not a singer to the masses, voicing the joys and the sorrows of humanity, but an angel of the outer darkness, chanting of the poet's pain, the poet's bliss, haunted by the memory lost Elysium.

Platonic affection is a term so misused and misinterpreted that one hesitates to write it seriously. And yet we hold it to mean in its original purity, and as Plato defined it, friendship—friendship of the truest, tenderest nature. A bond, not of the body, but of the soul, so strong and finely woven that it will stand the test of the severest strain. It is the one human tie that contains no element of selfishness, that hesitates at no sacrifice, that is absolute in surrender, giving all and claiming nothing. It is the only love, or more properly the only relation, for it differs materially from the divine passion —possible between man and woman that is free from the risk of heartache, of disappointment, a sweetness in which there is no bitter.

The King's Oath.

The daughter of Herodias danced....and pleased Herod. Whereupon he promised with an oath to give her whatsoever she would ask.—(Matthew 14:6-7.)

She danced before the king,
A lissome, witching thing
With gems ablaze.
Unbound her dark hair flies,
While still her glorious eyes
In Herod's gaze.

Moved by that wondrous grace,
Quivers the strong man's face,
Breathless the while
He feels and owns her power,
(Undreamed until that hour)
Drunk with her smile.

'Till her white hand she lifts,
Asking for royal gifts
With mouth rose-sweet,
Low bends the proud king's head;
"Ask what you will," he said,
"'Tis at your feet."

Swift from her lips red bloom,
Leap forth the words of doom,
"The prophet's head."
Pale grew the monarch's brow;
But for his oath's sake now,
"Bring it," he said.

And since that oath was kept,
Men who in power have stepped—
Kings of the land;
Still for the siren strives,
Selling their people's lives
At her command.

Adonen.

The Month

A RECORD OF THE WORLD'S PROGRESS.

In Politics—

A noticeable change in the tenor of the press throughout the country in regard to "expansion" has been the feature of the month in American politics. First impressions and sentiments have been giving way to the reaction caused by the more conservative view of the question which seems to be now prevailing.——The American forces have been generally successful in the few skirmishes that have taken place in the Philippines, and very few lives have been lost. Admiral Dewey, however, has asked for the battleship Oregon, for "political reasons," and the ship is now on her way thither.——The "famous" war congress of 1898 has adjourned, and is to be condemned more for what it has left undone than commended for the good it has done. The sentiment of the people is so strongly in favor of the Nicarauga canal that it had been thought congress would be forced to commence the work, but it is understood, to the everlasting shame of our institutions, be it said, that the Nicarauga bill was "traded" for another which would advance the pecuniary interests of our noble legislators.——Senator Gorman, who has represented New Jersey in the senate for 18 years, has been superceded by James Smith, Jr.

The appointment of Phya Visudda as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from Siam to the United States and Great Britain is indicative of the fact that to one country at least the union of the Anglo-Saxon race is complete. It will be interesting to observe how Mr. Visudda performs his double task.——The petition of the citizens of Fort Wrangel, Alaska, who desire to foreswear allegiance to the Stars and Stripes and become subjects to the English crown, is along this line of union, but is such an unusual proceeding on the part of Americans that it comes to us with considerable surprise. It is understood, however, that the motive back of the petition is one of financial gain..

England takes a magnanimous stand in acknowledging France to be entitled to an outlet on the Nile. This is a conspicuous example of the English sense of justice, since it was by no means a compulsory act on the part of England, but rather due to a fair-minded and comprehensive view of the situation.

In spite of the lull in Parisian politics which has followed the election of Loubet to the Presidency of the republic and the formation of a new ministry, and which, from the nature of the case, must be only temporary, France is generally conceded to be on the verge of a political revolution which cannot be much longer deferred.

In a meeting between the Czar and Tolstoi, the first that has taken place, Tolstoi previously refusing to meet the Czar, the following conversation is said to have occurred. "What is your opinion of our imperial proposal for the limitation of armaments?" asked the Czar. "I shall believe in it only when your majesty sets the example to the other nations," replied the philosopher.

Reconstruction in Cuba is progressing in a most satisfactory manner. Santiago has been transformed from a city of disease and dirt to one of health and cleanliness. What is true of Santiago is also true of Havana. American methods are being rapidly adopted throughout the entire Island.

In Science—

Rear-Admiral Hichborn, chief naval constructor, announces that there are now building for the navy 51 vessels of

various types. According to an Italian authority, this places the United States second in the tonnage list of ships being built by the various nations, Great Britain being first.

If all the wonderful things that are told about Tripler and his liquid air are true, his invention is the greatest of the age. The new substance is destined to "do the work of coal and ice and gunpowder at next to no cost," and its production is limitless so long as the air we breathe endures. It is both heat and cold. It is, according to Mr. Tripler himself, the direct energy of the sun, captured and converted into a useful servant for man. The man who "harnessed the lightning" accomplished a very mild achievement compared to Mr. Tripler, who proposes to chain the atmosphere and subjugate the sun. Meantime the world waits expectantly for further developments.

Dr. G. Carl Huber, assistant professor of anatomy, and director of the histological laboratory of the University of Michigan, has just discovered, according to the news reports, that, contrary to the belief of the leading physiologists of the world, the blood vessels of the brain are controlled by nerves. Dr. Huber has demonstrated this and will publish the results of his extensive research.

Professor George M. Hough, astronomer at the Dearborn Observatory, Evanston, Ill., has made discoveries which strengthen him in the belief that Jupiter is in a gaseous or plastic state.

The Reina Mercedes, which was sunk in the channel of Sanitago harbor, has been raised and taken to Santiago. The ship can be repaired so as to be of efficient service.

One of the curious attractions of the Paris exposition will be the "mareorama"—a large stationary ocean steamship, with the surroundings so arranged that a voyage upon the ocean will be perfectly simulated. The vessel will roll and pitch, and a half mile of canvas will unfold the beautiful scenery along the line of the vessel's course. The inventor proposes to keep up the similation of the voyage by sea by every means possible.

In Literature—

Nothing superior to the following poem, by Robert Burns Wilson in the Atlantic Monthly for March, has appeared in the war literature of the day. In the estimation of one whose opinion carries weight, it is the most perfect war poem ever produced:

"Such is the death the soldier dies:—
He falls—the column speeds away;
Upon the dappled grass he lies,
His brave heart following, still, the fray.

The smoke wraiths drift among the trees,
The battle storms along the hill;
The glint of distant arms he sees,
He hears his comrades shouting still.

A glimpse of far-borne flags that fade
And vanish in the rolling din;
He knows the sweeping charge is made,
The cheering lines are closing in.

Unmindful of his mortal wound,
He faintly calls and seeks to rise;
But weakness drags him to the ground:—
Such is the death the soldier dies."

The poem below, reprinted from Ainslee's Magazine for this month, contains the sum and substance of Shakespeare's masterpiece. Its author, Arthur J. Stringer, gives it as the result of a "rereading of 'Hamlet' ":

O God, if this were all!
To see the naked Right,
And then by day and night
To crush o'er Circumstance,
Despair and petty Chance,
And fight the one good fight!
O God, if this were all!

If this were only all!
But, ah! to see, and yet
Half fear the waves that fret
Without the Harbor Bar;
To strive not, since the star
Lies from us, oh, so far;
To know, and not forget!
O God, that this is all!

In Art—

The exhibition in December of the works of the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones at the New Gallery, in London, has revived the interest of the critics and set them to commenting and comparing. Years ago Ruskin gave his verdict to the effect that the art work of Burne-Jones was "the best that has been, or could be," and Rosetti's frequently ex-

pressed opinion was, when summed, up, essentially the same. A dreamer, an idealist, who beheld with the unerring instinct of genius the fact—the great underlying principle of art—that truth and beauty are interchangeable terms, this man has left an impress upon the art of his age that time will not efface.

The new public library to be erected in Bryant Park, New York, is designed by Carrere and Hastings. From the illustrations which have appeared it is not easy to determine the dominant style of architecture which these gentlemen have adopted in this ambitious structure, which is to extend from Fortieth to Forty-second street, but there is evidence of Grecian influence apparent.

In Education—

A measure adopted by the president and fellows of Harvard University, on February 13, provides that all persons who have served at Harvard as professors or assistant professors for twenty years, and are over sixty years old, shall receive, after retirement, one-third of their last salary for twenty years of service, and one-sixth of their last salary for such additional year of service, provided that the retiring allowance shall in no case exceed two-thirds of their last salary. To meet the expenses thus authorized, Harvard will have at the end of this year the income of a special fund of $340,000, which can doubtless be supplemented from other university monies.

A similar provision has been in operation in Yale since 1897, and since 1890 it has been a rule at Columbia that any professor who has served the university for fifteen years, and is sixty-four years old, may retire at his own request on half pay. At Yale, professors may retire on a pension after twenty-five years of continuous service.—E. S. Martin in Harper's Weekly.

The board appointed by Brigadier-General Wood to formulate a scheme for public education in the province of Santiago, has made its report. It recommends the establishment of free schools similar to those in the United States.

A resolution has just been passed by the city council of Wurtzberg, Bavaria, which is worthy of emulation, says the Scientific American. According to this resolution, the teeth of poor pupils of public schools of the city are to be examined and cared for free of cost, provided their parents give their consent. It is intended to treat diseases of the ear and throat in a like manner, should the first experiment prove successful. It is probable that with slight expense the teeth of the children may be attended to so that if the latter live they will not suffer from dyspepsia owing to improper mastication.

Leading Events—

February .—Lord Hallam Tennyson is appointed governor of South Australia.——The department orders the mustering out of 15,000 volunteers.

February 2.—Gen. Gomez gives assurance that he will co-operate with the United States to secure the disbanding of the Cuban insurgent army.

February 3.—France protests to the Porte against Germany's acquisition of a station on the sea of Mamora.

February 4.—The Filipinos make a night attack on the American lines near Manila, and are repulsed with great loss.——The Spanish cabinet votes to abolish the office of minister of colonies.

February 5.—Dewey shells the Filipino's about Manila.——Street riots growing out of the Dreyfus affair occur in Marseilles and Algiers.

February 6.—The last Spanish soldier in Cuba leaves the island.——The United States senate ratifies the treaty of peace with Spain.——Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is chosen leader of the liberal party in England.

February 7.—Filipinos in the vicinity of Manila are reported in full retreat. American lines are extended nine miles beyond the city.——President McKinley sentences Commissary-General Eagan to suspension from duty for six years.——The British parliament meets.——John Dillon resigns the parliamentary leadership of the Irish party. ——The United States battleship Iowa arrives at San Francisco.

February 8.—Aguinaldo asks for a truce and a conference with the American commander.

February 9.—The British house of commons rejects an amendment to the customary address to the throne, relating to "lawlessness in the church."

February 10.—American forces capture Caloocan, near Manila.——President McKin-

ley signs the Spanish peace treaty.——The French chamber of deputies adopts the trial-revision bill.

February 11.—Iloilo is taken by General Miller.——The Monadock and the Charleston shell the insurgent camp from the bay.——The British cruiser Inlrefield is ordered to Bluefields in consequence of the Nicaraguan revolution.

February 12.—American forces under General Miller, capture Jaro, near Iloilo.——Great Britain admits the claim of France to an outlet on the Nile.——The corner-stone of the reservior dam is laid at Assuam on the Nile.

February 14.—The California, Washington and Idaho volunteers and the Sixth artillery successfully engage the Filipinos on the outskirts of Manila.

February 15.—President McKinley appoints Samuel J. Barrows, of Massachusetts, librarian of congress.——Nicaragua is declared in a state of seige by President Tyelaya.

February 16.—The United States senate passes the Military Academy appropriation bill.——The house strikes out the item in the sundry civil bill appropriating $20,000,000 for the payment to Spain under the terms of the peace treaty.——M. Felix Faure, president of France, dies.

February 17. — Speaker Reed's ruling against the Nicaragua canal amendment is sustained by the house.

February 18.—M. Emile Loubet is elected president of the French republic.

February 19.—In a fight with Russians at Talien-Wan over tax-payments, three hundred Chinese are killed.

February 20.—Rear Admiral Schley answers the charges made to the United States senate against himself.

February 21.—Pope Leo XIII writes to Cardinal Gibbons, reproving "relaxation of discipline in the Catholic church in America.

February 22.—Kipling reported to be seriously ill in New York.——Gov. Pingree, of Michigan, speaks to the Detroit banquet upon "Respectability in the Republic."

February 23.—At Manila the rebels are repulsed at many points.

February 24.—Admiral Dewey asks for the battleship Oregon.——United States senate passes the river and harbor bill.

February 25.—Military police prevent an out-break of hostilities in the city of Manila.

February 26.—News received of the raising of the American flag over the island of Cebu.

February 27.—Army bill passes the United States senate.

February 28.—Germany recalls her ships from the Philippines.

Mother Goose for Grown Up Folks.

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep
And doesn't know where to find them;
Let them alone and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them."

"Hope beckoned youth and bade him keep
On life's broad plain, his shining sheep,
And while along the sward they came,
He called them over, each by name;
This one was Friendship—that was Health;
Another Love—another Wealth;
One fat, full-fleeced, was Social Station;
Another, Stainless Reputation;
In truth a goodly flock of sheep—
A goodly flock, but hard to keep.

Youth laid him down beside a fountain;
Hope spread his wings to scale a mountain;
And somehow youth fell fast asleep,
And left his crook to tend the sheep;
No wonder, as the legend says,
They took to very crooked ways.

Wealth vanished first, with stealthy tread,
Then Friendship followed—to be fed—
And foolish Love was after led;
Fair Fame—alas! some thievish scamp—
Had marked him with his own black stamp,
And he, with Honor at his heels
Was out of sight across the fields.

Health just hangs doubtful—distant Hope
Looks backward from the mountain slope,
And Youth himself—no longer Youth—
Wakes face to face with bitter Truth."

"Solomon Grundy, born on Monday,
Christened on Tuesday, Married on Wednesday,
Sick on Thursday, worse on Friday,
Dead on Saturday, Buried on Sunday;
This was the end of Solomon Grundy."

So sings the unpretentious muse
That guides the quill of Moother Goose,
And in one week of mortal strife
Presents the epitome of Life;
But down sits Billy Shakespeare next,
And cooly taking up the text
His thought pursues the trail of mine
And lo! the seven ages shine!
O world! O critics! can't you see
How Shakespeare plagiarizes me?

For not a child upon the knee
But hath thy moral learned of me;
And measured, in a seven days' span,
The whole experience of man.

The Magazines

FOR MARCH.

The Century—

At the Court of an Indian Prince...
.....R. D. Mackenzie
The Bond of Blood..Will H. Thompson
Heroes of the Railway Service.....
.....Chas. De Lano Hine
Sonnets.....Edith M. Thomas
Via Crucis.....F. Marion Crawford
Poor Little Jane.....John Vance Cheny
Alexander's Victory at Issus.....
.....Benjamin Ide Wheeler
A Temple of Solomon.....
.....Margaret Sulton Briscoe
Reciprocity.....Mary H. Mason
Gilbert Stuart's Portraits of Women.
.....Chas. Henry Hart
The Winslow at Cardenas.....
.....J. B. Bernadon, Lieut. U. S. N.
Silence.....Peter McArthur
Cable-Cutting at Cienfuegos.....
.....Cameron McR. Winslow
British Experience in the Government of Colonies.....James Bryce
Gen. Sherman's Tour of Europe....
.....Gen. W. T. Sherman
The Century's American artists Series .....Arthur Hoeber
Pilgrims to Mecca..Mary Hallock Foote
The Sinking of the Merrimac.....
..... Lieut. Hobson
Scenes in the Spanish Capital.....
..... Arthur Houghton
The Capture of Manila.....
.....Francis I. Green
The Woodhaven Goat.....
.....Harry Stillwell Edwards

"What shall be done with little Jane,
Little Jane who has lost her lover?
With the sun and rain of Lovers' Lane
Green in his grassy cover.

She cannot sleep, she cannot spin,
They will have to take her away;
Her eye is too bright, her cheek too thin,
She hears not a word they say.

She has no joy of the summer sun,
And fearful things she sees
At the gate in the lane when day is done
And there's a wail in the faded trees."

—John Vance Cheney in the March number of the Century.

"A prince of India," even though he be but the ruler of a very limited strip of territory, is, to Western minds, at least, an exceedingly gorgeous personage. Mr. R. D. Mackenzie's description in the March Century of "His Highness the Nawab of Bahawalpur and His Court," leaves the reader dazed with the glitter of jewels—the flash of rubies and glimmer of pearls—and the general magnificence of Oriental attire. This young Indian potentate, whose dominions would easily lie within the limits of any Oregon county, is the happy possessor of a score of palaces and is a tall, well-formed, distinguished looking gentleman, with an English education, a sensitive nature, a strong will and an iron constitution, all of which goes to make up an ensemble exactly opposite to that which presents itself to the average mind as illustrative of the native East Indian. The fact that an American girl, a daughetr of Chicago, is now vice-empress of India gives us a quickened interest in everything pertaining to that particular part of the world.——The engraving upon wood, by F. S. King, of Ross Turner's "Golden Galleon," which forms the frontispiece of the Century for March, is a work of art, the like of which has not been seen in a magazine for, lo, these many years.——"Via Crucis" contains a strong picture—a scene of the period the preaching of the second crusade by Bernard of Clairvaux.——Mr. Bryce advises the American expansionist to "go softly" and to profit by "British experience in the government of colonies." That Mr. Bryce knows what he is talking about no one will undertake to dispute, and his words of friendly warning are well worth considering.——"The Woodhaven Goat" is an antidote for the "blues." The man or woman who could read this bit of plantation comedy through without laughing is not a person to be envied.

Scribner's—

The Rough Riders..Theodore Roosevelt
The Cub Reporter and the King of Spain.....Jessie Lynch Williams

Some Political Reminiscences.....
.....George F. Hoar
The Business of a Theatre.....
.....W. J. Henderson
The Winter Stars..Archibald Lampman
The Entomologist.....George W. Cable
The Street.....Pitts Duffield
The Letters of..Robert Louis Stevenson
..... Sydney Colvin
The Portraits of John W. Alexander,
.....Harrison S. Morris
A Calendar of Discontent.Oliver Herford
Psalm vii, 15.....Albert White Vorse
Search-Light Letters.....Robert Grant
A Rhyme of the Rough Riders.....
..... Clinton Scollard

Albert White Vorse is a name new to Scribner's, but if his "Psalm VII, 15" is earnest of future work it is safe to set him down as one of the most virile and original writers of the day. It is a story of the far north, of the land of the midnight sun, this "Psalm," and there is not a weak or a superfluous line in it. The strange "white silence" makes itself felt. The Eskomos, with their crude mysticisms and cruelly hard lives, the loves of Latta and Ah-we-ung-onah and the tragic termination of the romance, all are so simply, yet powerfully portrayed that the reader forgets that it is only a "tale that is told," and believes for the moment that he is watching the movement of a real, a living experience. This story is so great that it throws into shadow everything else in the March number of the magazine, though Robert Grant's "Search-Llight Letters" are interesting in that they spare neither man nor woman. The weakness, the faults and the follies of a would-be social leader are pitilessly exposed in the glare of the well-directed "Light" which eminates from Mr. Grant's electric-pointed pen. Robert Louis Stevenson's love of little children crops out from time to time, in the sweetest, tenderest fashion in his "Letters." And there is always in these letters the insistent note of bodily pain. "I am a man of seventy," exclaims this yet undeveloped novelist." "O Medea, kill me, or make me young again!"—Jesse Lynch Williams gives another newspaper story that is interesting. reading, and George W. Cable considerately kills off the "Etomologist" and the other man's frivolous wife and then unites the bereaved ones in the most delightful and satisfactory manner. The whole story, from beginning to end, is crowded with beauty and warmth and perfume, a glowing, softened wealth of color that obscures the tragedy and obliterates the common-place. In this last number occurs the "Parable of the 'Lost Moth,'" "crushed with its wings full-spread, not by any one's choice, but because there are so many things in this universe that not even God can help from being as they are."

The Cosmopolitan—

The Building of an Empire.....
.....John Brisben Walker
The Real Arabian Nights...Anna Leach
Flour and Flour Milling.....
...B. C. Church and F. W. Fitzpatrick
For Maids and Mothers.....
.....Frances Courtney Baylor
Of the Golden Age.....
.....Louise Imogen Guiney
Trampers on the Trail.....
..... Hamlin Garland
Columbia's Motto..Ella Wheeler Wilcox
The Verdict in the Rutherford Case,
..... Walter Barr
Richard Brinsley Sheridan.....
.....Thomas B. Reed
The North American Indian of To-day.....George Bird Grinnell
Southern Spain During the War....
..... Grant Lynd
Successful Attempts in Scientific Mind Reading..Edward-Wilson Roberts
Oliver Cromwell.....A. J. Gade
Hito-Kitsune.....Ethel W. Mumford
Pelota in Madrid.....Poultney Bigelow

"How Miss Miggs Fitted Herself for Matrimony" is a story which contains an object lesson. In fact, Miss Sarah Miggs is a bright and shining example to her sex—to all that portion of it at least who are contemplating the possibility of wedlock. There would be no more any asking of the old question, "Is marriage a failure?" if all fair candidates for wifehood acted upon the suggestions offered in this story.——"Hito-Kitsune" is a Japanese ghost story that turns out to be a very clever fraud gotten up by a Yankee speculator, but is exceeding interesting in spite of the fact that the ghost is a sham.——Hamlin Garland's "Trail" is leading northward now, and he is giving his readers some realistic pictures of the difficulties and dangers which Alaskan-bound gold-hunters encountered on the "Overland Trail" to the Yukon.——

"The Verdict in the Rutherford Case" is a study of the human conscience.—— John Brisben Walker continues the history of Mohammed, and Eric Pape leaves nothing to be desired in the way of illustrations. "The Midnight Vision" is beautiful enough to have turned the head of any imaginative Arab. It is sufficient for the purpose if Mohammed did but dream he beheld such matchless perfection of form and feature.

McClure's—

J. J. Tissot and his Paintings of the Life of Christ.....Cleveland Moffet
Liquid Air.....Ray Stannard Baker
Sketches in Egypt..Charles Dana Gibson
Moving on the North Pole.....
.....Lieut. Robert E. Peary, U. S. N.
Stalky and Co.....Rudyard Kipling
This Animal of a Buldy Jones.....
..... Frank Norris
Lincoln's Method of Dealing with Men.....Ida M. Tarbell
The Accolade.....Louise Herrick Wall
General Wood at Santiago.....
.....Henry Harrison Lewis
The War on the Sea and Its Lessons,
.....Capt. Alfred T. Mahan, U. S. N.

It is interesting to learn from good authority that the "Beetle" of Kipling's "Stalky and Co." is no less a personage than the gifted Rudyard himself. "Number Five" in the character of moral reformers makes an entertaining story. ——Louis Herrick Wall, who is a Portland woman, has a touching romance in this magazine—McClure's—for March, in which a little child, pitifully deformed and unchildlike, is the central figure. "The heroine," remarked one fair critic who had read this story of Mrs. Wall's, "is a fool, and I cannot pardon that. A woman writer owes it to her sex to give the heroine the advantage—every time." ——Frank Norris' account of the duel between the young Frenchman and the man of Yale wherein balls, for the Yale man was a famous baseball champion, are used in lieu of swords or pistols, is brief but graphic.——But by far the most absorbingly interesting thing in McClure's for March is Tripler and his "Liquid Air." Indeed it reads so altogether like a fairy tale that one must go over it more than once to get the full significance of this new marvel. Ray Stannard Baker has given the public a clear idea of this wonderful invention, and to him and McClure's the public is correspondingly grateful.

Harper's—

The Spanish-American War.....
.....Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge
Heart's-Ease Over Henry Heine....
..... Sarah Piatt
On the Steps of the City Hall.....
.....Brander Mathews
Major-General Forrest at Brice's Cross-Roads....John A. Wyeth, M. D.
Storm and Calm.....Helen Hay
Their Silver Wedding Journey.....
.....William Dean Howells
English Characteristics....Julian Ralph
Stories in Verse.....Arthur J. Strig
Without the Courts.....
.....Sarah Barnwell Elliott
The Building of the Modern City House..... Russell Sturgis
The Way to the Cross..Stephen Bonsal
Ebb-Tide.....Guy Wetmore Carryl
A Song.....Hildegarde Hawthorne
The Span o' Life.....
..Wm. McLennan and J. N. McIlwraith
The Rented House.....Octave Thanet
The Massacre of Fort Dearborn at Chicago..... Simon Pokagon
Chief of the Pokagon Band of Pottawatomie Indians.
Violet.....Martha Gilbert Dickinson

Julian Ralph has arrived at the conclusion, after due deliberation, and observant association with our English cousins, that they are not so lacking in "a sense of humor or love of fun" as we have been wont to suppose. It is true, he admits, "they are not so much given to joking" as we are, and their jokes are of a different sort. But this he accounts for on the grounds that they are more seriously thoughtful, more deliberate in speech and action than are we, "more given to reflction and the calm enjoyment of life." The Englishman is never in a hurry, according to Mr. Ralph, who seems to find the average London citizen as delightful and interesting and "restful" as he finds the London climate abominable and distressing. The climate is to blame, he holds, for most of the evils that afflict the world's metropolis, and particularly is it responsible for the intemperance of the masses.

Books

F. Tennyson Neely is bringing out some notable books that are to comprise a "war series," and are written and compiled by General O. O. Howard, General Joe Wheeler, Gilson Willets and other distinguished people. "Fighting for Humanity; or, Camp and Quarter-Deck," is the title of General Howard's book, and it is conceded that, having an "interesting story to tell," he has told it in the most admirable manner. "The Boy of the Twentieth," by Burr McIntosh, is a story for Young America. This series is fully illustrated, beautifully printed and attractively bound. "Americans in Exile" is a cleverly written novel by Grace Stuart Reid, and deals with the days of the Confederacy. It is a bachelor's love story told in the first person, and is tender, touching and true to the best in human sentiment. Another book from the house of F. Tennyson Neely, by Carlos Martyn, veils a rather pessimistic study in sociology under the misleading title of "Sour Saints and Sweet Sinners." The author, in the "Prelude" to this rather astonishing work mentions the fact that a certain New York church was in want of a minister because "The last pastor had been accidentally killed—the church debt had fallen upon and crushed him." There are several things in this prelude, by the way, which are altogether too near the truth to be pleasant, and Carlos Martyn strikes a straight and effective blow at the method which prevails in modern churches of choosing a minister. That is, it would be effective if the right sort of people read his book, and it is extremely doubtful if they will, for the title is not one that will appeal to church people.

Paul Laurence Dunbar's last book, "Folks From Dixie," is a collection of short stories that range from North to South and from grave to gay. To the student of racial problems there can be no more interesting figure in modern literature than that of the young Negro poet. Just what will result to his people from his untrammelled expression in verse and prose of the long-repressed feeling of the race it is yet too early to predict, but that he draws his scenes and characters with a strong, firm hand cannot be denied. Neither is he lacking in delicate shadings, in exquisite light touches that lend a certain grace and beauty to the rudest pictures from his pen. In "Folks From Dixie," perhaps the best piece of work, the most human and tender is "Jimsella," though in all the book there is not a story that does not possess some charm of its own. "The Spaniard in History" is a book that makes its appearance at a most auspicious time. It is by James C. Fernald. In the author's preface, this sentence, which explains the motif of the work, occurs: "The sword which has been drawn in behalf of oppressed Cuba must not be sheathed till Spanish power has ceased to touch with its blight the Western world." It is not a chronological history of Spain, by any means; but is rather a clearly defined and entertaining characterization of the most important crises in the career of the Spanish nation. Alfonso XIII of Spain is a pathetic figure among the crowned heads of Europe. William Bement Lent's charmingly bound and illustrated volume tells all about "The Country of the Little King." Madrid, Seville, Toledo, Granada, Burgos, Cordova—what pictures of past pride and splendor these names suggest! To read this book of Mr. Lent's is to visit the scenes he describes. The Alhambra has been often written about—but not even Washington Irving himself has given us a more exquisite description of this "Moorish legacy" than has William Bement Lent in his journey "Across the Country of the Little King."

These books are all to be found on sale at Gill's book store, corner of Third and Alder streets.

Drift

Frederick Warde.

The actor in private life is apt to be a creature totally different from the actor before the footlights. A charming woman of my acquaintance (this is not particularizing, for I know many charming women), recently gave me a most interesting account of how, when at boarding school in Boston, she went to see Lewis Morrison in the New Magdalene, being, of course, properly chaperoned by a severely proper Boston relative and, how, having arrived in the journey of life at that impressionable age when it is a necessity of nature to fall in love, she at once most romantically tumbled up to her pretty ears in love with the handsomely made-up actor. At that age the thing a girl most enjoys about an attachment of this sort is telling other girls about it. This rose-bud maiden was no exception to the rule. So glowing were her descriptions of the hero of her dreams that the fifty other rose buds gracing the garden, otherwise known as a boarding school, were all equally enraptured and were in eminent danger of blossoming prematurely under the influence of reflected ardour. Afterward, in Portland, she had an opportunioty to see the object of her youthful adoration off the stage and was immediately disenchanted. All this is by way of saying that what is true of one actor is, in the main, true of all, and that Mr. Frederick Warde is one of the gracious exceptions that prove the rule. For Mr. Warde, great as he is upon the stage, and in many points there is none greater, is equally delightful in private life. An actor who regards the legitimate drama as one of the noblest professions, who holds with William Rounsville Alger, "dramatic art to be the divinest art in the world—the crown and flower of all," and who has proved himself a worthy interpreter of the grandest conceptions of heroic character produced by the master minds of the past three centuries, Mr. Warde is not too absorbed to appreciate and enjoy the claims of friendship and the forms of polite society. He is, in spite of his incessant and exacting work upon the stage, a man of the world, a literateur, an earnest student, a scholarly gentleman—a man whom men delight to know and women delight to please, and in this western world, loved and admired and welcomed as no other actor of today is loved and admired and welcomed. It was in 1884 that he first made his appearance in Portland, and in the character of Virginus and of Ingomar, in the old New Market theatre. It lies within my memory that I saw him first in Eugene, in Damon and Pythias, on the limited stage of a rather remarkably-constructed "opera house, and leaving much to be desired in the way of support, and yet how that house, crowded beyond all comfort, went wild over the young actor, for he had a force that carried all before it, a vigor and a power that compelled recognition and roused his audience to the wildest enthusiasm. Since that memorable date Mr. Warde has made almost yearly tours to Oregon and the West and has appeared before Portland audiences in the role of nearly all the great Shakespearean characters.

Govenor Roosevelt has signed an amendment to the civil code which prohibits absolutely a doctor from divulging any information concerning his patients, either before or after the death of patient. For a long time the insurance law has permitted a man to testify concerning the physical condition of a policy-holder, which was in variance with the code.

A colored preacher upon the occasion of delivering a forceful harangue to his congregation, said: "I see before me twelve chicken-thieves, including William Sanders." Now, Sandy was a handy

man with a razor, and the parson's friends urged him to set things right with with Sanders at the first opportunity. The parson made on the next Sunday the following announcement: "Brethren, at our last meeting I made a statement which, after mature deliberation, I desire to correct, realizing as I do that my remarks upon that occasion might not have been understood correctly. What I should have said was: "There are in this congregation twelve chicken-thieves, not including William Sanders."

McKinley's Opinions.

"Hello, Central! Connect me with Washington."

"_____."

"Is this Washington? Give me the White House. Hello! This you, Major?"

"_____."

"Yes. Send me a few decided views, will you?"

"_____."

"On what? Why, on anything. Silver and gold, Alger, Philippines—anything."

"_____."

"None in stock. Then let me have some mere opinions."

"_____."

"Yes—opinions, mere or otherwise."

"_____."

"I don't care, so long as they are true. I want some good opinions, in fast colors, that will wear."

"_____."

"No, of course not. Not other people's. Your own I want."

"_____ _____."

"Not any, eh? Don't keep them in stock? Isn't there any such thing in the market?"

"_____ _____ _____."

"Oh, I see! You have them made to order for you. Hello!"

"_____ _____."

"Oh! Never mind about the addresses, Major. I know where to apply for them. Thanks."

"_____."

"Good-by."—Life.

A new postoffice was established in a small Western village, and a native was appointed postmaster. After awhile complaints were made that no mail was sent out from the new office, and an inspector was sent to inquire into the matter. He called upon the postmaster and asked why no mail had been sent out. The postmaster pointed to a big and nearly empty mail-bag hanging up in a corner, and said: "Well, I ain't sent it out 'cause the bag ain't nowhere nigh full yet!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Croak, Little Bull-Frog, Croak.

This is the first blossom from spring's boquet of "poetry," and it would be an injustice to the public to let it "blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Croak, little bull-frog, croak, say I,
Croak while the rain cloud's in the sky;
The sun's getting warmer day by day,
All the froggies are happy and gay.
You have no cares, you know no pain,
All you know is rain, more rain.
Croak, little bull-frog, croak.

Croak, little bull-frog, croak, say I,
It'll cease raining by and by;
There'll be no clouds the sky to gloom,
Butter-cups then'll commence to bloom,
The lark will sing his merriest tune,
All will be merry as a day in June.
Croak, little bull-frog, croak.

Croak, little bull-frog, croak, say I,
There'll come a sad day by and by,—
Sad for you, though sweet for me,—
When honeyed flowers will feed the bee.
The sun will shine bright up above,
Green woods will home the turtle-dove.
Croak, little bull-frog, croak.

Croak, little bull-frog, croak, say I,
Your marshy home will soon be dry;
The sunny flowers will all be gone,
Your tunes will then be but a moan.
You'll gasp in the hot sun by and by,
Croak a weak croak, then wither and die.
Croak, poor bull-frog, croak.

Dennis H. Stovall.

1899—Good Advice for the Spring to the Good People of the Northwest: Look to their health for the summer, by taking a herbal remedy, a standard and modern discovery of the 19th century, known as Dr. William Pfunder Oregon Blood Purifier. Take it now. Used and sold everywhere. Easy to take and effectual.

Chess

CONDUCTED BY E. C. PROTZMAN.

Chess is defined as "an intellectual pastime." This definition doubtless arises from the fact that the eminent men of every age have used the study of its fascinating and subtle combinations as a rest from the cares of genius; for chess, and chess only, has the power of taking complete possession of the mental faculties and diverting them from their accustomed channels. So the philosopher, the soldier, the statesman, and the author have equally been its votaries.

On account of its nature chess is commonly considered a difficult game to learn. This is an error—for a half hour is sufficient to enable one to learn the moves and power of the pieces, while within a few weeks both pupil and teacher will find it equally entertaining. If the student is at all apt or ambitious six months of play will be enough to give one a good standing amongst the regular devotees.

In placing chess games before our readers we shall endeavor to present only those that we believe will prove beneficial and instructive to devotee and student alike.

The "partie" given below occurred in Paris June, 1857, between Paul Morphy and Count Isouard and the Duke of Brunswick in consultation against him. We present it as a beautiful illustration of the great master's manner of ending a chess battle at the first error made by his antagonist. The reader will note how quickly he was able to bring each piece into play and to bear upon the point of attack:

PHILIDORE'S DEFENCE.

White—Mr. Morphy	Black—The Allies.
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3	2. P to Q 3 A
3. P to Q 4	3. Q B to K Kt 5
4. P takes P	4. B takes Kt B
5. Q takes B	5. P takes P
6. K B to Q B 4	6. K Kt to B 3
7. Q to Q Kt 3	7. Q to K 2
8. Q Kt to Q B 3	8. P to Q B 3
9. Q B to Kt 5	9. P to Q Kt 4
10. Kt takes Q Kt P E	10. P takes Kt D
11. B takes P—check	11. Q Kt to Q 2
12. Castles—Q R F	12. Q R to Q sq
13. R takes Kt	13. R takes R
14. K R to Q sq	14. Q to K 3
15. B takes R—check	15. Kt takes B
16. Q to Q Kt 8—check G	16. Kt takes Q
17. R to Q 8—mate	

A.—Forming the "Philidore's defence" but not now considered as strong as Q Kt to B 3.

B.—Probably Black's best move, for if 4-P takes P, then 5-Q takes Q, 5-K takes Q, 6-Kt takes P, also threatening to take either B or K B P and, of course, loss of game.

C. If White takes Q Kt P, Black is able to force exchange of queens by Q to Q Kt 5-check, opening up their own Q Kt's file and leaving a weak center for White.

D.—Attempting to counteract White's terrible attack but futile as well as fatal; for it affords an opportunity for Mr. Morphy of which he takes an immediate advantage.

E. The key move to one of the most beautiful and grandest coupes ever occurring in a cross-board play, and well worthy of his great chess genius, ending only with the final mate—each move being forced.

F. The sacrifice of the queen is a most exquisite ending to this consummate piece of chess strategy.

Notes.

Questions regarding the game are solicited as we shall in our next issue devote a column to "Answers to Correspondents." Address "Chess Editor, Pacific Monthly."

We shall be glad to publish the addresses of the headquarters of such chess clubs as may be in existence in the different cities or towns of our coast, so that chess lovers who may be visiting can be enabled to call.

Joseph Ney Babson, one of our greatest problem composers, is at present making his home in Seattle. Friend Babson, we would be glad to hear from you in these columns.

Mr. Frank A. Steele, Seattle, writes to a friend here that arrangements are being perfected to have a chess match between San Francisco and Seattle by wire. Mr. Steele is a prominent attorney, but is also a lover of chess as well.

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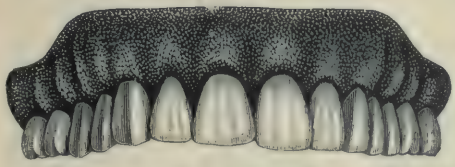
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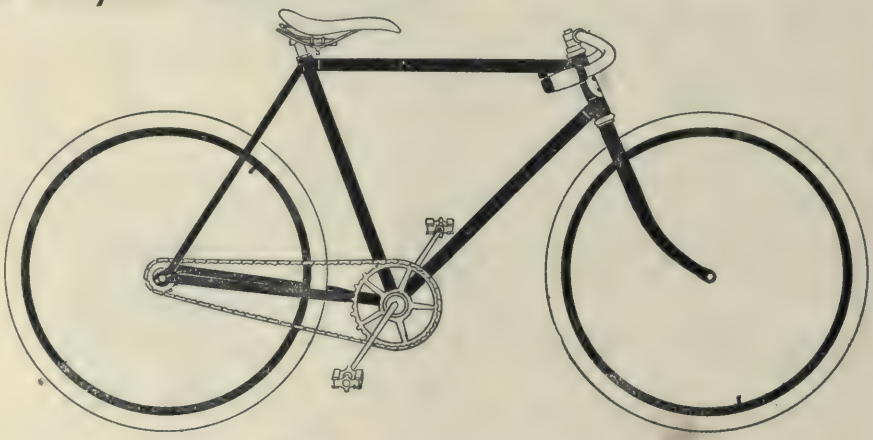
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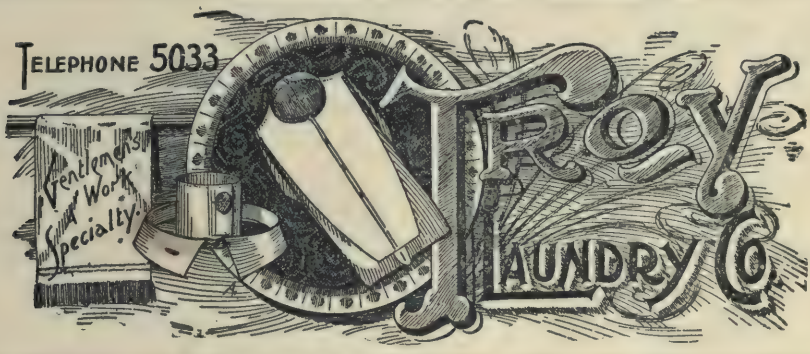
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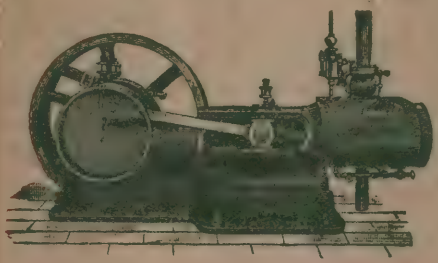
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Volume II.

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VOLUME 2 MAY 1899 NUMBER 1

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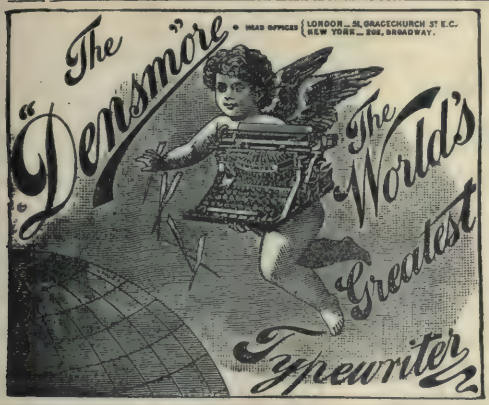
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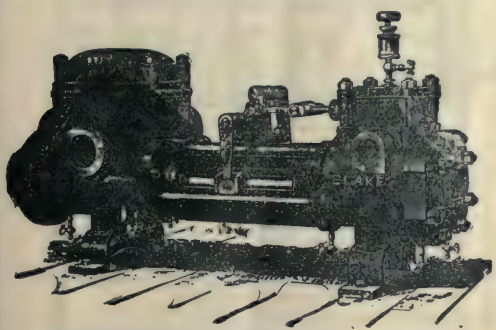
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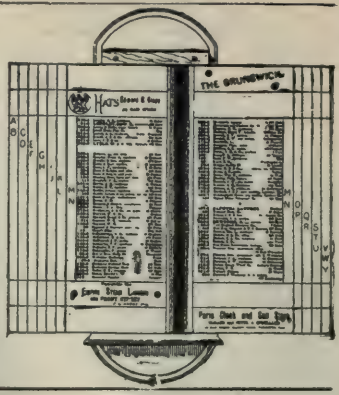
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The Future of Music in America.

By JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

AMERICA is pre-eminently a musical nation. Indeed, we may go so far as to say that in no other nation is the love of music as universal as it is here. The newsboy whistles as he goes upon his errands, bubbling over with strains from the popular airs of the day. The infectious melodies are taken up, passed on and on until even sedate and dignified business and professional men permit themselves to become young again, and whistle the pent-up melodies. Take a peep of an evening into our homes throughout the land, and in thousands upon thousands there will be found gathered about the piano a jolly company of young people singing the songs of the day, or else listening to the more or less ambitious efforts of those who have studied instrumental music. So we find in nearly every home in the land a musical instrument of some character.

In our colleges there are the glee and mandolin clubs which make annual tours about the country, and are supported by the country in a most liberal and enthusiastic manner. America is the Mecca of the foreign musician. It is here that he achieves his greatest financial success, and nothing but a very pronounced love of music could bring about this condition. America, therefore, must be conceded a music-loving nation, and when we realize that there is nothing in other nations to correspond exactly to the conditions above described, the conviction forces itself that our country must stand at the head in its appreciation for music. It is remarkable that this is true, but the facts certainly justify such a conclusion.

With such love for music its future here is full of wonderful possibilities. The conditions point more and more clearly to the formation of a distinctly American school, and to a wonderful domination of music in America. Some are pleased to say that I have created a characteristic quality in the march, yet it is as equally true that we have a man (Stephen Foster), born in America, who wrote ballads that are so essentially American as to contain the very flavor of the country's music. He wrote "Suwanee River," "Massa in the Cold, Cold Ground," and all those songs of the early 60's. Such national melodies as these form the foundation for more pretentious works. Great ideas spring from them, and these great ideas, after being treated in a technical way, develop into the symphony. Generally the suggestions for such original melodies are found in the national instrument. For instance, when you hear the folk-song of France, it suggests the hurdy-gurdy; those of Scotland, the bag-pipe. The folk-songs of gypsy countries like Hungary, suggest the violin. Germany and England, not having national instruments, the melodies of the folk-songs of either country

are easily mistaken for those of the other. The Italian folk-songs suggest the idea of the tambourine and guitar, and are of a declamatory style. American folk-songs may be said to be radically different from any of these, and out of them will develop the ideas which will dominate all music.

Whether the American composers that are to be will be satisfied to go on according to tradition in harmonic development and continue writing symphonies, is questionable. It is not at all improbable that they will develop not only a school of music that will be absolutely national, but new forms, new modes of expression as well. The symphony in course of time may be the candle-light of music. I believe that the American composer will not allow himself to be limited by the so-called classic ideas. My theory of the real classic in music is something entirely different from these.

A classic is a composition that first of all comes under the head of an inspired creation, the result of self-hypnotism, as it were; a condition wherein music is composed without the effort of the composer, and for which he is hardly responsible. A good example of such a classic is found again in "Suwanee River." It has a pure melody, and was evidently an inspiration. It has lived, and it is received by all who are intellectually honest. The musician who is intellectually dishonest hates many of the best things in music because they do not come under his category.

I would rather be the composer of an inspirational march than of a "manufactured" symphony. Now, why a man who manufactures a symphony should be put down in a special category of composers, and the man who writes an inspirational march should not be considered as having accomplished as much, is one of the incongruous things of life that the future of American music will certainly change. We know that that which lives and lives in an atmosphere of purity is the best for the world. The "inspired" works of a composer or an author go down through the corridors of time, giving men joy and happiness, while the manufactured stuff, in art or literature, or music, is placed aside, and the "worms eat it."

Some years ago a friend of mine started in to write "stuff." After he had been writing for some time, and while I was playing in his city, he came to me and asked me if I would not play something of his. I did so, and the music fell absolutely flat. He saw me afterwards and said, "I have been writing music these two years, but the public seems to want nothing but trash." I asked him what his mode of composition was, and he replied that he had been writing "down" to the popular taste. If he had written "up" to the popular taste, his compositions would have been more successful.

It is just such misconceptions of popular music as this which retards real progress. Popular music is not trash by any means. It is music that makes the whole world kin—music that brings races together, and it may be either the simple melody of a popular air or the stately movement of a symphony, but it must be music that is inspired, for such alone is valuable.

A glance at present conditions shows that we are just beginning to make the same forward strides in music that we have made in commercial inventions since 1776. These inventions were absolutely necesary to the development of the country, and as a consequence the American mind during the last one hundred years has led the world in the way of commercial inventions. We now have a very great number of labor-saving machines and a great many things that conduce to man's comfort. Take for instance, the improvement in the modern bath-tub, which is very essential, the electric light, the telephone, the telegraph. All of these are of absolute benefit to mankind. Now what produced them? Certainly not a stupid brain. It must have been a bright, virile brain that was able to find out the necessity for these things and invent them. If this brain power has used up, in a great measure, the field of operation in the commercial world,—and we must admit that it has—its energy will be

thrown over into the artistic world. When this brain begins, therefore, to compose music and write books is it not reasonable to expect that American music and American literature will lead the world just as American inventions have?

The future of American music, then, is exceedingly bright. The domination of an American school over the rest of the world, which I confidently expect to occur, will mark an important epoch in our nation's history, giving us a prominence in a form of human activity that we have not yet enjoyed, and thus exacting that sort of respect from older nations of the world which the cultivation of the aesthetic nature alone can give.

Destiny.

When the earth has made her final revolution,
And she staggers in her path as if with wine;
When the stars shall blend in fiery solution,
And the sun, burnt out and black, shall cease to shine—

When the heavens shall roll together without warning,
And, with mighty noise, shall take eternal flight;
When the light that flashed the first creative morning
Shall be overwhelmed by deep chaotic night.

When the universe shall be enwrapped in fire,
Till the curse of sin is burnt and purged away;
And when Death himself in deadness shall expire,
And chaos waits a new creation day.

Then, the earth her mighty force shall have expended,
And, a burnt and frozen wreck, shall drift away;
And then, man's mysterious mission shall be ended,
And he shall have crumbled back to primal clay.

Is there then no more, forever and forever,
Of creation's curse and glory, sinful man?
Is the light of life extinct, to quicken never?
And shall all be as 'twas ere the race began?

Shall that mystic, lambent light called inspiration,
Which has flashed along the future's darkened way—
And shall reason's steady, strange illumination,
Leading out from error's night to wisdom's day—

Shall these wondrous powers that dwell in man expire?
Shall they rust and rot and renovate the sod?
No; man feels them burn within, a deathless fire,
And exclaims "I am not clay, I am a god."

"True, the clay in which I live may fall and moulder,
But the 'I' that knows and wills, cannot decay;
She shall burst the bands of flesh that now enfold her,
And be born to spirit-life's eternal day."

If it be not so, then living is but dreaming,
And creation, but a vain and empty show;
Then Humanity's a farce with tragic seeming,
And faith, a foolish fancy's fervid glow.

Then the wise man is the man who wrings most pleasure
From reluctant life, as time flies swiftly on;
Then the foolish man is he who lays up treasure
In a heaven to which no man has ever gone.

If it be not so, then laugh and dance, make merry;
Work your pleasure, be it sad, or be it gay;
With your clay, your good and evil, men will bury;
And you need not fear a resurrection day.

But it is so. It is written on all nature,
On the earth and stars and on the heart of man;
It was not ordained by Heaven's legislature
That man's life should end in dust, where it began.

No; creation, though a miracle tremendous,
Is a fragment of a mighty plan well laid;
But the other part, a marvel more stupendous,
Is Redemption from the ruin man has made.

O man, O fools and blind! Why be deluded?
When you live your little life here, is all done?
No; man's destiny will never be concluded
Till he lives eternally, beyond the sun.

Theodore E. Morton.

Baker City, Oregon.

Whistling Quail.

A Legend of the Alsea Indians.

By Fred Lockley, Jr.

LONG ere the white man had won a foothold upon the Pacific Coast, the western shore of Oregon was the home of the Alsea and Siletz tribes of Indians. It was a long-established custom of theirs to give great potlatches, or feasts. When one of these rose to the dignity of a tribal affair it was a matter of no small importance. For days before the feast the various members of the tribe busied themselves in securing a bountiful supply of provisions for the coming event, consisting largely of rock-oysters, mussels, clams and fish. The shell heaps which are so frequently found on the Oregon coast are the result of the great potlaches given by these tribes.

This legend, which the Alsea Indians still tell around their camp fires, I tell as it was told to me.

Among all the Alsea maidens there were none who could compare with Whistling Quail. Tall, lithe and active, with symetrically rounded form, her face oval in shape and dark tinged in color, eyes dark-brown, almost black, slumberous and heavy fringed. Her ringing laugh and bird-like voice were so clear and pure that they had won for her the name of Whistling Quail. It was not strange that, as she took on the added charm of maturity, many youths of the tribe sought to win her heart.

Her father noticed her increasing beauty with a heavy heart, for he knew the time must soon come when his lodge would echo no more her clear voice and merry laughter.

As he sat in the door of his lodge watching the sun sink beneath the waves of the Pacific, Whistling Quail came up the path from the spring with an earthen jar of water.

"Come, my daughter," said her father. "Come near and listen to my words."

Whistling Quail, with swift obedience, approached and stood in respectful silence before her father, for he spoke not often, but when he spoke his words were wise.

"Sit down, my child, I have much to say to thee." When she had seated herself at his feet he continued slowly: "When thy mother, Lolieta, was young, none in all our tribe could surpass her for beauty. Thou, child, art as much like thy mother when she was thy age as thy two moccasins are like each other. The time will soon come when thou wilt leave thy father's lodge for that of another. My heart is heavy when I think of thy going. Thou hast thy mother's beauty, but thy father's heart. Thou hast not the heart of a woman like thy brother, Trembling Leaf. His heart is weak within him. The Great Spirit was angry when thy brother came. He gave to him, not the heart of a brave, but of a timid doe. When fever laid hold of me so that I, the strong man, was weak as the new-born child and sick unto death; when all my kinsmen fled from me through fear of the sickness, it was thy mother who, through the dreary days and long nights closed not her eyes in sleep, but fought the fever spirit, seeking out healing herbs and strength-giving roots till she had won my life from the evil spirits of sickness. When thou goest to the lodge of some brave of our tribe be thou as faithful to thy husband as thy mother has been to me, and thou wilt ever have his love and honor. Forget not my words, my daughter."

"My father, thy words shall dwell in my heart. I will follow thy counsel, I will be faithful;" she paused, then added, "even unto death. Whistling Quail little knew how soon she would make good her promise.

"Go now; I have finished," said her father.

Many there were to woo Whistling Quail, but the time came when she found

she loved one of her suitors above all others. When he urged her to become his wife, she responded: "I am young yet, my loved one; thou must wait many moons ere I come to thy lodge. When the young leaves come again I will come to thee."

All was activity within the scattered wigwams along the banks of the Alsea bay. It was but a few days till the great tribal potlatch would occur. The Klickitats who lived far inland were to be the guests of the Alseas. The calm surface of the bay was dotted here and there with the long, narrow, double-pointed canoes, each made from a single tree by the aid of fire and rude implements of flint. In the bottom of each of the canoes knelt a sturdy boatman, his swift paddle stroke making the keen prow cut through the waters. With spear poised stood an Indian in the prow, from time to time directing with gutteral monosyllables the movements of the paddler. Now he motions the paddle to cease. The keen flint-pointed spear descends, and the water is lashed to foam by the struggles of that king of fish, the salmon. Others of the tribe are procuring rock-oysters, clams and mussels, while the women and boys gather wild honey and an abundant store of berries.

Soon their guests in holiday attire arrive. The games are followed by the feast, which soon dispels their habitual gravity, and talk, laughter and good-feeling prevail. One towers above the others. It needs not the distinguishing marks of the chief of the Klickitats to designate him as no ordinary brave. Not one in all his tribe can shoot an arrow so far or so straight as he. When his braves go on the hunting trail there are few who equal the number of deer he kills.

When he first saw Whistling Quail his eye lit up with pleasure. As he watched her rapid and graceful motions, saw her sparkling eyes and bright smile, he resolved that she, and none other, should come to his lodge. He was not accustomed to refusal. He was the chief of the tribe; she would feel the honor he was bestowing upon her; then, too, it would cement the ties of friendship between the two tribes more firmly. Thus reasoning, he watched for an opportunity to see Whistling Quail alone.

Beneath the heavy shade of a grove of fir trees on the banks of Alsea bay there is a spring of water which gushes up clear and sparkling. Here he met her. In the figurative language of all primitive people he told her of his love.

"To my heart thy voice is as the sound of sparkling waters in a thirsty land. What the sun is to the day, what the moon and stars are to the night, thou art to me. Without thee my life will be a sunless day, a starless night. Come and be the light and joy of my lodge."

Whistling Quail told him she was promised to another; that he must find among his own people a maiden who would gladly go to his lodge.

When Whistling Quail and the chief had disappeared among the trees, the stealthy figure of Spotted Snake emerged from behind a tangled clump of blackberry vines and ferns. There was a look of cunning ferocity upon his face. As he looked at the retreating figures he muttered, "Whistling Quail laughed at me when I asked her to come to my lodge. She told me when the hedgehog mated with the eagle, when the snake and the dove lived together, then she would come. She will find that Spotted Snake never forgets, and when the time comes he can strike."

The guests with many expressions of good will departed, taking with them presents of sun-dried salmon and smoked smelt.

In due time a runner from the Klickitat tribe arrived with an invitation for the Alseas to attend a game potlatch. The invitation was promptly accepted.

When the morning of departure arrived the women and others who were not to go gathered along the shores of the bay to witness the departure of their kinsmen who were to go by boat to the head of the tide, then on foot to the camp of their hosts.

Whistling Quail watched the boats till they disappeared around a wooded bend which hid from her sight her lover and her father. It was fortunate for her peace of mind that she could not know

what dark, revengeful thoughts were passing through the mind of one of the Alsea braves who, with deep and steady stroke of the paddle, made his canoe skim the surface of the water, the sunlight gleaming and flashing from the glistening, dripping blade. Ostensibly Spotted Snake was going to the potlatch with the same motive as the others, to participate in the feast; but that was least in his thoughts.

"I will point out to the chief of the Klickitats his rival," thought Spotted Snake. "I will tell him if Whistling Quail's lover were to be accidentally killed that she would be his squaw. Then I will go to Whistling Quail and tell her that her lover is dead, and the chief of the Klickitats caused his death. I will avenge her by killing the chief of the Klickitats and then she will come to my lodge."

Spotted Snake smiled with satisfaction at his plan. His mind busied itself with details of how he could ambush the chief, and, with one well-pointed arrow, kill him. Meanwhile, with strong muscular stroke he made his paddle bend as the boat cleft its way through the water, making the mirrored, over-arching trees and imaged sky dissolve in rippling circles.

The Alsea guests did ample justice to the feast of venison and bear meat provided for them. Though Spotted Snake had carried out his plan of pointing out to the chief Whistling Quail's lover, yet the chief as host treated them all with the utmost courtesy, trying in every way to add to the pleasure of the visitors. In spite of his affable manner, Whistling Quail's lover, looking up suddenly at the chief, thought he saw a strange gleam in his eye, but the expression was instantly dispelled.

When the Alseas departed they were given presents of jerked venison and deer hides, but to the father of Whistling Quail were given the finest presents. His gifts of buckskin was of softer and finer tanning than that of the others.

Spotted Snake was disappointed—his plan had come to naught.

Out on the bay, in his canoe, Whistling Quail's lover was fishing. Whistling Quail stood by the spring where the Klickitat chief had told her of his love. With her hand she shaded her eyes while she looked far out over the bar where the sun had just sunk beneath the waters.

The silence was broken by the voice of the chief of the Klickitats, who had come without a sound to betray his presence. "I have come for Whistling Quail," he said. "My canoe is waiting just above the bend. Will she come." Whistling Quail pointed over the bay to where a canoe was slowly coming shoreward.

"There is the brave to whose lodge I will go. He is the only one I ever have loved or ever will love."

At her words the chief gave a scornful glance at the approaching figure in the canoe. "Whistling Quail, if you will come with me now, I will not harm him," said the chief, with a gesture of contempt toward the still approaching figure, "but if you will not come to my lodge, you shall never go to his." Then laying his hand on her arm, he said, "Come, let us go."

Whistling Quail's eyes flashed, her nostrils dilated. "Coward, I do not fear thy threats. Go, boaster. You have my answer."

Stung to the quick, the chief, without a word, turned and disappeared among the trees.

Whistling Quail looked at her lover, and her eyes took on a softer expression. She thought of the time when she would have a new home. Her reverie was interrupted by the twang of a sinewed bowstring. Her gaze had been fastened on her lover out on the bay. She saw him lurch forward into the water, the upturned canoe floating beside him. With a cry of anguish she sprang to the water's edge, leaped into a boat, and with the strength of love urging her on she reached and rescued her lover.

The fatal shaft had done its work too well. Where it had pierced his breast the lift-blood gushed forth with every labored breath. With her lover's body lying in the bottom of the canoe, his head resting on her lap, Whistling Quail paddled slowly over the bar. Across

the darkening waters came a pure, sweet voice singing the plaintive death song of her nation. Her dying lover's eyes rested on her with a look of love and trust as they drifted out toward the sunset skies. Soon their boat was rising and falling on the peaceful breast of the Pacific. The twilight faded and they had disappeared from sight.

The Indians say that sometimes when the twilight is fading they can hear above the moaning of the bar a sound like far-off singing. Then they bow their heads and say, "It is Whistling Quail's death song. It is her dirge for her dying lover. She was faithful unto death."

My Dream City.

One morning my soul was aweary,
And I said from a heart of despair:
"Ah! what is the end of this dreary
Long road with its tangle of care?"

Then was it that slumber crept on me,
So swift while the morning was new,
Ah! the wonderful city before me,
Outlined in the pale, hazy blue!

A glimmer of streets that were golden,
And gates white and shining, of pearl!
A glint, from the walls rare and olden,
Of amethyst, jasper and beryl!

A cadence of music immortal
That rang in my heart all the day,
And the streets and the walls and the portal
Had faded in azure away.

No more has the vision of glory
Dawned for me in the pale hazy west;
But tonight, like a sweet bed-time story,
Its memory soothes me to rest.

Katharine Farmer

Wyeth's Expedition to Oregon.

1832-3.

A chapter in the history of the occupation of the American continent.

Introductory Paper.

By F. G. YOUNG, Ph. D., Professor of History and Economics in the University of Oregon.

THE story of American history so far centers around two main topics—the growth of a new order of national institutions and the occupation of a continent. In the progress of occupying the North American continent and preempting it as a home for a new civilization there was one move of paramount difficulty and danger.

All the previous history of the world had enforced the principle that high mountain ranges and broad belts of uninhabitable country constituted the natural limits of national territory. But the god Terminus was overturned and forever dishonered when the Oregon pioneers threw the arch of continental occupation across the vast expanse of arid plains and rugged mountain systems into the Columbia basin. It is to the Ulysses in this culminating act of westward movement of the American people that these papers refer.

At the opening of the year 1832, when Nathaniel J. Wyeth had first matured his plans for an expedition to the Oregon country, the situation showed that a leader able to do and dare had long been waited for. A quarter of a century had elapsed since Lewis and Clark had threaded the villeys of the upper Missouri to their heads and followed the waters of the Columbia to the western ocean. An accurate account of the character of the country and its inhabitants was immediately given to the world. The work of exploration had proceeded far enough for the next step toward colonization. The Winships (1809) and then Astor (1811) made attempts at occupation with trading posts. Nearly twenty years had now gone since these ventures had suffered dismal discomfiture. These failures had not provoked renewed efforts for the conquest of the difficulties barring the way to expansion to continental proportions. True, there had been immediately a considerable development of fur-trading activities, with St. Louis as a base. Annual expeditions by two or three companies were made to the headwaters of the rivers flowing into the Pacific. Now and then American trapping and trading parties would penetrate to California and far down the tributaries of the Columbia. But American enterprise seemed to quail before the difficulties involved in securing such a foothold in the Pacific Northwest as could become the nucleus of a colony and begin the development of the country's resources. There was no promise in the posts of the fur companies scattered sporadically through the Rocky mountains.

From 1820 on, however, there was a gradually increasing interest in spots in the project of Oregon colonization. Senators Floyd, of Virginia, and Benton, of Missouri, constituted a center of agitation in congress. There were other centers in Maryland, Louisiana, Ohio and Massachusetts. Capital showed its proverbial timidity, notwithstanding rose-tinted estimates of the feasibility of a Missouri-Columbia water route for commerce and the opening of an enormous lucrative trade with China. It will be remembered that the prime object of the Lewis and Clark expedition was to disclose the route for such trade. With our joint-occupation entente existing with England, farmers and mechanics could hardly be expected to venture until they had assurances from congress that they would be protected in their lives

and in their landed possessions against the English and Indians. It took a struggle of a quarter of a century before the government definitely gave these assurances. The pioneers, as we know, did not wait for them, and were managing pretty well as an independent community when adopted into the national fold. Expansion towards the Northwest was up-hill business in those times at Washington. The fear of violating the treaty with England was the bugaboo. So difficult did the occupation of Oregon appear in the eyes of the statesmen of that day that some of their talk reads like "sour grapes."

But to turn our attention to the quarter where resolution was first to ripen into action for opening the Oregon trail and for colonizating Oregon. It needs but little thought to show how natural it was that the leadership in the renewed move on to Oregon should have proceeded from Boston. First we have an agitation with soul all afire with the idea of colonizing of Oregon. Then appeared "a born leader of men" "fitly called captain" to organize and conduct expeditions over the perilous route to the far-off land.

Eastern Massachusetts was developing William Lloyd Garrison when Hall J. Kelley, a Boston school teacher, in 1815 became an enthusiast for the securing of the Oregon country for the United States through colonization. Boston traders had so far monopolized the trade with the Indians on the Pacific Coast that they had no other name for Americans than "Boston men." Conspicuous among the promoters of American activity on the Pacific were the company of Boston merchants who began the American trade there by sending out Captains Kendrick and Gray. Boston was the best source of inspiration on Oregon occupation, though Senators Floyd and Benton got theirs from associating with some men who had been connected with the Astor expedition. This knowledge about Oregon brought into relation with a sense of our national interests at stake there naturally kindled the mind of the Yankee, who was a born enthusiast, to a blaze of patriotic fervor. From 1824 on Kelley gave himself up to the work of agitation for the colonization of Oregon. In 1828 an emigration society with a large membership was instituted. This was incorporated in 1831, and the spring of 1832 was fixed upon as the time for setting out on an overland expedition to Oregon. But something more than mere enthusiasm was needed to get an expedition even mustered, equipped and started for Oregon, to say nothing of conducting it successfully through two thousand miles of wilderness. At this time Nathaniel J. Wyeth was 27 years old and was superintending a flourishing business with some separate interests of his own. His prospects seemed bright, his connections good, but his active mind and daring spirit had become enamored with the project of conducting a venture with the opportunities he thought would be found in Oregon.

He partially engaged to attach himself with a company to the expedition of the Boston Colinization Society, of which Kelley was the secretary. When, however, Kelley's scheme began to assume an utterly impractable form Wyeth drew off and led his company to the Pacific, while Kelley's never got started. I cannot do better at this point with this leader whose fortunes I propose to follow in the succeeding papers than to give James Russell Lowell's estimate of him, written thirty years after Wyeth's death: "I feel as if I had a kind of birthright in your Portland, for it was a townsman of mine who first led an expedition thither across the plains and tried to establish a settlement there. I well remember his starting sixty years ago, and knew him well in after years. He was a very remarkable person whose conversation I valued highly. A born leader of men, he was fitly called Captain Nathaniel Wyeth as long as he lived. It was the weakness of his companions that forced him to let go his hold on that fair possession. I hope he is duly honored in your traditions."

The Voice of the Silence.

By one of Portland's leading citizens, a prominent member of society, who for the present will remain unnamed. The author, a close student of human nature, holds that character is stronger than circumstances, and undertakes to illustrate his theory in a decidedly novel and interesting manner. The hero and heroine, taken from real life, and undoubtedly well known to the majority of our Portland readers, are placed in a purely fictitious environment, where they proceed to work out the writer's ideas.—Ed.

Chapter VI.



"AND that is the fair barbarian from the wilds of Nowhere. Well, I must admit that I am disappointed."

"Pray what did you expect? A dusky savage draped in a blanket, with a ring in her nose and feathers in her hair?"

"What I did not expect was a Greek goddess in a Parisian toilet and the air of a duchess. Take your young savage—the type is too conventional for me. I had hoped for something new and novel, I looked for originality at least. I feel that we, that is to say society in general, and I myself in particular, have been cheated. We were promised a sensation, and after all the talk and speculation, the rumors and half-told tales, we are treated to—that!" Mrs. Natron waved her fan with tragic emphasis. "It is a shame, a downright fraud—half the people here tonight came out of sheer curiosity. 'Twas ever thus! My dolls are always stuffed with sawdust."

She shrugged her pretty shoulders and glanced up with a coquettish pout upon her red lips, and her companion smiled indulgently as he relieved her of the carved ivory toy and began slowly to fan her.

"You are hard to please," he said. "Any reasonable mortal would be satisfied with a goddess in a Paris gown. Now I am reasonable. I confess that the feathers and the nose ring would have been a shock to my aesthetic senibilities."

"Oh, of course! I shall expect to see you chained to her chariot wheels along with the rest. There's nothing like a new face—and when the face is beautiful, why the result is—inevitable. Go, I resign you to your fate."

"Let us defer the fatal moment as long as possible. Besides, I have been out of town and I have not heard the story. Who is this Miss Devore, and where did the Coreys capture their prize?"

"Somewhere in the wilderness—in the land of Nowhere, which, as everybody knows, is on the remotest edge of the world. She is a relative, a cousin, no, a niece and heiress to an immense fortune. It was the fortune that set them hunting for her. Ambrose Devore, her father, was Mrs. Corey's brother. He was queer, a misanthrope, made so by the death of his young wife. Love had'nt gone out of fashion in their day, it seems, and he adored her. Foolish, of course—but he did, and when she died he buried himself and his infant daughter in the wilds, forswearing the world and

so forth. Well, he died there, and the girl grew up somehow. Last summer the Coreys found out about the inheritance and about the girl. They had difficulty in locating her, and still more in effecting a capture. At first—the story runs—she would have none of them—refused to leave her rocks and rills, or whatever it was that had enthralled her youthful affections. Finally she offered to compromise. She would come on condition that she be allowed a few tribes of wild Indians for companionship and protection in her perilous venture into the jungles of polite society. The Coreys fought hard against the Indian outfit. They thought a white savage would be a handful, but the girl stood firm. It was a case of love me, love my squaw—and so here they are, Indian pappoose and all, peacefully domiciled beneath the Coreys' aristocratic roof. There, that's the whole story, my dear colonel. I don't mind telling you, sub rosa, that I think its a charming fabrication. That girl never got her regal manner in a cabin in the wilderness. Its a nice little romance, but—it's fiction. Come and be presented."

The colonel closed the fan in an absent sort of a way. "Not tonight," he said. "I only dropped in for a moment. I've a business engagement at my club, and now that my sister has seen me among her guests, my duty to society is discharged."

"Are you so conscientious, then? Always devoted to duty?"

"I should be if the reward were always this," and he clasped her hand lightly under cover of restoring the fan.

In passing out he found himself in the immediate vicinity of the attraction of the evening, and at that moment Elise half turned and their eyes met. Perhaps because he was the only man in the room who did not seek an introduction, who seemed utterly oblivious to the fact of her beauty, and whose glance expressed neither interest nor admiration, the girl remembered him, and questioned her aunt. When they returned from the ball they sat before the fire in the latter's bedroom and talked it all over after the manner of women, while Nanita brushed her mistress' dark elf-locks and listened to a recital of her triumphant entry into society.

"Oh, he! Why, he is Colonel Randolph. Did you not know, was he not introduced? He is Mrs. Banks-Berry's brother, and it is unpardonable—his behavior, but then he is a woman-hater, you know."

"No," murmured Elise, "I didn't know. There, Nanita, you are pulling my hair. Please braid it, and let me get to bed. I am sleepy and tired."

"Dear child, you are not used to late hours. Well, good night and happy dreams."

But when the lights were out and Nanita had gone to her own couch, Elise tossed restlessly upon her downy pillows and wondered why of all the men she had seen that night the one that claimed her thoughts was he who only was indifferent. She was vaguely irritated and annoyed. This was her crumpled rose-leaf, and it kept her from her dreams till the day awoke.

There was no question about it. Mrs. Corey's beautiful niece was the reigning belle that season. Society went wild over her. Such grace, such loveliness, such amiability was rarely combined in one flawless whole. And Elise herself took to the new life as if she had known no other; she brought to it all the keen enjoyment of youth and health and uncloyed appetite, She danced, and dressed, and flirted that gay winter through.

At the end of her second season people began to wonder, and whisper that she was hard to please. At the close of the third they said openly, "She is a heartless coquette—she will not marry unless she can marry a title." And it began to be remembered against her that young Hollister-Smith was an exile in Central Africa for her sake, that Melton Morris, the richest and handsomest parti of two cities, was hunting tigers in India because she refused him after a long and persistent courtship during which it was perfectly plain to everybody that she encouraged him in every possible way. There was a baker's dozen on the list at least, and there seemed no indication of

a falling off in her charms. Mothers with marriageable daughters began to regard her with distrust. Mrs. Corey was not insensible to the situation. She might have interferred to change it if she had been a woman of less discernment.

Long before this, however, Elise had begun to weary of the ceaseless round of pleasure. There were times, re-occuring with ever-increasing frequency when the emptiness of the life she led came upon her with a dull sense of pain, and she wondered vaguely where it was all to end, this rush and hurry from day to day, from fashion to fashion, this mad struggle to outshine one's neighbor in the matter of dress and entertainment—this make believe loving, this unsatisfied thirst for—did anyone really know what?

Once when she dropped some hint of this to her aunt the latter said in all seriousness, "You should get married, Elise. There is nothing like responsibility to rid one of idle fancies."

"Are married people, then so happy?" cried the girl with rare disdain.

"Where love is, yes," answered the older woman quietly.

"Oh, love!" murmured Elise. "Yes—love—oh, well—but one cannot love to order."

She was standing by the window in the library, and she fell to dreaming in the gathering twilight, not of her triumphs, not of the loves that had been laid at her feet, nor of the beauty and the wealth that made her at once the most sought-after and envied of her set these three gay, care-free, happy years, but of the cabin under the pines, of the days when, a little child, she roamed the hills and leaned to listen to the wild, wierd music of the sea. Ah those were happy days, but these! Had they brought anything equal to the joy that came of breasting the wind on a summer afternoon along the smooth hard beach, with the white surf combing and crashing in and the headlands looming purple in the distance? And then those days when the winds were still, when the blue of the sea and the blue of the sky were one, and the warm air upon cheek and brow was like a kiss, so tender was its touch, and the golden sands were edged with pearl and the world lay mute and dreaming under the spell of the "Voice." Ah, the "Voice of the silence!" It echoed through her dreams at night and haunted all her daytime thoughts. Since a baby, swinging in her reed-woven hammock under the pines she had heard it. In the stillness of the summer night, in the long winter evenings when elfin footsteps pattered on the shingles where

> The rain battalions marshalled,
> Wheeled and passed with flying feet.

It called to her, "Elise, Elise." How the memory of it thrilled her even yet! Often the words were lost, their meaning drowned in the sweetness of their own music, or smothered in rippling laughter. Only he who has listened to that "Voice" can understand its power.

And this triplicate of years, had they brought happiness? Had they not, after the novelty passed, brought rather a restlessness, a dissatisfaction, an uncertanty that was at once both sweet and bitter? She had taken this gay world of fashion by storm and had reigned from the first moment without a rival, and now—she was tired, sick of it all. And the one thing that was not her's—that alone she coveted and would have. Therefore, though she longed for the quiet of the cabin in that Nowhere land, and to hear again the roll of the surf upon the south shore, she staid where she was and bore her part in the gay pageant called society.

But the day had brought a disappointment, and tonight—

"Nanita, do you want to go home, back to the river?"

A sudden glow like a leaping flame sprang into the black eyes that met her own in the glass, but the voice that replied was slow and soft as it always was:

"Yes, if I go with you and the boy."

Elise rose from the low chair before her dressing-table. "You have surpassed yourself tonight. My hair never looked so well. Are you sure that pin will hold? Now, my gown, please. Of course, where you go, Nanita, the boy goes, and I go. We will speak of it again. Oh, to see the rhododendron bloom upon the

hills and feel the north wind in my face!"

Two spots of red dyed the brown of Nanita's cheeks, and her little hands trembled at their task. The thought of the old, wild life—the freedom, the primtive simplicity of it all came upon her with an overwhelming force that all but swept away, for once, her natural reserve. All the Indian in her rose in sudden revolt against the restriction of her present environment. She knelt to smooth out the silken train of her mistress' ball dress, and the latter, glancing down, noted with a quick pang of remorse that the dark, handsome face of her faithful attendant had lost its girlish roundness—the healthful bronze of sun and wind had given place to a dusky pallor.

"How blind I have been, and how selfish not to have seen before that Nanita is pining for a change," thought Elise. "She is Indian at heart, and an Indian cannot endure captivity. For Nanita's sake I must go home."

"Home" was always the cabin under the pines. "And yet," she said, over and over to herself, "Nanita is happier than I. She has nothing to regret, the boy atones for all."

In her own experience there were many, many things that she would have been glad to blot out. She had ventured dangerously near the edge of the precipice more than once. There was a sort of fascination in the mystery that lay engulfed beyond that shelving brink. It was merely curiosity that impelled her. The force of a real temptation had never assailed her. She was one of those fortunate or unfortunate women who are born with an "Algerian" chill in the blood, who go through life untouched by the fire that "makes the meadows flame with daffodils." It was merely a pastime, a pleasure that sometimes palled—this experimental testing of human affection, this probing of human hearts. She was always sweetly sympathetic when her victims suffered, but she was never satisfied till she had guaged the capacity of each for pain, and knew his good and evil, the measure of his weakness and the limit of his strength. When she inflicted a wound she was ready to heal it with a smile or a caress. The sight of another's unhappiness she could not brook, and so she was often lavishly kind where kindness was the refinement of cruelty. Sometimes she was reckless, because she was conscious of a pair of eyes that regarded her actions with indifference, and she preferred disapproval to indifference. Every art that a beautiful woman is capable of she had exercised to win this man. And, he was today, to all appearances at least, as oblivious to her charms as he had showed himself on that evening when under his sister's roof she made her triumphant entry into his world.

Colonel Randolph was no longer a young man. His years, in fact, more than doubled those of the girl whose dreams he unconsciously disturbed. He had drifted through life in a pleasant, aimless fashion, taking the world as he found it, and it must be confessed that he found it a very delightful sort of a place. He was not a rich man, as fortunes are rated in these days, but his tastes did not incline him to extravagance. He lived well, dressed well and took a conservative interest in political affairs, was invited everywhere, and was regarded by mothers of debutantes as perfectly safe.

Tonight as Elise, a vision of loveliness in her white draperies and gleaming pearls floated into the ballroom in Mrs. Corey's wake she came face to face with Mrs. Banks-Berry on the colonel's arm.

"O Mrs. Corey, how fortunate. I must see you just a moment. Let us slip away from the crowd. My brother will take care of Elise."

Before she had time to realize the situation her chaperone had vanished. She looked up timidly and met the colonel's smiling glance.

"It is a clear case of desertion," he said. "I am afraid I shall prove a sorry substitute, and I do not dance."

Elise slipped her hand through his arm. "Take me away from the noise," she said pleadingly, very much as a tired child might have said it. "The music makes my head ache."

The colonel regarded her with an amused smile, but in a moment he was

all sympathy, for he caught the glimmer of a tear on the long lashes that veiled the dark blue of her eyes. "Come in here," he said, putting aside the velvet draperies that curtained off a little alcove at the far end of the hall. The place was dimly lighted, and when he dropped the heavy folds between them and the brilliant crowd the sound of the music and voices reached them only as a confused murmur. Elise sank down upon the divan. She looked pale in the dim light, and her hands, clasped in her lap, trembled visibly. Her companion stood looking down upon her with something akin to anxiety.

"Is there something I can do for you?" he said. "Some wine or an ice?"

"No, no," she protested, "I want nothing. I am quite well, quite. It was only to get away from the noise and the people."

This was the one opportunity of her life she felt. If she let it slip—but she would not. She had dreamed of this moment, she had hoped, had prayed only to be with him alone, and now her heart was beating so loud and fast she wondered if he heard it. Her throat was dry, the muscles contracted till she seemed choking. She was cold and numb, but she summoned all her strength to the effort and dragged her eyes up to his face.

"Won't you sit down, please?" she said, sweeping her skirts aside to make room for him.

He sat down. "I am afraid you should have staid at home," he said, taking her fan and unfurling and furling it again. "You look pale."

"I did not wish to come, but my aunt insisted, and"—

"And what?" He was looking into her eyes now—deep and darkly blue as the unfathomable seas. She swayed insensibly nearer.

"I knew you would be here." She just breathed the words, but he heard and smiled.

"You are not ill. I see you are quite yourself; but are you never serious?"

She leaned back against the wall. He thought she must be going to faint, she was so white, but she murmured, "I am serious, now. Surely you do not doubt it"

He regarded her with curiosity not unmixed with sympathy, for he had that softness of nature common to strong men in that he could not bear to see a woman suffer, and the girl before him was evidently suffering. Her beauty left him unmoved, but he was touched by her pain. She was to him, and had been from the first, simply a butterfly of fashion—a degree more beautiful, it is true, than the rest of the radiant swarm that fluttered in the brief sunshine of social success, and therefore more extravagantly heartless than they, without conscience or moral responsibility, without other aim in life than to be admired and amused. He had stood aside and looked on in good-natured contempt for the folly when younger men thronged to worship at her shrine. That he could ever himself come to feel the slightest interest in a creature so frivolous had never occurred to him. Her grace, her charm, her manner, her loveliness of face and form appealed to him no more than if they were non-existent. He did not admire the type. In fact he cherished old-fashioned ideas about women. If he ever married, a thing he had no intention of doing, he desired his wife to be something entirely and distinctly different from the women he met in society. He was not by any means a strict moralist, and he managed to get as much—good and bad—out of life as most men of his time, but he compared the woman of today with his mother and grandmother, and found her degenerate.

"It would hardly be polite to doubt your word. Therefore, when you say you are serious at the present moment, I accept the statement as absolutely true." He smiled down into her eyes, "You see how helpless I am. Are you not satisfied?"

But she gave no answering smile. Instead her lips quivered and tears came into her eyes. She was hurt, humiliated and frightened. It was such a dissappointment, this moment, from which she had expected—she hardly knew what—but certainly something far different from this. Her throat ached with the

effort to speak, but the words would not come. It came over her, all at once, that he must know and despise her for her weakness—perhaps was amused by it. A great wave of hopelessness swept up from the gulf of despair and submerged her in its bitter chill. He did not care, he never would care. There was no longer any joy in life, any light in the world. She stood up blind and dumb in her pain, too miserable to make even a pretense at pride. He rose, too.

"Forgive me," he said gently, and put a supporting arm about her, holding her for one never-to-be-forgotten moment against his breast. "You are really ill, let me call your aunt."

"No, no. Take me home, please, take me home," she whispered, the movement of her lips brushing his throat just under the ear, quickened even his cool pulse, and made his voice tender with something more than sympathy, as he replied, "Certainly, if you wish it."

She sat down again upon the divan. "I shall be gone but a minute, be patient till I return. I will take care of you."

Elise leaned back against the cushions, her eyes closed and aching with the pain of unshed tears. In the brief interval of his absence she gave up hope, sank to the bottom of the abyss of despair, and inch by inch, step by step, fought her way up the crumbling steep only to be thrust back by the cruel fact of her own helplessness, and the knowledge of his indifference. The one thread that ran unbroken through all this tumult of bitter passion was the longing to get away, to get home, to hide her bruised pride and broken hopes from prying, curious human eyes.

Home was not her aunt's palatial city residence, but her own little cabin in the wilderness.

"O Mother Nature, thou alone art kind!" Oh, to fling herself face-downward upon the warm, brown earth—to feel the great strong heart upon which she had leaned through all her fair young life, beating once more against her own —to forget—to forget.

"Have I exhausted your patience? It took longer than I thought. I had to hunt up a maid whom I could bribe to smuggle out your wraps." The colonel was standing there with her cloak upon his arm and her fur-lined carriage shoes in his hand. "Come," he said, "let me put these on for you." He knelt at her feet and slipped the warm boots on over her satin slippers, then rising, half lifted her from the divan and wrapping the fleecy folds of her cloak about her bare shoulders clasped it under her chin. "Now," he said, "we are ready," and drew her hand through his arm with a firm, kind pressure. They were fortunate enough to escape observation on the way out, though Elise, in her present state of mind, was oblivious of appearances. The colonel put her in the carriage, gave the number to the driver, and got in himself.

"I cannot let you go alone," he said. "I should not be able to sleep tonight if I had not first seen you safe under your own roof."

"You are very kind," Elise found voice to say at last. "I—I wish I could thank you."

"Oh, no. I assure you it is a pleasure to serve you. I am sorry, though, that your evening is lost. The last ball of the season, too. That must mean something quite dreadful to a reigning belle. Are you comfortable?" He reached over to make sure that she was well-wrapped, and felt her tremble beneath his touch.

"You are nervous," he said, and added to himself, "It is just as well that you are to have no more dancing for awhile." Then aloud, "Ah, here we are! Lean upon me, please," as he helped her out and led, half-carriel her up the steps, to her own door.

"Call Miss Devore's maid," he commanded the sleepy footman who let them in. And when Nanita, alarmed and anxious, came swiftly in—he said goodnight, and went away.

(To be Continued.)

Art and Its Possibilities in the Northwest.

By W. E. ROLLINS.

"Art is long, life short, judgment difficult, opportunity transient. * * * The excellent is rarely found, more rarely valued. The heights charm us, the steps to it do not; with the summit in our eye we love to walk along the plain. It is but a part of art that can be taught; the artist needs it all. * * Whoever works with symbols only is a pedant, a hypocrite, or a bungler. The instruction which a true artist gives us opens up the mind; for where words fail him deeds speak." —Goethe.

EVER since the creation of man, art, even in its crudest stages, has exercised a certain influence upon the moral development of the race. It has been justly said that the civilization of a nation is judged by its arts, and it is the conscious or unconscious aim of the true artist to educate the public in these matters by raising the standard of taste through his own productions, whether these take the form of architecture, sculpture, painting, or the industrial arts.

In looking back over the centuries we marvel at the great achievements of the ancients who built monuments that are enduring as time. They were skilled workmen and finished artists. They carved upon the mighty Sphinx the cunning of the hand. They built, carved and painted, with the hope that their work would last to eternity. To them the arts of sculpture and painting were simply forms of eternally durable history.

Greece drew her inspiration from the art of Egypt, but carried it to a higher degree of development. Since the Renaissance, we find that the art of the nations attained its degree of excellence by a feeling of life, and truth of character. The artists who flourished in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries delighted in the physical development of the human form. Michael Angelo, the master of such marked indivuality and power that none dared to walk directly in his steps, loved in his blind old age to linger over the lines of the torso. Leonardo loved to express the majesty of the figure, and Raphael the beauty.

Landscape painting as now practiced was an art unknown to the ancients, and was hardly, if ever, attempted, except in a decorative way, nor did it appear early in the renaissance of art. It is therefore a new art, scarcely three hundred years old. Claud, who may perhaps be regarded as the earliest of landscape painters proper, was the first to put the sun in the heavens. Carot, to point out and paint the poetical in nature. Turner, by the knowledge of and the close application to the truths of nature in his early life, became the great master that he was; and in many of his marines one feels the weight of water, the scudding of the storm-riven clouds. The sudden bursts of light that touch here and there, coupled with the dash and refinement of his art, show the mighty force, gathered from the storehouse of knowledge, that led to such results. Inness, America's greatest landscape painter, gathered his strength and inspiration from nature. His knowledge was so accurate and he worked with such rapidity that, although he paid close attention to detail in his early life, he was able later by a few well-directed strokes to suggest so much that the mind felt satisfied and supplied the absence of detail. His latter work was waves of color, beautiful color, a soul-language which, if you did not understand, you felt.

Great records have sprung from simple and beautiful truths. The great masters of landscape labored in the fields, upon the mountain side or by the storm-beaten shore, prying into and solving the problems of light, of atmosphere, and of color. Nature was their guide, and by their earnest efforts they have left us monuments of enduring greatness.

Nature then is the fountain-head for the creative faculty of man, from which

he draws inspiration to express through the senses the great principles of unity. And we of the Northwest, surrounded, as we are, by perpetual expressions of her beauty, should feel doubly blessed. But do we fully realize the beauty and the grandeur that exists here at our very doors? Are we not really blind,—so wrapped up in the pursuits of commercial gain that we fail to see the vast and imposing panorama continually spread before us? The winding rivers whose banks at every turn unfold picture after picture, the distant peaks, the continuous ranges and the general landscape, dimmed by mist, darkened by storm or lit by sunshine! From such material an Art shall be evolved by the people and for the people which shall be a happiness to maker and beholder. The physical characteristics of the Northwest afford every variety of subject, from the wooded interior to the bold and rugged line of coast. To the painter of fancy, of romance, and of history, to the followers of the realistic and the impressionistic schools, here is ample material so bountiful and fresh as to call forth the best that is in us.

Scott felt the true and beautiful in nature, and his observation and love of color is clearly shown in—

"The sultry summer day is done,
The western hills have hid the sun,
But mountain peak and village spire
Retain reflections of his fire.
Old Barnard's towers are purple still,
To those that gaze from Troller hill;
Distant and high the tower of Bowes
Like steel up on the anvil glows;
And Stanmore's ridge, behind that lay,
Rich with the spoils of parting day,
In crimson and in gold arrayed,
Streaks yet awhile the closing shade;
Then slow resigns to darkening heaven
The tints which brighter hours had given."

It is to be regretted that our sons and daughters who have studied some years abroad, come home and are content to paint our scenery with the same feeling and color they have been taught to see there. We have as yet no distinctive American art. Our art must be characteristic to be great. France is characteristic in her art, therefore great; so are many of the nations. In my opinion art students who go abroad should go to learn how to paint, but on their return paint our scenery as it is given to us, as it is.

The condition of art at the present in the Northwest is not encouraging. The commercial, the social, and the pessimistic, feeling that exists here is chilling to every effort on the part of the struggling artist. Yet to those who remain here better times are coming. A new era is about to dawn. Surrounded as we are by these eternal and beautiful truths, we shall awaken to their meaning. We shall learn in time to appreciate and love them. Then there shall be born an Art for the people,—by the people,—an Art fed, plentifully and freshly from the glorious possibilities of this great Northwest.

A Metaphor.

I saw an organ in Cathedral vast,
Untried, untouched. Anon a Master's hand,
As rushing air swept through its reedy pipes,
Upon its key board woke grand melody
That rolled reverbrant through the Gothic fane,
E'en thus thought I, by heavenly Builder framed
Instinct with latent harmonies divine,
Man's soul an organ is, that as the wind
Which "bloweth where it listeth," enters in,
Yields to the Master touch of God's own Son,
Harmonious vibrant chords of thankful praise
And fills that temple which the soul contains.

J. W. Whalley.

Old Hankins' Roundup.

By ADONEN.

HE heard his wife calling excitedly to him as he rode by, but would not turn his grim old face that way; though he did give one swift glance to see if Wedgie, his dead daughter's little son were there. That three-year-old tyrant was the one person before whom old Hankins became humble. His wife and college-bred son must do as the Washington cattle-men had done: keep out of the way.

* * * * * * * *

Little by little Hankins' ever-increasing herds had swallowed up those of the smaller stock-raisers. Whole bunches of their cattle disappeared in a night; and one brave fellow who resisted the raiders went down with a bullet through his head. But Old Hankins grew rich, built a modern house, and if there was little love for him in the embryo city, why—he was a good hater himself.

The one man whom he hated most cordially was his near neighbor, MacLomond. The hardy Scotchman had made the most effectual fight against the diminishing of his stock. By his shrewdness and native perseverence he had more than once made the old cattle king hand over. And on one occasion, when a bunch of steers were being driven toward the boundary regardless of their various brands, MacLomond's daughter, Leava, had been in the saddle sixteen hours in order to meet the cattle thieves with the sheriff and posse. She saved the cattle, but the herders escaped, and every one knew it was Old Hankins' money that helped them across the Columbia.

Well, the old cattle king hated Mac. as the best of us hate what we fear; and next to her father, he favored Leava with his sincerest curses. At first he was disposed to look with contempt at the slight figure and fair, freckled face, with its frame of heavy red braids; but after the episode of the sheriff and posse, and one other, he changed his mind. The other took place when Leava began teaching the district school. Hankins slyly hinted to three of the roughest boys who attended the school that there was a pony apiece for them if they would run the teacher out. Of the three, one had become her brightest pupil, the other her stoutest champion, and the two had given the third boy a whipping he would not forget that term.

And the only time the old man had been angry at Baby Wedgie, was when, acting as usual upon his own advice this independent infant had visited the school. The indignant grandsire towered over the small autocrat and thundered, "How dared you visit that—that hussy?" When young Hankins came home that night his father ordered him to go over and forbid Miss MacLomond to allow Wedgie to enter the school-room.

Al returned from his errand two hours later, and said of course he did not insult the young lady by mentioning it. Indeed, he thought it would be a good plan to take Wedgie over to school for an hour every day. At the dinner table he absently asked his father to pass the dimples, and the next day walked over to MacLomond's with a book Leava had expressed a wish to read. The heavens did not fall on him, but Old Hankins did, and in the domestic earthquake that followed his mother quietly sided with Al.

* * * * * * * *

So today the old cattle king was rounding up his steers with a savage look in his black eyes, and an ominous squaring of his iron jaws. He was hot and dusty and furious.

A dozen fat steers had broken away, and for once he had failed to cut them off. He was angry at himself for refusing to hear what his wife and called to him as he passed the house. And now, right in the face of his ill-temper, Leava MacLomond came dashing up the lane

on her little black horse, directly toward the tramping herd of excited cattle.

Her horse must be running away with her or she would never ride to almost certain death like this. But the drove was going slowly, and she might have time to turn her pony and escape yet. Then a worse devil than he had ever before harbored took possession of Old Hankins' heart.

The girl had halted just in front of the oncoming mass. She must have lost her presence of mind, for she dismounted. As the old man saw her bright braids and jockey cap on a level with the tossing herd, he broke into a fierce yell, spurred his horse and cracked his long stock whip, startling the frightened cattle into a wild stampede.

Through the dust he could see her trying to regain the saddle, as the frightened herd charged down upon her. Her horse was true and steady, but she was unusually clumsy about mounting; for twice she was almost in the saddle, only to stagger back among the sharp horns and bloodshot eyes.

The old man could not turn his murderous eyes away, and an oath bolted through his clenched teeth, as with torn jacket and bloodstained face she mounted and dashed down the lane. But the oath changed to a prayer,—the first he had uttered in forty years,—a wild prayer for God's mercy and help. For the wounded girl, swaying dizzily in the saddle, the reins swinging loose on the horse's neck, her right arm hanging helplessly by her side, clasped with her left a little figure whose dirty pink dress and brown curls belonged only to Wedgie.

They tell yet of the leap Old Hankins made over the board fence. They say no racehorse ever covered the distance in the time he got to Leava's side, and caught her and the boy from the horse.

"He's all right," she said, wiping the blood from her cheek and smiling in the old man's ashen face.

"Me wunned away to help grandpa herd," Wedgie explained.

No one ever knew of that awful deed in the hard old heart. For in the days that Leava was imprisoned with a broken arm, he so haunted the MacLomond ranch, begged so hard to be of service and seemed so happy to give her any pleasure, that the family quite took to him. And in the delight of being took to, Old Hankins blossomed into a really neighborly old rascal.

Wedgie and Al are both frequent visitors at the school; and when his son looks over to the light in the MacLomond window of an evening, Old Hankins says sweetly, "Go on, Al, I'll do the chores."

To Shasta.

Majestic monument! by God's almighty hand
raised up on high!
Rearing thy stately crest, snow-crowned—to
kiss the sky.
The fleecy halo of the shadow'y clouds, encirlce thy fair brows
And nature o'er thy breast, her spotless
mantle of chaste winter throws.

In awesome grandeur, day by day, and night
by night
Thou stands't alone, stern, silent in thy robe
of spotless white.
The winter storms, the summers' winds,
may come and go,
Thou keeps't thy lonely, solemn, ceaseless
vigil o'er the earth below.

We, wond'ring mortals, pigmies, crawling
neath the dome
Of the Empyrean, sapphire-arched! our brief
care, sorrow-burdened home
Shall pass away, decay, and be forgotten, as
all mankind must be;
But, as thou art, immovable, shalt thou remain, until eternity!

Frederick Warde.

The Dynamics of Speech

As Introduced by Philosophy.

By ROBERT W. DOUTHAT, Ph. D., Professor of Latin in University of West Virginia.

Third Paper.

"A LITTLE philosophy is a dangerous thing," and so we wish to add one more article on a philosophy which is designed to explain all the conditions and operations of both the natural and the intellectual world,—a philosophy that, beginning with Chaos and constructing a Kosmos; beginning with geology azoic and peopling the earth with its myriad animal and vegetable life; beginning with man and developing all art and science and literature, shall consequently apply to the very form and sound of the words and even letters that come forth from man's mouth.

Such a philosophy has, of course, a wonderful sweep and cannot all be examined here; but by passing hurriedly along a single line across the great plains and taking observations from the Rainier peaks we may view as a whole the plateaus of immensity spread out before us; and having thus seen the features of a part of this Cordillera range of magnificence, we have a general knowledge of the whole from the Alaska of recent development to the Patagonia of fabled fire.

But speaking without figure, let us say, "The philosophy of interpretation" is here furnishing the groundwork of a system for "linguistic interpretation," and hence it was necessary that the principles of construction for the whole should be briefly stated.

THE NEW CATEGORIES AND WHAT WE CAN LEARN FROM THEM.

If we behold a separation (in fact), that is, any individual part of any substance, we know there must have been somewhere a comprehension, out of which this individual part has come.

If we see anywhere a manifestation of power, we are led to seek the source or comprehension, out of which that power came; and we cannot avoid seeking the cause (a sub-genus, or only another name for comprehension), when the effect (a sub-genus or species, or only another name for separation or extension or limitation) is presented. For a long time in the history of science, men had no definite conception of the composition of the sun, the great center of our system; but now by means of the spectroscope, we ascertain that most of the substances found on our earth are also present in the composition of the sun. The same may be said of the most distant stars; hence the conclusion that the whole universe was once a connected mass or chaos and that the parts are separations from the great original comprehension.

When a heavy body has gone downward toward the center of the earth, we have said, "that is gravitation," or "the attraction of gravitation," and have explained by saying, "this is a force by which all bodies or particles of matter in the universe tend toward each other." Well, whether the definition be right or wrong, the fact remains that the more comprehensive or compact the mass, the more certainly will this comprehensiveness or compactness tend to become the center of any body whose particles are free to move. What we wish to demonstrate is this, that separation presupposes comprehension, that limitation presupposes extension; and that whatever we find in any part of the universe in a separated condition was, so far as substance is concerned, once in a state of comprehension; that whatever we find occupying definite space of position, as a limitation to its compactness, was placed in that position or occupies that

space by virtue of extension,—extension from the original comprehension or extension of its own particles by expansion.

Just here we begin to find fault with the earlier categories, because they prove to be only methods of investigation for physical phenomena. We want categories that will be available for the condition and operation of all things in the material, intellectual and spiritual universe; and we think we have at last found four that will be satisfactory in every realm of nature, for all operations of the mind, and for all phenomenization, and revelation of the spirit.

In the "Philosophy of Interpretation," a book almost ready for the press, we try to show that nature from the earliest dawn of creation to our own time has used and must continue to use for all time the four generic principles, and that by these we can interpret all that has gone on in the past or shall go on in the future in the natural, mental, and spiritual universe.

Did any of the concepts under the head of categories originate in the thought from which the categories themselves have come? Very few; and there we think we discover a lapse from the connection,—the proper connection of thought and speech. Genus is a term denoting birth, origin, descent, and yet in all the ages past our logicians have not given us a single category that could be called a source of the concepts that have been placed under that category. Are we in our study of mind empirically to neglect the chief source of its expression, language? And are we to limit ourselves materialistically to the mere "History of Words?" Will not the "Categories of the Universe" prove to us that man has been in all the past an imitator of the "Divine Mind" as exhibited in the world about us?

We will admit that there is a connection between matter and wood, stone, metal, flesh, grain, plant, etc., etc., but, what is the connection?—only that admitting observation and investigation and use under the senses. The same conception that produced the word matter did not produce the words stone and grain. Hence, there is no psychological connection, and this will be found true with most of the species.

Take Ampere's second category and locate any series of expressions under it. Mind and memory have a close psychological connection, and all have a connection with thought; but, did each originate in the same conception? Surely not. If they had, then the expressions would have similar marks. Children of the same parents do not differ much in general features. Then, expression, which represents the features of the outer world by pencilings controlled from within, should exhibit to the senses the connection between the inner control and the outer conditions.

The older categories seem to deal only with facts under present notions, and not to take cognizance of the acts,—mental acts that should have decided the place of each expression as it has come forth from within the mind.

Now, the question that seems to call for decision is this, Should our categories be arranged to suit notions or names,—to suit materialistic conceptions of the properties and behavior of the things about us or to suit psychological conceptions of the form, features and actions of all things we can observe or investigate or use?—Or should there be two or more sets of categories, one to suit materialistic views, for the benefit of physical science, and the other to suit the psychologist or spiritualist?

We answer, one set will be enough for all thinkers and for all names and notions, if we will allow that one set to represent the action of the mind in conceiving the form, features, actions, and conditions of all things within and around and above and below us, and that one set is clearly brought out in the following:

Comprehension as an act or as a fact; separation as an act or as a fact; extension as an act or as a fact; limitation as an act or as a fact.

Comprehension is an original or completed condition, or the action of bringing together things having some connection. Separation is a condition brought about by an inner or outer force, and shows part of a greater whole. It always implies a piece of some original comprehension. Extension is a condi-

tion brought about by an inner or outer force, and shows the whole or like parts continued. Limitation is a completed condition,—the mould has been filled, whether we think of man or his mind or his spirit, or of the naturdal world in any or all of its various forms, or of the position which any one thing now holds.

Organized form came from design and could not have originated in matter alone; for matter, when left alone, must obey the laws of equilibrium. To produce organism, there must be intelligence, and that intelligence incapable of error, else what is organized cannot perform its functions.

If we find a faith in the world that proves to be helpful to man in his physical, mental, and spiritual development, we immediately decide that that faith is uncorrupted; for that which makes man better must be like in its elements to that which was delivered by Him who knew man's whole nature; and so, from the adaptation of this teaching to man's inner and outer life, we conclude that the doctrine must have come from the Designer of the being that is is process of development. If, on the other hand, the faith does not fit the man, we decide that there must be an error or some errors in that which proves to be non-effective. Just as in the physical world, God has given all that is good for man's body and by a proper use of this all, man lives and grows; still if, out of this good material, man takes too much of one thing and too little of another, he may destroy his body. So also in this spiritual realm, the fact that there are many faiths is proof that there was somewhere in the past a true faith; and, wherever men have developed most completely, there was most of the truth, and, wherever they have gone from good to bad most, there was most error.

Faiths must be judged by their fruits; for separations are similar to comprehensions.

For all intellectual and spiritual beings there is, first, mental comprehension of relations, before there can begin separations from that comprehension. If the historian writes the story of any country, he must, before he begins, know the story himself in all its connections; then, and only then, can he inform others. If a painter desires to describe accurately with his pencil any scene, he first gets possession of all the facts that shall represent that scene, and then by means of his pencil he transfers his comprehension to canvas. If the sculptor decides to make a perfect form, he seeks for everything that can represent part of that form, studies all the relations of the parts, and then begins to chisel into beauty his comprehension of what constitutes the perfect.

Categories then represent the conditions and operations of all things in the physical, mental, and spiritual universe, including man's imitation of all that is imitable.

Morals and machinery will fall under man's imitation. Morals may be considered the outward observance by man with man of laws deduced from the order and harmony of nature and conforming in many of their features to the laws delivered by the Lord from Mount Sinai and spiritualized by Jesus Christ in the Sermon on the Mount.

Machinery in its simple or compound form is the observance by man in works of art of the order and harmony of nature, no operation being successful that does not follow nature's laws.

Linneus, the great Swedish naturalist, said, "Stones grow, vegetables grow and live, animals grow, live and feel." Jesus Christ added by His teaching the important and never-to-be-forgotten fact that man, the crown of God's creation, man the immortal, not only "grows, lives, and feels," because of his connection with material things, but also lives spiritually because of his connection with the spiritual head of the universe. Hence, as spiritual beings, we may broaden the statement of Linneus, and say, "Stones grow, vegetables grow and live, animals grow, live, and feel," and man grows, lives, feels, and has spiritual emotions and immortality by his connection with the Eternal, the Omnipotent, and the Omnipresent God.

Man and all other intelligences are absolutely bound by these categories. All the universe proclaims their sway.

If omniscience has in all the ages past wrought in all the universe according to

these principles, nor ever in any single act assumed another ground on which to plan, construct, move, or stop a star in all the mighty host that sweeps the sky; nor yet to feed the multitude in worlds so vast as ours; and yet, in all these realms, for man, His image and His care, to learn through "science" the workings of His mind so great; nor yet for science to transcend in imitation bold a single law that He has fixed to govern atoms small, solid, liquid, or ethereal, above, beneath, around, or in ourselves; nor yet the way our souls must take to know Himself as Father, Friend, and Savior for our race,—if this be true, how can a Finite Mind another method take in planning any form that can a purpose serve in all the world? How can he think or speak or act on any principle not divine? Acts physical must evermore to mind suggest the methods true for every operation great or small that finds success, and hence the thought will tongue direct in utterance of the form that fits the act, or shape to likeness or to fact.

Logically, it stands thus:

(1) Through the senses all our knowledge comes,—that knowledge by which all plans are laid;

(2) To us the works of God or men are models for our imitation, and these models must be our copies for speech or other form of expression from within;

(3) Therefore, expression from within conforms to expression in the works of God or men, in copies made and shown without. We must use the principles divine and so far imitate the ages past.

(To be continued.)

Rose of the Bramble Hill.

Rose of the Bramble hill,
Let the sunlight kiss thy ruddy lips,
It smiles on thee;
Sweet as a morn of spring thou art,
When the clouds cast tinted rain,
And the zephyr pauses, with the sun
To smile on thee.

Wert thou mine own, mine only,
The thorns thy bower surrounding
Would envious be;
For thy heart on mine were throbbing,
And my eyes in thine were gazing,
And our lips in love were meeting;
O envy me.

Thorns of the Bramble hill,
Behold the glow upon her lips,
Not there for thee;
Dark as the murky haze thou art,
When the fire winds sweep the dale,
And youth and love and sweets her own,
Are not for thee.

Rose of the Bramble hill,
Could the sweetness of thy fragrant breath
More charming be?
Fair as the sunset hour thou art,
When earth and sea and heaven glow,
And dream comes o'er me—could a dream
More charming be?

O thou art mine, sweet treasure,
And the voicings near us utter—
Thou lovest me!
And my life with thine is moving,
It lives, it dies, it slumbers
In thee—I wait thy whisper—
Thou lovest me.

Valentine Brown.

Our Point of View

The future of America, considered solely from the standpoint of present conditions, is anything but assuring. Socially the country is in a peculiar turmoil. Wealth is being more rapidly concentrated in the hands of a few than ever before in the history of the world. Indeed, so many trusts of a gigantic nature have recently been formed that the attention of the whole country has been called to the fact, and alarm expressed over what is considered by many as a dangerous tendency. Add to these conditions the assertions that the nation as a whole has lost its early ideals, and has become corrupted by the extent of its wealth and power, and it is not hard to understand how, to many, the outlook is most pessimistic. In politics the situation is indeed fraught with the gravest danger. The extent of the jobbery which is carried on in municipal, state and national election, and in the management of the affairs of government, is cause for the most serious apprehension and alarm. Even the security of the state itself is threatened, predictions being freely made for the ultimate downfall and ruin of the government. It must be acknowledged that such a gloomy view is justified when we consider into what a disgraceful farce the elections for the Senate have degenerated. Formerly it was ability, statesmanship, strength of purpose, fidelity to our institutions that qualified a man as candidate for Senator. The dignity of the office went hand in hand with these qualifications, and the Senate was a revered and respected body. Today the prevailing qualification for the Senate rests on no such exalted basis. The love of money, the great evil of the American people, has worked its way gradually into what should be our most august body, and has made it a goal for the unscrupulous. It is a canker that will corrupt the whole of our government, and, unless removed, bring about that ruin which the pessimist so clearly foresees. The "genius" of American institutions and the peculiar temperament of the American people must be taken into consideration, however. In crises of this nature it is the people that must be relied upon, and the people alone. The politician is not a man who concerns himself about such things. His prime object is the perpetuation of his party in power, whatever the consequences may be; or, if it is not that, it is the acquisition of wealth. In either case real, true patriotism and a regard for the perpetuity of our institutions do not enter into his calculations. Nor, indeed, is the man who votes blindly for party one that is moved by principles of patriotism, for he is nothing but the politician once removed. The true patriot is a mugwump —one who votes as his conscience and highest duty dictate, and it is on such that we must rely for the preservation of our government from the many evils which threaten it. We are not pessimistic because we believe in the American people. We believe they will tolerate these conditions up to a certain point, but whenever affairs get beyond that point the people will rise in their wrath and crush the corrupting influences. For this reason there is no absolute criterion in history for the American government, and hence the rules which apply to other republics do not apply to us. America was conceived upon different principles from those which had been held prior to the eighteenth century. The principle that "all men are created free and equal" was adopted first by the American government, and it has been this broad spirit of tolerance, so firmly grafted into the American temperament, that has, more than any other one thing, brought about the marvelous increase of population and the material prosperity of America. Rome fell because of the widespread corruption in public and private life, but the people had little or no voice

in the management of affairs. The people today rule America, though at times it may not seem so. Their will may be thwarted by politicians or organized wealth for a while, but it can only be for a while. Believing in the people, and having the greatest confidence in their ability to select wisely and justly, we can see a great future for this nation. Today we are entering the second stage of a great social reform which is foretold by conditions the world over. The early years of the twentieth century will see us in the midst of it, and if the people rise to the occasion, as they undoubtedly will, America will emerge a finished and splendid example of government, surpassing even those early ideals of Washington and being in truth as Lincoln said, a "government of the people, by the people, and for the people, that shall not perish from the earth."

A very significant story, reported as emanating from the volunteers at Manila, is being circulated throughout the country. If true, it is a commentary of the most scathing character on the futility of the campaign. It is said that recently after an engagement with the Filipinos a discussion arose in one of the American regiments as to the objects of the war. The questions discussed finally sifted down to "What are we fighting for?" and in that form it was passed on from man to man, and no one could be found to answer it. There can be no stronger argument against a war than that the soldiers do not know for what they are fighting. "What are we fighting for?" Who knows? Is it to maintain a sovereignty over seven million people bought for twenty million dollars from a nation which, having been defeated in all the country and penned up in one little town, had lost its right of ownership? Is it for "benevolent assimulation" that our sons are being slain, and as they fall fighting, say 'we do not know for what we are fighting?' Is it to maintain our administration at any cost, or is it for the love of gold that we have put to shame our original plea "for humanity?" There is no humanity in the present war unless it be on the side of the Filipinos. They are fighting for liberty, freedom—the right to rule themselves as they see fit—and we are dishonoring every tradition that our one hundred years have made sacred and discrediting ourselves before the world. There can be no honor, there can be no glory in such a war under such conditions.

There is nothing that adds so materially to the wealth and prosperity of a city, a commonwealth or a nation as the growth and development of its manufacturing interests. And nothing is so damaging to these interests as indifference on the part of the community where such interests are, or should be, centralized, coupled with a lack of local pride or patronage. The country, however rich in natural resources, that exports its raw material and imports the manufactured products that it uses is subjected to a double drain upon its legitimate means of wealth. The establishment of any sort of industrial centre tends to increase the prosperity, not alone of the particular town or village where such a centre is located, but of the whole commonwealth. It is like a great wheel that by its magnetic revolutions attracts the gold of commerce, and enriches the community. The man of business sense and pride and patriotism sees this and seeks to encourage the establishment of mills and factories in his own immediate territory. To foster home industry— to assist in every possible manner in the development of home production—is the unmistakable duty of every honest citizen.

There will begin in the June number of the Pacific Monthly a series of articles on the institution of marriage, by people competent to speak with authority upon the subject. Dr. Edward P. Hill will open the discussion. Marriage is the divinest institution known to man. Upon a right understanding of its responsibilities rests the happiness of the world and the welfare of the race. Out of a misconception of its basic principles has grown the heaviest sorrows that the human heart has had to bear. The subject of marriage is one that should interest—

that does interest—mankind universally. It is an inexhaustible theme, discussed in every age, by every people, yet never worn threadbare. "Heaven smiles upon a happy marriage, and the angels weep at the sight of wedded misery!" If this be true there must be more tears than joy in the celestial realm where matches are supposed to be made prior to consummation on earth.

Heretofore the Pacific Monthly has been issued the last of the month instead of the first. This has been the source of some little inconvenience, and in order to "catch up" the publishers have omitted the April issue. This will in no wise affect the number of copies that subscribers will receive during the year, or in any other way disturb the circulation. Hereafter, however, our subscribers and the public may look for the magazine at the same time that the Eastern publications appear.

Conservatism is conceded to be a very desirable quality when limited as to quantity. Too much of it, commercially considered, is depressing and apt to exert a disastrous influence upon trade. Oregon is held to be a shade more conservative than is conducive to progress along certain lines. There is a disposition on the part of the inhabitants of this particular part of the world to be supremely satisfied with present conditions, an inclination to cling to the good already posessed, and ignore all opportunities to increase the possession. Capital seeking profitable place complains that it is repulsed as an interloper, or treated with contemptious indifference by the community that would benefit by its permanent investment. This attitude of the commonwealth toward commercial enterprise of every sort has tended to discourage the industrial development of a a country rich beyond the "dreams of avarice" in natural resources of every description, and has caused the great tide of emigration, whose strong currents set ever westward, to deflect, flowing into Washington on the north and into California on the south, and leaving the "Land of the Lotus" undisturbed in its dreams.

"This peaceful lethargy is due in part," remarked a man who has invested vast sums in developing the commercial interests of the state, and who has received no word of encouragement, "to climatic influences. But there is another cause—and one more potent still—that retards the progress of Oregon, and it is one which time alone can remove."

It is but natural, perhaps, that one who loves the sunshine of life should shrink from the shadows of death. And yet the poet of the True, the singer of the Eternal Verities, the apostle of the Beautiful should be so keen and clear of sight that he could pierce the seeming shades and see the radiance that lies beyond. For death

"Is but the opening door,"

and whatever life may have held, of light and love and happiness, for him who crosses that fair threshold, the memory of it must be dimmed by the dawn of a transcendent joy.

"How wonderful is death!"

cried the immortal Shelley, and he might have added, how beautiful! For in whatever form death comes it is always a sweet and solemn mystery, dreaded only by those who do not understand the significance of life and living.

Life's Cards.

"Hearts are trumps," the young man sighed,
Softly to his promised bride;—
Hearts are trumps to guileless youth—
Suit may fail, and maidens' truth.

"Diamonds' trumps," the maiden cried,
"Who shall purchase me as bride?—
Diamonds' trumps and golden sheen,
Who is there shall crown me queen?"

"Clubs are trumps," the strong man said,
Fighting now for life and bread;
Clubs are trumps; the strife is rushed,
Strength succeeds, the weak are crushed.

Spades are trumps—they win at last,
Covering us when life is past.
Spades are trumps—they turn the ground
Dankly o'er the mould'ring mound.

Walter Cayley Belt.

The Month

A RECORD OF THE WORLD'S PROGRESS.

In Politics—

The simplicity with which presidential elections are managed in France was exemplified in the recent election of M. Loubet at Versailles. On Friday morning was announced the death of President Faure, and all France trembled with apprehension. But Saturday's sun went down upon a nation calmed by the election of a new president, M. Loubet. Little time and no money—and the affair is satisfactorily settled. An object lesson surely that other republics might do well to ponder.

Governor Pingree is a man who insists upon putting his theories into practice, and just now the particular theory that he is bent upon experimenting with is municipal ownership of street railways. Detroit is, of course, the scene of this experiment. Governor Pingree regards the legislature of Michigan and the Common Council of Detroit, as the "most progressive of modern times." The purchase of the roads by the city will be accomplished, it is promised, without cost to the taxpayers, and the change in ownership will result in three-cent fares and universal transfers. The project is, of course, meeting with opposition from certain quarters, notably the Detroit Free Press, which ridicules it, the New York Times, which condemns it, and the Brooklyn Eagle, which fears the results of its success.

The situation in the Philippines becomes daily more complicated. The end of the trouble is seemingly as far off as ever and no man knows what that end will be. The only lucky party involved in the difficulty apparently, is Spain. The patriotic fire that flamed so gloriously in the breast of all America a year ago, seems to have burned down, and we are even a little ashamed when we hear of an American victory in the Philippines. The news of military reverses are received with an air of "now that we are in we must take what comes"—and only the cartoonist is happy, for he has to all appearances, had provided to his hand a field whose limits in every direction are out of sight.

The trouble in Samoa is the result evidently of too much Christian civilization. The spectacle presented to the "gentle, kindly, friendly people" among whom Stevenson made his home is not one calculated to impress them with a sense of the superiority of the American, English and German nations.

In Science—

Mr. Tripler has been forced by the press to come out strongly in defence of his liquid air. "The principle is so simple that it ought to have been grasped by any scientific mind at once," Mr. Tripler asserts. He further, and most emphatically declares that in the manufacture of liquid air he has abolished steam, "for the traction of railway trains, for the propulsion of ships, and for the operation of machinery in general."

Nikola Tesla frankly admits that it is easier for him to "invent" than to "perfect and record his inventions." Ideas come to him through a "happy inspiration," he claims, but when it comes to the working out of details and putting these ideas into practicable and presentable form he finds himself lacking in time, energy, and inclination. Just now he is deep in his improved induction coils, and he does not hesitate to say that there is "practically no limit to the tension obtained" with such a coil as he has perfected.

A marine brake in the form of a parachute of fine spring-steel plates attached

to the stern of the vessel has been invented by a Hungarian engineer by the name of Svetkovich. The Austrian Lloyd Steam Navigation Company has made several satisfactory tests of the invention, and is now awaiting the results of an improvement which Mr. Svetkovich is adding to his device, when it will equip its great fleet with the apparatus. It is claimed for this brake that it is possible by means of it to stop a vessel going at full speed almost instantly without any serious shock resulting.

Professor William H. Pickering, at the Howard College Observatory, has discovered a new statelite of the planet Saturn.

In Literature—

There is a great deal being said at present concerning the "vital touch in literature." Mr. John Burroughs thinks it is a personal quality and "this intimate personal quality," he asserts, is "one of the secrets" of style. Be it an essay, poem, or novel, if the personal quality is lacking it "falls short of being good literature." Quality is the one thing in life that cannot be analyzed, and it is the one thing in art that cannot be imitated." To be more explicit: "It is not importance of subject-matter that makes a work great, but importance of the subjectivity of the writer—a great mind, a great soul, a great personality. A work that bears the imprint of these, that is charged with the life and power of these which it gives forth again under pressure, is alone entitled to high rank. In the writer with the creative touch, whether he be poet, novelist, historian, critic, essayist, the chief factor in the product is always his own personality."

Mr. Stephen Wheeler is collecting and publishing the letters, public and private, of Walter Savage Landor. There is nothing people so much delight in reading as the things that were intended by the writer only for the eyes of some dear intimate. The private correspondence of a Robert Louis Stevenson, a Landor, or a Browning possesses an absorbing interest of even the most indifferent of readers. It matters not how commonplace the letters prove, how meaningless to all but the person addressed, they still hold a charm—and the secret of the charm lies in the inherent personal curiosity of mankind. The great author or poet of the present day will doubtless write to his friends, however dear, with a provisional regard to posterity and the post-collector who is to profit by posterity's morbid desire to know all there is to know about the great author's or poet's private affairs.

The Browning love-letters seem to be an inexhaustible mine. Poetic models of epistolary wooing, they suggest far more than they express.

The Bookman expresses the opinion that the religious story, "In His Steps," is immoral in part and certainly "not good literature." Religious stories often fall short in the latter qualification, but that a book like this of Sheldon's should be characterized as "immoral" is so startling that—everybody who has not read it will.

In Art—

An exhibition was held in Copley Hall in Boston, of the collected works of John S. Sargent. There were something near fifty portraits and an interesting series of of sketches, studies and drawings.

Leo Mielziner has completed a small bust in rich green bronze of Isreal Zangwill, that is exquisitely true to life.

The statue in bronze of Michael Angelo which has just been placed in the rotunda of the Congressional Library at Washington, is considered a "significant addition to American art. Mr. Bartlett is thoroughly American, in spite of the fact that his home is, and for some time has been, in Paris. His work goes beyond the sculpture of former ages in that it takes account of individual expression. And this statue of Michael Angelo is an "almost perfect realization of the man."

According to the answers which Miss Kate Hampton has received from the leading clergymen of New York to her question, "Does the face of Christ' as depicted in ancient and modern art, realize your idea of a strong face?" the great artists who have attempted to paint the Savior have scored only failures. Only two, Archbishop Corrigan and "Ian Maclaren" were of the opinion that the Christ-face, as depicted in art, expressed strength. The latter said "The holiness in Jesus' face is strength, and redeems it from any shadow of weakness."

In Education—

The resignation of Dr. Chapman from the presidency of the University of Oregon leaves six universities in the United States wanting heads — Yale, Brown, Amherst and the University of California, make up the list together with the University of Cincinnati which offers six thousand a year to the right man. The question that naturally arises is where are the right men? Is it that colleges are exacting, difficult to please, and not sure of their own needs, or is there a dearth of executive ability among professors of learning. Dr. Henry Stimson answers this question in a way when he says that the coming college president is a type in process of development. That is, the model executive of the great educational institutions is being evolved from already existing conditions. "The college president," remarks Dr. Stimson, "has come to be primarily a great executive officer" Not a teacher but a manager evidently And yet in the opinion of late Prof. Edouard Caro in the French Academy, "in education the only thing that counts is the man." This truth in the past has been the pole star of the American University. Changing ideals seem to have temporarily obscured its guiding light.

Leading Events—

March 1.—The election of Senator Crustas as president of Uruguasy is announced.

March 2.—Six regiments of regular troops are ordered to re-enforce General Otis at Manila.

March 3.—Rear Admiral Dewey, by act of congress, made admiral of the navy.

March 4.—The Venezuelan revolutionists are defeated by government troops.

March 6.—Princes Kaiulani dies.

March 7.—American troops attack and drive back the insurgents near Manila.

March 8.—Monroe L. Hayward is elected to the United States senate from Nebraska.

March 9.—American troops en route to Manila on the transport Sheridan, land at Malta by permission of the British officials.

March 10.—The United States transport Grant, under command of General Lawton, reaches Manila.

March 11.—The Cuban assembly impeaches General Gomez and removes him from command of the army.

March 13.—American troops under General Wheaton attack and drive back a large force of insurgents, taking and holding the line of of the Pasig River near Manila.

March 14.—The German Reichstag, by a vote of 209 to 141, rejects the government's proposition for an increase of the army.

March 15.—In the Italian chamber of deputies Admiral Canerara, ministers of foreign affairs, announces the recall of the Italian minister to China.

March 16.—Cainti is taken by a battalion of the Twentieth United States infantry.

March 17.—The queen regent signs the treaty of peace between Spain and the United States.

March 18.—United States battleship Oregon arrives at Manila.

March 19.—General Wheaton again victorious in an attack upon the Filipinos.

March 20.—General Russel Hastings, of Massachusetts, is selected as director of the Bureau of American Republic.

March 21.—The convention between Great Britain and France defining their respective frontiers in the Nile valley, is signed in London.

March 22.—The queen regent designates M. Cambon, the French ambassador at Washington, to act for Spain in the exchange ratifications of the peace treaty.

March 23.—Serious troubles in Little River county, Arkansas, growing out of a negro lynching.

March 24.—Senor Azpiroz, the new Mexican ambassador, arrives in Washington.

March 25.—American troops capture three towns in Luzon.

March 26.—General Wheaton's brigade captures the town of Polo.

March 27.—General Otis cables the capture of Maliloa in the Philippines.

March 28.—An independent postal service is established for Cuba.

March 29.—The Spanish government establishes a credit for the payment, on April 1, of the interest on the Cuban debt.

March 30.—General McArthur captures Malolos, the seat of the Filipino insurgent government.

March 31.—Carlist uprising is threatened in Spain.

The Magazines

FOR MAY.

The Century—

The Solar Eclipse at Benares.....
.....R. D. Mackenzie
The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander III.....Frank R. Stockton
The Matter of a Mashie.....David Gray
Alexander in Egypt..Benj. Ide Wheeler
A Song for Spring.Charles G. D. Roberts
Via Crucis.....F. Marion Crawford
The Story of the Captains.
The Last of the Mulberry-Street Barons.....Jacob A. Rits
The Dead Bee.....Alice Lena Cole
Two Lovers of Literature.....
.....Mrs. James T. Fields
The Flying Dutchman.....
.....Louise Morgan Sill
A Note of Scarlet..Ruth McEnery Stuart
"Tempted of God".John White Chadwick
Our Mantua-Maker.....Viola Roseboro
Song on an Oriental Theme.....
.....Curtis Hidden Page
Gilbert Stuart's Portraits of Women,
.....Charles Henry Hart
Intercivic Humor.....Tudor Jenks

The Century's war series culminates in the May number, in "The Story of the Captains." The magazine for this one issue is enlarged to accommodate the seventy pages which the story takes up in the telling. Captain Robley D. Evans of the Iowa, is to my mind, the most entertaining of them all. There is a quality in the story, simply told, of the destruction of Cervera's fleet, that makes the pulse beat faster and brings a sudden dimness to the sight. In the account of the vanquished general's transfer from the Gloucester to the Iowa, he says: "The guard presented arms; the officers uncovered; and as the distinguished officer, who had lost more in one hour than any other man had lost in modern times, stepped on the quarter-deck, the crew of the Iowa broke out into cheers, and for fully a minute Admiral Cervera stood bowing his thanks. It was the recognition of gallantry by brave men, and the recipient of it was fully aware of its meaning. Though he was scantily clad, bareheaded and without shoes, he was an admiral, every inch of him. With perfect composure and a manner of quiet dignity he received the plaudits of his late enemies and the silent sympathy of his conquered companions." His reception of Captain Eulate of the Viscaya, is equally touching.

"There is," it is written in the May Century, "in our day one of the tellers of tales and singers of songs who, in full voice, and with the joy and strength of youth, has in doing well and faithful his own work, told the glory and nobility of all the work of the world."

Tudor Jenks has made a collection of American jokes, old and new, which he presents with an assumption of dignity under the title of "Intercivic Humor." Said an inconsiderate New Yorker, "Seems to me that all the sharpers here came from Chicago." To which a Chicago man musingly replied, "Yes, they do seem to know where to come." But it was a Boston baby, who, when asked if she would like a talking doll said, "Certainly, if you have any that converse intelligently. I could not abide one that giggled."

There is an amusing story of Gilbert Stuart, the artist, who, being engaged to paint the portraits of the ancestors of a tailor who had grown rich in army contracts and who though very new, occupied a castle that was very old, was surprised to learn on arriving at the scene of his labor that the said tailor did not know who his ancestors were or what they were like. But a man who had acquired a fortune and a castle in one generation was not dazed by a little thing like this, so he commissioned Mr. Stuart to paint his progenitors "as they ought to have been." The artist proved equal to the demand upon his immagination and the result was satisfactory to the tailor, at least.

The Cosmopolitan—

Great Problems in Organization....
.....Charles Emory Smith.

The Princes of Trebizond..Dulany Hunter
Arctic Perils.....Milton E. Ailes
The Awakening.....Count Leo Tolstoy
The Ideal and Practical Organization of a Home..Van Buren Denslow
A Vindication of Eve.....
.....Richard Le Gallienne
The Building of an Empire.....
.....John Brisban Walker
A Biological Laboratory for Women,
.....Amy Seville Wolff
A Railway to the Klondike.....
.....W. M. Sheffield
Larry McNoogan's Cow.....Walter Barr
Supposing.....Dora Ritter Jackson
How the French Army Crossed the Channel..... Quartre Etoiles
Science in the Model Kitchen.....
..... Anna Leach

Readers of the Cosmopolitan are being treated to a course of realism in its most repulsive form in Count Tolstoi's novel, "The Awakening." Even Zola, in his revolting pictures in "Lourdes," produced nothing quite so horribly sickening as appears in this second installment of Tolstoi's story. It is well that the magazine is otherwise crowded with beautiful and helpful things. They are needed to counteract the depressing influence of "The Awakening." Tolstoi is warranted to give the gayest butterfly in the brightest of mid-summer sunshine, an attack of "the blues." From Tolstoi to Richard le Gallienne is a far leap—a leap out of the dark of pessimism into radiant optimistic sunshine. For Le Gallienne is the embodiment of all that is bright and sweet in life, all that is delicate and dear, the Apostle of Light. The "Vindication of Eve," he puts into the mouth of a young canon who,

"With a flowering rod
Spared his frail flock, and as the ancient plan
Would reconcile the ways of God to man,
He reconciled the ways of God to man."
He recociled the ways of man to God."

A most loveable teacher of Divine lore, this young Canon, who takes for his text,

"In Genesis,—the whole of chapter 3."
St. Matthew's gospel, chap. 4, verse 6."

And from this text proceeds to prove that

"God never meant his sacred word to mean
Just what mere reading needs must make it mean."

and lauds

"That wit in woman, which, with sense,
Divined the meaning of Omnipotence,
And by her disobedience best obeyed."

"In "The Building of an Empire" John Brisban Walker says of the influence of Mohammed, "Compared with present-day ideals, it was bad; but it must be remembered that it took the place of something worse." Mr. Walker, in one brief paragraph, preaches a sermon that the Christian world would do well to heed. "No Christian lawmaker or writer," he concludes, "has ever undertaken to work out in detail, even by way of suggestion, a code of laws which would closely conform to the teachings of Jesus Christ. The task has remained for the twentieth century, and will engage, above all others, the intellectual conscience of its people." This work "The Building of an Empire" is quite as fascinating in style and fully as interesting as Washington Irving's "Life of Mohammed." There are many passages where it rises to heights unscaled by that charming master of English. John Brisban Walker has chosen well his subject and he handles it in a manner all his own.

Walter Barr gives us another view of the character of that interesting politician, "N. C. Shacklett," who in this instance quietly attends to "Larry McNoogan's cow," and whose boast is that no man ever threw him down and kept out of the poor house.

"The Model Kitchen," as illustrated in this, the May number of the Cosmopolitan, is attractive enough to inspire every woman who beholds it with a desire to become a cook.

Scribner's—

Santiago Since The Surrender.....
.....Major-General Wood
To Celestine in Brave Array.....
.....E. S. Martin
The Ship of Stars..A. T. Quiller-Couch
The Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann
.....Joel Chandler Harris
Some Political Reminiscences.....
.....George F. Hoar
The Rough Riders..Theodore Roosevelt
Between Showers in Dort.....
.....F. Hopkins Smith
The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson..... Sydney Colvin
The Installation of Lord Curzon as Viceroy of India.....G. W. Steevns

Standing and Waiting.....
.....Cyrus Townsend Brady
A Poet's Musical Impressions.....
..... Sidney Lanier

"I think, I hope, I dream no more,
The dreams of otherwhere,
The cherished thought of yore;
I have been changed from what I was before;
"And drunk too deep perchance, the lotus of the air"—

Wrote Robert Louis Stevenson in a letter to Sidney Colvin, in August, 1879. And again a year later in a letter dated from 608 Bush street, San Francisco, to the same person, he says: "I know I shall do better work than ever I have done before; but mind you, it will not be like it. My sympathies and interests are changed." To measure the correctness of this estimate of his ability one has but to compare the work which preceded this date with that which followed. For my part I think Stevenson never wrote, either before or after, anything that equalled in charm "Silverado Squatters." I well recall the delight with which I read and re-read this exquisite mountain idyl. Perhaps it is the reflection of his own happiness that illumines the pages, for he was happy in that old shell of a house in the deserted mining camp, with the woman he loved, and free, for a brief while, from the demon of ill health that made life so often a weary burden. Stevenson's experiences in San Francisco, as detailed in these letters, give one the heartache.

Roosevelt's "Rough Riders" are still the leading attraction in Scribner's. "The Ship of Stars" is one of those rare, fantastic, and altogether charming stories that take the reader away from the realm of Every Day and into the Land of Dreams. "Ah, the stories that won't come—and they are the loveliest of all."

Sidney Lanier gives the "Musical Impressions" of a "Poet" in the form of letters, and G. W. Steevns writes entertainingly of the "Installation of Lord Curzon as Viceroy of India."

McClure's—

Hamlin Garland is never more at home than when he threads the solitude and sleeps out under stars, with the night wind for company. There is something strangely familiar in these stanzas, in fact, it suggests certain passages in that one time matchless epic, "The Ship in the Desert."

"Yet still we rode right on and on,
And shook our clenched hands at the cloud,
Daring the winds of early dawn,
And the dread torrent roaring loud.
So long we rode, so hard, so far,
We seemed condemned by stern decree
To ride until the morning star
Should sink forever in the sea."

It is impossible to read these lines and not believe that Mr. Garland was uninfluenced, unconsciously, no doubt, by the earlier poem of hi friend.

Mother Goose for Grown-up Folks.

Little boy blue! Come blow your horn!
The sheeps in the meadow, the cows in the corn!
Where's little boy blue, that looks after the sheep?
He's under the hay-mow, fast asleep.

Azure-robed youth, come, up to the post,
And watch lest thy wealth be all scattered and lost:
Silly thoughts are astray, beyond call of the horn,
And passion breaks loose, and gets into the corn!
Is this the way Conscience looks after her sheep,
In the world's soothing shadow, gone soundly asleep?
—From Mother Goose, for Grown-up folks.

Books

According to Marie Corelli, marriage as it exists today is far from what it should be. It is, in short, as she observes it, merely a "market" where women are bought and sold, where titled husbands are bid in by American dollars, and Cupid is noticeable mainly for his absence. She thinks the world has forgotten what "marriage is," or, to be more explicit, what it was before the Fall, and what it would be if people married only for love with a capital L. "Marriage!" exclaims the author of "Ardath" in tragic prose, "is the taking of a solemn vow before the throne of the Eternal,—a vow which declares that the man and woman concerned have discovered in each other his and her mate,—that they feel life is alone valuable and worth living in each other's company,—that they are prepared to endure trouble, poverty, pain, sickness, death itself, provided they may only be together,—and that all the world is a mere grain of dust in worth as compared to the exalted passion which fills their souls and moves them to become one in flesh as well as one in spirit." All this and very much more is dramatically set forth in the pages of "The Modern Marriage Market," in a discussion in which she leads. Lady Jeune, who follows, ridicudes Corelli's statements, and in reply to the latter's query, "What has the cash box to do with marriage?" she insists that while "love in a cottage is a delicious thing, the wherewithal to provide the cottage and its accessories is an absolute necessity." If the institution of marriage is not all that it should be at present, it is rapidly approaching a state of happy perfection. Lady Jeune assures us (in somewhat faulty English) that in nine cases out of ten the modern society girl marries for love, and that matrimony is uninfluenced by Mammon to a degree undreamed of by the match-making mothers of half a century ago.

Flora Annie Steel next takes up the subject, and with a pen dipped in acid instead of ink, writes it as her opinion that Marie Corelli and Lady Jeune are neither right, and both wrong. It is quite as immoral, in her eyes, to marry for love as for money.

Under the above title, Professor Luella Clay Carson has recently compiled and published a set of "Standard Rules and Regulations for Use in the English Department of the University of Oregon." The book contains much useful information in a condensed form, and is so clearly and comprehensively presented that even the dullest can read as he runs. It is just the work that, in this busy age, is needed to meet the demands of the student of English in every department of life. And it is safe to assume that its use will not be confined to the University of Oregon. No one in this part of the world is more competent to speak with authority on the subject of pure English than Professor Carson, and this little book is the result of profound study, much practical experience in teaching, and careful elimination of all but the absolutely essential.

The second number of the Semi-Centennial History of Oregon contains in addition to Professor Young's interesting and ably-written "Exploration Northwestward," and Eva Emery Dye's account of "The Hudson Bay Company's Regime. And this chapter from the most romantic period of the story of Oregon reads like an epic. The surge of limitless seas, the sweep of forest-fragrant winds and the song of majestic rivers sound her poetic prose, whose every line thrills with the exultant freedom and grandeur of the great Northwest. To Dr. McLaughlin, the hero of those early days of romance, she gives full meed of praise. "He was, before all things else, an Anglo-Saxon," and worthy of the name.

Drift

White Squaw Very Brave.

The early annals of the West abound in anecdotes of fortitude under suffering and heroism in circumstances of peril among the wives and mothers of the early pioneers. Many were the instances in which, when their cabins were attacked by the savages, these brave women displayed wonderful courage and presence of mind. In December, 1791, a small party of Indians attacked the dwelling-house of Mr. John Merrill, in Nelson county, Kentucky.

Mr. Merrill was alarmed by the barking of his dog, and opened the door to see what was the matter, when he received the fire of seven or eight Indians, by which his leg and arm were broken.

The Indians at once attempted to enter the house, but Mrs. Merrill and her daughter shut the door against them. Then they hewed away a piece of the door, and one of them wedged himself part way through the opening. The heroic mother dealt him a fatal blow with an axe, and hauled him through the passage into the house.

The other savages, unaware of the fate of their companion, and supposing that they had now nearly succeeded in their object, rushed forward. One by one they pushed themselves through the door, and were despatched and drawn inside by Mrs. Merrill, till five dead Indians were in the house. Then the others outside discovered what was going on.

They retired for a few minutes, but soon returned and renewed their efforts to force an entrance. Despairing of succeeding by the door, they attempted to descend the chimney. Mr. Merrill heard them, and anticipating their design, ordered his small son to cut open a feather bed, and throw the feathers on the fire.

Two of the Indians were already descending the wide-mouthed chimney. The smoke and heat from the burning feathers greeted them most unpleasantly. Choking, coughing, and well-nigh suffocated, they came tumbling down into the room.

Mr. Merrill siezed a billet of wood and despatched the half-smothered redskins, and Mrs. Merrill in the meantime was defending the door against a single savage. Finally he, being wounded, retired, and the family were not disturbed again that night.

A prisoner who escaped from the Indians soon afterward stated that the wounded savage was the only one of his party of eight braves who escaped. When he returned and was asked "What news?" he answered:

"Bad news for Indian; me lose son, me lose broder. White squaw very brave; she fight better than 'Long Knives',"—the name given to white men by the Indians because of their long swords.—The Youth's Companion.

"Ay Want a Mortgage."

A yellow haired descendent of the Vikings walked into the office of a prominent attorney the other day and said:

"Ay want you to make some papers out. Ay buy a farm in Powell Valley, and ay tank ay want a mortgage."

"Why do you want a mortgage," exclaimed the lawyer, "if you bought the farm? Don't you want a deed?"

"No, ay tank not. Sax year ago ay buy a farm and getta deed, and noder feller come along with a mortgage and tak da farm. Ay tank ay tak a mortgage."

W. C. B.

The Green Turtle.

The green turtle had fallen into the well. She sat all day on a jutting rock and looked up at the sunny opening at the top, where the wild blackberry vines and green ferns leaned over, sparkling with rainbow dew.

Sometimes a Roman-nosed rabbit

peered shyly down at the water. Sometimes a twittering pair of swallows brought a moment's brightness into the dark well; but the turtle had grown so tired of it all; even weary of the loving touches of the little tadpoles.

But often as she attempted to climb up the mossy stones, and when she neared the top, the hungry eyes and cruel claws of the gray cat appeared at the sunlit opening—there was a splash—and the green turtle was at the bottom of the well again.

But one never-to-be-forgotten day there was a sweep of great wings, the reflection of the blackberry vine was all shaken and mottled as a great crested eagle settled down on the stone at the turtle's side. He had traveled far, and stopped at the well to lave his feathers and rest 'till morning. He was amused by the turtle's queer little claws, and at her quaint way of turning up her little head to look at him. He told her of his crag-built nest, where his mate and downy little ones awaited his coming.

By-and-by when the stars came out and glittered almost as brightly in the still depths of the well as in the blue arch above; when the turtle's green shell rested against the eagle's wing, the little prisoner whispered her memories of a broad bay where other turtles sported in the cool waves, and bent their heads at the sweeping rush of the snowy gulls. She told of her many attempts to escape, and how the gray cat knew it all.

He told her the waters of the bay still tossed bright shells on the warm beach; the gulls oft hailed him in his flight; and then he bade her trust him and wait; he promised that again he'd come, and lifting her on his powerful wings would bear her away to her loved bay, the warm sunshine, the land where the eagle dwells.

In the early morn there was a swift rush of wings, a loneliness greater than ever in the silent well, and patiently the turtle began her waiting.

But, oh, that was long and long ago. The green ferns have turned to brown, the blackberry vine drops blood-stained leaves in the well all day. The tadpoles are changed to dun-colored frogs, quarreling in discordant tones; and now the chill water always reflects the cruel eyes and twitching whiskers of the gray cat.

The turtle's funny little claws have grown thin and trembling, the mildew has gathered on her green shell.

Sometimes the blackbirds darken the well for a moment, and she trembles with sudden hope; again a flock of pigeons cleaving the air with a whir reminds her of the eagle's strong wings.

She still sits on the jutting stone, her little head turned toward the well's opening, listening, waiting, waiting. And the eagle. Do you think he has quite forgotten?

Adonen.

Is That All?

When the Duke of Marlborough visited America, he stopped at one of New York's swell hotels. On entering the dining-room one evening, he was seated at a table opposite one occupied by half a dozen Harvard students. Calling the waiter, the duke asked for a menu-card, and exclaimed, on looking it over: "Is that all? Vile—simply vile! Wine-list, waiter." After scanning the wine-list, he made the same remark in louder tones, attracting the attention of the students, one of whom immediately called: "Waiter, menu," and on glancing at the card, remarked: "Is that all? Vile—simply vile!" Another called for the wine-list, looked it over, and with disgust in every word, mimicked: "Is that all? Vile—simply vile!" The duke turned angrily in his chair, and, addressing the students in haughty tones, said: "Are you aware, gentlemen, that you are mocking the Duke of Marlborough?" The six Harvard students looked at each other in undignified disappointment, exclaiming in chorus: "Is that all? Vile—simply vile!" while the room rang with laughter.

Lese Majeste: It was the shank of the evening in Berlin. "Good evening, Herr Police Officer," said the citizen. "Come with me," was the policeman's answer. "Donner-wetter! What ist los?" asked the astonished citizen. "You that it is evening assumed have, when the emperor not dined has yet already."

John Philip Sousa.

One of the most genial and unassuming men before the public today is John Philip Sousa, the march king. For this reason probably no public character is held in higher esteem by those who have come in contact with him, nor is there one who commands so thoroughly that respect which is the reward of genius. The natural tendency of those who achieve fame or success is to shut themselves off from the world, to become unapproachable and exclusive, and so narrowed in their sympathies and out of touch with the world. Sousa, above all things, is humane, full of interest in life. You feel that he is sure of himself,that he understands that the characteristics of a gentleman and those of genius should go hand in hand, and you respect and admire him for it. You admire his genius, but you admire the man more. Probably this equinimity of temperament is responsible for the very delightful conditions that surround Sousa's home life. At any rate one of the most ideal homes in our country is found on the Sousa farm in New York State. When the concert season is over, Sousa joins his family of five—his wife, three daughters and a son (John Philip, Jr.) and spends the summer with them on his large and well-kept farm. His family is a very musical one. John P., Jr. is the leader of the mandolin club in the college that he attends, and the daughters both play and sing. In the evening the young people from miles around gather at the Sousa home, and give delightful impromptu musicales. Sousa says he always enjoys these evenings immensely, and that although the improvised harmony to some of the popular songs is a little questionable, yet on the whole it is very good.

"Our New Colonies," is a very attractive description, profusely illustrated, gotten out by the Union Pacific railroad company and calculated to inspire everybody into whose hands it falls with a desire to visit those mid-sea "Islands of the Blest," commonly known as the Hawaiian group. Even the most inquisitive traveller, actual or prospective, cannot ask a question concerning our new possessions in the Pacific that is not answered satisfactorily in this interesting booklet.

A sporting gentleman, who had the reputation of being a very bad shot, invited some friends to dine with him.

Before dinner he showed them a target painted on a barn door, with a bullet right in the bullseye.

This he claimed to have shot at 1,000 yards' distance.

As nobody believed him he offered to bet the price of an oyster supper on it. On one of his guests accepting the wager, he produced two witnesses whose verasity could not be doubted to prove his assertion.

Since they both stated he had done what he claimed, he won his bet.

During dinner the loser of the wager inquired how the host had managed to fire such an excellent shot.

The host answered:

"Well, I shot the bullet at the door at a distance of 1,000 yards, and then I painted the target around it."—Tid-Bits.

Oriental Maxims.

Long before Greece had attained her greatness in art and literature the Chinese sages were teaching philosophy and practicing politics in the Orient, both of which, with but little change, survive unto this day. How far the stability of the Chinese Empire rests on the rules of its great men is difficult to say, but that their philosophy was sound and that their government endures are facts.

That there is "nothing new under the sun" will come to those who read the following translations of sayings and proverbs. The reader will have the satisfaction of knowing that the sentiment was first uttered by the Chinaman. The same thoughts have run through great minds undoubtedly, but therein you see the source of things philosophical. I have no doubt that much which we credit to Greece and its men came to them over the deserts and by the sea from China.

Brevity is praised in the maxim, "In the compass of about one hundred words we have opening, elucidation, re-statement or embellishment, and conclusion —a perfect essay."

"To move a man to a crab is not equal to moving the crab to the man," reminds one of Mohammet and his mountain.

To dip into Chinese philosophy is like to picking jewels from a golden bowl, and in my efforts I may pull out opals and amethysts and sapphires instead of diamonds and pearls and rubies.

"A woman can share in adversity, but not in prosperity," or "Of ten women, nine are jealous," seem to us like paste jewels, but then that may have been the kind of women those old sages were acquainted with.

"On earth there are only two busy men: Messrs. Gain and Glory."

"For improving manners and customs nothing is better than music."

"When no man seeks favors from any other then all men are equal."

"Want of forbearance in small matters confounds great plans."

"To the pure all things are pure."

"Every uncanny effect must be preceded by some uncanny cause."

"Sincerity of heart rests with a man himself."

"A wise man builds cities, a wise woman throws them down."

"Mencius maintained that there could be no true esteem when we presumed upon one's age, one's talents, one's rank, one's service or one's old acquaintance."

"The fall of a nation is preceded by overlegislation."

"For business to prosper all things depend upon determination."

"The hills of today are not so lofty as the hills of old—the sea of today is not so broad as the sea of old."

"If two men are of the same mind, yellow earth can be changed into gold—by their energy."

"To go into a mountain and catch a tiger is easy as compared to asking a favor."

"The ourang-outang weeps, and then seizes its prey."

"Two men should not examine a well lest one should fall in and the other be accused of murder."

"Men's natures are alike,—it is from the different environment that they become different."

"Wine does not make a man drunk—it is the man himself."

"Women with high cheek bones are likely to be savage."

"He who depends upon himself will have much happiness."

"Wealth is the storehouse of resentment arising from the envy of the world."

Five virtues are: "Charity, natural goodness of heart, duty to one's neighbors, prosperity, wisdom and truth." Three suggested blessing are: "Happiness, long life, sons." Five other blessing are: "Old age, wealth, health, love of virtue and a natural death."

Five different hindrances are: "Cupidity, anger, foolishness, irreverence and doubts."

The seven precious things are: "A golden wheel or disk, concubines, horses, elephants, guardians of the treasury, soldiers and attendants, and the sapta ratria as it is in Sanskrit.

J. Hunter Wells, M. D.,
Seoul, Korea.

The Doctrine of Full Assurance.

It is said that a rather pompous minister once met P. T. Barnum, the circus manager, and said to him: "Mr. Barnum, you and I have met before on the temperance platform, and I hope we shall meet in heaven." "We shall," replied Barnum, confidently, "if you're there."

Doctor Holmes' Partner.

The following flash of wit proves beyond a doubt that the late Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was occasionally associated with another as brilliant as himself:

He used to dabble a little in photography, and once when he presented a picture to a friend, he wrote on the back:

"Taken by Oliver Wendell Holmes and Sun."

Chess

CONDUCTED BY E. C. PROTZMAN.

The following game was an off-hand partie which occurred between Louis Paulsen (then of Keokuck, Iowa), and Paul Morphy, during the period of the American Chess Congress at New York city, October, 1857. Mr. Morphy was yet only in his 20th year and while the game up to the 17th move was of no especial merit, its beautiful ending was sufficient to entitle him to the chess throne.

White—Paulsen.	Black—Morphy.
1. P—K 4	1. P—K 4
2. Kt—K B 3	2. Kt—Q B 3
3—Kt—Q B 3	3. Kt—K B 3
4. B—Q Kt 5	4. B—Q Kt 4
5—Castles	5. Castles.
6. Kt X P.	6. R—K sq
7. Kt X Kt	7. Q P X Kt
8. B—B 4	8. P—Q Kt 4
9. B—K 2	9. Kt X P
10. Kt X Kt	10. R X Kt
11. B—B 3	11. R—K 3
12. P—Q B 3 (A)	12. Q—Q 6
13. P—Q Kt 4	13. B—Kt 3
14—P—Q R 4	14. P X P
15. Q X P	15—B—Q 2
16. R—R 2	16. Q R—K sq
17. Q—R 6 (B)	17. Q X B (C)
18. P X Q	18. R—K Kt 3 ch
19. K—R sq	19. B—K R 6
20. R—Q sq (D)	20. B—Kt 7 ch
21. K—Kt sq	21. B X B P dis ch
22. K—B sq	22. B—Kt 7 ch
23. K—Kt sq	23. B—R 6 dis ch
24. K—R sq	24. B X B P
25. Q—K B sq	25. B X Q
26. R X B	26. R—Q 7
27. R—Q R sq	27. R—K R 3
28. P—Q 4	28. B—K 6

and White resigns, for no matter what white moves, black mates by K R X R P chk and Q R mates at Kt 7.

(A) This is a gross oversight, as it enables Mr. Morphy by 12 Q—Q 6 to almost completely hamper White's game for a number of moves; but it may be said that up to the commencement of Morphy's unparalleled stroke of chess genius at his 17th move neither player was at all doing himself justice.

(B.) With evident intention of forcing exchange of queens as also to block black's evident combination of 17 Q X R at K B 8 ch— K X R and R—K 8 mate, but Mr. Morphy had a still deeper combination in view for by his 17 (C) move be made the initial move of the most wonderful instance of chess strategy that has ever occurred in across board play, for while it has been since analysed to show that the finale might have been hastened somewhat, it is proven to be absolutely sound.

D. If R—Kt sq, it is obvious he would have been mated in two moves.

We present for the benefit of our young chess students three of two move problems. They are from an old work on the game and are beneficial and instructive.

NO. 1.

White (7 pieces) K at K 8—R—Q R sq—Q —K 2——Kt—K 7 and pawns at Q 4—K 5 & K B 4. Black (7 pieces) K at K 3—Q—K Kt 6——R—Q Kt 5—Kt—Q Kt sq and pawns Q 4—K B 4 and K Kt 5.

White to mate in 2.

NO. 2.

White (3 pieces)—K at K sq—R K R sq and B K R 6. Black (4 pieces) K K R sq—Kt Q Kt 7 and pawns K R 2 and K 4.

White to mate in 2.

NO. 3.

White (4 pieces) K at K R sq, Q Q B 7, B K 5, and B K Kt 6. Black (1 piece) King to Q 4. White to mate in 2.

Notes.

The Oregon Road Club deserves commendation for its interest in chess. The club has a number of well-made tables, and a half dozen set of the best-grade chessmen. A separate room is provided for the chess tables.

Seattle and Tacoma have had two chess matches this past winter—taking place alternately in each city.

Two chess games are now going on between here and Seattle by correspondence. When they are finished we shall publish them in our column, if they prove of sufficient merit.

At present there is no regularly organized chess club in Portland. A number of our most prominent experts, though, meet upon Saturday evenings of each week at the Oregon Road Club.

THE CELEBRATED

Oregon Blood Purifier

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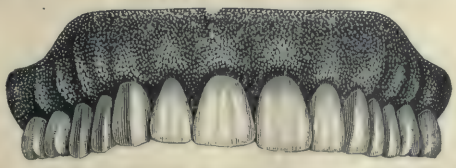
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THE NEW ENVIRONMENT,
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Manuscript or letters relating to any of these subjects, or along the lines they suggest, will receive prompt and careful consideration.

Any suggestions in regard to these articles, or any ideas relating to any department in the Magazine, will be gratefully received. Address all correspondence to

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Train No. 23 leaves Astoria at 6:30 p. m. and arrives in Portland at 10:35 p. m.

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6:00 a. m. Ex.Sunday	*Willamette River.* Oregon City, Newberg, Salem & Way Landings	4:30 p. m. Ex.Sunday
7:00 a. m. Tues, Thur and Sat.	*Willamette and Yamhill Rivers.* Oregon City, Dayton and Way Landings.	3:30 p. m. Mon. Wed. and Fri.
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THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

VOLUME II JUNE 1899 NUMBER 2

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☞THIS ISSUE INCREASED 16 PAGES.

See Publishers' Announcements on Page 16 of Advertising Section.

The Pacific Monthly.

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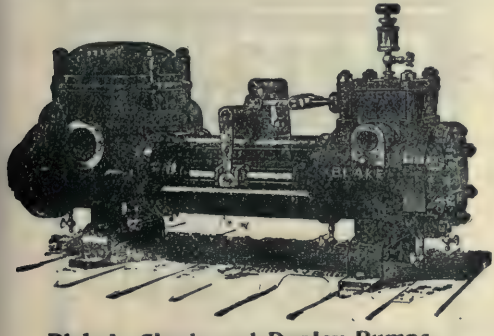
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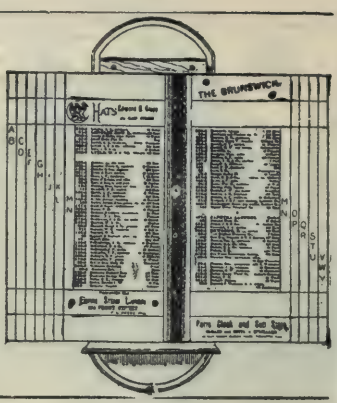
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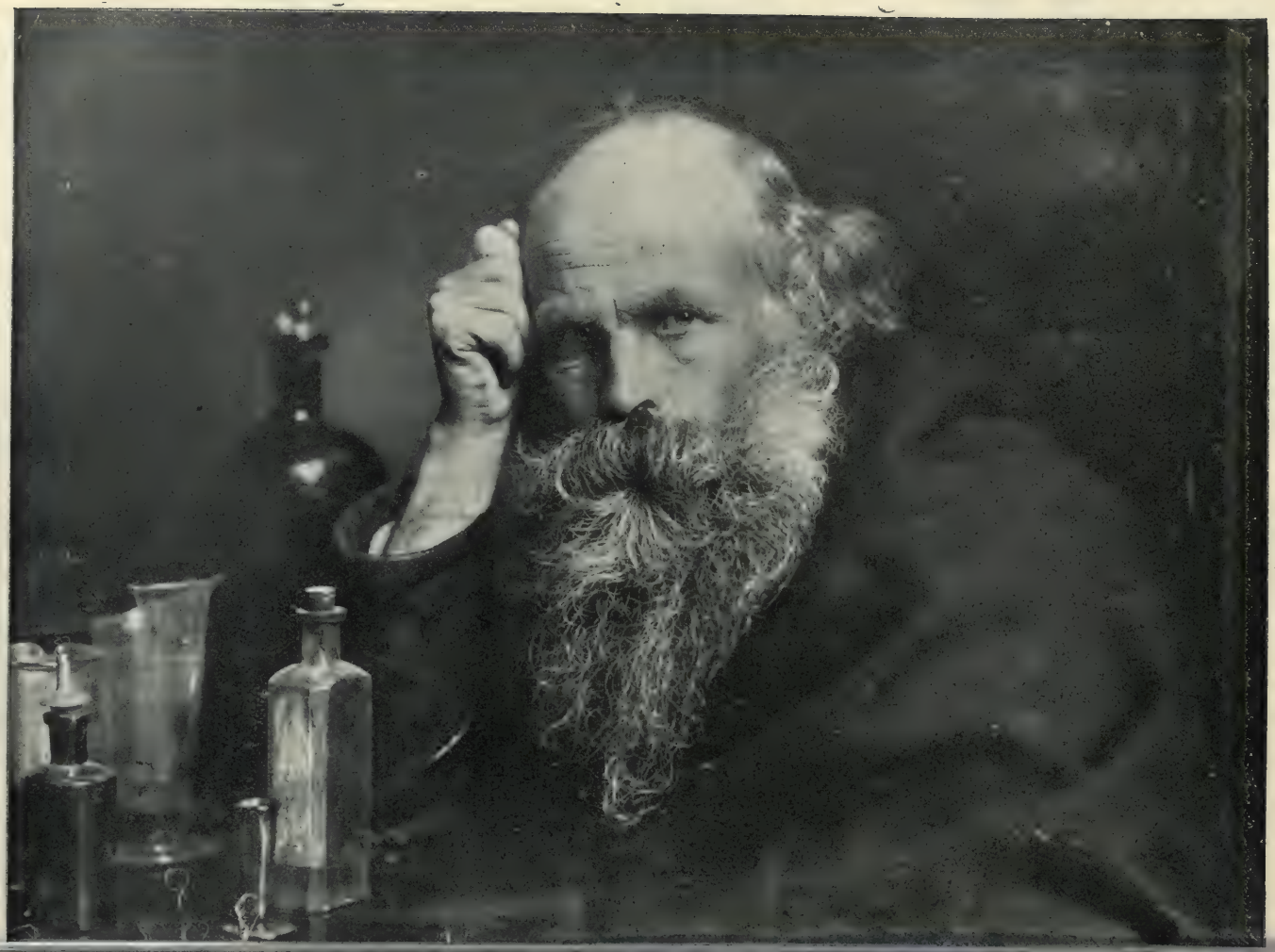
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Vol. II *JUNE, 1899* *No. 2*

The Upheaval in Asia, and Its Significance to Portland's Commerce.

By R. VAN BERGEN.

FEW business men in the broad realm of this Republic have followed the drama now being played across the Pacific. And yet, take it as you please, there is no more interesting course of events than the convulsion of great empires, as they are fulfilling their destiny, moved by forces internal as well as by an impetus imparted from abroad. It is a large chess board, where a move affects the well-being of a people counted by tens of millions. Look at it! There is China, an inert mass, to be sure, but teeming with a population numbering four hundred millions, at a conservative estimate. Close to this gigantic though sleeping power is India, just beginning to throb with the wholesome impulses of our century, her long-suffering masses awakening under the wise and benevolent supervision of a race to which we are kin. Japan, although small in size, has forced herself as an equal upon the nations of the Occident and, with her forty-five millions acting as a unit, intends to be heard before the drama nears its climax.

And what role will the Great Republic undertake to play? Two parties are forming under the ill-chosen names of "Expansionists" and "Anti-Expansionists," and, so far as can be seen, the sole object of both is to make political capital for the few selfish and corrupt leaders who, as professional politicians, form the bane of the country at home, and the disgrace of the nation abroad. The industrious, law-abiding citizens look with disgust upon those few vultures gnawing at the very vitals of republican institutions, and, moved by this feeling of contempt, enable the least worthy to nominate the men who shall establish the laws as well as those who shall execute them. There is no more good-natured and long-suffering citizen than the American. He bows under a yoke so galling that the Russian serf, accustomed to the knout, would rise and exert his manhood to shake it off.

This may seem a digression, but it is pertinent to the subject. But a few decades have passed since the Stars and Stripes proclaimed the enterprise and activity of our people in every port on the globe. The oceans were covered with our ships, and it is within the memory of comparatively young men when 50 per cent of the Pacific carrying trade was operated by American-built craft. There was then no need of whining: "What do you think of this country?" No press representative would have dared humble the nation by asking the stranger entering within its domain the humiliating question, "How do you like this country?" but would fiercely and properly have resented any commendation from the uninvited guest, as utterly uncalled for. The love of country and

pride of its flag exists—recent events have demonstrated that fact. But more recent events have also proved that a more powerful motive is animating a small number of very small citizens—a contemptible selfishness, to whom applies:

"Sans ami comme sans famille
Ici bas vivre en etranger,
Se retirer dans sa coquille
Au signal du moindre danger.
S'aimer d'une amitie sans borne,
De soi seul emplir sa maison,
C'est l'histoire de l'egoiste." *

Pertinent? Most decidedly these remarks are pertinent! Before Dewey's guns announced in unmistakable tones that it was not safe to proceed too far in showing contempt for the flag our children are taught to revere, the enterprising men who had voluntarily exiled themselves to aid in recovering the lost commercial prestige, were far from safe in the country selected by them as the sphere of their activity. Missionaries were murdered with impunity by the Chinese, and the great class of newspaper readers merely considered the account as a piece of news of little interest, forgetting that each one of these murders was an insult to the flag that should have afforded protection. American citizens have been freely exposed to wanton insult by the Japanese, and where pages could be filled by the record of these outrages, THERE WAS NO REDRESS FOR AN AMERICAN CITIZEN, EITHER IN CHINA OR JAPAN. Is there a man among the readers of these pages whose blood does not boil at the simple narrative of the following fact:

The American ship "Starbuck" was in the harbor at Kobe, Japan, and had nearly completed loading, when the wife of the captain, a middle-aged lady, went to the leading native silk store to make some purchases, and after selecting some goods, and paying for them, requested that they be sent on board. In due time a package arrived, but on opening it, goods of an inferior quality were found. It was too late to return on shore, but on the following day the lady went back to the store, carrying the goods with her. She was met by one of the proprietors, to whom she made her complaint, at the same time pointing out the goods she had purchased, whereupon the fellow struck the defenseless woman on the breast, bruising her severely, and ended by literally throwing her into the street. As soon as the outrage became known, the American residents held an indignation meeting. That was the end of this, as well as of, O! so many similar cases. Our Japanese friends interpreted the highly lauded Monroe doctrine in the simple manner that every American could be kicked and cuffed, and were not slow in acting upon this interpretation.

The truth of this and similar humiliating facts has not been hidden, but the same culpable apathy which permits a few lawless characters to debauch the polls and render republican institutions a mockery, was satisfied with the expression of a languid surprise. The battle of Manila had the effect of temporarily arousing a wholesome enthusiasm, while it inspired those supercilious Orientals with the vague consciousness that the United States can take care of her citizens, if only her reputable voters can be aroused from this guilty indifference.

And now to come to the point. Before discussing the advantages offered to a commercial city, as Portland, by the change of conditions in the Orient, it is absolutely necessary to describe the condition of the American in that part of the world. But when the question is narrowed to a State of which such city is the natural outlet, it is also pertinent to inquire into the conditions prevaling there. Who will deny that the greater or less degree of purity of the government exerts a powerful influence upon the reputation of any locality? To mention one instance which will at the same time illustrate the point: In one of the cities of this coast (the name is not mentioned, although no reference is made to Port-

* This may somewhat freely be translated:
"Without a friend, a child, or wife,
To lead a solitary life;
And snail-like draw within one's shell,
At trembling of alarum bell.
Think of one's self with boundless love,
To Self coo like a turtle dove,
Is what a selfish cur will do." . . .

land), the harbor commissioners as well as the employes of the port are selected NOT for their ability or integrity, but to reward them for political services, often involving very questionable practices. The effect of such a condition must be apparent to the most superficial observer. To such causes as this it must be ascribed that the city referred to has lost its commercial supremacy. If such conditions prevail in Portland, all the writings on earth cannot help the city to gain the commercial recognition to which her geographical situation entitles her. But assuming that Portland's reputable classes do not permit such disgrace, it is in order to point out why the metropolis of Oregon should be the entrepot of the trade with the Orient.

Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, San Francisco and San Diego offer almost the same inducement to the ship-owner in search of a reasonable income on his investment, so far as harbor facilities are concerned. The few hundred miles of greater or less distance to the first port of the Orient, Yokohama, cuts little figure in the calculations of a steamship company, although, other conditions being equal, it may be considered. Of greater importance by far is the certainty of a cargo both ways. If the port demands and consumes a sufficient quantity of Oriental goods, a great inducement is offered by that fact. But where such is not the case, the means of securing cargoes and forwarding those carried by their vessels, is of the utmost importance, and this involves the railroad facilities offered by such port. The next consideration is port charges. Where these are moderate and regular, and where no attempt at extortion is made, the transportation company has certain bases upon which to calculate, and if such advantages are offered, the owners of steamships will not be slow to avail themselves of the means to secure a regular return upon the capital invested.

The difference in distance between Seattle, Tacoma or Portland on this side, and Yokohama on the other, is so very slight that no steamship company would take it into consideration. San Francisco and San Diego suffer in this regard when compared with the three northern cities. But the great consideration is that of cargoes. There is no city on this coast able to consume the cargoes arriving from the Orient, a fact which brings the question of railroad facilities into prominence. San Francisco and San Diego suffer again in this respect, since these cities are at the mercy of a railroad without competition. The choice, therefore, remains of Seattle, Tacoma and Portland.

As to Seattle, the opinion prevails in the Orient that with some wind or winds, the harbor is not altogether safe. The state of Washington, moreover, offers scarcely anything to be exported to the Far East, with the exception of wire nails from the factory at Everett, and perhaps a few other articles. The harbor of Tacoma stands in better repute, but what can that city offer for exportation? The cargoes now leaving that port consist of flour, mostly furnished by a Portland firm, or raw cotton subject to the long haul from San Antonio, Texas. There is no lack of cargo, but scarcely any of it comes from Tacoma, for lumber, its leading cargo, is dispatched by sailing vessel. The state of Oregon, however, is known for the variety of its productions. The Portland Flouring Mills have demonstrated the fine quality of its wheat, and the company is now reaping the reward of its enterprise. This is only one article in demand in the Far East. From Vladivostock in the north to Batavia in the south, there is a demand for deciduous fruit, and a practically unlimited market awaits the enterprising merchant or manufacturer who will spend some time and trouble in inquiring carefully into what is wanted. Both the Chinese and the Japanese can be educated to enjoy canned or dried fruit, an assertion amply substantiated by the Chinese Fruit Packing Co., of San Francisco, of which John Chinaman is the only customer.

Portland, therefore, offers the inducement of an outward-bound cargo consisting of home products. While it is unable, as a distributing center, to dispose of the cargoes brought from the Orient, it shares this disqualification equally with its competitors on the Pacific Coast. It may be remarked, how-

ever, that if reports as to the wealth of this city be true, those who are in possession of large means must plead guilty to the charge of both lack of local pride and want of enterprise. Or why is it that New York and Chicago, both at a distance, are still distributing centers of tea and silk, distinct productions of our near neighbors across the Pacific? This coast is the natural entrepot for those staples, and pluck and perseverance would make it so, in which case steamship companies would not need an invitation to make this port their terminus.

But even as it is now, Portland offers inducements on account of its advantages in transcontinental transportation. If there be no local pride and enterprise to prevent the simple transit of goods which should be distributed from this port, there is at least competition which lessens the burden of the steamship owners. It needs but little consideration, therefore, that Portland has claims which no ocean carrier will lightly pass over.

The next subject of importance are the charges to which vessels entering this port may be subjected. This is a more serious question than appears on the surface. There is not a resident of Portland who would not profit directly, if this city were made the terminus of several steamship companies. The immediate result would be felt in the stimulus given to local industries, and it would not be long before Eastern capitalists would find it to their interest to manufacture right here for the Oriental market. Excessive charges, however, produce the immediate result of deterring shipowners from sending their vessels, since the weight of these charges are left at once. It would be a very good thing if both city and state could free themselves from the incubus of those who dishonor the word "Politician," but if this can not be done, the port and its trade should at least be delivered from them, even were it necessary to demonstrate forcibly that legitimate business has claims which the lawless element is forced to respect.

The productions of a state like Oregon, are exactly what are needed in the Orient today. It is true that before many days have passed a farce will be played at the capital of Holland, with Russia in the leading role of the so-called Peace Congress. Only fancy! Russia, under contract with China to avenge Li Hung Chang's disastrous tampering with Japan upon the victors of the ensuing trouble, pleads for general disarmament! And while she is gulling the statesmen of the Occident, continues ceaselessly to grab land in Manchuria, and to fortify her shamelessly-acquired Anglo-Saxon, with his tradition and territory! Important as it is that the spirit of liberty and progress, should stand shoulder to shoulder, and drop childish resentment of a struggle manfully fought out long ago, the Pacific Coast must of necessity leave the direction of such matters to the responsible authorities, and may profit considerably by this laudable disarmament which consists of pouring soldiers by the thousands into Siberia and Manchuria. These armies need something more substantial than delusive schemes to thrive upon. Russia is purchasing large quantities of flour, beef and other necessaries of life. Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha and other manufacturing centers profit by these constant and growing demands. Where does Portland come in?

Again, the lesson received from Japan five years ago had the effect of teaching the greatest pachyderm of the human family, the Chinese Mandarin, that he must either practice or discard the doctrine of Kong Fu-tsze and Meng-tsze, and in either case adopt the innovations of us "Bearded Devils," or Othello's occupation is gone. His skull is too thick to submit gracefully to the inevitable—but he submits. Railroads are built, factories are erected, and with the introduction of our commodities as manufactured in the open or treaty ports of China, comes largely increased demand for the less coarse productions of our factories. The producers of our Eastern states are fully alive to the situation. It is they who furnish the cargoes for the twenty-four steamers, plying between this coast and Hong Kong, with the notable exception of the cargoes of flour furnished by the local company, whose pluck has been commended before.

Let Portland wake up, or decide to submit to the loss of what she possesses at present. There must be progress or decay. Running water only is health-giving; it contains the germs of mortal disease, as soon as it becomes stagnant. Manhood revolts at the thought of permitting other people to do the work, and being dragged along in their wake. Business men of Portland! Your city does possess natural advantages, will you suffer them to lie idle, without even an effort to render them productive? You have men in your midst able and willing to take the initiative; it remains with you to afford them the support they deserve.

"In the Third Generation."

A Romance of the West.

By CHARLES WILLARD.

IT SO happened during the listless days after my graduation, while I was endeavoring to bring my courage to the point which would enable me to face the hardships and uncertainties attending the life of a country practitioner of medicine, that a letter came to me from my nearest relative, a maternal uncle, whom I had never seen and knew only as a wealthy landowner and bachelor of eccentric character.

The letter contained explicit traveling directions, and a cordial invitation from my uncle to spend the summer with him, coupled with the assurance that if favorably impressed with the opening, I might feel at liberty to hang my shingle upon his residence, and await the success which was sure to reward the promise of my college career, concerning which he had gratifying information. There was indeed so little to detain me, that saying good-bye to a few friends, drawing my slender balance from my guardian and packing my valise, prepared me that same evening for my journey to the West. A few days of pleasant travel brought me to my uncle's house, a substantial dwelling in a beautiful location called Rock Creek Heights.

I was enthusiastically received by my Uncle Malcom, a benevolent-looking old man of shy and retiring manners; and not less so by his ward, a young woman about my own age,—who oddly enough had, a few months previously, completed her education at an institution in the very place where I had passed my years at school. There was about her face a familiar look though I could not remember meeting her; but she assured me that she knew me by face and name, and had met me several times at church and in the village; and through a college companion had heard of me quite frequently. Here was a surprise indeed; and the train of thought set in motion by it involved my shy and white-haired relative, and ended by connecting him with some otherwise unaccountable financial turns by which my guardian had been able to eke from my father's estate my support at school, and a small balance beside. If during these years of ignorance I had been the subject of espionage, its aim must have been kindly, while it was so conducted as to leave my freedom perfect.

My uncle I found to be exceedingly pleasant and companionable, at home in many departments of knowledge, where I was compelled to plead my insufficiency—a rare old man in fact, who seemed fully determined to reap the reward of his early industry and hardship in the enjoyment of a quiet and cultivated home life. He professed to be a disciple of the Swedish Seer, which, with other eccentricities, served to isolate him quite completely from his local social surroundings. His ward, who bore the name of Elmeda Fishing, I found to be more of the world,—a keen, sprightly and cultivated woman.

A more encouraging field on which to begin the battle of life than Rock Creek Heights and its surroundings I could hardly imagine,—so without unnecessary delay my gilt shingle announced to the people the presence of "Doctor Dydall, General Practitioner." I soon had business, and between malaria and various phases of used-up humanity, I thought I had some pretty tough cases; but before many months I learned that, of them all, my uncle's ward gave me the most trouble.

About the time of this discovery I asked my uncle concerning her history. He replied evasively, saying that her history was not only of little consequence, but also was in reality no one's business. She had been his ward from infancy; he vouched for her life to the present moment—what she was, any one in his senses could see—pure—beautiful— womanly; and the principal heir of a feeble old man, who has more of this world's goods than he is deserving of, or is using to good advantage. With the only trace of bitterness which he had yet displayed he added:

"The present popular cast concerning the laws of heredity, and the transmission of vicious tendencies is a libel upon the providence of God—the insane ravings of materialists who think they could have excelled infinite wisdom if creation had been their appointed work. Their whole system is the outgrowth of a one-sided, partial and superficial view of human life and its surroundings."

"The effect of their wretched fallacies upon many sensitive minds is simply ruinous. Leading traits of character are slurred over, and idle gossip, magnifying trivial defects, or giving ruin to a depraved imagination, may make of a departed and therefore defenseless parent or relative a luring demon to mock, and deride all healthy and virtuous ambition."

"I tell you this, my boy, that every child, born into this world, is born for heaven, and a life of angel's purity. 'Their angels do always behold the face of my father which is in heaven.' To go back of an individual life for traces of defilement is a malignity born of devils, or of a scientific conceit which ignores the spiritual element in human nature."

But for the interruption of a neighbor, what more I might have heard I cannot say. However, our rector's daughter, on acquaintance, proved far more communicative concerning the one who had now become the chief object of interest to me. She ran on in garrulous style, saying that Miss Fishing was a motherless waif, whom my uncle had picked up in one of his trips to New York with cattle; he had expended a small fortune on her education,—he watched her with the greatest jealousy on account of her probably vicious origin,—and if the conservative influence of the church had any hold upon her all would undoubtedly continue to be well with her; but she feared she was irreligious, for she had herself seen her smile at the presentation of the doctrine of the atonement by her worthy father. She was also filled with pride from the fact that she was to inherit the bulk of her uncle's estate, while his only relative and natural heir was to be cut off with a pittance.

For her part she could not help being fearful of such pride when she considered the weight of hereditary guilt under which one of her vicious origin must rest. She shuddered for her when she thought of the latent tendencies to vice in her constitution, which a breath might fan into a flame at any moment.

All this I felt to be not wholly disinterested; but it chimed in with my suspicions, and put me in a most uncomfortable state of mind.

Two opposing ideas were constantly dancing in my brain—one, that I could never enjoy the fragrance of the flower which had its root in the slums of our metropolis,—and the other,—that without Elmeda Fishing, the waif, whose parents' history was probably the vilest record of crime, I should surely be the most unhappy man alive.

About a year after my advent in the West, being much worn with my hard riding, I resolved upon a short vacation, and returned to my old haunts.

There was one young woman among my acquaintances who had figured in my youthful dreams.

I was worn, wearied, and in a certain way discouraged, but felt that I could derive comfort from any ray of sunshine that might fall across my path.

I was very well received in the household of my father's old friend. They were all evidently rejoiced at my prosperity; but the presence of the lady of my early dreams was the special torture that broke my endurance, and sent the wreck of my philosophy careering on the winds of unbridled passion.

I cut my visit to a call; and six days after my departure, I was again at Rock Creek Heights.

My sudden return I excused by the fears I entertained for a couple of chronic patients, whose demise was probably farther off than that of the average Rock Creeker in robust health.

I was somewhat worse for wear but I fancied that the vacillating expression which my countenance had worn for months, had been replaced by one of determined resolution.

However that may be, this I know,—the very evening of my arrival, without figure of speech, or conscious misgiving, I knelt at the feet of Elmeda Fishing and told her honestly that my worldly happiness depended upon my winning her love.

It so happened when I sought my uncle next morning in his library, and formally asked him for the hand of his ward, that I found him more communicative than on the occasion previously mentioned.

His consent was cordially given, and he congratulated me upon my return to confidence in human nature.

"It is due to the circumstances of the case," he said, "that I should go over with you a passage of my own history wherein I have erred fatally, and grounded my hopes upon the very rock which you have so happily cleared."

"My poor father," he continued, "only lived a few years after he came to the eWst. With the remnant of his fortune he purchased this tract of land, and dying, left myself and your mother with little beside bare acres, and a plentiful lack of experience with which to face the rough life before us.

"We had grown nearly to the estate of man and womanhood before we were able to do more than procure for ourselves the necessaries of life, but a good sale of the cattle, which had been increasing on our hands for years, put us into the possession of funds sufficient in amount to cause us to think of doing something for our personal culture.

"We had grown up in ignorance, but possessed instincts which caused us to think of, and seek for something higher.

"We resolved to procure home instruction; and fortunately secured the services of a beautiful and accomplished woman.

"Miss Martha Elmeda was the daughter of Colonel Elmeda, our member in congress from this district for many terms.

"Elmeda died, leaving his daughter nothing beside an excellent education. The history of the family, like that of many in our Western country in the early days, was one of extreme hardship.

"Elmeda was an aspiring and bustling politician, and was little at home. During the year before the birth of his daughter, while he was sheriff of our county, an outlaw was captured and confined in our primitive jail. He was a young man of much dash and personal beauty, and of reputed prowess with women.

"Elmeda's wife was a woman of frail physique but of great courage. During the summer when Elmeda hoped to obtain his first nomination for congress, he was absent much from home, attending to his political schemes, Many times his wife was left in charge of a jail, full of desperate criminals; at one of these times the outlaw escaped. Gossip coupled woman's weakness and treachery with the fact.

"In the heated campaign which followed when decency was abandoned and every personality dragged out to public view, the matter was bruited from mouth to mouth.

"One man who had the temerity to give the slander form upon the stump, was called out by Elmeda and shot—as he richly deserved.

"What effect all this may have had upon the woman about to become a mother

I know not. She did not live; but left a motherless daughter.

"Elmeda never re-established his home, and saw but little of his daughter, who was left to the care of relatives at the East, and sent to school in due time.

"Elmeda died, leaving an estate so fearfully encumbered that, but for the wisest management it would not have sufficed to educate his daughter.

"The circumstances of the slander, leading as they did to the fatal duel, were of so public a nature, that their record was ineffaceable. From time to time scraps of the history of the affair, came to the notice of the daugnter.

"Impelled by that strange craving, which is sometimes manifest for the knowledge which is most hurtful to us,—I believe—that in this very house, among my father's old files of papers, Miss Elmeda finally traced out the complete history of the whole proceeding.

"Old cronies gossiped about the resemblance between the beautiful woman and the outlaw, whom, perhaps, they knew only by the rude wood cuts of him in the Eastern papers. These idle whims reached the craving ear of their victims as only such things can.

"Her father's seeming neglect was was also a link in the chain of imaginary evidence which served to fasten the loathsome suspicion upon the mind of the morbidly sensitive woman.

"No one could be more devoted to duty; or farther removed from suspicion, or taint, or blemish of any sort, than our gentle-hearted teacher.

"In such time as we could spare from our more active duties your mother and myself gained under her instruction such culture as in some small measure atoned for early neglect.

"Miss Elmeda was my senior by a few years, and in our first acquaintance seemed so far removed from the uncouth and ignorant rustic which I knew myself to be—that I never dreamed of being anything more than a tax upon her patience, which only a strong sense of duty would enable her to endure.

"But as years passed I came upon a more equal footing with her, and sometimes longed for courage to tell her all that was in my heart; but with infinite tact, I felt that she held me at a distance.

"My life was rude indeed; but it was as untarnished as the snow upon the mountain top,—my every movement had now been open to her gaze for years. From the diffidence of youth, I began now to manifest somewhat of that confidence which characterizes early manhood.

"I never put the least faith in the absurd story which I felt to some extent clouded her young life. Yet at times when I looked into her unfathomable eyes, a lurking suspicion would hint that in her composition might be blood which could light those flashing orbs with fires that devour, rather than warm the hearts which their flames attack.

"About this time from the Post at the head of the creek, there came to our house two officers, Captain Fishing and your father.

"It soon became evident that more than our open-handed hospitality enticed them frequently to the Heights. I felt my inferiority to Captain Fishing most painfully; my heart bled in making the resolve, but I made it nevertheless, that no word or act of mine should influence the turn of affairs, whatever might result.

"The captain's affair, however, apparently made no progress; and in a few months he was ordered East, leaving your father in command of the Post.

"Winter was approaching, and also the time when my sister was to change her abode to the officer's quarters up the creek. I felt that the time was at hand when Miss Elmeda could no longer stay beneath my roof. One evening I resolved to meet whatever fate might have in store for me concerning the matter which had now become the object of prime interest with me. Lieutenant Dydall and my sister were spending the evening with the trader's family at the Post. The field was clear; and I immediately occupied it with a line of skirmishing remarks. It soon became apparent to Miss Elmeda that my attack could not be turned aside, and she patiently listened to what I had to say.

"I deprecated my ability to compliment such a life as her own. It would be an unsymetrical union at best; but such

manhood as I possessed, was, she well knew, all I had to offer.

"All that I was, more than the merest boor among the Creekers, was due to her influence; under the same inspiration I felt that my progress would continue, and might finally, I hoped, place me more nearly upon an equal footing with those whose early culture had not, like my own, been so sadly neglected.

"Her eyes filled with tears, and she said:

" 'I have not sought or wished for this, you well know, I have striven to keep myself from this humiliation. I am not worthy of you. You cannot understand me; you are too free from taint or smirch. I cannot,—will not,—marry any man, and you, last of all men.'

"I was stunned. I did not gather fully, or even measurably the intent of her words. The 'you last of all men,' flashed upon my consciousness like a thunder bolt from an unclouded sky.

"I said, 'You do not love me then, I hardly dared to hope as much; but that you should despise me; and see nothing of manhood in me; this is disappointing. I pray you, what is manly in your eyes?"

"She came behind me as I was sitting, and looked down tenderly upon my upturned face and said, 'I love you; I never had a brother,—I never saw my mother's face,—I know little of a father's care and love; but I fancy I love you better than I could love a mother, a father or a brother. I love you too well, but cannot, will not, marry you—and again and again she kissed me, and moistened my cheek with falling tears.

"I was not a philosopher; I knew nothing of the morbid action of an oversensitive mental organization. I was a vain youth, the texture and fineness of whose instincts she had over-estimated. I was simply dazed. I said: 'I cannot understand you.'

"She continued, 'Can you not still have love for one who loves you but is unworthy of you?'

"A more unprovoked injury was never inflicted. I can never account for the momentary insanity which seized me. As if devil-sent the whole beastly horde of slander's vipers wriggled their slimy track across my soul,—I saw the amorous ruffian—the weak mother and the still weaker daughter—self-degraded, bending over me with unfathomable but still beseeching gaze; unclasping her hands I sprang to my feet, and glared upon the cowering woman with a look of loathing; concentrating all the venom of my thought in one word—I hissed it forth.

"If I had smitten her with my brawny fist she would not have fallen more suddenly.

"Just then my sister entered. Still blinded by passion, I took my last look at the unconscious face of Martha Elmeda. Her features wore an expression of pleading, innocence which will remain with me till my dying hour.

"I turned to my sister and bade her care for her, saying, 'For aught I know I have killed her, but my weapon was a single word of truth,' and left my home.

"The occurrence was no bar to the love between my sister and Miss Elmeda, who could not be prevailed upon to give any explanation of the fatal misunderstanding; and in my obduracy I would not relax the hatred I had conceived for my unoffending victim. I would not be approached on the subject of reconciliation: but absented myself from home until your mother's marriage and removal to the Post.

"Shortly afterward Lieutenant Dydall and his company were ordered to abandon the Post. He removed to the East with his family, accompanied by Miss Elmeda.

"There was the greatest good feeling all the while between myself and your mother, but to all her proposed mediations between myself and our old instructress I was obdurate.

"So the years passed along—I know not how it came to pass; but the conviction, that, in my moment of insane fury, I had guessed the truth was undermined. It dawned upon me as gradually but as clearly as day; that I had smitten as pure and gentle a soul as ever breathed, with most cruel and unprovoked severity.

"At this time Fishing and his detachment had been a year on the Pacific Coast. With him went also your father, his wife, and Miss Elmeda; communica-

tion with my sister was now uncertain and infrequent.

"It seemed to me that no exertion was too great if it would only bring me to the feet of the woman I had wronged and permit me to make such reparation as I might at that late date, for my injury.

"With a party of forty miners I crossed the plains and visited your mother.

"From her I learned that Miss Elmeda had confessed to her that she fully believed herself to be the offspring of her mother's armour with the outlaw,—her morbid consciousness of hereditary taint was so degrading that she had determined never to marry. But under my sister's healthful influence and the persistent attacks of Captain Fishing, her resolution had finally given way. She was then the wife of Captain Fishing; they were at that time supposed to be in Texas.

"My sister assured me that our old teacher's respect for myself always seemed to be great, but no word of her's had ever given her a clew to the occurrences of that memorable evening at home. But my time for explanation had come, and I went over, with my sister, for the first time, the history of my life's catastrophe.

"'Ah!' said my sister; 'no word was ever yet more harshly spoken or carried with it a deeper stroke, for, from that fatal evening I believe her womanly courage was hopelessly broken.'

"I made the overland journey to Texas. In a rough crowd at an adobe tavern in Santa Fee I met a man who seemed from some remarks dropped in conversation to have been in my section of the country. I soon found that my new friend could tell me more of his acquaintance at home than he wished to in a mixed crowd. But he agreed to meet me again and talk over old times.

"He proved to be the outlaw of the scandal; he assured me before God, and all that was sacred that Elmeda's wife was as free from smirch as an angel from heaven, and that he escaped by a strategem of his own invention.

"Arriving in Texas I learned that Fishing and a few of his men were surprised, and killed by the Indians, and that his wife had been sent to New York,—thither I embarked; and at military headquarters learned that Mrs. Fisning did not survive the voyage; but left a fine infant a few months old which had been given to the charge of a charitable institution.

"Well nigh defeated in the object of my tedious journey I returned with the waif who became my ward.

"When the vicissitudes of life left you alone, I determined if you proved worthy of her, that I would give the only representative of my blood a clear field and fair opportunity to repair in his generation to some extent the unprovoked and irreparable injury which I had inflicted upon the mother in mine.

"Taking my arm the old man led me into the garden and the presence of his ward—placing his hands upon our heads with patriarchal dignity he uttered his benediction—'God bless you, my children.'"

To Ethel.

Primroses fair sweet Ethel gave to me,
One summer day, as Spring was passing by,
Trailing her gauzy robes across the sky,
And showering gifts upon each leafing tree,
Which, gently waving, played a symphony
Like notes Aeolian dying into sigh,
Or sound of distant cascade floating nigh—
While vibrant air sang of the passing bee.
So sang my greatful heart as thou did'st bring
Thy gift, fair Ethel, to thy aged friend;
For I was Winter, thou wert laughing Spring
That, to my coldness, genial warmth did'st lend,
Alas! too soon thy flowers lay withering,
Alas! too soon must Youth and Beauty end.

J. W. Whalley.

Poems of Oregon.

The Pacific Monthly will publish from month to month poetry that is distinctive of the Pacific Coast, and which time and criticism have given a recognized standing. The poems published this month are two that are unique in conception and of unusual interest.

MEMALUSE ISLAND.

By SAM L. SIMPSON.

(The spot referred to in this poem is an island in the Columbia river above the Cascades, where the Chinook Indians buried their dead.)

Where the King of Hesperian rivers,
Columbia, with glimmering sweep,
And a passionate bosom that quivers,
In a dream of the mystical deep—
Exults in his empire eternal
And the myriad rush of his power,
Is an island of sadness supernal
Where the horseman has made him a bower,
And the eagles, that wheel there so slowly,
Are so pallid and patient and holy—
Like the vestals that cherish its dower!

An Avilion as fair as that other
Where the lances of Camelot rest—
The King and each chivalrous brother
With the plumage of fame in his crest—
Is the isle of our bountiful river,
In its calm where commotion is rife,
Like a finger of warning forever
On the murmurous lips of life!
And the waters around it intoning
Go sadly, and banish their moaning
With a crystalline paean of strife.

And a magical scene for its story
Around you enchants an appals
With the barbarous gloom and the glory
Of the bold and embattled walls,
Where the host of the waters, advancing
Through the desolate eons of time,
Has resoundingly marched, with the glancing
Of innumerous arms sublime;—
Where a whimscal shadow has faltered
On its grandeur undimmed and unaltered—
And has passed like a hurrying mime!

And the firs, with their banners uplifted,
Are delayed like an army in prayer,
While the vapors of battle are drifted
In the gloom of their Gothic hair.
And a mountain in mail uprising,
The Attila of Oregon lands,
Seems to stand like a chieftain advising
Witn his fierce and untamable bands—
And to threaten the valleys, the queenly,
That repose by Willamette serenely,
With a gesture of valorous hands.

In the days that have faded to gloaming,
In the plaintive, traditional years,
'Twas the end of a marvelous roaming,
A retreat from avenging spears.

It was here, when the moon was at setting
And the shadows were solemn and strange,
And the peaks in their silvery fretting
Were the proudest of a ghostly range—
That the fleets came wierdly sailing
With the songs of the dirge and the wailing
Of the dark, immemorial change.

For the warrior, all crimson from battle,
And the maid with her lingering smile,
And the child that had worshiped the rattle
Of the arrows—were borne to the isle!
And they died in a faith as uncertain
As the flickering funeral glare
Of the torches that painted the curtain
Of the sorrowful midnight air—
But the sombre and sailing eagle
Was the guard of a slumber as regal
As the Parian marbles declare.

And the spring never comes with the daisies
In the flame of her bivouac,
But she lingers about it and raises
A memorial arch on her track.
And the beautiful mists that surround it
With a lustre of beaded brows
Are renewing the flowers that found it
With the dew of their nightly vows;
And so tenderly passes the river
With the braid of the sun on his quiver
That the slumberers never arouse.

The romance of the red man is ended,
And the shade of his primitive bark
With the mists of eternity blended,
Is a part of the dusk and the dark;
And the spray of the thundering steamer
Is the ghost of our loftier dream,
And the plume of its vapory streamer
But a shadow of things that seem;
For the highway of trade and of science
Is only a trail—a reliance
For the wants that confusedly teem.

And I hear, in the song of the river ,
As it washes the funeral isle,
The response of this song—which is ever
The prophetic refrain of the Nile;
"O the lands may be braided together,
And the East lend its rose to the West,
But the nations will pause and ask whether
The rewards they have sought are the best,

For the sands of the desert blow over
And the perishing centuries hover
O'er the imperial Thebes with the rest

While the kingdoms have gone like the shadows
That are thrown on the flowering grass
When the cloudlets wing over the meadows
With a tremulous kiss as they pass,
I have listened to love and to laughter,
And have mourned with the nations in tears,
But the heart has not changed, nor hereafter
Will it change in the cycles of years;
And the mansions of thought that are builded
What are they but a cloud that is gilded—
To the soul with its sorrows and fears!

And alas for thy daring, O mortal!
Since the dead must go down to the dead.
If thy presence shall darken the portal
Where the lustres eternal shall sheu:
For thy path may ascend to the planets,
And away to the portals of light—
In disdain of the earth and the granites
Where thy fortunes are builded aright;
But thy science—all wingless and broken
Shall return, and with never a token
Of its long and delirious flight!"

THE LOVES OF THE MOUNTAINS.

By De ETTA COGSWELL.

When this far west was in its youth,
Where ocean thundered on the steeps
Of new-made boundaries;
Rushed inland with the mighty force
Of all its moon-swayed tides;
Sounding reverberations deep
And loud from iron-bound cliffs;
St. Helen reared her fair young head
And looked to where two mountains stood
In undivided brotherhood,
The kings of that vast solitude
That stretched o'er all this new made land.
Low at their feet lay forests deep,
Interminable, forests long since dead
And buried beneath
Debris of countless ages.
And creatures stranger than
The eye of man has seen—
Huge Oreodons and Bramatheres
Lumbered their unwieldly bulks along
The margin of lost seas,
And roamed the awful silences
Of these primeval woods.
* * * * * *

Know ye these mountains now?
Lo! sundered far they stand,
Old Hood, all seamed and scarr'd—
Mount Adams like a God,
Sublime, majestic.

Cycles and eons have swept,
Thus savage legends run—
Vast changeful shadows o'er
Their hoary summits
Since wild western tides wash'd in
With sounding music; flung
Upward salt showers against
St. Helen's frozen breast;
Since mailed and helmeted
These kingly warriors held
In brotherhood the land.
* * * * * *

Long, long, they gazed
In growing tenderness upon
Their queenly sister,
White-browed, serene, to westward,
'Till their deep hearts were stirr'd
And all their veins ran fire,
And jealous hate rose up
Enshrouding them
In black, sulphuric clouds;
And each environment of crag
And cliff and stately canyon wall
Convulsive shuddered;
All the wild western world
Thrilled with sympathetic fear.

The mighty peaks grown rivals
And enraged, hurl'd
Each to each defiance;
Rolled threat'ning peals of thunder;
Belched floods of flame
That in volcanic fury poured down
Swallowed up the forests at their feet,
Spreading desolation;
Burst forth with awful glare
That lit the vast upheaval
Of that mountain world;
Crashing into chaos
With a sound that made
Old ocean tremble in
His rocky bed.

Three thousand years they fought
As mortal man counts time,
Then
The rocky forces of the Andean chain
Which walls this mighty continent,
Tore these fierce foes apart
And gathering up the scattered waters
Sent a broad deep river,
Thundering down between.
* * * * * *

And then Mount Adams turned
And looked upon St. Helens;
There stole a flush
Of warmest sunset
O'er her virgin brow,
And all the rage died out
Of his great soul,
And calm content
Reigned there evermore.
Southward
Beyond Columbia's cleaving current
Mount Hood in sullen grandeur
Feeds the smouldering fires
Of his baffled hate—
Waiting.

Imperialism vs. Democracy.

An Address at Jefferson Birthday Dinner, Portland, Oregon, April 13, 1899.

By C. E. S. WOOD.

MR. President and Fellow Democrats:

I am glad I am here tonight. I am glad we are once more a united family, and I am grateful for that delicate tact which refrained from putting on the bill of fare either husks or veal.

We have differed in the past; we shall differ in the future, but unless we can allow to each other the privilege of independence we are not true democrats. If we cannot sit at table with those who do not think as we think, we are not true gentlemen.

Speaking for the future as well as for the past, I say let us remember kindly our friends who with an honesty as great as our own cannot view the political situation as we view it. I despise the man who arrogates to himself all the honesty and wisdom of the occasion.

I do not know who selected my subject, but the very title printed on this card is both the text and the sermon—"Imperialism vs. Democracy," Imperialism, Emperor, Imperator, Commander, vs. Democracy—the people. Militarism versus the people. This new path that opens up before the Republic—this "expansion" as it is called may be examined in two lights—the selfish and the moral.

Following what seems to be the fashion of the administration I shall put the selfish first.

Expediency.

Is it good and profitable for us to have the Philippines? Place the Filipinos wholly to one side, as our worthy President seems to have done, and let us look at it wholly in our own selfish interests as a free Republic of free voters and free homemakers.

More than three thousand years ago there was in Greece a democracy. I know it did not have our matured system, the divisions of governmental power—our so-called checks and balances. But have our checks and balances preserved the senate in its integrity? Has there not been a steady increase in executive influence? My dear sirs, liberty was never preserved by any checks and balances ever invented. The stock and stamina and independence of the individual are the guardians of liberty and the price of liberty is eternal vigilance.

In the Grecian democracy every free man was a voter. The bravery of the Rough Riders was not greater than that of those who stood at Thermopylae. The world has not since seen sculptors equal to Phidias or Praxiteles, nor heard singers more divine than Homer, sweeter than Theocritus or more impassioned than Sappho.

It is true Christ was not yet. It is true something has been done in steam, electricity and science, but these are not the bulwarks of liberty. Liberty and slavery lie in human nature itself. Have we among us a wiser than Socrates or Plato or Aristotle?

Because we know more of microbes and the asteroids, are we politically a braver, shrewder or more liberty-jealous people than the Greeks? Alexander pushed his conquests in seven years to the Punjaub and set up the emblems between Lahore and Delhi. The known world was conquered and the brave wise commonwealth that began with annexation and colonization, and expansion ended in conquest and imperialism and today the archaeologist digs for the remnants of that empire and the parthenon is in ruins upon the Acropolis. Rome stood upon her seven hills and looked upon the known world in vassalage at her feet. Every Roman citizen was a king more regally and truly than is the citizen of the United States today. Citizenship was freely extended to the

cities and provinces that were absorbed by the great republic, and during its early growth the republic was the home of free men making their own laws and electing their own executive. But Rome, the great republic, Rome, the free commonwealth, Rome, the sovereignty of the people, pushed her provinces to the uttermost verge—from France and Great Britain to Africa and India—she too broke with her own weight and lies buried in the dust. The provinces and the frontier made the legions necessary. The legions became the masters, and the throne of Rome was sold to the highest bidder.

It is said our age is different. The spirit of our age makes long liberty possible. That seems to me the song of the fool soothing himself with his folly. Has the spirit of our age wiped out all selfishness from the human heart? Has it destroyed ambition or lust of power or love of wealth, of luxury? Has it truly leveled all classes and changed the human heart? Has it abolished poverty and dependence?

What are we with our little single century that we should forget Rome's thirteen centuries of glory and decay! Is Marcus Aurelius McKinley wiser than Marcus Aurelius the good? or than Pertinax? Do we build better than Rome did? or make finer roads or acqueducts? The whole world today is governed by the code of laws, wise and just, which Rome gave to the world, and the harsh law of the Anglo-Saxon has been conquered by the equitable principles of Roman law. Every religion was freely tolerated and protected by Rome. I say this notwithstanding the later persecution of the Christians for political reasons. Have we better men than Cicero, Cato, Seneca? Have we braver regiments than the Roman legions? Has Christian toleration and love of our fellow man swept away all corruption, all selfishness and tyranny,—Has it? I call the miners of Pennsylvania and Illinois to witness. I call to witness the Standard Oil Company, the Pennsylvania railroad, the Sugar Trust, the legislatures of Pennsylvania, Utah, Ohio, Washington, California, Oregon and the United States senate, and lastly I call to witness the "rebel" Filipinos. Where the rebel Filipinos are today, under the armed heel, your descendants may be an hundred years hence.

France, thirsty for expansion, pushed her eagles to Moscow. France, with her doctrine of equality and liberty and the rights of man, France became imperial and expanded, and the Napoleonic empire passed away and Europe fell back into its just bounds as swollen streams subside. Today France is a republic, groaning under militarism, and yet this is our own Christian era. Where is the Spirit of the Age?

Germany is ruled by a despot, asserting still the God-given right of kings—the royal flesh superior in essence to the peasant flesh—and Germany sends her peasants to their work each with an armed soldier on his back, or on her back, for the women work to support the army. The army loafs to support the Crown, and the excuse for this is the boundary line between France and Germany. Into this question of boundaries, of sovereign rights and duties, into all this muddle of the "Family of Nations," we, poor fools, are rushing headlong without sense to see that we have grown and become great, not so much from a special divinity in ourselves, but we have lived in a land of boundless resources and a land wholly cut off from the wars and rumors of wars of Europe. We have been left peacefully to grow and wax fat on a continent of our own. It seems to me that he is an enemy to our peace and happiness that desires to force upon us this festering sore, the Philippines.

We have heard tonight from an eloquent and honored speaker that Jefferson was the first great expansionist. That is but little to me. Truth speaks for itself, and error would not be less error to me because Jefferson spoke it. But we all know in our inner hearts that warding off friction on our continent is entirely different from going seven thousand miles to sea to hunt up a fight. Taking in territory that is actually contiguous to us, thus preventing boundary frictions hereafter, thus preparing suitable homes on our own continent for our growing people, absorbing a people of

our own blood, if not our own language, is very different from stretching our boundary uselessly seven thousand miles to sea, to take in a tropical island with an Asiatic population of mixed blood, and a very bone of contention in the "Family of Nations." Jefferson made the Louisiana purchase. It was wise then; it is still wise; but if Jefferson stood here tonight, I must believe he would raise his warning finger and pointing to the hem of our Pacific shores, he would say, "Halt!" The conjuring of Jefferson as an expansionist, viewed in the light of the two situations, seems to me such nonsense that it will impress those only who already are convinced.

But Jefferson's name is used to father everything. He is placarded as favoring the unlimited power of the Supreme Court of the United States, when it is common history that he hated John Marshall, Chief Justice, to his dying day, for what Jefferson thought was his usurpation of power by the Court in vetoing the acts of Congress and interfering in state affairs. He is called the champion of free silver at 16 to 1, when it ought to be common school knowledge that he declared the ratio to be a commercial problem altogether, and so actually treated it in his own practice.

The point is not what Jefferson said, or Washington said; it is what is essentially true in itself. And what is essentially true is generally pretty well understood in our hearts, even though we selfishly argue ourselves away from it. So we return to our question, Is expansion good for us? It would seem as if the course of every nation heretofore has been this expansion complication, a necessary military establishment. Militarism—the masses held down by the organized armed force—despotism, decay.

Are we to be exempt? We are very young yet. Six thousand years ago, if the Pharaoh standing by the lisping edge of the Nile, had tossed a handful of sand into the air, it would have fallen to the ground. Twenty thousand years ago the waters of the Nile were flowing from the mountain to the sea. The law that brings the sand back to the ground and the water of the mountains to the sea is the same today, and if I tried to prove to you that water always runs down hill, you would say I was wasting time. Yet when I suggest that this free, enlightened, wealthy, powerful young republic of ours, if it sows the same seeds that Greece, Rome and Venice sowed, will reap the same harvest; that the same causes that turned Greece and Rome into despotisms for the joy of a governing class at the expense of the man of the people, will produce the same effect in the United States, I am met with derisive laughter, and our friends of the other side say, "Why this solemn mouthing over a paltry army of one hundred thousand men and a few islands in mid-ocean?" My God! do you not realize that the easiest victim is he who is most confident in his strength. There would be no decay, no downfall, no despotism if it came boldly, suddenly, and aroused the hatred and the f ars of the people. Bu it comes as the leaves are now coming on the dogwoods and maples. No one sees them grow, no one can mark any change from day to day, and yet in six weeks behold the bud has changed to the full leaf. Or, rather, it comes as a disease that creeps upon its victim so gradually that by the time he is aware that he is tainted, he is doomed. I am used to being called a pessimist, a screech-owl, a fool, a traitor, a copperhead, and those other names bestowed by our adversaries upon those who do not think with them, but I believe abuse is not argument, nor epithets logic. I believe a man can be as much a patriot in uttering his honest belief that his country is wrong, as he who persuades her to become a harlot among nations.

I believe he is deserving of a statue of bronze who will teach the people of the United States they are but men; that they are not a new Israel, the chosen of a God who will save them from their own folly; that they must suffer the consequences of their violations of the laws of truth and morality just precisely as the pagan nations did.

Which do we regard as the greatest patriots in England in 1776, Burke and Chatham, who lashed England for her persecution of her colonies, or

those Tories that applauded Lord North and the Stamp Act? Who dares say Edmund Burke was a copperhead and a traitor?

What is this spirit of the age? This destiny of the American people which are to save us as Rome was not saved?

Has our Constitution ever been proof against the demand of the prevailing party for the moment? What of the greenback legal tender decision? What of the income tax decisions? What of the Force Bill? Has the spirit of the age prevented greed and oppression and wars in Russia, Turkey, France, Germany, Greece, Finland? Has there, or has there not, been any tendency in this country to separate the classes from the masses? Is the poor voter as free and independent today as in the origin of this government?

You will be told that there always will be such howling pesimists as I, that they croaked in Washington's time. Well, I say, if they foresaw the difference between then and now, they had cause to croak. It is useless to say this country has not grown less free, more under the boss rule as it has grown more wealthy and more popular. It is true, and we know it is true. Today instead of being as it was then, purely a government of the people, by the people, for the people, it is a government of the people by the politicians for the bosses.

I do not pretend that this is not today a free country, a great country, a good country to live in. I want to keep it so, not for my time, but for all time, for longer than the thirteen centuries of Rome, and I say as I look in the rapid changes since Jefferson's time, I am afraid to give the bosses and their hungry horde any foothold on Asiatic Islands, with the coolie laborers. I am afraid to give them any excuse for a great army and navy. I remember the great Roman Empire and its Senate were dominated by only twenty thousand armed men—the Praetorian Guards.

Organized armed force is a power irresistible by the unorganized and unsupported mob. I am afraid to give any further excuse for taxation. I do not want to see our men and women going to work with soldiers on their backs. I was in the army myself, and I tell you the idea of discipline and loyalty to orders is the one dominant idea. I claim to be an educated man. I was born a democrat, and yet when I was in the army I would have executed any order whatever; I might have questioned, but I would not have disobeyed. That is a spirit dangerous to the Republic. We want as little of it as possible. It is obedience, not love for the job, that keeps our soldiers in the Philippines. It is for the Nation to do the thinking; the soldiers can only obey. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty! I may be croaking far ahead of the time, but better croak now than when too late. The beginnings are always trifles. This is as true in politics as it is of the Columbia river. I may be a goose, but Rome was saved by the cackling of geese.

I have no idea the offensive word King will ever be heard in this land. I have no idea our forms of government and election will ever be changed, but for centuries after it was the most absolute of monarchies, Rome preserved all the forms of the republic. It is always so. The senate was so jealous of its form that it remained the elective and legislative body in form long after it was in fact the veriest machine for registering every insane wish of the Emperor backed by his Praetorians. Today in electing a senator is a legislature the free representative of a free people, or is it a mere creature to do the will of the machine boss? The only rebellion we ever witness is the struggle between rival factions. The people are unthought of and unheard. We shall not be offended by crowns and thrones, a royal family or an hereditary presidency. It is not necessary. Mexico is governed and they say well governed by a president elected regularly by himself under cover of his army. The forms are all gone through with, but nevertheless they are mere forms and Diaz is an absolute monarch.

The forms we now have, popular ballot, congress and a president, will be left to amuse us as children play with a stuffed rag in the likeness of a doll. But given Asiatic colonies to furnish coolie worked plantations to our Quays and

our Crokers and their carpet-baggers, to our Huntingtons and their syndicates; given a large army and navy under the orders of the executive; given the increased patronage for colonial possessions, and I, myself, as supreme boss, would undertake less than a hundred years hence not only to leave the empty forms to the American people, but to have them powerless within my grasp till revolution might set them free. Therefore, I shall, while I live, still call aloud the watch cry and kindle the alarm fires; still beg my fellow citizens to believe we are not the only republic that ever existed, not the only nation of free men that ever lived, not the only community where the common man was the voter and ostensible origin of power.

I will tell them there are nations dead and gone that had laws, commerce, literature, science, civil and religious liberty as well as we; that there have been on the earth nations that were as proud in their own conceit as we and with as much reason; that these also talked of destiny and thought themselves the chosen instruments of God. And I shall tell them that the historian shall hereafter write of us:

These people were a brave, intelligent, prosperous race, with a land three thousand miles from ocean to ocean, having every climate and resource known to the temperate zone. They were far removed from the clash of arms and were outside of the whirlpool of the old world, yet at the very instant their social and political conditions required their closest attention to prevent the encroachment of wealth and concentrated power upon the liberties of the common man they became mad and blind from greed which, they persuaded themselves, was honor, and led by the leaders they should have most feared they plunged into the eddies of European politics. They grasped at some Asiatic Islands which became mere farms worked by coolies for the wealthy classes and political bosses. Above all, they violated their pure and fixed traditions and gave an excuse to the clever politician for increased armies and navies and greater taxation. They furnished a ready means by which their attention could be distracted from their discontent at home, and any tendency to domestic revolt could be suppressed, and the beginning of the end may be dated from the conquest of the United States by Spain in selling to the republic for twenty millions of dollars the Philippine Islands and the inhabitants thereof.

I say the historian who shall write this will close his chapter with the words, "Fools and Blind!"

So I am opposed to this imperialism because I believe it is opposed to every element of our natural life, and is but the first step on the old, old race for glory, gain and power—the path by which a few have risen and by which the people have gone down.

There is still another selfish argument. This country is a country of the plain people, for the plain people. It is the fashion nowadays in secret to sneer at the ignorance of the common laborer, though in the campaign the same man who sneers in private will prate of the wonderful intelligence of the plain working man—just as some lawyers fawn over a jury to their faces and then damn them behind their backs. I myself feel alarm as I see the increasing army of sots and bums and benighted foreigners who offer for sale in the cities that priceless pearl of citizenship, a freeman's vote. When I think of all the blood and treasure and the agony of noble souls that has been offered as the price for this precious freedom, I would be willing to have the sot that sells it thrown into the sea.

But, gentleman, thank God! the great man of the American people is not yet so low or so enslaved—not yet is this scum vote the balance of power. Still on the farms and in the workshops are men as jealous of their birthright and as intelligent to use it in a moral question as any in the land.

If I could believe that to the American working man the Philippines would open up a new field, I might on the question of selfish expediency believe we ought to enlarge our domain. But to my eyes it is clear that this expansion folly will not give a brighter hope to any man with a dinner bucket. More than that, it will increase his present burdens, and put a heavier shackle on his heavy limbs.

Who are the colonizing nations of modern times? First and foremost Great Britain; second, Holland. The mother country sent her sons to America and Australia and they have out of the wildernesses in the temperate zones builded

themselves new nations. But in the tropics, among the coolie civilizations of Asia, what has the white man done? Show me in India, in China, in Java, in the Straits, settlements anywhere one village of white men, one factory or yard or farm with white laborers! There is not one. The white laborer cannot compete with the native coolie, who lives on nothing, works for nothing and is content to be an abject beast of burden.

In the dock yards in Hong Kong are 8,000 employes, all Chinamen or Asiatics, save six overseers. The cooks, the nurses, the housemaids, the horses, the porters, the farm hands, in India, Java, Hong Kong, everywhere in Asia are natives. The whitemen are there to govern. That is all. They are of the civil service or the military service. The Philippines will open to a few political pets a place for salaries. To a few merchant princes a place to work coolies. To a few army officers a new field, and to a few saloonkeepers a new stand among the vices of the tropics; but to the self-respecting white laborer it offers nothing—absolutely nothing to him or to his children.

The Island of Java is worked by the Dutch for the Dutch, but it does not mean the Dutch people. There is not a white laborer in the island. But there are twenty-six governors of provinces at ten thousand dollars a year, each. Not only is there no place in all the Indian possessions for a British workingman, but he would be despised if he did work. Labor and the sweat of the brow in those lands is left with contempt to the cringing coolies. If this was a country organized for a privileged class, if it was a country having a nobility and a governing order that were recognized as having a superior right to the riches and power of this world, we, too, might annex some Asiatic coolie farms; but the very birth cry of this nation in its infant agony was that it was to be a nation of the people and for the people.

A new territory, then, which does not open up as much to the American laborer as it does to any one else is not a territory for us to acquire benevolently or violently, or at all.

The pretence of our doing right in this conquest of ours is frankly abandoned by some who say "trade follows the flag"—I deny it. If Oregon and California were separate nations, would it alter their trade with each other? Would it alter their trade with Alaska if Alaska was a colony of Oregon? Not a particle, unless laws were made by Oregon discriminating against California, for trade follows the price. The lowest price to the buyer will get all the trade if the door be open. Do we want to perpetuate our beautiful protective system, that takes from the pockets of the people a bonus for the manufacturer? Do we want to extend to these islands our Trust-creating folly?

This thing of "trade following the flag" seems to me mere bald assertion. In heaven's name what is there in the flag that would induce Manila to pay us more for cotton cloth or steel hatches than Manchester can sell them for- Or, if we can undersell Manchester, what is there to prevent our controlling the Manila trade?

For many of the following facts I am indebted to a pamphlet by Mr. John J. Valentine, entitled "Imperial Democracy." I now quote some of his figures. He shows by tables taken from the Stateman's Year Book, that from 1893 to 1897 inclusive, Great Britain lost 200 millions export trade to her own colonies. The United States gained 270 millions exports to foreign markets. The same is true in less amounts with Germany, Holland and France. He also shows that M. Peletan, reporting to the French Chamber, showed a cost to France of her colonies of 90 millions of dollars and a net loss of 60 millions.

But the army follows the flag. The navy follows the flag. Taxation follows the flag; and the speculator, the government contractor, the bond-buyer, they follow the flag. And in cost of governing we are doing well already.

It is estimated by those long resident in the Philippines that to maintain order there will cost us one hundred millions a year. General Lawton's estimate is 100,000 men for the Philippines. The annual cost of a soldier in this country is $1,000 a year. To this must be added

cost of transports and added expenses incident to foreign service.

The above estimates include nothing for civil government, the expenses of which must come from the Filipinos themselves. The best year of Philippine trade shows a gross value of $30,000,000, of which $20,000,000 is exports from the islands and $10,000,000 is imports. The United States, of course, has only a share of this $10,000,000. Besides the international complications our possession of the Philippines will lead to, it is evident a vast burden will be laid upon our own people or the Filipinos for the benefit of a few army contractors, rope-makers and ship-owners.

How the great common mass of the American people are to be benefited by either the outgo or the income, is a mystery to me, except that the surplus sons of the poor can be drawn off into the foreign army.

To pensioners last year we paid nearly $146,000,000. The cost of running this free and economical government will, for 1899, probably exceed that of any other nation in the world. We pity Germany under her military burden without realizing that we pay as pensions more than it costs Germany to maintain her army. The fact is this country is being eaten up by political locusts and the Philippines will be the fattening field for a favored few.

We all have friends out there. Read their letters —what do even the young and reckless soldiers say? They say the climate is hell; that no one can work but Chinese and Japanese and Malays; that the Chinese own most of the trade, shops and farms; that but a small part of the island is settled or civilized. I despise an American who is afraid to die, but the Philippines are not worth dying for, unless some great principle is at stake.

Morality.

Let us now turn to the moral side of the question and see what great principle is at stake. I do not believe every moral transgression brings immediate punishment. He who lives by the but his seed does. I do believe, how- sword does not always die by the sword, ever, take all the ages together, that a breach of the true moral law works out its own retribution as surely as does a breach of the laws of health. Thomas Jefferson, thinking of slavery, said: "I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just." How easy would have been the abolition of slavery then. But how pleasant and how safe it seemed to let the stars and stripes cast its flickering shadow on a slave. The Declaration of Independence and slavery could not stand together and the Declaration of Independence was the moral law, the truth eternal. It worked out its own vengeance. Such a whirlwind of gloom and desolation, such a deluge of fraternal blood as left no doubt but that every day of slavery had been adding its own burden to the dreadful debt.

O! My brethren and my fellow citizens, we are no monarchy of Europe, we are no lingering despotism of the world, we are ourselves, alone, peculiar. We were not born to govern others against their will. We were born to carry freedom, not fetters. Our boast has been not that we can subdue the feeble nations to an easy vassalage, but that all men are created equal, and there is no just law under heaven, save by consent of the governed. I had rather this young republic of the free never stretched her borders one foot beyond her sea girt shores and chosen boundaries, than that she became mistress of the world by treason to her noble creed. Better that she conquer her own spirit than that she subdue to a sordid harvest the distant savage praying for freedom.

Aye! I would rather see her wiped off the face of the map and the Star Spangled Banner folded away, so that she went down battling to the last as at the first for freedom, liberty, the right of the people to choose their own government. The argument that we mean well is nothing; so did the Spanish inquisition. The Filipinos have a right to a government of their own making,though we could give them a better one. Little by little the mask is being slipped aside and the cry for expansion is sounding more and more in one note. Business! Commerce! Trade! We need the islands! Our Asiatic prestige demands them! It is the clattering bills of the

buzzards about the carcass. It is the selfish growl of the grizzly ripping the bowels from the huddled sheep. Are the common people themselves so blind, so deluded, or so half enslaved that they will lend themselves to the work? I ask not the greedy few, but the whole people, shall we choose profit or honor?

It is said our obligations to others demand it. I know of no obligation to others one-half as sacred as our obligation to Washington and Jefferson—our obligation to ourselves. I have been told by naval officers that the original intention was to have Dewey destroy the Spanish fleet, as a war measure, and then sail away, leaving the rest to the insurgents. Suppose this had been done, what would have been our obligation to others? The Filipinos were in rebellion and were our allies. Suppose we had handed them the fruit of the common victory, where would have been the wrong? But abandoning these radical views, what obligation of ours is it compels us to deny to the Filipinos the hope of eventually having a government of their own? What obligation compels us to declare and assume full sovreignity over these islands? By what rule of war or morals have we been compelled against our will to assume sovereignty over the Filipinos against their will?

Our former allies asked little enough of this administration as it seemed to me —only their self-government under an American advisory protectorate, and I have never yet seen the reason that compelled us to deny it and assert full sovereignty for all time over these islands. But as I shall show, this is exactly what the commission's proclamation does assert, and the modest request for a protectorate only is precisely what that proclamation denies, and though filled with soft platitudes, it holds out no hope that the request will ever be granted.

It was this determined attitude of the administration that brought on the new war with our former allies and drove Agoncillo out of Washington. Whether the expectations of the Filipinos were justified by our own words and conduct, I call a few of the facts to witness.

One year ago today the Cubans and the Filipinos were alike in rebellion against Spain. The existing insurrections were each of about three years standing. The Spanish governor at Manila reported the insurrection suppressed, but it was not true. The Cubans were near our shores, the Filipinos seven thousand miles away. The Cuban insurgents were a scattered army, carrying on a guerilla warfare, without any city of their own, nor any sea-port, without an organized government and without funds. By land or sea they gave little real assistance to our arms. The Filipinos had no organized government. Aguinaldo had been bought off, it is said. At least he had left the country. They also lent but little effective aid to us. So far as I can see, Cuba and Luzon stand in the same place precisely. This being the condition of affairs, our House of Representatives found its resolution of intervention. At this time the Philippines entered into no man's calculations. Why? Will any one pretend it was because we meant to give those islands different treatment from Cuba? No! Everyone knows the Philippines were not mentioned simply because they were so far away and so far removed from the direct question. Cuba —all eyes and thoughts were on Cuba. Does anyone doubt what would have been our answer at that time if anyone had said, "How about the Philippines?" No man in his heart doubts but that, word for word, the Philippines would have been inserted alongside of Cuba, and every pledge we gave the world and Cuba would have been repeated for the Philippines. The whole trouble is that the Filipinos, worse luck for them, were so far beyond our horizon that no one thought of them.

These resolutions said that the President was authorized to intervene to stop the war in Cuba, "to the end and with the purpose of securing permanent peace and order there and establishing by the free action of the people, a stable and independent government of their own, in the island of Cuba."

The minority report was: "Resolved, That the United States Government hereby recognizes the independence of Cuba." This resolution recited that the people of Cuba have been struggling for

freedom for three years (so with the Filipinos), that "their fortitude is unexcelled," that "their aspirations for liberty are noble imitations of our own example." (How about the Filipinos?)

I ask these gentlemen who are so free with the word "Copperhead," if the struggle for liberty by yellow ragged mongrels is noble in Cuba, what makes it ignoble in yellow, naked mongrels in Luzon? If the ragged, yellow Cubans were patriots imitating our own example, why is it the yellow Filipinos are "rebel niggers?" The skin is not the same, the costume is not the same, the time and place are not the same, but it seems to me the principle is the same in Luzon today, as in Philadelphia, July 4, 1776.

In the Senate, the majority report directed the President to intervene to end the war, and to direct Spain to withdraw from the island. The minority report was, as in the House, a recognition of Cuban independence. Speaking to the majority report, Senator Lodge said: "What kind of government can alone observe international obligations? Only an independent government." The air of both chambers vibrated to the cry of "a holy war," "war for humanity," "a war to rescue the oppressed," "a war with no thought of self or gain," etc., and this same Senator Lodge said war could never come in a holier cause. April 19—a year ago next Tuesday, the House and Senate passed this joint resolution:

Joint resolution for the recognition of the independence of the people of Cuba, demanding that the government of Spain relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba, and to withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters, and directing the President of the United States to use the land and naval forces of the United States to carry this resolution into effect.

Whereas, The abhorrent conditions which have existed for more than three years in the island of Cuba, so near our own borders, have shocked the moral sense of the people of the United States, have been a disgrace to Christian civilization, culminating, as they have, in the destruction of a United States battle-ship and 266 of its officers and crew, while on a friendly visit in the harbor of Havana, cannot be longer endured, as has been set forth by the President of the United States in his message to congress of April 11, 1898, upon which the action of congress was invited; therefore, be it

Resolved, By the senate and house of representatives of the United States of America, in congress assembled:

First—That the people of the island of Cuba, are, and of right ought to be, free and independent.

Second—That it is the duty of the United States to demand, and the government of the United States does hereby demand, that the government of Spain at once relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba, and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters.

Third—That the President of the United States be, and is hereby directed and empowered to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States, and to call into the actual service of the United States the militia of the several states to such extent as may be necessary to carry these resolutions into effect.

Fourth—That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition to exercise sovreignty, juprisdiction or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof; and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people.

In the light of all the circumstances, I ask you, my friends, I ask this honest nation, if the Filipinos reading these speeches and this resolution would not have been justified in hugging themselves with joy in the belief that what was said of the Cubans was meant also for the Filipinos.

If there was no reason to exercise sovereignty over Cuba, whose shores were in sight of our shores, would not the Filipinos believe there was even less reason for any claim of sovereignty over an island seven thousand miles away. If it was a war of humanity to end Spanish oppression and misrule, and to establish a free and independent government in Cuba, what law of humanity is it that turns the same war into one of conquest and enforced government in Luzon?

Had the Filipinos been but a hundred miles from our shores what would they have thought of our words? What would they have had a right to think of our words? Would it have occured to them that this unselfish war for humanity was founded in hair splitting? Would they not have had a right to say, "True, the resolution says only Cuba, but the splendid spirit of that unselfish and Christian resolution floats out to us. Cannot every word that is said of Cuba,

be said equally of us?" But if some common Shylock had said, "Only Cuba is nominated in the bond," would not the Filipinos have been justified in saying, "Out upon thee, thou buyer of human flesh! Our name is omitted only because we were not thought of. We are within the spirit of the law."

And now, to our very shame, this argument rises from the administration leaders, from this same Senator Lodge, "Luzon was nominated in the bond." And with the snivel of the pettifogger, we swear our justice to Cuba with our lies to Luzon. Let me repeat again, till they echo outside of this room, the words that began this war. "This is a war for humanity. This is not a war for conquest or selfish gain." This is our pledge to Cuba, and through Cuba, to Christendom. How many miles, then, of ocean does it take to drown the honor of the young republic? I hope to God the plain common people, the soul of this nation, will take from the wily politicians the jewel they have tarnished. I hope and pray to God that not all the fathoms of blue water on the globe will wash out the solemn vow of the American people. And I hope to God that infamy will be the lot of those entrusted with the faith of the nation who have broken that faith and juggled with the letter of its promise.

April the 20th, the President signed this joint resolution. It was conveyed to Spain as an ultimatum, and on April 25th, war was declared. President Mc Kinley, in both his messages, had said (1897-1898): "Sure of the right. Keeping free from all offense ourselves, actuated by upright and patriotic considerations, moved neither by passions nor selfishness," etc., etc. But the smoke of Dewey's guns had scarcely blown out of Manila Bay, when Senator Lodge and the President's other advisers made haste to say (May 6th), that the Philippines must be held permanently, "because the United States had long desired to increase her Oriental prestige." Thus the platitudes of our worthy President, "sure of the right," "moved not by selfishness," became less enduring than the smoke of the guns.

In both of his messages, the President said: "I speak not of forcible annexation, for that cannot be thought of; that by our code of morality would be criminal aggression." Criminal aggression! Those are the words for Cuba, but in the travel over seven thousand miles of sea to Luzon, they change to the canting whine of "benevolent assimilation." Criminal aggression under our code of morality becomes under the lights and through the wine of the Home Market Club, benevolent assimilation.

When Major McKinley is answering to the conscience of the American people he says to annex the people against their will, even though they be at our doors, would be criminal aggression, but when he is answering to the wealth and greed and desires of the Home Market Club, he finds the same forcible annexation of a far, distant people, is "benevolent assimilation."

I respect the office of the President of the United States. It shall have my loyalty and my support. I have tried to consider the trials and responsibilities of that office, but it seems to me courageous manliness should be as easy to a President as to a citizen, and no man, as a man, can have my personal respect, who gives over his army to politics, surrenders his self declared code of national morality to selfish interest, and has no higher aspiration or truer guide than the next national convention. As he was silver, so he became gold. As he is now a benevolent assimilator by criminal aggression, or a criminal aggressor by benevolent assimilation, so he will, if the signs of the times demand it, abandon his present attitude and explain with fat, smelling platitudes, the ditches filled with dead Filipinos and the American hearths desolate in a war against weak and confiding allies.

May 9th, 1898, Dewey suggests a plan of a provisional government. May 14th he reports a strict blockade and says the rebels are hemming Manila by land. In view of our present condition, I ought to say "rebels" meant then rebels against Spain. Alexandrino, one of Aguinaldo's lieutenants, had come over on Dewey's ship. Aguinaldo was in Hong Kong, arranging for funds and for a native gov-

ernment under an American protectorate. All that they ever asked was their own government under an American protectorate. It was all Agoncillo asked at Washington. They only asked what we are giving Cuba. I ought to say my facts are largely from newspaper clippings, but I have not seen them contradicted.

Dewey announced also that the insurgent policy was an independent government, under an American protectorate. The insurgents loaded a ship with arms and ammunition, and safely landed the cargo, May 4. It was reported Aguinaldo had arrived and would co-operate with Dewey. It is claimed by some that the insurgents gave Dewey valuable information concerning the harbor; that they hemmed in Manila from the rear and rendered much service. I care not whether they did or did not. I can only see that they, like the Cubans, were insurgents. They, like the Cubans,were our allies. They, like the Cubans, desired an independent government under American protection and advice. They, unlike the Cubans, were bought from the very government they helped subdue, and instead of even a government under an American protectorate, they get pitiless death. Benevolent assimilation! Aye, in truth, this is benevolent assimilation, for dead in trenches the Filipino knows neither war, nor oppression, and his heart ceases to long for the right to live in his own poor way.

Our President points to the flag that was borne to the relief of these struggling Filipinos, and asks who would take it down. Let me answer; if I found I had another's goods, I would not be ashamed to restore them. If I had lied to a man, I would be ashamed to own it, but I would be a better man if I did so, and I say to the administration, you have placed the first great blot on the Stars and Stripes with your duplicity, your timidity, your thirst for power and gain, and I for one, will never forgive you—never! never! never! Better haul down the flag ourselves in honor than keep it there in deliberate dishonor.

I cannot respect a man whose code of morality makes forcible annexation in Cuba benevolent assimilation in Luzon. I cannot respect a logic which admits the yellow mongrels of Cuba to be fitted for independence under an American protectorate, and denies the same thing to the yellow mongrels of Luzon. The ambassadors they have sent, their conduct in the warfare now going on, the men who compose their juntas and so-called Congress show them in better light than the Cubans. I have been told by officers of Dewey's fleet and others that the leaders are men educated in Paris and London; that nearly all the common people read and write; that pianos and pictures are common in even humble houses; that a ball given by the insurgents was made up of ladies and gentlemen of education and refinement, dressed in full Parisian style. It is pitiful to me to read of the poor peasant, coming with his bow and arrows, his blow-gun, his spear, his knife, or some old weapon to fight the desperate fight against the new conqueror

It is more pitiful to me to read now and again of the death of some splendid young son of the nation in such a war. We were solemnly pledged in this war to gain no new territory, to annex forcibly no people, to conquer only in honor. That pledge was as true, aye, truer in Luzon than in Cuba, and I cannot forgive the administration that out of the contest for honor, has brought us only dishonor.

When we paid the twenty millions and claimed the purchase of a people against their will, we did a dishonorable act. I shall not palter with the human spiders who spin the web of constitutional and international law. I care not if Spain had or had not the goods to deliver. This is a question of flesh and blood, not cobwebs, and though we might pay the twenty millions as an end to peace, every honest man will rub his palm with disgust at the thought that our dirty dollars bought a people and gave us a right to war against them.

I say we cannot in honor give the Filipinos a lighter yoke for a heavier, a better master for a worse against their will. I say if it was a war for our allies in Cuba, it was a war for our allies in the Philippines. We are committed to establish an independent government in

Cuba and retire. What do we offer the Filipinos? Read the proclamation. Through all the smooth phrases and McKinley platitudes is the clear statement that the United States asserts and will maintain sovereignty. Not till the purchase of this sovereignty, not till the determination to hold the islands for ourselves was declared, did the prayers to us for decency and mercy cease, and our late honorable allies become rebels and "niggers." The proclamation says among other things, "The aim and object of the American government, apart from the fulfillment of the solemn obligations it has assumed toward the family of nations in the acceptance of sovereignty over the Philippines, etc. * * *" They (the Filipinos) are patriots and want liberty, it is said. The Commission emphatically asserts that the United States is not only willing, but anxious to establish in the Philippine Islands an enlightened system of government, under which the Philippine people can enjoy the largest measure of home rule, "consonant with the supreme end of the government, etc. * * *" "There can be no real conflict between the American sovereignty and the rights and liberties of the Philippine people, for as the United States stand ready to furnish armies and navies, and the infinite resources of a great and powerful nation to maintain and support its rightful supremacy over the Philippine Islands, etc."

It is pretty clear our yellow allies in the Pacific are getting different measure from our yellow allies in the Atlantic, and that "conquest," "selfishness," "forcible annexation," "criminal aggression," "national code of morality," all depend on geographical location.

What they may really hope for is as vague as a plank in a McKinley platform. This American sovereignty is to guarantee the Filipinos, "their rightful freedom, protect them in their just privileges and immunities, accustom them to free self-government in ever increasing measure (sounds like a diet regulation), encourage them in those democratic aspirations, sentiments and ideals which are the promise of potency and fruitful of national development."

I can imagine the Filipino small farmer gathering his half-naked family about him in the evening and reading to them this precious promise of McKinley potency. The English language is richer for that proclamation, and it is a wonder to me Mr. Dooley has not discussed it. The English language is richer for it, and American national honor is damned. But before the mysterious obligations to the family of nations have to be met, before the armies and navies of a nation of infinite resources that has a labor strike every month and a higher average of crime than any civilized nation on earth, are called out, the American people will have to be reckoned with. The armies and navies and infinite resources of the limited states are not yet wholly at the beck and call of Mr. McKinley, Messrs. Hanna, Alger, Brother Abner and the Home Market Club.

Gentlemen, nearly a quarter of a century ago, he whose birth we commemorate, wrote: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal. That they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." This was our baptisml gift. This the very core and essence of our beginning. Only one element in all our young life gave these words the lie, and that blot was wiped clean with the blood of sacrifice, and those letters have stood forth from that day as letters of gold upon a shield of silver. Are those words true, or are they not true?? Is it time, or is it not time, gentlemen, that men have a right to life, liberty and happiness; to pursue their own life in their own way, and to have some voice in the law to which they yield obedience? Is it true, or is it not true? If it be true, then the savage has an unalienable right to live in a palm-thatched hut and eat raw fish if he finds there greater happiness, rather than be well housed and fed in the rice fields of the tax gatherer.

If it be true at all it is as true for the poor Filipino in 1899 as it was for the enlightened American in 1776. His soil is his soil, and we cannot by force of con-

quest or barter of gold enslave a nation, unless we have put behind us once and forever the Declaration of Independence. It was not a declaration for ourselves alone. It was a mighty trumpet from the vast heights of freedom, proclaiming to the poor and oppressed of all the earth, "Throw off your chains, ye wretched ones; ye have the God-given right to rule yourselves." It was not the voice of Jefferson or the fathers. It was the voice of the God in man, and though we strangle liberty in her chosen temple, she will not die, nor that voice be silent. More than a century before Jefferson, Oliver Cromwell wrote on the statute book of Parliament: "All just powers under God are derived from the people." Cromwell's ashes were scattered to the winds and the harlots of Charles' Court danced over his silent grave. But they have passed and still lives this truth—all just powers under God come from the people.

We may forget honor in trade; we may indeed be tools in the hands of the covetous; we may sing soothing songs to ourselves that we are buying a people for their own good, enslaving a people for their own benefit, but the old, old lie will not live, and though our great cities become as the desert places of the earth and in the harbors of New York and San Francisco there shall be nowhere seen the stars and stripes; though we have passed away and sleep with Babylon and Rome, still will live the truth, and the historian will write upon our ruins, "They are dead because in the drunkeness of their power they belied themselves and denied that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

Oh, gentlemen, I am so far human that I cannot desert my flag and my countrymen. I cannot take from my heart the sympathies I have for men of my own blood and the glorious banner I have served. But were I a Filipino and thought upon my long struggle against the Spaniard, the dawn of hope in my breast as I watched coming from the East across the sea, the strong, Young Giant of the West, the bitterness to find he came with hammer and sword, not to strike off my shackles, but to rivet them faster, I would in my despair put my young ones and their mother in the cane, and I would fight, fight, fight till the sun was blotted from my eyes.

Resurrection.

... When shall I lie in that still room

ERRATA.

Page 57, "man" in line 12, second column, should read "mass."
Page 58, "popular" in line 30, first column, should read "powerful."
Page 58, "in" in line 41, first column, should read "at."
Page 58, "the" in line 45, first column, should be omitted.
Page 59, "man" in line 33, second column, should read "mass."
Page 61, the second and third lines from the bottom of the page, first column, should be transposed, making the sentence to read, "He who lives by the sword does not always die by the sword, but his breed does," etc.
Page 62, "found" in line 21, second column, should read "passed."
Page 64, "common" in line 2, first column, should read "cunning."
Page 64, "not" should be inserted before "nominated," in line 12, first column, and in line 14, "swear" should read "smear."
Page 66, "limited states" in line 18, second column, should read "United States."

Speak in death's ear no other word;
But gently take
My lifeless head upon your breast
(The only place it e'er found rest);
Kiss me with all your old, sweet zest,
And I'll awake.

Adonen.

Cuba and retire. What do we offer the Filipinos? Read the proclamation. Through all the smooth phrases and McKinley platitudes is the clear statement that the United States asserts and will maintain sovereignty. Not till the purchase of this sovereignty, not till the determination to hold the islands for ourselves was declared, did the prayers to us for decency and mercy cease, and our late honorable allies become rebels and "niggers." The proclamation says among other things, "The aim and object of the American government, apart from the fulfillment of the solemn obligations it has assumed toward the family of nations in the acceptance of sovereignty over the Philippines, etc. * * *" They (the Filipinos) are patriots and want liberty, it is said. The Commission emphatically asserts that the United States is not only willing, but anxious to establish in the Philippine Islands an enlightened system of government, under which the Philippine people can enjoy the largest measure of home rule, "consonant with the supreme end of the government, etc. * * *" "There can be no real conflict between the American sovereignty and the rights and liberties of the Philippine people, for as the United States stand ready to furnish armies

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Resurrection.

When shall I lie in that still room,
Where fading roses yield perfume;
And tapers dimly light the gloom
As though in fear;
When friends come weeping through the door
To kiss in anguish, o'er and o'er,
The pale lips that shall kiss no more
Forever here,
Will you, to whom I was unjust,
You, who from out my life I thrust,
Stand in that hour by my poor dust
And say, "Old friend,
If once in life you held me dear,
Tell me you feel this burning tear;
If your stilled heart knows I am here,
Some message send?"
Then, if my dead heart is unstirred
As though thy message was unheard,
Speak in death's ear no other word;
But gently take
My lifeless head upon your breast
(The only place it e'er found rest);
Kiss me with all your old, sweet zest,
And I'll awake.

Adonen.



By CHARLES B. REID.

WHILE on a visit to the Pacific Coast some years ago, I made that part of the trip from The Dalles to Portland by river steamer for the dual purpose of varying the mode of travel and viewing the matchless scenery of the Columbia river from the Cascades to Cape Horn rock, for I had read Joaquin Miller's lines:

"See once these stately scenes, then roam no more;
No more remains on earth for cultured eyes."

Between these latter named points is a distance of about twenty miles, and the scenery is perhaps the grandest in the world. Great walls of rock rise from either side of the river, sometimes to over a thousand feet and form a natural and insurmountable line fence between the two states—Oregon and Washington.

Huge rocks tower like giant castles, and waterfalls leap over cliffs a thousand feet in height. Amid all these evidences of tumult the Columbia flows peacefully onward, and the traveler is fiilled with all manner of conjectures and theories as to how the mighty river forced his passage to the sea.

Passing Cape Horn we seemed to emerge suddenly from between the walls of stone and a beautiful valley came into view.

This is the beginning of the "Columbia bottoms," famed for grass and dairy farms, and is a beautiful spot. In a short time a small town springs into view almost like a jack-in-the-box, and in answer to my query the men on the boat informed me the name was "Washougal." Being struck with the peculiar euphony of the name I fell into conversation with a young man who came aboard at the place and after a few preliminary remarks I plied the question as to the nomen of the town.

He replied: "It was named after a river about a mile behind the town."

"And where," I asked, "did the river get its name?"

"Well," he said, "it's rather a lengthy story but if you are interested in that sort of thing I will run it off for you.

"There was an old Indian woman who died a few years ago, and I had the story from her. She had lived in the neighborhood nearly all her life and must have been all of one hundred and twenty years old at her death. She was doubled half over and the wrinkled skin hung from her face like rags. There was little left of her but skin and bone, with a decided preponderance of the former. She was almost wholly blind, but her memory seemed to serve her well. The only way she reckoned time was by the snows. She was said to be 120 "coolilihees" old. In their tongue a snow or "coolilihee" is a year and as some of the winters in Washington pass without snow, it is likely she was even older than reported."

"But to my tale. This old woman was the daughter of a noted chief whose fame was blown over the country be-

cause of his being the father of his daughter. The chief was named "Piah-Look" and gained great popularity on account of his daughter whose beauty was known throughout the bounds of the present state. Chiefs from all over the country came to ask for the hand of the daughter of the great chief, but having her interests at heart he always consulted her wishes in the matter as he was an advocate of leaving all affairs of the heart to be adjusted by the real parties in interest; and she having a lover among her father's braves, decidedly rejected alien suitors."

"One dusky young chief from the North, named 'Wild-Cat,' with a romantic strain of blood in his veins, called his trusted band of warriors to his 'tepee' and delivered his oration, substantially thus:

"'My dear people, you now behold your chief. He is young, restless and strong, swift as the deer and as the panther brave, but my dear people to stoop to use the words of a pale-face, 'Beauty draws us with a single hair.' Yes, my braves, your chief is in love, madly in love. Tomorrow he will start for the 'Great River' to court the daughter of Chief Piah-Look. If she refuses my hand, then I will steal her; no blood shall be shed, and now I ask you, my brave warriors, will you follow me? Those who will do so, please signify by saying 'aye' in a clear tone of voice, and each I shall endow with twenty of my best 'cuitans.'"

"With a hundred throated 'aye' they registered their approval, and at once set up a supplementary yell of 'Hiugh michlight nesika tillicum,' which being translated, means 'Long live our emperor.'

"Then at once began the preparations for the journey of two hundred miles, for as near as I can reckon Chief Wild-Cat came from the neighborhood of the present town of Seattle and was probably the predecessor of the chief by that name, whose memory the Seattleites revere even to his ugly daughter, Princess Angeline, who is regarded by authorities on the subjects, as the homliest piece of royal humanity that ever lived. Nevertheless her photos are sold in Seattle for half a dollar a piece and are bought up eagerly by the inhabitants of that city.

"Reverting to my subject, Wild-Cat, in the course of human events, appeared before Chief Piah-Look, and diplomatically stated the object of his visit, but sharing the fate of other suitors was subjected to the lady's own choice, which was adverse to the love-sick chief's hopes and almost stunned him. Gathering his scattered senses, he took himself from the sad scene, respectfully declining the host's pressing invitation for 'muck-a-muck,' and with all the dramatic signs of a broken heart, but with an inward intent to shortly return and win his bride by forcible entry and detainer, he slowly stalked away, biting his fingers as he went.

"The camp was almost deserted when he returned with twenty of his braves, and surprising the chief's daughter, bore her away in triumph.

"Before old Piah-Look could gather his men for pursuit, the kidnappers had a considerable start and were soon across the 'Hiac Chuck,' the present Washougal river.

"To prevent pursuit Wild-Cat fired the woods behind him and it being in the



fall of the year the flames quickly spread in every direction, and would soon have rendered capture impossible. The flames were tearing up the mountain side like a frightened wolf, rapidly closing the only gap there seemed in the wall of fire. At this time Wild Cat and his men were busily engaged in execut-

ing their well conceived plans, and their attention being diverted for a time from the captive, she obtained a start toward liberty, and, when sighted, was speeding toward the hopeful gap with all the agility of her race.

"There was but one chance of escape and that to run the gauntlet of the swiftly approaching flames. It was a desperate chance for in a few moments the break would be closed and all hope gone. Wild-Cat spied his captive bounding toward the gap and mounted his fleet 'cuitan,' and dashed off in pursuit. Faster and faster she seemed to fly and if he caught her he must increase his speed. She was determined to escape or perish in the flames. In vain the lovesick chief tried to call her back, and the next instant she sprang into the roaring gap where the flames, leaping high in the air, seemed to swallow her up in a moment. The pursuing chief, believing she had perished, drove his heels against his horse's flanks and was gone to his reward. Not so, however, with the girl, for she emerged from the wall of flame with her long hair all afire and streaming behind. Her people, beholding her, screamed at the top of their voices, 'Washou gal! Wa shou gal!' ('wings of the wind'). She reached the crystal waters of the 'Hiac Chuck' and plunged into their cooling depths, and in her honor the river was thereafter so named, and Washougal it is called today.

"Well," I inquired, "what became of Wild-Cat and his men?"

"He was burned to a crisp in the gap and the men were all over-taken by the fire and perished miserably except one, who managed to escape in the river and afterward made up with old Piah-Look and spent the rest of his life with him.

"The woods in this part of the country were swept clean for fifty miles around and deer, panther and all manner of wild animals huddled around any watery spot that afforded protection from the fire, and strange to say the lion lay down in the lamb's bosom, as it were, and the timid deer neither feared nor evaded the presence of the mountain lion.

"That their reckoning of time must be about correct is evidenced by the fact that all the trees that were burned down by the 'great fire' are decayed and another growth has sprung up large enough for saw logs and are known by lumbermen as 'second growth.' To attain the size of some of these trees would take at least one hundred years, so I think the old crone's testimony is the truth. She could speak no English, so I learned the Chinook and a smattering of the pure Indian, and was always greatly interested in her tales of adventures and the condition and history of the country long before white settlement. She had stories handed down from generation to generation that must have originated three hundred years ago."



Greek Lyric Art.

By H. R. FAIRCLOUGH, Professor of Greek in Leland Stanford Junior University.

IN THE last four years there have been some remarkable discoveries in the field of Greek lyric poetry. In 1893 the French archaeologists, excavating on the site of ancient Delphi, found several blocks of marble on which were engraved not only the words, but also the music, according to the old Greek notation, of some hymns to the Delphian Apollo. One of these hymns furnishes the most complete existing specimen of ancient Greek music, and consequently has attracted world-wide interest. Again, three years later, in 1896, a papyrus roll was discovered in Egypt, containing a collection of twenty odes, nearly 1100 lines, by Bacchylides, whom the Alexandrian critics placed among the nine great lyric poets of Greece. And again, only last summer, the Egypt Exploration Fund brought to our knowledge the contents of a mass of recovered papyri, which included a treasure no less remarkable and precious than an ode of the Lesbian Sappho's.

These remarkable discoveries, together with some, no less remarkable, in other spheres of literature, keep the Greek student on the qui vive for the announcement, not at all improbable, that a complete Sappho, or Alcaeus or Archilochus, has at last come to the light of our modern world.

As it is, the lyric writers have met misfortune at the hands of time. In the case of many their works are completely lost, and as for most of the rest, mere scraps of fragments of their songs are all that we can pick up.

It may be asked why the great bulk of Greek lyric verse has disappeared. The main answer is to be found in the essential character of that poetry. It was song-poetry, or poetry composed for singing, the soul of which vanished when the music passed away. After the loss of Greek independence, Greek music rapidly degenerated. The music composed by the poets of the classical period was too noble in its severe simplicity for the Greeks of later days. The older songs, therefore, were no longer sung, and the poetry, minus its music, giving way to shallow and sensational compositions, passed into oblivion.

In one sense or another, singing was characteristic of nearly all forms of Greek poetry. Epic poetry, in the earliest times, was sung to the lyre; but this singing was probably unlike the recitations of the rhapsodists, for the verse of Homer is unsuited for melodies, and Greek writers uniformly distinguished epic from lyric,—the former being narrative poetry; the latter, song poetry.

Even elegiac and iambic poetry, though originally lyrical, at an early time lost their distinctly lyrical character; and even if their recitation at a funeral or in camp or round the banqueting-board was accompanied by music, yet they were no more regarded by the Greeks as lyrical than were the poems of Homer.

Lyric poetry proper was first brought to perfection by the Aeolians and Dorians. The Aeolian lyric was cultivated chiefly in the Aeolian island of Lesbos, the Dorian in the Peloponnesus and Sicily. The two schools differ materially in every respect, in style, subject and form.

The Aeolic was intended to be sung by a single voice, the singer accompanying himself on a stringed instrument with suitable gestures. It was essentially personal, expressing the singer's own emotion. In form, Aeolic lyrics are very simple, consisting either of a series of short lines of equal length, or of stanzas in which a shorter line marks the separation from one another. The four-lined stanza is the commonest form.

On the other hand, Dorian lyric poetry was sung by a number in chorus, accompanied by dancing and musical instruments. For the most part it was of public importance, and when it was performed in private the occasion was one

of general interest. Hence choral poetry is found connected with the sacred and festal gatherings of the people, or the marriage and funerals of private life. The structure of a choral poem is often very elaborte, but the movements of the dance, appealing to the eye, assisted the ear in unwearing the intricacies of the rhythm.

Greek dancing, let us remember, was very different from the modern art. Dancing to our mind simply implies tripping it "on the light fantastic toe," and is merely an amusement. But in Greece the term dancing applied to all movements of the body. which were intended to aid in the interpretation of poetry or the expression of emotion. Thus gestures, postures and attitudes were most important forms of dancing, and in dance-movements the hands and arms played a much larger part than the feet. Aristolle tells us that dancers imitate actions, characters and passions by means of gestures and rhythmical motion. Thus the spirit which animates Greek mythology and Greek art—the desire to give form and body to mental conceptions—is characteristic of Greek dancing.

As to Greek music, it too was very different from ours, but in this sphere the advantage certainly lies with the modern art. And yet the music of the Greeks, as illustrated by the few extant remains especially by the hymn to Apollo, recently found at Delphi, has its own peculiar beauties, which can arouse the sympathy and interest of a cultivated audience even today.

In the best period of Greek poetry, the only musical instruments employed were practically the lyre, a string instrument, and the flute, a wind instrument; the former being much preferred because it allowed the same person to sing and play. Other string instruments, such as the cithara, phorminx and barbitor, were mere variations of the lyre and depended on the same principle. Instruments with a large number of strings were known, as the magadis and trigon, but these, though commonly used by professional musicians, were unhesitatingly condemned by Plato and Aristotle as pandering to perverted tastes. In the time of Pythagoras the lyre in common use had only seven strings, giving the seven notes of the scale. We all know of the comparison which the philosopher made between these seven notes and the heavenly planets. The sun, corresponding to the principal note, stands in the center of the planetary system, with Mercury, Venus and the moon on one side, and on the other, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn. Hence the sublime conception of the "music of the spheres," since the heavenly bodies, moving in their celestial orbits, according to regular musical intervals, produce harmonious music, which, however, mortal ears are unable to hear.

The Greek flute must not be confounded with the modern instrument of that name, for it resembled rather the clarionet or oboe. It was also stronger and shriller than our flute.

The melodies of the Greeks were always sung in unison. Part-singing was unknown to them, as were also our elaborate harmonies. But some harmony—as opposed to melody—was certainly used in their instrumental music. Greek sculptures exhibit groups of players on pipes of different length, which must have produced different notes, when played simultaneously. Plato too speaks (it is true, with disdain) of certain accompaniments that were elaborate and quite independent of the air. In the music that has survived, only the melodies are given. The accompaniment, probably, was impromptu and perhaps varied with each performance.

The question is naturally asked, Why do Plato and Aristotle lay so much stress upon the moral influence of music and the need of legislation in regard to it? The answer is that music, after all, was in an elementary stage. In like manner Chinese music has been under state supervision and edicts have been issued in China against effeminate airs. No art takes such a direct hold upon the emotions as music. You will see more emotion in a concert-room than in an art gallery, and this is especially true, when the music is of the simpler, more tangible kind. Plato and Aristotle recognized this and they desired, not to suppress

emotion, as some have urged, but to foster only the highest, in harmony with reason. No one was truly musical, according to Plato, who was not virtuous, temperate and brave. Today do we not often overlook the ethical value of music and excuse moral shortcomings in a man on the ground that he is an artist or a musician and therefore, to a certain extent, not responsible for his conduct?

In Greek lyric, then, the three sister arts of poetry, music and dance formed a unity, whereas with us they are quite distinct. We may unite poetry and music artificially, but in antiquity the great poets were musicians as well and wrote their own music, perhaps simultaneously with their poetry. As for the dance, that too was an important element of Greek lyric, though nowadays it is very poor poetry indeed that we should care to marry to the art of romping.

The greatest name in Aeolian lyric is Sappho, "the violet-crowned, pure, sweetly smiling Sappho" as Alcaeus, a brother poet, calls her. In her we have the very perfection of lyric art, and the few surviving fragments of her songs fully bear out the verdict of antiquity that her verse was unrivalled in grace and sweetness.

But Aeolic song, however beautiful, was very short-lived. As the expression of purely personal, individual emotion, apart from the sentiments of one's associates and fellow-citizens, song did not play that part in the Greek world with which we are so familiar today. The Greek could never forget that he was a member of a community; and even in the expression of his joys and sorrows he would not stand aloof from his fellowmen. Hence, in the best period of Greek poetry, the song to be sung by a single voice and setting forth the feelings of the individual, was never wide-spread and flourished in splendor for little more than a single generation.

Not so with the poetry which voiced the sentiments and emotional life of a whole community. Lyric poetry of this popular and general character is found from early days in connection with the festivals and institutions of the various Greek states. More particularly did it suit the genius of the Dorian tribes, among whom civic and communal life was more pronounced than elsewhere. After undergoing a rich artistic development, this Dorian lyric became penhellenic in the range of its acceptance.

One of the many occasions when the noblest sentiments of Greek civic life found utterance in lyric song was the celebration of victory in the national games. In this matter-of-fact age, notwithstanding our devotion to athletics and manly sports, we find it difficult to comprehend the lofty idealism with which in days of old the contests at Olympia and other noted centers were invested. And yet unless we realize how intense was the national and even spiritual exaltation which characterized these games, we shall never regard Pindar as more than an idle babbler of meaningless words, whereas in reality he is one of the most creative and loftly geniuses of all literature.

Pindar's odes, though of many-sided interest, must always appeal to the literary student most strongly because of their wonderful artistic character. Complex in structure, and elaborte in detail, these odes display in their perfection of form the greatest triumph which verbal art has ever attained. When originally performed, they were accompanied with choral song, orchestra and dance, which not only increased the gradeur of effect, but served to interpret the meaning and unfold the intricacies of rhythm. We who have lost the music and dance must study these productions merely as poems, and yet, if we seek comparison for them in modern art, we must almost inevitably step outside of poetry and draw upon music. Like an oratorio of Handel's or a figure of Bach's, an ode of Pindar's is full of multiplex harmonies. In the one case, we are captivated by the harmonies of music, in the other, by the harmonious blending of thought, rhythmical language and structural design.

It is necessary to realize and appreciate the fact that a Greek ode was not merely a poetical, but also a musical composition, which was not only read but sung, not only sung but danced. Without the music and dance, it would

have been difficult to follow the rhymical variations. Indeed these variations would not have existed, were it not for the music and dance which both inspired and elucidated them. It is then this union of the arts that accounts for the marvelous elaboration of form which the greatest of Pindar's odes exhibit.

The attempts made in modern English poetry to imitate the Greek choral ode can seldom be successful, for without at least the music an ode must always have a more or less artificial air. That this is realized is seen from the small number of irregular odes in English literature which critics admit to be really successful. Of odes of this class only two, Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," Dryden's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," are accepted by Mr. Theodore Watts as genuinely successful. The English ode demands an English Pindar, who will be both a great poet and a great musician and who, like the German Wagner, will once more bring the arts of poetry and music into close union.

The Pioneers.

First came the Voice to the Dreamer,
  And the Dreamer harked to the Call;
The grain was sold in the grain field,
  The cattle were sold in the stall;
The oxen yoked in the wagon—
  The wagon held all they posessed—
Confident, cheerful, in child-faith,
  The Pioneers marched to the West.

Some of them fell by the wayside,
  Weary and worn with constant toil,
Their blanching bones a beacon sign—
  For martyrs' blood make sacred soil—
And the rest pushed onward seeking
  The valleys of the promised land,
Left their dead by mountain glen,
  Or bleaching on the desert sand.

With swinging axe they woke the wood,
  Their plowshares sank in virgin soil;
The forest depths they turned to bloom,
Nor reaped due harvest of their toil.
And we the later children came,
  Swift-borne upon the iron rail,
Nor saw the mound of whitened bones
  That marked the early settlers' trail.
They welcomed all with hearty cheer,
  Their smiling farms gave ample store.
We slept beneath their shingled roofs,
  Nor knew the trials that they bore.

* * *

'Tis we who have followed after,
  And they who have planted the Root;
For we shall water the Blossom,
  And our children eat of the Fruit.

For they shall lead the way once more—
  Once more across the Great Divide
Shall pitch their tents beside the shore,
  And camp upon the other side.

Walter Cayley Belt.

The Voice of the Silence.

By one of Portland's leading citizens, a prominent member of society, who for the present will remain unnamed. The author, a close student of human nature, holds that character is stronger than circumstances, and undertakes to illustrate his theory in a decidedly novel and interesting manner. The hero and heroine, taken from real life, and undoubtedly well known to the majority of our Portland readers, are placed in a purely fictitious environment, where they proceed to work out the writer's ideas.—Ed.

Chapter VII.



OVER a late breakfast next morning Colonel Randolph leisurely recalled the incidents of the preceding evening. It was perfectly clear to him that Miss Devore was developing "nerves," the result, he did not doubt, of too much dancing and flirting and other senseless dissipations. How slight she was, and delicate and flower-like! not at all equal to the demands upon her physical strength and vitality. In spite of her brilliancy and beauty—because of them rather,—this girl impressed him, now that he allowed himself to think about her, as having been ordained by Nature for a far different life from this which she was now leading. She needed above all things, a strong arm to lean upon, a loving tender heart to guard her happiness. Who would have guessed that she was so clinging and timid and dependent as she showed herself last night? A sudden warmth went over him like a wave of rose-colored light when he remembered the soft brush of her lips against his throat as she lay for that one brief moment upon his breast. He was distinctly glad that he and no other had been at hand to take care of her,dear child! He hoped she was better this morning, he would go at once to inquire, ordinary politeness demanded that much of him. It was possible that he had misjudged her all this time, she really seemed capable of deep feeling, and—but most likely, after all, it was only nervousness, women were such hysterical creatures. He wondered why Nature made them such fools. But were men any wiser? Well it was a problem, this little episode called human existence, and no man was wise who wasted time trying to solve it. —Yes he would go to see her.

It was not Miss Devore that came to him in the library into which he had been shown by the solemn footman who admitted him, but Mrs. Corey. And Mrs. Corey's eyes were red with weeping and her cheeks were pale with grief. She gave him both her hands, not waiting for him to speak.

"Colonel Randolph! How good of you to come, Nanita has told me how you brought my poor girl home last night—I shall never forgive myself—never, I should have known that she was not well—but who could have forseen this dreadful thing! Oh, I cannot bear to think of it"—

"My dear Mrs. Corey, what has happened? Surely Miss Devore's illness is not so serious"—

"Oh, have you not heard? Your sister was the first to come to us in our

trouble, and I naturally thought you knew. She is with Elise now. The poor child is sleeping, but under the influence of a powerful opiate. Her suffering has been something too awful to witness, and she has been so brave, not a word, hardly a moan—oh, it is so cruel!" Mrs. Corey sank into a chair and leaning her tear-stained cheek against its leather-cushioned back, gave way to her grief.

The Colonel stood regarding her mutely for a moment, then he said: "Will you tell me what has befallen Miss Devore?" The effort to control the fierce tumult of conflicting emotions that suddenly shook his whole being, made his voice hard and cold.

Mrs. Corey sat up and dried her eyes. "Oh, I had forgotten that you do not know. I thought I told you—please forgive me."

"My dear Mrs. Corey, anything—only tell me."

"It happened last night. Elise had retired and Nanita, whose room is adjoining her's, was preparing for bed. Her little boy has not been well of late and somehow in stooping over his crib with the candle in her hand, she managed to set fire to its flimsy curtains. In a moment everything was in a blaze. Elise heard Nanita's cry of alarm and ran to her assistance. Regardless of her own safety she caught the child up out of the blazing crib and extinguished the flames, but not until her own tender hands and sweet face were cruelly, perhaps fatally, burned. Oh it is too horrible! even if she lives she will be shockingly disfigured—all her beauty gone in a moment—and then the agony of it! She was so beautiful!"

"Yes, beyond all other women, and yet"—he left the sentence unfinished. Something stirred into life deep down in his heart, a tiny, sharp pain that grew swiftly and swept up till all his being, mind, body and soul quivered with the ecstacy of it. Mrs. Corey's half-suppressed sobs sounded far-off and faint. The objects about him faded from his sight and in their place he beheld that delicate white-robed figure enveloped in flame and the brown baby clasped in the sheltering arms. His own hands felt the heat of those lapping tongues of fire, his own cheek was scorched by the fierce kisses, but the agony of death at the stake would be a joy if by that he might save her, the girl who only last night had lain against his breast!

Later he remembered the heroism of her deed and was dumb before the spectacle of her splendid courage. Could any man be braver? The thought of her poor scarred face and maimed hands—the slender hands that had been so fearless and so reckless of their white loveliness—was more than he could bear and strong man that he was he bowed his head and wept. But this was afterwards when he was alone in his own lonely house, and when it was known with certainty that she would live. Just now he did not, could not think.

"Dr. Fellows says there may be room for hope—but oh the misery of it!—I cannot pray for her life to be spared, knowing the horror that must accompany the granting of the prayer. And Nanita, poor girl, is beside herself. It was through her carelessness"—

Mrs. Corey's voice broke the spell that bound him. "Is there nothing I can do?" he said miserably.

No there was nothing, but it was kind of him to offer, there was anyone could do. And he went away leaving Mrs. Corey with the impression that his sympathy was merely perfunctory. "How cold he is," she mused, "and how unlike his sister!"

In the dim light of an upper chamber, meanwhile Mrs. Banks-Berry, known to the world as a frivolous devotee to fashion, kept watch beside the white bed upon which lay the motionless figure of Elise. After hours of intense pain the girl at last slept under the influence of opiates, her face, but yesterday so lovely, now a scorched and quivering horror grotesquely masked in cotton wool, her delicate hands, lying outside the cover, bandaged to shapelessness, and cruelest of all they who loved her dared not pray for her recovery.

Chapter VIII.

Society was shocked and duly sympathetic when it was informed of the fate that had overtaken its beautiful favorite. There were, it is true, here and there

those who were spiteful enough to hint at retributive justice, and to insinuate that the destruction of her beauty might be the means of her soul's salvation, but they were ill-natured and in the minority. On the whole, people were genuinely sorry—for a little while. After that they forgot all about it, and went on about their own affairs, and when they returned to town in the fall, gathering again for the winter's round of pleasure from the mountains, the seashore and the four quarters of the globe, wherever in fact fashion congregated, Elise and her misfortune had ceased to be a matter of interest. It was generally known that she had gone away somewhere as soon as she was sufficiently recovered to travel, but not even her most intimate friends seemed to know where she had hidden herself. To those who had known her best it was perfectly apparent that she would never return to the scene of her former triumph to suffer the humiliation of being pitied where she had once commanded only admiration. The Corey's were abroad, their handsome house on the upper avenue remaining closed throughout the season. Mrs. Banks-Berry, who exchanged fortnightly letters with Mrs. Corey, gave it out that they were spending the winter in the south of France.

"And what has become of that invincible brother of yours? Mrs. Natron, pretending to sip very strong Formosa from a very fragile cup before the open fire in Mrs. Banks-Berry's drawing room on a sunny afternoon in mid-winter, put the question deliberately.

"Oh, you mean Colonel Randolph?—lemon, please, and two lumps of sugar —yes, I know it's bad for my nerves, or is it my complexion? I've had that information gratuitously bestowed upon me so often that I have long since ceased to appreciate it at its true value—but to return to the Colonel, who is infinitely more interesting than tea, and nerves, etc., does anybody know why he has deserted his former haunts and fled from the face of man, or more pertinently speaking, woman? Please, Mrs. Banks-Berry, relieve our suspense by telling us where he is, and why he is there, rather than here."

"My dear Katharine, I wish I could." Mrs. Banks-Berry opened the lid of the teaball and gazed into it as if she were a sybil who could read the fates of men and maids in the disposition of steeped tea leaves. She shut down the lid, leaned back among the cushions piled in a luxurious heap behind her on the divan and sighed, repeating, "I wish I could, but I cannot, because I do not myself know. Jack is so changed." She glanced about the diminished group. It was getting late and all save Mrs. Natron, Katherine and a couple of younger girls had gone. The latter rose at her glance.

"We really must—no, don't rise. Good bye, good bye." And they floated out of the room.

Mrs . Banks-Berry leaned back again; this time her sigh was one of visible relief. Her two companions drew instinctively nearer. It is always a time for unintentional confidences, this little quarter of an hour after an informal afternoon reception, like that mystic half-hour before the bedroom fire, when one is home from the ball or the theatre and talking over the evening with one's dear intimate. Why is it that women lay aside the reserve that characterizes their intercourse with each other with their daytime garments, is one of the mysteries of the sex which no man has yet been able to comprehend.

"You were saying," suggested Mrs. Natron.

"Oh yes, about Jack. Any of his old friends who met my brother during the past summer must have observed that he was not himself, not as he used to be, at least.'

"And what," asked Katherine, "is responsible for the alteration?"

"Rather," said Mrs. Natron, "ask who is responsible."

But their hostess shook her head. "I cannot enlighten you, for I do not know. It is unaccountable."

"But," urged Katherine, "was there no one to whom he—"

"No one. Jack has always been so indifferent, you know."

There ensued a brief silence during which Mrs. Natron deposited her cup

upon the tiny table at her elbow.

"It was last June that it began," continued Mrs. Banks-Berry. "You remember how anxious we all were about that time over poor Elise Devore. I simply lived at Corey's during the worst of it. And when the danger point was passed, and we knew the unfortunate girl would live, though doomed to a fate more cruel than death, I had the leisure to look after my own again, and I at once discovered that something had gone amiss with my brother, but I have never found out what it was."

"Debts," suggested Katherine who suffered from the inconvenience of extravagant tastes and an income insufficient to their gratification.

"No," replied Mrs. Banks-Berry, "I happen to know that it is not money, or the lack of it."

"Well," Katherine rose and shook out her skirts, "if it's neither love nor lucre, I give it up. And if I do not tear myself away from your delightful fireside, and far more delightful self, I shall miss a very important dinner engagement. I've only just time to rush home, dress, and get to the other end of nowhere. Good by." She turned to go, gave a scarcely perceptible state of surprise and stepped forward, holding out her hand.

"Colonel Randolph, have you just dropped out of the moon, a la Cyrano? But it's of no consequence, for it does not in the least interfere with our joy at your return."

"Oh, I assure you Cyrano's adventures were nothing compared to mine," replied Colonel Randolph, bending over her hand. The two older women did not betray by so much as a quiver of an eyelash the nature of the conversation which his coming had interrupted. His sister rose to welcome him.

"Dear Jack! I am so glad. Let me give you a cup of tea. Of course you will stay and dine, I am all alone to night."

It was not until later in the evening when, in fact, they were about to say good night, that Colonel Randolph spoke of the thing that brought him home so unexpectedly.

"Kitty," he said in unwonted seriousness, "I want you to tell me, if you know, and I am sure you do, where I can find Elise Devore."

Mrs. Banks-Berry dropped her hands and stared at her brother in unqualified amazement for one instant, then she let her eyes fall, too. So, it went through her mind like an illuminating flash, this was the secret, after all.

"Yes," she said slowly, "I know—in a way, that is, but I am not at liberty, I fear, to tell you, or anyone."

"Why not?"

"It is Miss Devore's wish to remain undisturbed in her seclusion. Her address was furnished me at her aunt's urgent request and under promise of secrecy. No, Jack, I cannot tell you where she is."

"Very well, then I shall find out for myself."

"Jack!"

"Yes, Kitty."

"Why did you go to Europe last summer?"

"To find Elise Devore."

"You thought she was with the Coreys?"

"Naturally."

"Jack, it is cruel, the girl's exile is self-imposed, and—and you will not be received."

The colonel made no reply, but he held out his hand and she placed her own soft, white fingers in it. She was very fond of her handsome brother, and she had a warm heart, in spite of her somewhat shallow nature.

"Jack, if I told you that Elise was in the land of Nowhere, that would not be betraying confidence, would it? Because, you know, the Land of Nowhere is an extensive country and—I am not going to tell you in just what part of it you will find her."

Colonel Randolph's hand closed warmly over the jeweled fingers in his open palm, and he drew his sister to him and kissed her cheek.

"No, Kitty, that is not telling. Thank you, dear."

(To be continued.)

Wyeth's Expedition to Oregon.

1832-3.

A Chapter in the History of the Occupation of Oregon. Second Paper.

By F. G. YOUNG, of the University of Oregon.

WHEN a nation's activities in any region of disputed ownership are confined to irregular incursions by fur-trading parties and to traffic carried on with natives from the decks of vessels brought into the inlets of the coast, it is making little progress towards empire. The matter stands even worse as to promise of future sway in that region for the nation thus represented if it has a determined rival with established posts carrying on well organized, lucrative, and strongly supported operations. Thus it was with us as a nation in Oregon at the opening of the fourth decade of this century. But at this date these were not the only elements of the Oregon situation in which we stood at a disadvantage.

The Oregon country lay much more accessible to British influence than to ours. Judging merely from the map it seemed almost equally contiguous to British and to American possessions. The forty-ninth parallel had been extended to the Rocky mountains in 1818 as the dividing line between the United States and British America. The southern limit of the Oregon country was 42 degrees, the northern 54 degrees and 40 minutes, hence it abutted on the United States through the length of seven degrees and on English territory through nearly six. But considered with reference to the actual conditions in this border country the advantage of the English is patent. The "Great American Desert" was never represented as extending into the region lying between Lake Superior and the Hudson Bay on the one side and the Rocky mountains on the other. It involved no disgrace to Astor that he failed to hold his fort after having beaten the English companies across the continent. These had reason to be chagrined at being beaten in getting to the lower Columbia. Their advantage, however, from the possession of a long-established chain of posts extending almost across the continent gave a strength to their position against which no American trader could hope to hold out. Since 1813 the English occupation of the Oregon country had been exclusive, and from 1821 on the realm had been under the firm sway of the consolidated Hudson's Bay Company.

The points of precedence in permanent occupancy and of contiguity stood strongly against us. And yet we did get our natural share of this region and it did not come to us through any stroke of fortune but as the ripened fruit of American enterprise, effort and sacrifice. To identify the inspiration to this American activity is to understand the outcome of American ownership of the Columbia basin—an outcome for which there seemed so little promise in 1830.

An enterprise like the occupation of Oregon was right in line with the course of development of American character, genius and experience. If only time would be afforded for the American spirit to become fully aroused and to bring itself to bear upon the problem of the occupation of Oregon, all would be well. The course of events that brought Oregon before the world had already stirred the American heart. And further, it showed that Ameican genius was in its own field in the work of winning Oregon. The exploit of Captain Gray, the far-reaching plans of Jefferson, the achievements of Lewis and Clark, the enterprises of Astor,—all tended to prove that American character was in its proper sphere in taking the steps essen-

tial for getting control of the Oregon country. The chain of right thus forged reinforced by the Spanish chains, transferred to us in 1819, made our title to at least the whole of the Columbia basin all but complete. We lacked only the link of occupation by home builders. Ay, there was the rub. To fail in this would be to fail in all. The other links to the chain of our title that had been so gloriously welded would be useless and we should be hampered in our destiny as a nation for all time. Such considerations kindled a few spirits to a flame and were soon to warm hosts of pioneers.

A large element of the American population was experienced in the role of pioneering, but it was not clear that it was, humanly speaking, possible to reach Oregon with a household. The settlement of the Mississippi valley had not involved the feat of scaling mountains, or traversing deserts. The occasion demanded some one to step forth to trace a trail from the frontier in Missoui to the valley of the Willamette. This Nathaniel J. Wyeth did. It is probable that the progress made by Hall J. Kelley with his scheme of Oregon colonization first suggested to Wyeth the project of an expedition to Oregon. Kelley exercised no personal influence over Wyeth. Apart from the idea of establishing a prosperous, permanent settlemen in Oregon, Wyeth had no sympathy with Kelley's plans. Wyeth proposed to incorporate his company with the Kelley colony solely for the strength there is in union.

Kelley wished to transplant a Massachusetts town to Oregon and make it the nucleus of a new state. He hoped to repeat with appropriate variations the history of the Puritan colony of Massachusetts bay. The New Englander of the nineteenth century, however, was not so ready to sacrifice himself for an idea as had been his progenitor of the seventeenth. Unless Kelley could organize conditions so that success seemed certain, he need not expect the enthusiasm of his followers to bear them on. Such conditions he could not organize. His colony failed to muster.

The course of the evolution of Wyeth's enterprise and of the dissolution of Kelley's project stands out in the correspondence preserved in Wyeth's letter-book. On August 30, 1831, Wyeth wrote Kelley concerning applications made for himself and his brother for "situations in the first expedition to the Oregon country."

On the fifth of the following October Wyeth wrote another brother at Baltimore: "All earthly things are uncertain and none more so than those the accomplishment of which depends upon others, and this is the case in regard to the expedition to Oregon. There is no other doubt of my going except the failure of the whole concern, but as this is possible I do not wish you to take the trouble to come here to utter your last speech and dying confessions at present. The moment I find there is any certainty of their going I will write you."

About two weeks later on the 17th of the same month, Wyeth further indicates his suspicions. After inquiring of an official in Kelley's colony, "whether any persons whom I may induce to join the first expedition will be attached to my company," he goes on to say: "An answer to these particulars and also any information which you may be disposed to communicate in regard to the certainty of an expedition at all, the numbers which may be expected to go in the first expedition, the route to be taken after leaving St. Louis, the time when to be commenced, etc., etc., and also when I may call on you to confer upon these subjects will be thankfully received." In less than a month, on November 11th, Wyeth again wrote his brother at Baltimore, requesting the collection of definite and minute information pertaining to the culture of tobacco with the intention of applying the knowedge gained when Oregon was reached. He adds: "As time passes on the project of emigration assumes form and shape, and a nearer approach to certainty. I think there is little doubt of my going, for I find that I can get good men who will follow me on a trading project, on the basis of division of profits, and this thing I will do (if I can) if the emigration fails. His plan matures rapidly. On December 4th he wrote: "The plan now proposed by me is to have nothing to do with the

Oregon Society, but to form a joint stock concern composed of fifty persons who are bound to each other for the term of five years for the purpose of following under my direction the trade and business of that country in all its branches selecting those for which we deem ourselves most competent and which appear to us to hold out the best prospects to be determined upon the spot. All expenses are a charge against the amount of proceeds. * * * * The residue after this deduction is to be divided into fifty equal parts, eight of which are to be mine, two are for the surgeon and the remaining forty are divided equally among the men. I am to procure all credits wanted for the expedition and all disbursements necessary for their fitting out with the exception of their personal equipments and expenses as far as Franklin, Missouri." The reasons given Kelley for thus swinging clear of the "first Oregon expedition" are thus expressed: "I wish you well in your undertaking but regret that you could not have moved at the time and in the manner first proposed. When you adopted the plan of taking across the continent in the first expedition women and children, I gave up all hope that you would go at all and all intention of going with you if you did. The delays inseparable from a convoy of this kind are so great that you could not keep the mass together and if you could the delay would ruin my projects." Thus disencumbered we many feel certain that a company under Wyeth's direction will move on to Oregon.

(To be continued.)



Our Point of View

The Pacific Monthly has successfully weathered the storms incident to the first volume of a periodical's existence, and is experiencing a taste of that confidence and strength that time alone gives. These first numbers have intentionally been made modest and conservative, and while the policy of the magazine will always continue along the lines of progressive conservatism, improvement in the magazine will from now on be more rapid and marked.

With the exception of the critical period in American history when the form of government was to be decided upon, there has never been a time when the nation was confronted with so many and so serious questions as now. The money question, many still maintain, is far from being settled. Political parties of every complexion are alarmed at the growing power and number of the trusts, and the question of what shall be done with them is perplexing our best statesmen. Above these two the question of "expansion" towers with such mighty import that the others sink into comparative insignificence. the three questions, however, involve the social, political and commercial destiny of the nation, and each is, in some way, connected with politics. Inasmuch, therefore, as The Pacific Monthly is strictly non-partisan, and yet recognizes the serious import of these questions, the publishers have thought it desirable to add a new department to the magazine, devoted to "Questions of the Day." This department will be for the use of our readers, and expressions, limited to four or five hundred words, are solicited on subjects relating to any social, religious or political question. All manuscript sent in must bear the author's name, though a nom de plume will be printed, if so desired. The publishers will not, of course, be understood as endorsing any of the views expressed. The question of "expansion" has been deemed of sufficient importance to be separated from the rest by giving it space in the front part of the magazine. Mr. C. E. S. Wood's "Imperialism vs. Democracy," opens the discussion on this subject, and will be followed next month by an article on the other side of the question by Mr. Wallace McCammant. Judge A. H. Tanner contributes for the department this month an able article favoring expansion.

"The Financial World" and "Men and Women," two new departments, the latter treating of the important questions that men and women must meet and decide, also begin in this number, which has been increased sixteen pages. Other departments will be added as the need for them is felt, and the size of the magazine correspondingly increased.

The occasion which produced the address of Mr. C. E. S. Wood, which we publish this month, was the gathering together for purposes of reconciliation the forces of his locally disrupted party. The talismanic name of Jefferson is supposed to possess a power for cohesive attraction, irrisistable to democratic party factions, hence the breaking of bread in his honor. But whether or not this particular Jeffersonian banquet results in the healing of factional differences and the wiping out of party feuds is a matter of less concern than that it should have elicited this unquallified expression of opinion from Mr. Wood. And whether we hold with him or not, and many of us distinctly do not, whether we believe him to be right in his conclusions, or wrong; whether we look from his point of view, another's or our own, the fact remains that we have in him, and in men like him, the most valuable possession of the state—a citizen strong in the courage of his convictions, absolutely fearless and free in the voicing of sentiments that, in his belief, make for honest government.

Those who live much alone form, unconsciously, a habit of listening, of intently listening to each slightest sound. The sense of hearing becomes acute, trained to catch the faintest echo of a falling note. Particularly is this true at night, in that tender dusk of stars when the silence seems to fill and vibrate with tender melodies, stranger, sweeter, than any day-time music of bird song, rustling leaves, or wind-stirred branches. On calmest nights, when not a breath sways the tasseled tops of the young pines, when the tide swells in or ebbs without a ripple, when every water-fowl is mute and all feathered choirs are sleeping, these wierd, entrancing harmonies are loudest, clearest and most sweet. Whence they come, or why; whether they are a wandering voice, born of the dark, or soul-created symphonies, who can say? It may be that the "music of the spheres," re-echoing upon earth, can be heard by mortal ear only when the heart is still, cradled in the calm of human motions, and once heard is never forgotten.

Whether or not education induces pessimism is a question that is at present agitating the minds of certain learned men who are actively interested in social progress. Pessimism is desirable in so far as it tends to make a man dissatisfied with present conditions, and detrimental only when it carries him into that state of mental gloom where he ceases to see good in anything, and where he loses entirely that spirit of hopefulness that constitutes the sunshine of human existence. The education that makes a man "in general an optimist, in particular a pessimist," is without question the best for the young citizen.

We hear it often urged nowadays that the avenues for success in business and professional life are so thoroughly closed that the young man of today has little or no chance in comparison to that which his father had; that opportunities are lacking, and so on. The truth of the matter is that the conditions have not changed so much as have the young men themselves. They expect too much, want to take life too easily at the start, and scoff at opportunities that forty years ago would have been considered a god-send. The young men of today are not willing, as a rule, to commence at the bottom. They expect to go on from the point that the father has reached, and their work is consequently unsatisfactory. Opportunities are not lacking. Talent, energy, concentration, determination, willingness to do what one is told to do and doing it with all one's might and main—these qualities were never more in demand than they are today. Business men all over the country are looking for, anxious to find, young men who are ambitious and determined, but 9 times out to 10 the young man just employed turns out either one who is satisfied with a daily routine which is performed only passably, and whose business is made of a more or less secondary character, or one who, though capable, does not understand the secret and success of knowing how to wait. Young men forget that the employer is more interested in securing efficient, dependable help—men who can think with him and some times for him—than the young men are to secure their positions and rise. Opportunities are here if only young men will grasp them.

The idea of unity—the unity of God, and man, and nature—that is playing such an important part in the "greater religion," is spoken of as if it were a new thing, a recent discovery like Tripler's liquid air, or Tesla's wireless telegraphy. In reality it is as old as time, and has been in all ages a recognized truth, clear as the light of day to the deeply thoughtful, the philosophical and wise. It is only now, however, that it is beginning to be generally understood and discussed. And this general conception of its beauty and meaning is one of the hopeful signs of the times. There is more religion, and better, in the world today, than ever before since the dawn of creation.

The Month

A RECORD OF THE WORLD'S PROGRESS.

IN POLITICS—

The New York Journal is advocating the following "American Internal Policy":

FIRST—PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF PUBLIC FRANCHISES.
The Values Created by the Community Should Belong to the Community.

SECOND—DESTRUCTION OF CRIMINAL TRUSTS.
No Monopolization of the National Resources by Lawless Private Combinations More Powerful than the People's Government.

THIRD—A GRADUATED INCOME TAX.
Every Citizen to Contribute to the Support of the Government According to His Means, and Not According to His Necessities.

FOURTH—ELECTION OF SENATORS BY THE PEOPLE.
The Senate, Now Becoming the Private Property of Corporations and Bosses, to Be Made Truly Representative, and the State Legislatures to Be Redeemed from Recurring Scandals.

FIFTH—NATIONAL, STATE AND MUNICIPAL IMPROVEMENT OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.
As the Duties of Citizenship Are Both General and Local, Every Government, General and Local, Should Do Its Share Toward Fitting Every Individual to Perform Them.

SIXTH—CURRENCY REFORM.
All the Nation's Money to Be Issued By the Nation's Government, and Its Supply to Be Regulated by the People, and Not by the Banks.

Bryan democrats have organized in New York to fight Tammany.

China has refused a railway concession demanded by Russia. It is believed in Berlin that Russia's latest claims will reopen the entire question of Russian and British rights there.

England, France and Germany will present demands to the United States amounting to millions for indemnity to citizens of those countries who were injured by the Cuban war.

In the North of Europe there seems to be a small war-cloud forming. The Scandinavian contention may reach a peaceful conclusion, but just now the prospects do not favor it.

England, having adjusted divisional lines in Africa in a manner satisfactory to all concerned, is now comparatively free to carry the "white man's burden" unmolested by envious neighbors.

Russia is striving to acquire a railroad terminus upon the Pacific below the heavy ice line that always closes Vladivostok and Siberian harbors. The Czar's peace conference is the event of international importance for the month of May.

It is interesting to read that the elections in Spain, being held upon Sunday, have to give way to matters of greater importance, namely, bull-fights, which occur upon the same day.

The situation in Porto Rico seems to demand an improvement in economic conditions. That amiably-disposed island would like to be commercially as well as politicaly annexed.

The resignation of Mr. Reed and his retirement from political life, and the clearing of Senator Quay from the charge of unlawful appropriation of state funds, were two surprises from which the public has hardly yet recovered.

In the municipal elections held in the United States since the beginning of the year there has been, with two exceptions, Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, a marked freedom from political domination. Detroit, Denver and Toledo are already strongly committed to social progress of a very definite sort. Chicago leans towards the Pingree idea of municipal ownership of street railways, and San Francisco is adopting radical innovations in the way of organization, and is providing an interesting object lesson

for other cities who are seeking ways and means to better their present condition.

The action of the Czar in depriving the Finns of their last vestige of independence has aroused much interest in this country in these people. This interest is further increased by the report that many are immigrating to America. The Literary Digest says of them:

The Finns threaten to emigrate en masse, and the nation which gets them certainly will be lucky. Physically they are among the finest races of white men; perhaps the South African Boers are the only people superior to them in this respect. A crew of Russian Finns is the strongest, most daring, most intelligent personnel a sea captain could wish to command. From an educational point of view, the Finns are much superior to the Boers, as they have long-established schools and universities, but their business morals and social habits are very unprogressive.

Dewey is still being mentioned as a possible candidate for the Presidency, although he has repeatedly refused to allow his name to be used in such a connection. It has been pointed out, however, that such a course was the only one open to him at the present time, and that inasmuch as he has always put duty first, it is not improbable that in another year duty may point so imperiously toward the White House that there can be no choice but to obey. The nomination of Dewey would mean his election and, if he persistently refuses the tenders of a nomination, he will be the first man to decline the Presidency of the United States.

Captain Coughlan, of the "Raleigh," which participated in the battle of Manila, has brought himself into a more or less unpleasant position by his remarks in New York about Admiral Von Diederich and the Kaiser. The part that the Germans take exceptions to is contained in the following story which Coghlan is reported to have told. Whether true or not, it is certainly a "good story":

Our friend, Admiral Von Diedrichs' officer, came down one day to make a complaint. It was my pleasure to step out on the quarter-deck just as he came aboard. It was partly by accident and partly by design. I heard him tell the Admiral about his complaint, and I heard the Admiral reply:

"Tell your Admiral those ships of his must stop when I say so. I wish to make the blocade of this harbor complete."

The German officer replied, "But we fly the flag." The reply of the Admiral was just like Dewey. He said "Those flags can be bought at half a dollar a yard anywhere."

There was no fun in that expression of the Admiral. He told the officer that anyone could fly a German flag, and that a whole Spanish fleet might come upon him with German flags up.

Then he drew back and stroked his mustache. He has a great habit of stroking his mustache when he gets mad. He said: "Tell your Admiral I'm blocading here. Now, note carefully what I say, and tell your Admiral that I say it. I have been making this blockade as easy for everybody as I could, but I'm getting tired of the purile work here. It has been of such a character that a man wouldn't notice it, although children might fight over it; but the time has come when it must stop."

"Now listen closely and tell the Admiral as I say it. Tell your Admiral that the slightest infraction of any rule, and tell him carefully, now, that the slightest infraction of any rule will mean only one thing. That will be war. It will be so accepted and resented immediately. If your people are ready for war with the United States they can have it at any time."

I'm free to admit that that almost took my breath away. It came so suddenly. We had expected it all along, but things you have been expecting always come unexpectedly. Even death comes that way sometimes.

As he left, with a face about this long (indicating by holding his hands far apart), the German said to me: "I think your Admiral does not exactly understand." Now, you've all read Victor Hugo's "Les Misrables," and what the first soldier said when the English called on him to surrender. I confess I said something like that to him. "Not only does he understand," I told him, "but he means what he says, and you'd better look out."

After that they did not breathe more than four times successively without asking permission.

IN SCIENCE—

Nicola Tesla, who is named the poet of science, in a letter to the New York Journal, says:

"Wireless telegraphy is a system of flashing signals by means of a light that is invisible, similar to X-rays. Circles of this unseen mysterious light may be sped instantly to any distance, even to Mars and Jupiter. If receiving terminals could be erected there

the message could be intelligently and faithfully transmitted.

"To flash 2000 or 3000 words per minute to any part by the highly sensitized terminals I have perfected will be a common thing. It is nothing. It is inevitable. Distance no longer intimidates the electrician. I have demonstrated this week that messages may be sent with equal facility through the earth as by induction through the air. Neither distance nor the density of intervening objects will affect the speed or accuracy of the transmission of messages.

"The people of New York can have their private wireless communication with friends and acquaintances in various parts of the globe. It will be no greater wonder to have a cable tower on your roof than it is now to have a telephone in your house."

Admiral Makaroff, experimenting under the protection of the Russian government, has invented an ice-breaking machine described as "a huge piece of naval construction," capable of plowing with wonderful rapidity a broad furrow through solid ice, opening a channel in which other vessels may navigate in safety. The successful operation of this ice-breaking steamer will materially effect other northern ports and waterways than Russia's.

Mr. Tripler seems to be in danger of losing his temper occasionally when some particularly scathing criticism is made upon his liquid air machine. The scientists must be wilfully blind, he thinks, or unnaturally dull, not to preceive at once the operation of a proposition so simple as his invention, while the scientists themselves are loudly lamenting Mr. Tripler's self-deception and the absurd position in which he has placed himself by his extravagant assertions.

Work is steadily progressing on the new yachts to compete for the America's cup this fall. The "Columbia," America's new defender, is being built by the Herreshoffs who are determined to turn out the most perfect racing craft that has been constructed, and no expense whatever is being spared to secure that end. On the other hand Sir Thomas Lipton is taking the same course with the cup-challenger, "Shamrock," and the races this fall promise to be of unusual interest. The greatest secrecy is being maintained on both sides of the water in regard to the lines of the yachts. A preliminary series of races will be held between the "Columbia" and the "Defender," the last cup-champion, to determine the qualities of the former. It is expected that she will show a great improvement over the "Defender."

Lieutenant Elliott, who has examined the Spanish vessels destroyed at Manila, reports that the sides of iron and steel-built ships do not resist projectiles enough to explode them. The desire to develop the steel shell so that it shall penetrate the armor has produced one that will go through the side of a ship so successfully that the shell will not explode and do the damage it should.

IN LITERATURE—

It is proven that the man who wields the pen may be quite as fearless as he who wears a sword, or carries a bayonet. Indeed, according to Richard Harding Davis, in Harpers' for May, the author of the "Red Badge of Courage" was the "coolest man under fire" of all who were present at the battle of San Juan "whether army officer or civilian." Mr. Davis found this fatalistic coolness annoying in the extreme, he frankly confesses, particularly when, upon the summit of the San Juan hills, Stephen Crane persistently took all the chances there were to take of being shot. This article concerning the courage of the war correspondents in the "late unpleasantness" is not less interesting than those which preceded it —and that is saying much. For of all the work which Richard Harding Davis has produced his Cuban papers are far and away the best.

Fiction, in the estimation of Mr. Kineton Parkes, is the "highest form of literary art." Realistic fiction is unqualifidely condemned, for "nature should only be allowed to serve as a basis." The greatest novelist is he who is able to imagine and create, from a fragment of nature, a glimpse of life, the beautiful dreams that are beyond realization—the

wonderful world of the unreal, so exquisitely and vividly drawn that it impresses the reader for the time being as real. The further we get from realism in fiction, the happier the results.

Jose Rizal, the Filipino novelist who was executed by the Spaniards at Manila in December, 1896, was a patriot of the loftiest type.

Walt Whitman's "cosmic consciousness" is just now the subject of animated discussion. Dr. Burke, who wrote the great poet's biography, is principally responsible for this Whitman debate, by reason of some rather startling statements recently made in an article in the New England Magazine, in which he likens the author of the "Leaves of Grass" to Christ, and describes his own first impressions of him.

Rudyard Kipling is suing G. P. Putnam & Sons, of New York, for $25,000 for "infringement of trade marks and copyrights." The Putnams say that is a case of "pique."

IN ART—

Lillian Bell holds the American girl to be a prude and accuses her of seriously crippling American art. To which Mr. W. D. Howells makes reply in behalf of literary art to the effect that the expansion of the American novel may not lie in the direction in which Miss Bell is looking. And a writer in the Critic thinks that she is unnecessarily alarmed for the future of American art. While such sculptors as St. Gaudens and such artists as Kenyon Cox are active there is little cause to worry. In fact the general consensus of opinion would indicate that Miss Bell has over-estimated the influence of the American girl.

Edgar Felloes, who is becoming known to the world through his work in artistic photography, sends over to the London competition three very remarkable pictures. One of Joaquin Miller, one of Frederic Warde in the character of Macbeth, a half-tone reproduction of which appeared in the Pacific Monthly for March, and a story-picture illustrating Jean Ingelo's "We Are Seven." Mr. Felloes has never yet failed to win flattering recognition for his work, wherever exhibited and has carried off several prizes in New York and Boston competitions. The pictures which he is sending from Portland to London are unusual studies and it is confidently expected that his work will be well received.

Among the pictures on exhibition at Bernstein's this month is an oil painting entitled "At Sea," by W. E. Rollins, and a water color by Captain Cleveland Rockwell, of Long Beach at high tide. Both Mr. Rollins and Captain Rockwell delight in painting the scenery of the Oregon coast.

Western artists are congratulating themselves just now upon the good fortune that has brought them Frank Du Mond, a painter whose work is recognized in two hemispheres. His presence in Portland is in the nature of an inspiration to the faithful and industrious Sketch Club, the members of which are eagerly embracing this opportunity to profit by the experience and teaching of a recognized master. Those who were fortunate enough to see his picture of "The Holy Family" exhibited at Bernstein's last year, are expectantly waiting. There was seen at the same time and place a painting of Joan d'Arc, by Mrs. DuMond, which attracted much attention, and which showed remarkable power and originality. The artist, Helen Savier DuMond, is a daughter of Oregon, and is no less gifted than her distinguished husband.

IN EDUCATION—

Dr. W. R. Tuttle, of New York University, is inclined to admit that our higher education is producing a race of pessimists He notes the tendency among college-bred men to stand coldly aloof from all movements toward social betterment, and to consider themselves as mere onlookers in the drama of hu-

man suffering, says the Literary Digest. The antidote needed for this form of pessimism, Dr. Tuttle tells us, is enthusiasm. Yet at present, he is forced to admit, enthusiasm too often goes with ignorance or fanaticism. It is the trained man who has unrivaled power for good, if he would but use it.

The Catholic Knights of America have endowed a chair of English Literature in the Catholic University of America, at Washington. This makes seventeen chairs that have been endowed since the establishment of the university.

The Stanford University estate having been taken from the courts, extensive improvements along the lines originally laid down are now under way.

IN RELIGIOUS THOUGHT—

In a recent proclamation Governor Rollins, of New Hampshire, made the following statement: "The decline of the Christian religion, particulary in our rural communities, is a marked feature of the times, and steps should be taken to remedy it." This statement immediately called forth an extended discussion throughout the country as to whether religion is in the decline or not. The religious press, on the whole, urges that it is not, though there are a conspicuous exceptions here and there. The New York Journal sent out letters to 200 clergymen, college presidents, and others, for their opinions, and with three exceptions the answers were that religion is not on the decline. The three exceptions were all New York ministers, among whom was Dr. Newell D. Hillis, the successor of Dr. Lyman Abbott. The question is destined to be very widely discussed.

Dr. C. A. Briggs, who was suspended for heresy by the Presbyterian Assembly, was ordained a priest of the Episcopal church on May 14. It was expected that protests would be made at the time, but none were filed.

LEADING EVENTS—

April 1.—Ex-President Harrison and ex-Secretary Tracy are appointed counsel for Venezuela before the international arbitration court to meet in Paris on May 25.

April 2.—A serious conflict between Turkish and Bulgarian guards occurs on the Bulgarian frontier.

April 3.—The Greek ministry resigns.

April 4.—The Cuban military assembly votes to dissolve and disband the army.

April 5.—Reports received from Manila to the effect that Aguinaldo has been deposed in favor of General Antonio Lund.

April 6.—The Swedish parliament votes a large credit for war expenses.

April 7.— Malietoa is crowned king of Samoa.

April 8.—The British government appoints C. N. E. Eliot, British high commissioner to Samoa.

April 9.—The Cuban junta demands the prosecution of General Indlow for setting aside the "incommenicado" law.

April 10.—General Lawton captures Santa Cruz.

April 11.—Bellamy Storer, present United States minister to Belgium, is appointed minister to Spain.

April 12.—It is announced that the Samoan trouble will be settled peaceably.

April 13.—The government acknowledges increasing complications in the Philippines.

April 14.—Americans capture San Antonio. ——Revolution breaks out in Brazil.

April 15.—William J. Bryan and O. P. H. Belmont speak at the Jeffersonian dinner at the Grand Central Palace in New York.

April 16.—The United States cruiser Raleigh is welcomed at New York on returning from Manila.

April 17.—The famous Indian fighting regiment, the Twenty-first infantry, sails for Manila from San Francisco.

April 18.—4,000 American volunteers petition the government to be allowed to be mustered out.——Ex-Governor Lord, of Oregon, is appointed minister to Persia.

April 19.—Speaker Reed resigns.

April 20.—General Otis asks for twenty thousand men.

April 23.—A new cabinet is formed for Roumania.

April 24.—Dr. Nicholas Senn has been announced by his friends as a candidate for the republican nomination for governor of Illinois.

April 25.—The strikes at the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mines, Wardner, Idaho, assume a threatening character.

April 26.—Wardner is transformed into an armed camp.

April 27.—General McArthur again routs the Filipino army.

April 28.—The Filipinos ask for a suspension of hostilities.

Books

In His Steps; What Would Jesus Do?
Advance Pub. Co.

Charles M. Sheldon has produced in the work of the above title a book that is destined to have a far-reaching influence. Christian men and women certainly must be strongly impressed by it, and feel the truth of the position that Mr. Sheldon takes in regard to the condition of the churches today. The book attempts to solve, from a religious standpoint, many of the social questions of the day, and the fair-minded reader must admit that it is more practical than anything that has heretofore appeared. While it will, of course, have no effect on the agnostic, the atheist, or the disbeliever in Christ, church people should be profoundly moved by the spirit of the book, and be impelled to put to themselves the question which actuates the characters in any situation throughout the story, viz.: "What Would Jesus Do?" From a literary standpoint the book is open to criticism. Mr. Sheldon evidently does not understand the art of condensation. In his endeavor to fully impress the reader with the points once clearly brought out he makes the book tiresome. However, this will not prevent its being read through. The story, on the whole, is too strong, too deserving to be passed by. The criticism of the Bookman, that the story is immoral, stamps that periodical as lacking in the first principles of good judgment. The Bookman is not ed for its lack of literary discernment, and is, therefore, no criterion. Such a criticism as it has made upon this book is so manifestly unjust as to leave one in doubt as to whether the critic on the Bookman had ever read the story.

It is worth noting that the book has created a sensation in England, over 1,000,000 copies having been sold there.

A Second Century Satirist.
F. Tennyson Neely, New York.

The more interesting dialogues of Lucian are translated by Winthrop Dudly Sheldon, Lucian, who lived in the age of Antonines, is characterized as the "Avant Coureur" of the host of modern story-tellers and humorists. His "Dialogue of the Gods" is delightful in its naturalness and humor. The gods of Olympus are charmingly satirized. "Zeus in Heroics" is an amusing attack upon that pagan deity as the providential ruler of the Universe. He is represented in grave distress and pale of countenance pacing to and fro, muttering to himself. Hermes and Athena appeal to him to tell what it is all about. He replies in tragic phrase from Euripidies. Here his wife enters—she knows what ails him; some new love affair, of course. No, he protests—quite another matter. "The rule of the gods is in peril; it is a question whether we shall longer receive gifts and honors, or be regarded as of no account. Yesterday in Athens two philosophers fell into hot debate whether we even exist or have any control over human affairs. Today the discussion is to be renewed. What shall be done? Everything hinges upon the result." Zeus calls a council of the gods to meet the emergency. The dialogue gives a highly humorous account of their coming together, of the debate itself, and how the gods from the open windows of heaven watch its progress, making their side remarks, as the contest ebbs and flows.

"Dialogues of the Dead" is a delicate satire upon human life in which Diogenes and Charon figure conspicuously. The book contains the best of Lucian's productions and is genuinely amusing and more. It is prefaced by an account of "Lucian the Man and the Author."

When Knighthood Was in Flower.

Brown-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

The author of this historical novel, Edwin Caskaden, claims that he has a right to be proud of his ancestry inasmuch he can go back in a direct, unbroken line to William the Conqueror, and includes in the list fourteen barons, twelve Knights of the Garter and forty-seven knights of Bath, etc. If such a record does not entitlte an author to a respectful reading from a democratic American public, what can? And the story is taken from the memoir of one of these same worthy ancestors—one Sir Edwin Caskoden, Master of the Dance to Henry VIII, and is the romance of Mary Tudor, sister to the king. And of course it naturally follows that a romance of that period and setting must reverberate with the clash of arms. The Princess Mary "could not help it that God had seen fit to make her the fairest being on earth, and the responsibility would have to lie where it belonged—with God-given beauty and rank and youth—and the result is as meritable as it is interesting and romantic. There is some mention in the beginning of one "Master Wolsey, a butcher's son." And that is an excellent rule which Brandon gives the Princess "for every-day use." Simple too. "Whatever makes others unhappy is wrong; whatever makes the world happier is good." He thoughtfully adds that he is not sure as to how one is to do this, or to know. "One has to learn by trying."

And a little later we have this same Brandon admitting that he likes a woman "who can be as savage as the very devil when it pleases her." There is a good deal of the most delightful moralizing in this book. "The difference between a man and a woman," Sir Edwin reflects, is that "a woman—God bless her—if she really loves a man, has no thought of any other; one at a time is all sufficient, but a man may love one woman with all the warmth of a simoon, and at the same time feel like a good, healthy south wind toward a dozen others."

The Battle of the Strong.

Houghton, Miffiin & Co., New York.

One of the notable novels of the year is this book of Gilbert Parker's. It is a story of the little isle of Jersey. "In all the world, there is no coast like the coast of Jersey; so treacherous, so snarling; serrated with rocks, seen and unseen, tortured by currents maliciously whimsical, encircled by tides that sweep up from the Antarctic world with the devouring force of a monstrous serpent projecting itself toward its prey." The descriptive opening of the first chapter is a marine word-picture so real that you catch the roar of the surf, and feel the salt spray in your face—as you look—"Always, always the white form beats the rocks, and always must man go warily along these coasts." And this danger-circled island was the scene of the "Battle of the Strong," which was fought a hundred years ago. And the people, Norman still in thought and speech, are made to live and breathe in the pages of this book, real flesh and blood, true as steel, an honest, simple folk with an honest, simple pride of race. One is surprised to find oneself in love with the fat old wife of the boatman Jean Tonzel, whose physical attractions were of so doubtful a nature that for fifteen years her husband whom she adored, had not had the courage to kiss her. But it is the warm womanly heart of her, so tender—so faithful, so loving—so quick to understand and sympathize that wins one unawares. The heroine, the beautiful, high-minded Guida, with all her charms does not approach the character of the boatman's wife in deep human interest. As for the hero—well there are so many of him—he is so divided up that it is hardly possible to decide in one reading just what, or who he is.

Men and Women

LIVING TOGETHER.—By Edgar P. Hill, D. D.

When two human beings meet laws and governments become necessary. When two men stand fronting each other the profoundest problems of sociology press upon the mind for solution. Two men are society in the little. Is a man honest? Watch him in his dealings with the one before him. Is he truthful? Another man is here necessary for the test. Is he philanthropic? His attitude towards another is the proof.

One of the most difficult things in the world is to get along with a fellow-creature. Hagenbach studies the peculiarities of a tiger, adapts himself to its temper, subdues its fierceness, until man and beast dwell together in peace. But who spends many hours in studying the characteristics of his fellow man? Who seeks to soften another's fury? Who cultivates a spirit of adaptability towards the man next him? We marvel at the skill of a Rubenstein as he sits before the piano, or a Turner as he spreads his vision on the canvas, but neither of these deserves our admiration as does the man who has learned what Sir Arthur Helps terms "the art of right living."

Two fellow-creatures, with all their peculiarities of manner, their eccentricities of mind, their tempermental individualities, find themselves tied to each other for life. If, on the day they plighted their troth "before God and these witnesses," they could have caught a glimpse of the future, perhaps both would have hesitated. He did not realize that physical charms quickly change. She could not anticipate the selfishness, the coarseness, the indifference which a few years would bring forth. If Jane Welsh had known what a crabbed dyspeptic her Thomas was to become, would she have replied so promptly, "I do," when the minister asked "Do you?" If the Athenian philosopher had known how much trouble his Xantippe was going to be, would he have put his neck under the yoke so readily? Perhaps it should be put, if Xantippe had known that her spouse was going to delight in the companionship of the most famous courtesan of the day, would she have given such quick consent to become his mantle-mender for life?

But they could not see into the future. Here they are bound together so long as they both shall live. Therefore, will not some wise man, whom we shall give a place among the immortals, open a school in which ten thousand perplexed husbands and wives may learn the art of living together?

She will be told how to cultivate their little personal graces of way and word, which

> "Betray,
> Like the divining rod of Magi old,
> Where precious wealth lies buried, not of gold,
> But love—strong love that never can decay."

He will study the refinements of life for her sake; continue to be as gallant as in the old courting days; covet the leisure hour to be with his beloved rather than to spend it at the club. Each will be thoughtful of the other, generous in expressions of affection, considerate of of the other's weaknesses.

When clouds come, what then? Let them come. The choicest flowers often need protection from the sun. Only a single sorrow need greatly to be feared. If the shadow of the scarlet woman should fall across, then sweet love is dead.

When hands are wet with a brother's blood, the world cries out in horror. More cruel is he who stabs to the heart with the poisoned dagger of illicit passion, the wife of his bosom, and yet, merciless hand, will not finish the work.

One there is who is able to teach the art of living together—A Bridegroom. He knows the secrets of love. He seals vows and beautifies love. In His love all earthly relationships are glorified.

Questions of the Day

Expansion.

The question that everybody is asking everybody else just now is, What do you think of expansion?

My answer is that we have already expanded, and that is the end of it. Our sovereignty and right over Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines is just as complete as over any territory we have ever acquired by conquest or purchase. However, there are those who vehemently question the policy of expansion and endeavor to discredit the administration, on account thereof.

The same contention took place concerning the Louisiana purchase, the annexation of Texas, the acquisition of a part of Mexico and the purchase of Alaska. There were pessimists then as now, who saw nothing in it but disaster and ruin for the United States. But who at the present time will doubt the wisdom of expansion—of acquiring new territory—in those instances? But we are told it is different with Cuba, and the Philippines; that the people of those islands have not consented to American sovereignty, and that to force them into becoming American citizens would be contrary to all our traditions and shameful in the extreme.

The same conditions were true, however, of the territory acquired in the war with Mexico, and the Alaska purchase. The native tribes and clans were not consulted nor did they give their consent, but having acquired the territory (in the one instance by conquest and in the other by purchase) our sovereignty attached and we were not held back because, forsooth, some Mexican chief or Indian Sachem might feel offended at our coming. We went to where American valor had planted our flag in Mexico, and where American foresight had placed it in Alaska and there we remained. As a result of that course four new flourishing states and three territories were added to the Union.

Substantially the same policy should, in my judgment, be adopted in reference to Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. We should hold them as trophies of our victorious arms; provide for the time being a suitable military government for them, until such time as the people shall become sufficiently civilized and pacified, and then extend over them the territorial form of government through which so many of our states have worked their way into the Union. Under the wise and humane administration such a system would afford, I doubt not that within a decade they would be knocking at the door of congress, seeking admission to the sisterhood of states.

My reasons for holding the territory wrested from Spain may be summarised as follows:

First—Call it sentiment or what you will, I am a thorough believer in the idea that wherever American patriotism and blood and valor have placed our flag there it should remain. The brave boys who gave their lives to their country in the Philippines and Cuba, did so because they were following their country's flag and vindicating their country's honor. To now take down that flag from where they planted it by their valor and devotion and withdraw from the conquered territory, as some seem to think should be done, would discredit their work and their devotion, and take away the very incentive to warlike and heroic action on the part of our soldiery in time of war.

Second—We owe a moral duty to the people of those islands not to leave them in a worse condition than we found them, which would certainly be the case if we withdrew, leaving them in their half-civilized state to the mercy of self-appointed rulers as well as the prey of less considerate nations. Such a course would, in my judgment, be ignoble, contemptible, pusillanimous.

Third—From a commercial standpoint we should retain them. The time

is not far distant when in the interest of our varied products, we will have to imitate the example of our mother country and fight for markets. In such a struggle the possession of the Philippines as a gateway to the Orient will be of transcendent importance, while Cuba is the key to the trade of the South American republics.

Fourth— We are too great ana beneficent a government and country to bottle ourselves up or to be bottled up. In the great onward movement of the world God is using the nations to work out certain great ends, among which are the elevation and civilization of the human race in all quarters of the earth. We should retain the footholds which the fortunes of war have given us in the Far East and to the south of us, that we may be in a better position to discharge our part of this high and solemn duty which under Providence we owe the less favored portions of mankind.

Fifth—The war with Spain cost us in the neighborhood of $200,000,000, besides the $20,000,000 paid to Spain for betterments in the Philippines. We should retain the territory acquired in that war as a recompense for these expenditures, such being our only hope of indemnity.

A. H. TANNER.

Trusts.

The tendency of capital to concentrate in the form of trusts or syndicates is perhaps the most absorbing question before the public today, involving as it does both political and social progress. The movement, which I believe will ultimately result in nationalism or government ownership of all forms of industry, has been clearly defined from the start. It began some years ago by the consolidation of the smaller stores in our larger cities into one big concern, and the Department Store of today is the result. The Department Stores, however, will eventually be absorbed by larger interests until there will be but one big store in each city. Although this part of the movement is in an unfinished state, yet progress has been so rapid that the next step—the consolidation of several corporations in different parts of the country into one—has been taken, and today we find ourselves in the midst of it and capital scrambling as never before in the history of the world for centralization. Conditions made the movement inevitable, and conditions will bring it to its only logical outcome—nationalism. This word has been held up as a bugaboo, but it means more for the people directly than any other one word. While, therefore, the undoubted tendency of the times towards this ultimate goal may be detrimental to certain interests, thought and investigation must convince us that it will work untold benefit to the nation and to the world.

W. H. SHELOR.

About the Koreans.

Bordering the back yard of the house I occupy is a wall built over 3,000 years ago; over in front and enclosing the modern city of Pyeng-yang, a quarter of a mile away, is a new one, some 600 years old. In keeping with these ancient landmarks there are customs among the people which are much as they were away down in those dim vistas. The most noticeable of these is the hats. When a Chinaman, named Kija, came over here into Korea in 1122 B. C. (about the time King David was ruling in Judea) and commenced the civilization which, with but few changes, we see today, he found the tribes ferocious and given to fighting one another. He therefore made a law that all men must wear broad-brimmed earthenware hats, which, if broken in a brawl or fight, meant decapitation of the wearer. To this day the Koreans wear a frail horsehair or bamboo-woven gauze hat which is very evidently an evolution of the earthenware article of some 3,000 years ago. As a people the first characteristics, as I would write them, are: Disregard of the truth; love of children and family; a certain sense of humor; procrastination and hospitality. As a nation, mediocrity describes them exactly.

J. HUNTER WELLS, M. D.

The Financial World

CONDUCTED BY DOWNING, HOPKINS & CO.

The New York stock market has passed through two trying experiences during the month, and at the close prices are from 4 to 10 points lower. However, the "tone" is much improved and business is in a much healthier condition.

* * * * *

Certain technical aspects of the current stock market are well worthy of consideration. Among these are the evident disposition of the general public to pay less attention to the material situation and the outlook than to the real or rumored position of the handful of operators and capitalists who are supposed to dictate the course of prices. People seem to be ignorant of the fact that none of these gentlemen nor all of them acting in combination are powerful enough to influence permanently such an enormous affair as the New York stock market, even granting that they should undertake to do so. Yet it is a fact that the bulk of current speculative ventures are based wholly upon some idle rumor which generally develops finally into "confidential information" that the "Flowers," or the "Keenes," or the "Standard Oil interests" are buying or selling this or that stock. This form of speculative hero-worship has become so highly developed that consternation spread through the stock exchange on Tuesday when one of the most prominent market "leaders" was alleged to have observed that he did not propose to buy the stocks with which his name is identified from the public at the current level of prices. On Wednesday the gentleman in question repudiated the statement and confidence was restored. All this reflects an unsettled and uncertain speculative sentiment. With the introduction of the new industrial stocks and the so-called specialties to speculative attention the public finds itself involved in securities which may or may not possess value, and the public has no other means of ascertaining whether they have or not beyond what it obtains from the tape. Yet the daily transactions in stocks of this class constitute the major portion of each day's dealings in the stock market. Such a state of things would only be possible in a time like the present, when the mania for speculation is acute. Herein lies one of the real points of danger in the whole stock market situation. But for the injection of this mass of half-baked securities into the market in the past few months, and notwithstanding other circumstances that led prudent operators to reduce their commitments, it is probable that ere this the old class of speculative favorites would have been selling materially higher. But the public has turned to the worship of strange gods, and it remains to be seen what manner of favor they will bestow.

The actual investment situation, however, is unshaken, and it is difficult to imagine any change there that will seriously unsettle present conditions. There is nothing to cause alarm to the holders of securities who have not invested in pigs in bags.

The foreign wheat markets are showing a much better tone. A Vienna cable says in the greater part of Austria unseasonable weather prevails, resulting in great damage to crops. There are also reliable reports of drought in Russia and Spain, and frosts in Germany. The bulk of the Argentine crop has been shipped this month. Turning to America, our advices from the southwestern states are not of a flattering character as regards the growing winter wheat.

* * * * *

There have been good advances in the price of silver, lead and copper. There is apparently no diminuation in the demand for staple goods, and prices not only hold the advance already recorded, but give indications of reaching a still higher level.

The Magazines

FOR JUNE.

The Century—

Niagara Falls is strikingly illustrated in the June issue. Castaigne is the artist who supplies the pictures. This number also contains a fascinating article by Henry van Dyke, entitled, "Fisherman's Luck." Mr. van Dyke takes the readers out into the woods, and introduces them to nature in her fairest moods. There is the glint of sunshine, the breath of flowers, the sweep of winds and the wash of singing waves, running through his pages. "Fisherman's Luck" is bright, healthful reading. Indeed this particular number of the Century has a charm that is simply irresistable; it is just what it claims to be, an "out of doors edition." It is June, the glorious queen month of the year, personified in all her rose-crowned splendor. The Century will also issue special numbers for July and August, the first to be devoted to "Story-tellers," the second to travel and mid-summer pursuits and pleasures. Each of these editions will have illuminated covers and beautiful illustrations.

This year the Century registers Vol. LVII. In November, 1870, Scribner's Monthly made its initial appearance under the editorial guidance of J. G. Holland. It is rather interesting to note the attitude of the author of "Seven Oaks" toward the "New" woman question. In "Topics of the Times," in this first number, discussing the subject of woman's work and wages, he asserts that "Justice determines that man, as the most capable and valuable laborer, shall receive the most for his time." This he holds to be a natural law, no more to be affected by legislation than the phases of the moon. Woman's "value as a laborer is limited, and her wages will be determined by her value as a laborer at large." The opening chapters of that unhappy story of George McDonald's "Wilfrid Cumbermede" also appear in this first issue.

In May, 1881, Scribner's Monthly became the property of the Century Company, and in November of the same year the name was changed to the "Century."

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

What gain, did we give us ever
To love and beauty's care!
So would our hearts be gentle,
So our visions fair.

The winds have breath of the roses,
Over the roses blown;
Yea, the angels of heaven grow whiter
Looking on the throne.
—John Vance Cheney, in June Century.

The Cosmopolitan.—

Henry Thurston Peck, whose articles "For Maids and Mothers," in the Cosmopolitan have been attracting a great deal of attention lately, is about to have some exceptions taken to his statements regarding the higher education of women. The editor of this magazine believes that people are interested in hearing both sides of the question, and has secured one of the brightest advocates of the rights of women, Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson to reply to Professor Peck. Her paper will appear in the July number and will be a refutation of Professor Peck's "Women of Today and of Tomorrow," which is published this month, and in which he does not spare the author of "In This Our World." He complains that "man in these days seems to be very largly ignored by the fluent women who have set before themselves the simple task of revolutionizing human society by means of several courses of popular lectures, a book or two of essays, and a volume of vehement verse." And after carefully examining the whole subject from his point of view, concludes that woman

holds and will ever hold the place that has been rightfully hers from the beginning of time. The evolution of a new type is merely a chimera of the dissatisfied and disappointed mind. It will be little short of exciting to see how Mrs. Stetson will answer his arguments.

Frank R. Stockton's clever story of the "Galleon," is quite as good as anything he has written recently. And as no publication is complete without some mention of Cuba or the Philippines, the Cosmopolitan contains an article descriptive of the latter, with the usual number of natives posing to be photographed. Aerial navigation is illustrated in all its experimental progress. The air ship, it would seem from Mr. H. B. Nason's explanation of recent inventions and experiments, is one of the certainties of the near future.

"Love's Gift" is a charming bit of verse by John Vance Cheney, who is in evidence in several periodicals this month.

Scribner's—

In January, 1887, Charles Scribner's Sons began the publication of the magazine to which they gave the Scribner name, and which ranks with Harper's and the Century.

Harold Frederic's novel, "Settis Brother's Wife," that rather gruesome and altogether unpleasant chronicle of altogether unpleasant people first sees the light of day through the pages of the new Scribner's. Arlo Bates and Austin Dobson furnish some very creditable verse, and the public proved itself on the whole very glad to welcome this phoenix of literature. Since its first number, under the management of the sons of the founder of Scribner's Monthly, this magazine has more than held its own and has published some of the finest things that the literature of the times has evolved.

One special feature of Scribner's is the beauty of its cover designs, which in every way correspond to its contents.

McClure's—

This magazine is in a way the most progressive and enterprising of the periodicals of the day. In many respects it rivals the higher-priced publications. The last of the Kipling stories which have been an attractive feature during the early part of the year appears in the June number. McClure's without Kipling would seem incomplete, for there have been few issues during recent years that have not contained something from the prolific pen of the great literary cosmopolite. The June number is particularly interesting and in the way of illustrations leaves little to be desired. McClures is up-to-date and in all things excellent and unexceptionally good.

Harper's—

The publisher's notice to the first volume of Harper's Monthly Magazine announced a circulation of fifty thousand copies at the end of the first six months. This periodical is entitled to be called the pioneer American magazine. It made its first appearance in June, 1880, and in many respects differed from the Harper's of today. Indeed there is nothing really similar but the name. In those early stages of its development it contained a department devoted to fashions. There was—to be truthful—nothing that it did not contain. Clippings from other publications, filled a generous half of its pages, and the spirit of Dickens began almost at once to brighten it with a promise of greater things. "Bleak House" appeared in Vol. IV, to be followed later by "Our Mutual Friend." In 1853 "The Newcomes" introduced Thackery. What a charm lurks in those early editions! It is like the almost forgotten fragrance of those lusty roses that bloomed in our grandmother's gardens, healthfully stimulating, but not to be compared to the faint, subtle perfume of the complex and wonderful products of rose gardens of today.

Chess

CONDUCTED BY E. C. PROTZMAN.

The Pacific Monthly offers a year's subscription to the person sending in the first solution to the chess problem given below:

WHITE—(Fourteen Pieces).

King at Q 8.
Queen at K Kt sq.
Rooks at Q B 2 and Q Kt 7.
Knights at Q 7 and Q R 7.
Bishops at Q R 3 and Q R 8.
Pawns at K R 7—K Kt 4—K B 2—K B 6—K 3, and Q R 2.

BLACK—(Ten Pieces).

King at Q 4.
Rook at Q Kt 5.
Knights at K R 4 and Q B 8.
Bishops at Q B 6 and Q Kt 6.
Pawns at K Kt 2— K B 6—Q R 3, and Q R 4.

White to mate in three moves. The solution will be published in our July number.

To compel forgetfulness is but one of Caiassa's virtues; for Franklin in his "Morals of Chess," has said: Concentration of mind patience, foresight and perseverance, alike may be acquired by playing chess." One of our great statesmen says: "Valuable qualities of the mind necessary to success in life are strengthened and even formed by the study of chess"; while an eminent English author declares: "Amenities of manner and of the temper are gained by the practice of chess playing."

While all this has been known from time immemorial by chess devotees, it has only been within the past decade that any attempt in a practical form has been made of making use of these attributes. During the last few years the faculties of our great colleges have been encouraging and promoting the practice of chess playing by their students, and the result is that each year tournaments have occurred between the different colleges.

We have been asked if Paul Morphy ever attempted problem composing, and an admirer of the great chess master's genius, in answer to the question, hands us the following specimen by Morphy. From the Illustrated American.

WHITE—(7 Pieces).

King—Q R 3; Queen K B 3; Kt—K R 5; Pawns—K Kt 3-7, K 4 and Q R 5.

BLACK—(16 Pieces).

King— K Kt 3; Queen—K R 7; Rooks—Q Kt sq and K 7; Knights—K B sq and K Kt sq Bishops—Q B sq and K R sq; Pawns—Q Kt 2 and 6, Q B 4, Q 2, K 2 and 3,K Kt 4 and K R 5.

SOLUTION.

1. Q K B 7—K X Q.
2. P X B becoming Kt ch—K K sq.
3. Kt K Kt 7 ch—K to Q sq.
4. Kt K B 7 ch—K to B 2.
5. Kt K 8 ch—K to B 3.
6. Kt K 5 ch—K to Kt 4.
7. Kt Q B 7 ch—K X P.
8. Kt Q B 5 mate.

We present for the enjoyment of the young student another of Paul Morphy's games—this time where he gives the odds of Rook to his opponent.

Remove White Queen's Rook.

White—Morphy.	Black—Mr. ———
1. P K 4.	1. P K 4.
2. Kt K B 3.	2. Kt Q B 3.
3. B B 4.	3. K Kt B 3.
4. Kt K Kt 5.	4. P Q 4.
5. P X P.	5. Kt X P.
6. Kt X K B P .	6. K X Kt.
7. Q K B 3 ch.	7. K K 3.
8. Kt Q B 3.	8. Kt Q 5.
9. B X Kt ch.	9. K Q 3.
10. Q B 7.	10. B K 3.
11. B X B.	11. Kt X B.
12. Kt K 4 ch.	12. K Q 4.
13. P Q B 4 ch.	13. K X Kt.
14. Q X Kt.	14. Q Q 5.
15. Q K Kt 4 ch (A).	15. K Q 6.
16. Q K 2 ch.	16. K B 7.
17. P Q 3 dis ch.	17. K X B.
18. Castles and mates (B).	

A—The student will note how prettily each check connects up to the final coupe.

B—What an elegant ending.

Drift

His Heart Was Won.

A plainsman and his horse, a mountaineer and his dog, a spinster and her cat, an Irishman and his pig—all these suggest familiar opportunities of reaching an owner's heart through his pet animal.

The Nebraska State Journal says that when Colonel Van Wyck, now of that state, was running for congress many years ago in the Fifteenth New York district, there was a certain Irishman who steadfastly refused to give the old soldier any encouragement. The colonel was greatly surprised, therefore, when Pat informed him on election day that he had concluded to support him.

"Glad to hear it, glad to hear it," said the colonel; "I rather thought you were against me, Patrick."

"Well, sir," said Patrick, "I wuz; and whin ye stud by me pig-pen and talked that day fur two hours or worse, ye didn't budge me a hair's breadth, sir; but after ye wuz gone away I got to thinking how ye reached yer hand over the fence and scratched the pig on the back till he laid down wid the pleasures of it, and I made up me mind that whin a rale colonel was as sociable as that, I wasn't the man to vote agin him."

College Amenities.

Some very amusing tales are told of the pranks that college men play upon each other, and the friendly rivalry that exists between the different classes is often the cause of the most unusual and daring expedients being employed to accomplish some fantastic end.

A good instance of this is related of the rivalry between the law and literary departments of the University of Michigan to possess an immense carved stone which had been presented to the university some years ago by an alumnus of the law department. He had been moved to add to a pile of stones which the university students had been holding in veneration, and accordingly sent to the university an immense piece of granite from Northern Michigan. On its arrival the stone was duly placed where it properly belonged. The law students, however, were not satisfied. They thought that since it had been presented to the university by a graduate of their department that it should be placed in front of the law buildings. Accordingly, fifty or sixty of them got together one night and carefully removed the grass in sods so that no traces of their work would be seen. After laboring nearly all the night, their task was accomplished, and the next morning the university was astounded to see the immense stone resting peacefully in front of the law department and no traces whatever of its removal apparent, the sods having been carefully replaced.

This was too much for the literary department, and such presumption must not go unchecked. So, without a word of comment, an equal or greater number from this department worked and sweated all night over the stone, until it was in front of the literary department, and the university received another shock the following morning.

The rivalry between the two departments was now at a fever heat, and the following morning found the stone back in its old place, but sunk half way into the ground, and covered with tar. It was thought then that this would settle it, but not so. The literary department was bound to get even, and by might and main was successful in extracting the stone from the cavity, notwithstanding the tar, and buried it almost completely in front of its buildings, wedging it in with smaller stones and wood. The coming legal lights were not to be downed by this, however.

They held a council of war, and the following night dug up the stone, carried it over to their building and burried it so deeply and securely that it was

never seen again from that time.

Such friendly contests as these have heretofore been confined to the students of one college. It has remained, however, for Standard and Berkeley to extend them so that the two universities are now pitted against each other. It was, of course, wholly unintentional on their part to bring this condition about, and the outcome is yet problematical.

It seems that Stanford has been losing in its athletic contests this year, and the students, to ward off the "hoodoo," as they call it, had an axe of tremendous size made, and carried it with them to San Francisco for the last baseball game of the season. This they were to exhibit as they yelled to their players:—

Give 'em the axe,
The axe, the axe,
Give 'em the axe,
The axe, the axe,
Give 'em the axe,
Give 'em the axe,
Give 'em the axe.
WHERE?

Right in the neck,
The neck, the neck,
Right in the neck,
The neck, the neck,
Right in the neck,
Right in the neck,
Right in the neck,
THERE!

As one would naturally suppose this "riled" the Berkeley boys, and "rattled" their players. The Stanford contingent was in high glee, when a crowd of Berkeleyites swooped down upon them and took the axe away. Having a comparatively small representation, Stanford had to take her medicine with the best grace possible, while Berkeley shouted itself hoarse, and won the game.

Of course there was gloom at Palo Alto when all this became known. Stanford vowed vengeance and waited her opportunity. It was soon found. A year or so ago a good deal was being said about the famous Yale fence, and as the Berkeley students read—the desire grew upon them to have a fence, too. So they got themselves together, collected funds and built a most elaborate fence which they painted the college colors, and then dedicated with the most solemn ceremonies. There was nothing at Berkeley upon which the students fastened more admiring glances than that fence. It was the apple of their eyes, and here was Stanford's opportunity. A daring plan was conceived to take the fence "bodily" and bring it to the Stanford campus.

Accordingly four squads of men were selected, and each given a specific duty. They left Stanford one dark night, and arrived at Berkeley at about 1 A. M. The town watchman discovered one squad, and thinking that it might be up to some mischief, followed it and was led into the mountains. The others, meanwhile, secured the fence without any difficulty, and taking it hurriedly apart, loaded it upon a wagon. They proceeded with care through the villages in the early morning, and by noon were safe from detection or pursuit. At one of the railroad stations a message was sent to the university that they were coming—with the fence! The greatest enthusiasm that the university has seen since the government suit was won, followed. 'Bus load after 'bus load of students went to meet the tired and sleepy, but happy, men who had avenged the axe. The university band met the procession at the university entrance, and led it triumphantly to the "Quad—" the inner court of the university buildings. Recitations were forgotten, and the students went mad with enthusiasm as only students can, and at this writing Berkeley's fence adorns the Stanford campus.

W. B. W.

The story is so good that of course it isn't true, but it runs to the effect that "Mr. Dooley" (Peter Dunne) met Richard Harding Davis in Chicago several weeks ago.

"Do you know," said Mr. Davis, "that from reading your works I expected to see a big, brawny, red-faced Irishman, with red chin-whiskers?"

"Strange!" replied Dunne. "My expectation, based upon reading your books, was to find you dressed in a pink shirt waist."—Literary Digest.

"I don't believe," remarked a little nine-year-old recently, "that Queen Vic-

toria can be so very good, for her ancestors were so very bad."

"But the Queen is not responsible for her ancestors, and she does not have to be like them. Suppose, for instance, your grandfather was a scoundrel—"

"You must remember," interrupted the little girl, drawing herself up proudly, "that my grandfather was a gentleman. Do you suppose my grandma would have married him if he hadn't been nice?"

A Young Man's Love.

"The love of a young man is like an ill-trained dog, and led away by every vagrant trail" is the opinion of Mr. Frederic L. Wheeler, a clever writer of very clever short stories. It is not difficult to differ with Mr. Frederic L. Wheeler, who may be, and doubtless is himself a young man who speaks from the fullness of personal experience, though on calmer consideration it is not the truth of his statement that we would challenge but rather his manner of putting it. A young man's love is always a beautiful evanescent sort of a passion, like the flutter of brilliant butterfly wings in the sunshine of a summer afternoon, like the dance of a field of golden butter-cups in the softening winds of April—or, like any sweet and pleasant thing that charms the senses briefly and passes with the hour. Mr. Frederic L. Wheeler has the idea correctly enough, but his comparison is odious. And this seeming inconstancy is, after all, not a serious affair. The young man is in pursuit of an ideal, and in his youthful ignorance he is always fondly imagining that he has found it, and just as often discovering his mistake. In one sense his inconstancy is really constancy—for he is, through a series of illusions and disillusions true to his ideal—and he is in nine cases out of ten more deeply and abidingly in love with himself, albeit unconsciously, than he will ever be with anyone or anything on the young side of his thirty-fifth birthday. And when you come to know the young man well—the right sort, we mean, of course, you cannot wonder at this, or blame him.

ORAARV.

Work and Genius.

All forms of work are really automatic, or can be made so. Once train the mind to know that at a certain hour of each day it must begin to work in a certain way and after a while it will do so at a word. The slightest finger-touch of purpose will start the machinery. What the youth has to do is to break himself into this habit of work; and when once the process is complete it need never be repeated.

Another example,—perhaps an unexpected one,—of the faculty of genius for work we find in Rudyard Kipling. Most people suppose that such stories as his must depend a good deal on inspired moments; that the sort of man who could write them is a meditative onlooker, watching the play of life from some calm retreat.

What are the facts? Rudyard Kipling owes everything to work. He has led one of the hardest and most strenuous of lives. Of course, he has genius, imaginative power, observation; but they have been trained and developed in the school of hard work.—The Saturday Evening Post.

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Bret Harte is so frequently complimented as the author of "Little Breeches," that he is almost as sorry it was ever written as is Colonel John Hay, who would prefer his fame to rest on more ambitious work. A gushing lady who prided herself upon her literary tastes said to him once: "My dear Mr. Harte, I am so delighted to meet you. I have read everything you ever wrote, but of all your dialect verse there is none that compares to your 'Little Breeches.'" "I quite agree with you, madam," said Mr. Harte, "but you have put the little breeches on the wrong man."—Current Literature.

No. 1738. March 25, 1987.

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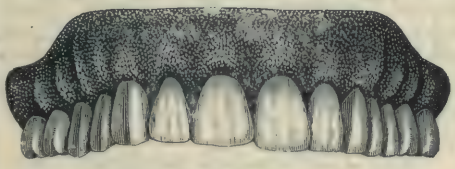
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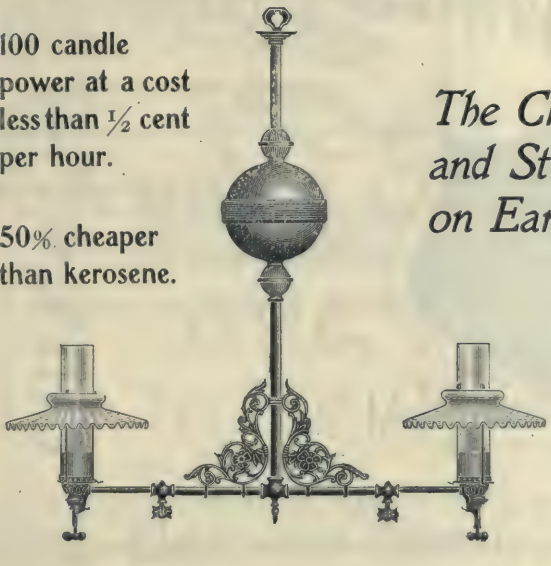
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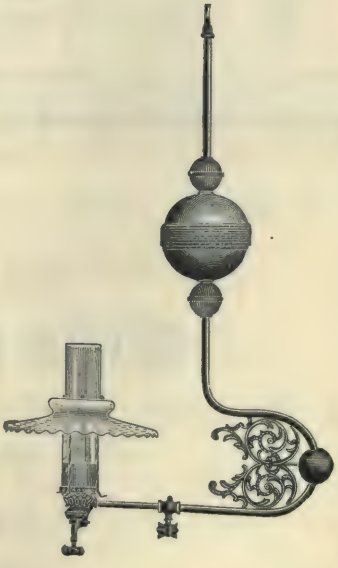
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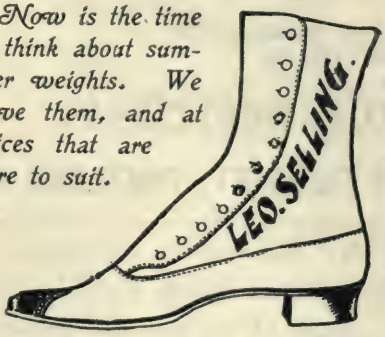
Manuscript or letters relating to any of these subjects, or along the lines they suggest, will receive prompt and careful consideration.

Any suggestions in regard to these articles, or any ideas relating to any department in the Magazine, will be gratefully received. Address all correspondence to

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IN.....
BRAITHWAITE'S
RETROSPECT

For July, 1898
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Page 21, the following from a paper by Dr. Allan MacFayden, published in the Practitioner for June, 1898.....

"If we consider that children are most liable to intestinal tuberculosis, and are the great milk consumers of the community, it will be seen that from the preventive point of view, it is milk supervision that is of the greatest moment to the public health.

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Train No. 23 leaves Astoria at 6:30 p. m. and arrives in Portland at 10:35 p. m.

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8:00 p. m. Ex.Sunday Saturday 10:00 p. m.	*Columbia River Steamers.* To Astoria and Way Landings.	4:00 p. m. Ex.Sunday
6:00 a. m. Ex.Sunday	*Willamette River.* Oregon City, Newberg, Salem & Way Landings	4:30 p. m. Ex.Sunday
7:00 a. m. Tues, Thur and Sat.	*Willamette and Yamhill Rivers.* Oregon City, Dayton and Way Landings.	3:30 p. m. Mon. Wed. and Fri.
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THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

VOLUME II — JULY 1899 — NUMBER 3

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THE PACIFIC MONTHLY PUBLISHING COMPANY

PUBLISHERS PORTLAND, OREGON

THERE is a clear truth in the idea that a struggle from the lower classes of society, towards the upper regions and rewards of society, must ever continue. Strong men are born there, who ought to stand elsewhere than there. The manifold, inextricably complex, universal struggle of these constitutes, and must constitute, what is called the progress of society . . . How to regulate that struggle? There is the whole question. To leave it as it is, at the mercy of blind chance; a whirl of distracted atoms, one cancelling the other . . . this, as we said, is clearly enough the worst regulation. The best, alas, is far from us. And yet there can be no doubt but it is coming; advancing on us, as yet hidden in the bosom of centuries: this is a prophecy one can risk.

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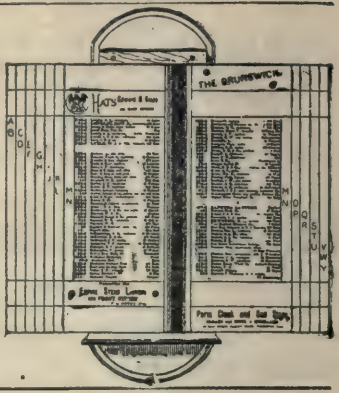
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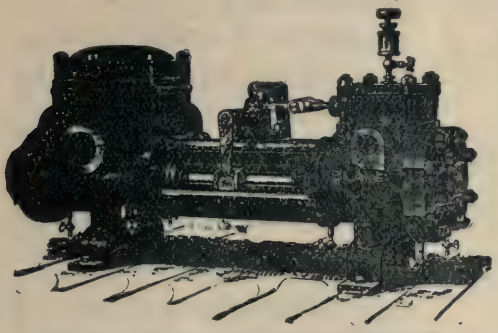
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A Scene in the Grand Coulee.

Photo by Moore, from a Water Color by Capt. Cleveland Rockwell.

The Pacific Monthly.

Vol. II *JULY, 1899* *No. 3*

The Grand Coulee.

By CAPTAIN CLEVELAND ROCKWELL, late of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey.

THE French Canadian trappers of the Hudson Bay Company, following the Columbia river and its tributary streams in pursuit of their calling, were the first white discoverers of the great gorge which they named the Grand Coulee. In the French tongue a coulee is defined as the "mouth of a furnace."

Miles west of the Grand Coulee is the Moses Coulee, and nearer the Snake river to the southeast lie the Providence and the Washtucan Coulees. Besides these there may be observed numerous, but similar, insipient, unimportant fractures crossing the country in various directions. All these are less remarkable than the one under consideration. This topographical and geological feature of the country, designated as the Big Bend of the Columbia, lies in Douglas county in the eastern half of the state of Washington. It is generally recognized as peculiar to this region. The writer cannot recall any account of similar chasms in any other part of the world. These features are characteristic of great eruptions or overflows of basaltic lavas, and as this overflow was on a more stupendous scale in the Northwest portion of this continent than elsewhere, the coulee formation is found principally in this region.

The Grand Coulee extends from the Columbia river for a distance of about one hundred and twenty-five miles in a general north and south direction to the Columbia again near White Bluffs. The course of the Columbia at the northern end of the Coulee is nearly westward, and at the southern end it is nearly south. The whole plateau region is almost destitute of forest growth except in the few canyons and along the water courses. The country may be described as an elevated prairie—a plateau, open and gently undulating. In some portions the soil is fertile, and in favorable seasons will produce large yields of wheat, while in others great areas of barren basaltic rock crop out, presenting a sterile waste. The whole vast region from Spokane westward, with the exception of a few limited areas of uncovered granite, seems to be underlaid with basalt.

A traveller, to whom coulees were unknown and unsuspected, in passing over a gently rolling and open prairie country would be wonderstruck to suddenly find across his path a great gorge five hundred to six hundred feet deep and two miles wide, with vertical walls extending from right to left as far as the eye could reach. He would notice the parallel sides of this forbidding fissure in the face of nature, a point on this side corresponding to a bend on the opposite side, with a bottom apparently level. He would see, dotted here and there in the sandy sage-brush bottom, lakes of clear water fringed with green reeds and grasses, or white and alkaline ponds, muddy and shallow, on whose margin

bands of cattle might be lazily basking in the blazing sunlight. On further inspection he would find that it might be necessary to travel twenty-five miles before coming to a place possible to descend, even on foot.

At its northern end, near the Columbia, the Coulee is four or five miles between its walls and widens to six or seven in the vicinity of Steamboat Rock, which is seven or eight miles from the upper end. At this point, also, Northrup creek enters from the eastern side, but sinks under the sand on reaching the bottom of the coulee and discharges subteraneously into Devil's Lake, a wild and picturesque pond lying among the granite crags.

Steamboat Rock stands near the middle of the Coulee, rising like an island from the large alkaline pond and tule marsh that skirts its western base. This great rock, a mile long, is a flat-topped mass of the same height as the adjacent sides of the canyon, and of exactly similar structure, and is a very prominent landmark for a long distance down the coulee.

Near this place the primitive granite crops out, lying under the basalt, and from here to its junction with the Columbia, forms part of the wall of the Coulee on the eastern side. It is interesting to observe the basalt superimposed on the granite, the vertical cliffs of the former standing like ramparts on the slopes of the latter, the line of demarcation between them as plainly laid out as if done by skilled stone masons. The weathering of the basaltic rock lies thinly scattered on the sloping granite hillsides, and thickly strewn at the base. The disintegration of the granite, or its capacity to furnish or hold water, or both combined, have contributed conditions more favorable to forest growth than the moisture-robbing basalt, for the presence of numerous trees of yellow pine in groups, or scattered along the slopes, lend a beautiful park-like appearance to this part of the Grand Coulee.

The bottom of the gorge at its northern end is four hundred and fifty feet above the present level of the Columbia. The excess of drainage water from melting snows flows northward for twelve or fifteen miles, and from the same point flows south.

It is evident that during the ice age a great glacier ploughed its way down the bed of the Coulee, perhaps completely filling the mighty chasm. The movement was from the north, and the solid granite tells no uncertain story of its workings, the evidence of its carvings and markings being very plain in the vicinity of Devil's Lake, whose peculiar situation and shape indicate that its basin is gouged out by glacial action. Vertical basaltic rock, owing to its characteristic fracture or cleaverage, will not disclose glacial action except where the movement is across the summit of the basalt at right angles to the vertical fracture. In other positions the basalt continues to crumble away until the onward pressure is released.

Springs of ice-cold water force their way to the surface through the bottom of the Coulee at several points, or emerge from the talus of the rocky walls. Where these springs flow away over the sandy soil the sagebrush, which has as great an aversion to cold water as his Satanic Majesty is said to have for holy water, gives place to the greenest of grasses and reeds. At Coulee City the Washington Central railroad crosses the great canyon. The walls at this point break down to a level not much below that of the plateau country to the eastward. Four miles below Coulee City the level bottom of the Coulee drops abruptly in a vertical depth of four hundred feet to a lake occupying the whole floor of the gorge, and at the same place the canyon walls rise to a corresponding height. It is evident here that a vast volume of water poured over the lips of these falls into the ponds below. The views down through the series of lakes below this point are wild, rugged and beautiful in the untamed savagery of nature.

Twenty miles below Coulee City the Great Northern railroad crosses the Coulee on a high trestle, and still farther down, the sink of Crab creek enters the Coulee and loses itself in the shallow alkaline ponds of the bottom. The walls of the Coulee are, throughout its southern

course, low and fragmentary, the bed of the Coulee having evidently been filled to a great height with sand and gravel. Throughout the whole upper course of the gorge, the vertical exposure of the sides affords most excellent opportunities to study the character of the successive flows of basalt. The markings between the different strata, or sheets, are generally level, showing that no disturbance or upheaval has taken place since the deposits were laid down. Basalt of the vertical or columnar class may be seen, capped by a thick stratum or flow of brecciated conglomerate, cemented and melted together. This may be covered again with a flow of vescular lava, full of holes like a sponge, or it may be, the next superincumbent mass will be a homogenious strata of solid material weathering with a conchoidal fracture which disintegrates so readily as to let down the more massive strata above it, and thus furnish the great mass of material forming the talus, or sloping debris at the base of the walls. This slope in some places reaches half-way up the face of the cliffs, and is as steep as broken stone will stand. In fact it does not stand still, as there is a continual crushing and crawling of the mass. While camped close to the foot of one of these slopes at night, and lying on the ground, the movement of the stones could be distinctly heard. The dropping of the loosened rock from the cliffs goes on unceasingly, and the attention of the traveller is frequently arrested by the noise. It is seldom one sees the fall itself, the distances are so great. The action of the falling rock is more noticeable in the spring when the melting snows pour great volumes of water over the walls, filling the milky alkaline ponds to high-water mark. The temperature of the air in the Coulee, as might be expected from its location, is excessively hot in the summer months, and it seems to be a favorite locality for the electrical display of thunder and lightning with rain which evaporates before reaching the earth. The soil in the bed of the gorge is a light colored volcanic ash and sand, and is easily raised in clouds of blinding dust. Sagebrush, pure and simple, with scarcely any other shrub, is the common growth, and rushes and tules may be seen along the shores of the lakes where the water is not too alkaline. Geese and ducks frequent the ponds, the latter breeding on the banks. Jack rabbits are the only species of game, and horned



Steamboat Rock, the Grand Coulee.

toads and rattlesnakes are plentiful. The soil in the bottom of the Coulee is not generally cultivated, though very productive when irrigated.

Although lying in so deep a depression, no stream of any consequence flows into the gorge from the plateau above. Neither is there any probability of obtaining supplies of artesian water in view of the geological character of the region, as it is the opinion of prominent geologists that the basaltic formation extends to great depths, and where this deposit is shallow, it is seen to rest on the primitive granite.

In regard to the much-discussed question of the Coulee having, during former geological times, been the bed of the Columbia river, it is worthy of note that the expressed or published opinions of those scientific men who have seen the Coulee favor the affirmative. Professor Isaac Russell, of the United States Geological Survey, published several years since a report on the examination of the Big Bend country as to the feasibility of obtaining a supply of artesian water in Douglas county. His report, by the way, was distinctly adverse to the hope of procuring water from that source. In this report he describes the coulee in detail, and gives the result of his observation as to the question under consideration. He thinks it is evident that the great river flowed from the north through the coulee and poured in a grand cataract of four hundred feet, vertical, over the great drop near Coulee City, forming the deep ponds and basins at the foot. Curiously enough, however, in another part of the report he states the river, at one time, ran northward and poured over the drop at the northern end of the coulee, from a height of four hundred and fifty feet, into the Columbia. Have we here the remarkable phenomenon of a river flowing in opposite directions? If not, the passage certainly needs revision or explanation.

To discuss this question intelligently, let us begin a long way backward. It is stated by geological writers, and conceded by others, that at some period of the geological history of Eastern Washington, a great fresh water lake covered the whole country from the Cascades to the Blue mountains and partially extended northward into British America. This lake left vast deposits of sediment in some parts near adjacent mountains, the silt being of a rich and fertile nature, like the soils of the Palouse district, where mountain streams brought down washings. In other parts, remote from the hills, and lying flat and level, the deposits were of gravel and sand and light alkaline dust, or volcanic ashes dropped from the immense clouds blown from the burning cones of the Cascade range, such as Mts. Hood, Adams, Rainier and many others. This action, covering long periods of time, left deposits of great thickness in the beds of the John Day lake which have since been partly washed away by surface waters, to find a resting place in the ocean. The great eruption of basalt was before the lake period, for it will be observed that the bacustrine alkaline soils lie always on top of the basalt and form the soil of the plateau as well as the bed of the Coulee.

Nothing is more evident to the eye, or commends itself more readily to the senses, after the first view or inspection of the north end of the Coulee, than that it was the former bed of a river. There are the round slopes of gravel and sand, and beds of great boulders in some of the lowest places. The writer cannot conclude, however, that the Coulee ever held the current of the Columbia. A year or two since, I made a thorough inspection of the gorge, after carefully selecting the lowest and most favorable point, with the object of proving the truth of this question by the finding of fine gold. The sands and gravel of the Columbia have been washed down from the great metaliferous belt at the headwaters of that river and of the Kootenai, and are in all favorable places washed for fine gold, which was found in paying quantities. But in my search, though quantities of black sand were observed, not one flake of the gold was found in any kind of material.

It may be maintained with confidence that if the course of the river ever lay through the Coulee, it would have left in the lowest places the gravel, sand, fine gold and other characteristic materials which it carries in its channel at this

time. But nothing of the kind was found, the sand and gravel being the same sort as that which forms the soil and deposits of gravel of the plateau above, and have been deposited there by surface washings and from the ashen deposits of the John Day lake. That part of the material was assorted in place by glacial action is plain. It would seem reasonable to regard this channel, sunken as it is from three to six hundred feet below the general plateau surface as a great drain or ditch into and through which the waters from above poured and sluiced at the age when the John Day lake fell, receding to leave bare the adjoining country.

The question as to the origin and first formation of the coulees remains to be considered, and is a most perplexing geological problem. If we regard them as having been formed by the action of running water, or by the more powerful forces of the moving ice of glaciers, account has to be taken of the prodigious mass of material that has been moved. The number of cubic yards of solid rock which would fill a gorge fifty miles long, two miles wide and four or five hundred feet deep can be readily computed, but the figures are so large as to convey to the mind a conception less striking or forcible than the statement of the problem itself. Moreover, there is no evidence to show what has become of the material removed, or at the outlet of the Coulee as to the place of its deposit. But the whole Coulee may be considered a stupendous fracture or fissure of the earth's crust from which flowed the vast sheets of lava and basalt, forming the adjacent deposits. This fissure may have been a continuous line of craters, or vents for the fluid material, and at the the period of cessation of activity, the bottom of the fissure may have sunk three, or six, or ten hundred feet. The active volcanoes of Vesuvius, Stromboli, Aetna, Kileauea and many others exhibit this action. During periods of quiesence the bottoms of the craters are far down in the crater depths, and when about to resume activity again, the bed of the crater is broken up in fragments, rises on the burning mass and flows over the lowest places in the walls.

In support of the foregoing hypothesis may be stated many facts, observed by the writer, among which is the present existence of numerous oval and circular cavities in the solid basalt, called potholes. These may be seen in the bed of the Coulee in many places where the soil and sand have been washed away. Below Coulee City they are frequent, and I also inspected a great many on the summit of the walls but a short distance from the sides. Some of these pits or holes were sixty or eighty feet deep and perhaps fifty yards across, with vertical sides like a well. The bottoms were strewn with rock, or covered with bushes and grasses, and it would be impossible to climb into or out of some of these holes, or craters. It would seem from the location of those on top of the walls, at least, that they could have been formed in no other way than by the sinking of the bottom while in a plastic state.

Regarding the Coulee, then, as a great natural fissure or crack in the earth's crust from whence poured the basaltic lavas, and assuming the subsidence of the bottom into the still plastic or molten mass along a line of incipient craters, we are not compelled to further account for the stupendous mass of solid material that once filled the great gorge of the Coulee. The theory of the subsidence of the bottom of the fissure does not force us to contemplate the appearanec of the Coulee at this time as at all corresponding to its present aspect. The action of the elements and the powerful grinding of glaciers during the ice age would wear down and level up the rugged bottom of the fissure, and tear away and tend to make parallel the sides, and the deposits sifting down through the depths of the John Day lake would lie like a carpet over all.

Whatever view we may take of the origin or formation of the peculiar geological and topographical features of the country, the Grand Coulee will ever remain a great and wonderful exemplification of those prodigious forces of nature that stagger the imagination, and compel the mind to humbly doubt the ability of its reasoning powers.



Captain Cleveland Rockwell.

"The Grand Coulee," which appears in this number, is the third article published in The Pacific Monthly from the talented and versatile pen of Captain Cleveland Rockwell. The other two were "Physical Characteristics of the Northwest," and "Digging the Gold," both of which have elicited much favorable comment on the Pacific Coast. The former, indeed, has attracted the attention of the public generally, and is undoubtedly the most complete and satisfactory description of this wonderful region that has ever been written or printed.

Captain Rockwell is not a new magazine writer. Several articles by him have appeared in the eastern periodicals, notably the one on the Columbia River in Harper's in 1882, which was illustrated by the author, whose fame as a landscape and marine artist is by no means local. The drawings, one a water-color and the other a pen and ink sketch, illustrating the "Grand Coulee," were made by Captain Rockwell for this issue. The article itself throws considerable light upon a vexed geological problem, the writer speaking with the authority of one who sees and knows. He has studied his subject so carefully and comprehensively that little is left to the reader to be conjectured.

Captain Rockwell was on the staff of General Sherman at the close of the civil war, and from 1856 up to very recently has had a prominent connection with the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. Captain Rockwell is in close touch with the questions of the day, and is a thorough student of them all.

The Legend of Pueblo de Acoma, the Cloud City of New Mexico.

By ALBERT J. CAPRON.

I.

SOME have heard of, but few have seen, the mysterious Cloud City of the land of the Pueblos. Situated on the top of an almost inaccessible rock or table land, some five hundred feet above the surrounding plain, it presents a surface area of about ten acres of rough rock. Scientific men and antiquarians have devoted much time and research for acurate data regarding its origin, but, as yet, no positive information has been secured.

Originally there was but one means of access to this Pueblo, and that along the nearly perpendicular side of the table-land, from which a huge slab of rock had been severed by some effort of nature, leaving the narrowest possible foothold. Along this steep and dizzy trail the Indians pass with the greatest ease.

Having a letter from the Governor of the Pueblo to the War Lord Haashheesh, and armed with a goodly supply of tobacco, beads, red handkerchiefs and so fourth, I made a visit to this interesting Pueblo during the summer of 1897. After a horse-back ride of some thirty miles, over a gently-rising mesa, I found myself, about 10 o'clock one hot day, on the edge of a precipitous cliff bordering an imense plain, in the midst of which, and some six miles distant, I could see the wonderful mesa Encantada to the right of which was another, seemingly inaccessible and surrounded by that which resembled a great fort, but which was, in reality, one row of adobes skirting the edge of the table-land, and a part of the mysterious Pueblo de A-ikoka, or Acoma. But I was yet to reach the village. There I sat on my "pinto"—away in the distance was the object of my ride, and the goal which I wished to reach. It would be difficult to describe my sensations as I looked across that level plain, interspersed here and there with bunches of sage-brush, cacti, buffalo grass and pools of brackish water, to the city beyond.

It was a message of the unknown past, the legendary age about which I was to hear some hours later. Could I presume further, was there any excuse for making this venture to the sacred city, that city about which we thought only as a dream? Cold chills came over me; here I was, face to face with that age of superstition, war and tumult—that age when the savage held full sway over this wild and sun-kissed land; that age when tribal relations were made and unmade at the whim of some savage chief whose only justification was selfishness.

But how to get down that steep cliff was a problem to be solved, and that quickly, for I had yet many miles to go. Both the pony and myself were tired, hungry and thirsty. I soon found the trail again, and this led me through a growth of pinon trees to a rude sort of stone stairway cut out of the bold face of the cliff, in times long past, by the savages.

At the period of the great upheaval which raised this mesa out of the plain, the cooling of the rock left perpendicular fissures or cracks, some six or ten feet apart, all along the edge, but how a section of this could have been broken out by these children of nature is beyond my reckoning, but the same nature which created them also put into their hands means with which to overcome any obstacles which were impediments to their welfare. Nor were the proofs wanting, for right here was the rude stairway worked out of solid rock, steep, and along which a white man's horse would not go, but up and down which the native ponies would pass quickly and safely.

Without this passage there was no means of reaching that plain for miles, in either direction. My "pinto" had evidently been that way before, for without one moment's hesitation, he began picking his way down, as only such an animal can, and in the course of half an hour we

found ourselves some three thousand feet below the point of descent and scampering across the six miles which intervened between the cliff and the Cloud City beyond.

Time passed quickly, and soon I could distinguish the outlines of the adobes, then the forms of the savages who inhabited them. When about a quarter of a mile from the foot of the cliff I was startled by the report of a gun, fired three times in rapid succession. Was this a friendly greeting or a signal from the watchman that an enemy was approaching, that the warriors were to fly to the points of vantage? I was not left long in doubt for soon the brow of the mesa was lined with men, women and children, and the usual accompaniment of barking curs.

"Qui quiro aqui" (What do you want here)?

"Yo quirer le grande guerra senorio" (I want the great War-Lord).

"Desde la persona que" (From what person)?

"Le Gobernado" (The Governor).

"Muy Bein, passe V. aqui (Very good, you pass here).

As before stated, when the city was first built, there was but one possible means of access, and that along the side of the cliff, but during the past few hundred years the drifting sands have so piled up along the western end of the mesa as to render it possible to reach the top by this means, and it was up this yielding mass that I and my pony toiled for many minutes before reaching the rock-crowned mesa. It takes considerable leg power to climb to an altitude like this over as poor footing as dry sand, and it is no little effort to do this on a day with the mercury up to 100; still, as patience will overcome all difficulties, so was my reward forthcoming in due season.



View of the Mesa on which is situated the Pueblo de Acoma, the Cloud City of New Mexico.

As soon as we reached the top my pony was taken in hand by the Indians. One took the saddle, another the packages which I had brought along.

I was conducted by a fine-looking young man, whom I afterward learned was a graduate of Carlisle and a grand-

son of the War-Lord, into the presence of that great personage. It was in the council-chamber. In that council-chamber, for many hundred years, had been spoken the words which ruled and guided the people. He sat on a rude throne of adobe, clothed in his best buck-skin and regalia, the man who was alike father, counselor, and ruler of these people—their destinies were in his keeping, and strictly did he account for them.

His was a striking figure, in height six feet four, straight as an arrow, broad shouldered, full chested, about seventy years old; eyes undimmed by age, sharp and piercing as an eagle's; in fact, an ideal Indian chief, born to rule and lead, and a man whom it would be better to have for a friend than an enemy.

Would he be my friend? This I was yet to learn, but it was to be hoped that between the Governor's letter and the presents, his friendship could be secured. He arose as I entered, straightened up, threw back his gigantic head, fixed his piercing eye on me for a moment, advanced, extending his hand, and bid me bien venidado (good welcome). His friendship was mine, and I was happy.

The positions of the chamber were about the same as the house. I was seated on a low block of wood in front of the chief, who delivered himself of an address of welcome to which I responded in like manner. Both of these were in Spanish, which is the language spoken with all strangers. Tobacco and pipes were passed around and general conversation carried on for some time. Questions as to whence I came, what was the object of my visit, was I married, how many squaws had I, etc.. Would I like to see the "Pueblo" and the objects of interest therein? Of course I wanted to look around and see what manner of living these people had, and so expressed myself.

The young man, the Carlisle student, was delegated to be my guide. He began conversation in English as soon as we were out of hearing of the older people and informed me that they did not like for him to put on white man's ways, hence he never lived or acted in any manner other than that of the Indians, when with them. He had a squaw and children, although only nineteen years of age.

Before leaving for the sight-seeing we were directed to return as soon as possible for refreshments which his, the War-Lord's, squaw was then preparing.

Shall I ever forget that "stairway" which was used by the natives as a means of access to the pueblo? Ah, me! My head swims as I think of the old men, women and children, as they came and went up and down that which was no more than the rough side of the cliff, in seeming utter disregard for personal safety. I was informed that none had ever been hurt by falling.

The cemetery was about a hundred feet square and four feet deep with earth, all of which was carried up there in earthen jars on the heads of the men and women. Like most of the older European cemeteries the earlier buried give way to the later victims of Father Time, until the ground has been used over and over again, but it did not matter, the bones made good fuel—and wood was scarce. Their souls had long since gone to dwell in the Happy Hunting Grounds, where the good Indians all go. Some day all Indians would be there, and then the Great Spirit would give them the world for a hunting ground, game would be plentiful and a great hunt would follow, day by day, until the end of time.

Adjoining this was the church, a building fifty by one hundred feet with a thirty foot ceiling. The roof was supported by huge timbers fifty feet long and rudely squared to fifteen inches. The timbers were brought hence from the woods twenty miles distant and raised up the side of the cliff and to their present position by hand power. It would puzzle a white man to accomplish this.

I was told that the pale face men with the long black robes came from the land of the awakening light many, many generations ago (about two hundred and fifty years) and the Great Spirit, through them, ordered the building of the church. This Great Spirit was for peace, not war.

The interior of the church is rudely decorated with painting representing saints, frescoing, tinsel, etc., all of which

seems to be greatly reverenced by the natives. The parish priest comes occasionally and attends to their spiritual wants, not forgetting the financial part as well, for he, the priest, must live.

All the earth entering into the construction of the buildings, or "adobes," as they are called, was brought up on the heads of the men and women. There are many hundred tons of it, and the time, strength and labor consumed must have been beyond reckoning. The "adobes" in which they live are all three stories high. It is said that when they are two stories high they are very, very old, but when they are found to be three stories in height their age is far back into the unknown. This particular village has three rows of dwellings, varying from two to three hundred feet long. The front of the house is the rear, so to speak Each story is shorter than the one below, and in this case might be likened to three hugh stairs. The rooms are reached by ladders, up and down which men, women, children, dogs and razor-backed hogs climb with ease. They are scarcely high enough for a moderately-built man to stand erect in.

After taking in the dungeon, cloisters, and other dark corners, I returned to the council-chamber for the feast which had been prepared for me. It might be called a state dinner. I have eaten in some hotels and restaurants where it was not conducive to a healthful appetite to devote too much time to thinking how the meal was prepared. or of what it consisted. This was another occasion when I thought it advisable to eat and look pleasant, for whatever it was, or however it had been prepared, it was for me, and a banquet on which some time and and care had been spent, and not to eat was to give offense. This I did not want to do, for obvious reasons. Their "convidado" was being feasted as an honored guest, consequently, should not be too critical.

Gradually the braves and squaws withdrew for their afternoon siesta, and finally I was left alone with the War-Lord and the Prophet. I was by this time in good fellowship with all, and especially so with the two who were now my sole companions. More cigarettes were consumed, more compliments exchanged and gradually I led the medicine-man up to the legend of the origin of his people, and especially to the cause of the location of the pueblo in such a wild and forbidding country.

Here it is, as he slowly told it off to me, and, barring a few minor changes to make it read in English, there are no alterations in the character of it as it came from his mouth:

II.

"Many, many harvests ago, as many as seven of my fathers before me, who had lived as long as I have, my people lived in great power in a grand pueblo twenty days' journey toward the rising light. The great Chief and War-Lord, Baholikonga, who was one of my fathers before me, lived at that time, and ruled over the great city and all the Nyumu people who live toward the rising sun, toward the dark place, toward the still waters by the sleeping light, and in the great land toward the bright sun. In the beginning my people lived down in the earth where it was always dark and moist. We were bad and ugly-shaped, but the medicine-man offered sacrifices of young men and maidens to Myu-ingwa, the god of darkness, that he, the Great Spirit, would allow them to go up out of the bowels of the earth, to the land where the sweet sunlight and warmth was. He heard our prayer, saw our sacrifice, and granted our request. When all my people came up there was no place for them to dwell, all the good land and water had been taken by Wingwu. Then my people wept, and wanted to go back from whence they came, but the great spirit of Myuingwa spoke and said he would give them all the land for many days' journey on each side of them, and, although it was dry and nothing grew, he would send rain to moisten the land until the people could bring water in ecequis from the mountains, two days journey to the north.

So the people took the land and gave to each head of family as much as he could plant. A god of the mighty serpent, Baholikonga, the father of water, was erected, and another to Myuingwa.

Both were set up in a high place for the people to worship, which they did many times a day, for they were thankful to the good spirit that he had permitted them to come into the sunlight and grow to be beautiful men and women.

of the crested serpent might flow down and moisten the soil that it would grow seed.

When all was finished, when the temple was built, the houses ready for the people, the water brought from the moun-



The Stairway to the Pueblo, which according to the legend, was made by a stroke of lightning.

They first built a mighty temple of stone and set up a great throne and place of sacrifice, where offerings of the lives of one boy and one girl were made each day, before the sun went to sleep, that it would come back again on the morrow.

While some of the men were building the great pueblo (for we were many, many people), others were plowing the ground and planting the seed, for the great spirit would only send us food from out of the sky until we could grow it on the land he had given us. Still others were laying open the land in one long line to the mountains, that the water

tains of the dark land and the harvest time was over, then the great spirit spoke and said: "My people, one time, not long ago, you prayed and offered sacrifices to me that you might come up out of the bowels of the earth to dwell in the land of light and sweetness. I heard your prayer, saw your sacrifices, and brought you up, gave you much land and watered it, and sent you food from out of the sky until the time of harvest would come. It is now over, all is ready for the first great feast of thanksgiving, so I command you to purify yourselves, fast for three days, then go up to the kiva (sacred chamber), and your priests

shall offer to me as a sacrifice a beautiful maiden—who shall be young and of the house of Pikonghoya. In this the priests shall be helped by Koh Kyang Whuti, and forever after, when the harvest time is over, there shall be a sacrifice of one virgin of this same house. After this all of the people shall go up to the high place and offer sacrifice of one goat to the gods of water and light; then to my temple, built for me by the people, and pray for my blessings and favors in future harvests. So long as you continue this I shall not leave you alone, but shall multiply you in numbers and make you rulers over all the people to the rising sun, to the dark place, to the peaceful water, and down to the land of the bright light."

So all my people offered the sacrifices as they had been directed, nor did they fail to feel thankful in their hearts, for they knew the Great Spirit had been good to them. Then came the feast, which lasted many days. Meat from the goat and sheep, the wild animals that abounded in the land, bear, deer and buffalo; fish from the mountain streams, wild honey and the juice of the grape—all were eaten and drunk with thankful hearts. So all the Great Spriit had promised came true. My people multiplied in numbers, grew stronger and more beautiful than any in the wide land. Their harvests were bountiful, and there was nothing left for which we could wish.

When the other tribes saw how specially favored of the gods my people were, they came and begged to be ruled over by our wise men. At first my people did not want to permit them to do this, fearing that because they had forsaken the gods and were an evil people, that it would provoke our gods and their favors would be withdrawn. But the Great Spirit spoke to our wise men and said it should be as the strangers wished, for had he (Myuingwa) not said that we people should rule over all the land? And so it came to pass that the Vwen-ti-somo, Ma-tci-to-to of the north, the Eagle, Bear and Horn people of the east, the Yutiamo, Yuitteimo and Dacabimo from the west, and the Pa-tat-Kwa-bi from the south, all sent their head Kwa-Kanti with presents to our fathers and made request to be ruled over by my people.

Then the Great Spirit again spoke and said: "See, I have made you the rulers of all people in the land. There are as many as could stand together in one day's journey. You shall be my children and shall not lose to do my bidding, but if you cease to worship and follow my will, as it has been given to you, you shall no more have a home or place in which to dwell until my wrath shall be satisfied. More than this, all the land which I have given you shall become waste, your children, and wives, and brothers and fathers shall be destroyed on this side and that. All these people which I have given you shall rise up against you and drive you far from this place toward the land of the sleeping light, and there shall be but few of you left. Nor shall you ever more rule or be a rich people."

For many, many generations, my people were faithful to the gods, and did all they had been commanded to do. Each day many prayers were offered and the evening sacrifice made. No harm came to them, nor was there any cause to complain. After a time they began to forsake the teachings of the gods, first by not feeling thankful in their hearts for all the things that had been given them, and in thinking that they could get along without the help of the Great Spirit. Then one of the people of the south refused to send presents and would no more come up to the pueblo for the harvest festival and sacrifice.

Other tribes rebelled, and soon all who had been given over to be ruled by my fathers' people were in revolt, and when the Ka-Kwanti or warriors were sent out to subdue them they were defeated and nearly destroyed.

Th battle raged up and down, now towards the rising light, again toward the still waters, then toward the dark land and by the land of the rising sun. Runners came in, foot-sore and hungry, urging that more fighting men must be sent or all would be lost.

A council was held, my fathers' fathers, Wikwa-thobi, the priests and all the wise men of the tribe came together. in the great council place. Many days they reasoned together. The

priests said the gods were angry and would no more help that people, because they had grown selfish and did not live as they had promised.

The wise men said it as all because the other tribes had been allowed to join them; still others said not enough maidens had been sacrificed, but my father's father shook his head and said, "My children, I am sore afraid that we will never again be a happy and prosperous people. When the Great Spirit brought us up out of the dark place our hearts were glad. He gave us land and water and sent food from the sky until the harvest time was come. Then we were grateful and rendered to the gods the first fruits and the best grain and flesh; we purified ourselves, fasted and offered sacrifice of the house of Balingahoya of the most beautiful maiden. The Koh-Kyank-Wuhti assisted in these sacred rites, but for many harvests we have not offered the best grain and flesh, nor the most beautiful maidens in sacrifice, but have taken the seed which was not good, the old and sick goats, and the aged and blind women, and gave them to the gods. This was not right. How many times have I counseled you to live as did your fathers, or the wrath of the gods would be upon us? Have I not told you that the spirit of Myuingwa had said that so long as we were good children he would multiply and prosper us and give us to rule over all the land and all the people therein? That if we forsook him he would visit his wrath upon us? You laughed and said I was growing old, that our forefathers were silly men, and knew not any better; that we were a great people—stronger than all the land and needed no god to hold dominion over us."

The council reasoned together for many days, many plans were proposed but laid aside. Finally it was ordered that two hundred maidens, two hundred youths, and five hundred goats should be sacrificed at the Kiva, to appease the wrath of the gods. After which all the men who could wield the puti-kuhn (fighting stick) should go out to battle, leaving only a few old men to guard their homes.

There were many thousands of fighting men. My father's father, Te-burg-kihu, led them towards the south where all the enemy had assembled for one last battle. Soon they met and for many days the conflict waged. Many men were killed, but still we could not conquer them. After much fighting we were but few left. Then the Spirit spoke and said: "Why continue you to battle; have I not told you that if you forsook me I would destroy you? Did I not covenant with you that so long as you were my faithful children and did as I commanded, you would be a prosperous people? Moreover, if you were unfaithful, I would be avenged? So it is, and so it shall be. Now, go toward the sleeping sun, and I will guide you to a place where you shall dwell forever, but shall never more multiply or be a prosperous people."

For twenty days we journeyed toward the sleeping light. Then the spirit came to us in the form of an eagle and spoke, saying: "See ye that high rock towards the sleeping sun? On that build your houses and dwell in peace, until I come again in that great day for you."

At night my people came to the high rock, but could find no way by which to reach the top. Then they thought the gods had finally forsaken them and left them there to be destroyed by some new enemy.

In the night came a great storm and rain, and wind, and thunder, and lightning. Suddenly a great streak of fire came from above and struck the top of the rock and made a loud noise. The people were very much afraid and fell down in prayer, and ceased not to pray until the awakening sun. In the morning it was found that a huge piece of rock had been broken off and left a rough side up which the people could pass. By the time of the high sun all were on top. They found no land, only barren rock. There was a basin of water on top. Earth was brought up from below and timber from a long distance to the south. Houses, not such as we had towards the rising sun, were built, grain was sown on the plains below and the harvest time came, but not as plenty as before in the land of the rising sun.

No enemy came to destroy; the god's

wrath had been satisfied. We were left alone until about seven generations ago, when from the land of the hot sun came the Kast-ilumish, men who wore iron garments, (Spanish soldiers). They brought with them men of the long black robes (priests), who told us of another God who lived in the skies. A god who was not of war, but of peace. We soon learned that this Great Spirit was better than the one who destroyed us. We built him a grand casa, which you have seen. The padre comes once in a while and talks to us in the great house, and we all fall down on our knees and feel that the Great Spirit is within us.

Once in a while we find a longing to have back all our land and power, such as we had many fathers ago, but we fear it will never be. In the summer we raise grain down in the valleys, in the winter we live here in this pueblo, but we are not as happy as we were once. The old pride is still within us. It fills our hearts with sadness when we see our people gradually getting fewer. Soon we will all be gone, and there will be no more remembrance of our once most powerful nation. We will all be gathered to our fathers in the great land of the gods of the Indians and white men."

Why I am an Expansionist.

By WALLACE McCAMANT.

Second article in the series on Expansion. The first, "Imperialism vs. Democracy," by C. E. S. Wood, appeared in the June issue.

I AM OF the opinion that it is wise for the United States to retain sovereignty and control of the Philippine Islands, Guam and Porto Rico. I am further of the opinion that the United States will ultimately find it advantageous to annex the island of Cuba.

In the first place, I am in favor of holding the Philippine Islands because I cannot see that there is anything else for the government to do. It is idle to discuss the question as to whether the administration was wise or foolish in negotiating the Treaty of Paris, which gave us dominion over the Philippine Islands. That treaty has been negotiated, confirmed, and is now the law of the land. We find ourselves in the possession of these islands and charged with the responsibilities which follow from such sovereignty. In the language of the late lamented William M. Tweed, the question is, "What are you going to do about it?"

No intelligent observer contends that the Filipinos are capable of self-government. The withdrawal of the United States troops from the Philippine Islands would undoubtedly leave these islands a prey to anarchy. I have been personally advised by United States army officers, whose opinion is entitled to great respect, that the Filipino army is a rabble which, if it had the power, would loot Manila, as it has many of the smaller towns. We cannot turn these islands over to this rabble. The only other alternative would be for the American people to resign their sovereignty to some foreign power. It is a sufficient answer to this suggestion to say that it would be the part of cowardice to do so. It is noteworthy that the anti-expansionists do not advocate taking this horn of the dilemma.

In the second place, I believe that the Philippine Islands will be a great source of wealth to this country if they are retained as a part of our domain. During the last fifty years the energies of the American people have been devoted to the development of our own country, and in that time a marvelous development has taken place. Our great railway systems have grown from little or nothing to their present large proportions. Regions which fifty years ago were scarcely explored are now densely

populated. Comparatively speaking, there remains in the United States proper but little new country to develop. In many lines our manufacturing plants are now able to supply ten times the home demand. There are lines of manufacture in which we are already able to compete with the world. The time has come when the Republic must look to trade by sea as one of its richest sources of national wealth.

In all ages, foreign trade has been found a prolific source of wealth and power. At the dawn of history we find the Phoenician cities wealthy and powerful for this cause. After a few centuries their Carthagenian colony excelled the parent state in wealth which was accumulated by commerce. Trade in the Mediterranean transformed Venice from a nest of pirates to a great world power. Genoa owed her ascendency to the same cause. For centuries after the Greek empire had lost its national character and its virility, it remained a mighty power to be reckoned with because of the enormous trade of Constantinople and the wealth and maritime supremacy which grew out of it.

Foreign trade was the source of Holland's strength, and through it she was enabled successfully to contend for a period of eighty years with the German Empire, the kingdom of Spain, and all of the dependencies of the Hapsburg family. While her political power has largely declined, Holland's foreign trade is still so great a source of wealth that Amsterdam is regarded even in our day as one of the world's great money centers.

Wherein is to be found the chief cause for the development which has transformed the England of Elizabeth into the England of Victoria? Is it not in the wealth and power which have sprung from her maritime trade?

Prior to the American revolution the New England colonies possessed a fair share of wealth and prosperity. This was not due to the fertility of their soil, for New England is probably the least fertile of all of the sections of the United States. It was due to the fact that the New Englanders were a sea-faring people, possessed of a valuable trade with the West Indies, and the other parts of the world.

History also abundantly proves that the possession of a colonial empire is a great aid to any country in the development of trade relations. Phoenecia profited by its Carthagenian colony; Holland by its immense possessions in the Indies, and England without her colonial empire would be shorn of the chief source of her national wealth. Spain's colonial empire for four centuries has been her chief financial reliance.

Keen observers predict that during the twentieth century the trade of the Pacific will exceed that of the Atlantic. The time is at hand when there is to be a marvelous increase in the consuming power of the peoples who live on the west shore of the Pacific. When the primitive man becomes civilized he becomes a good customer in the markets of the world. While he leads a primitive life, he lives in a hut, requires but little clothing, and is content with the simplest food; as he grows in civilization the hut must give way to the house, he requires more and better clothing, a greater variety of food, and more expensive at that. Before, he was content to live and die in the same place; now he requires facilities for moving from place to place, and must have a railroad to minister to his requirements. These are the changes which are now taking place in the Orient. Japan is leading the way, and is rapidly becoming possessed of a civilization akin to that of Europe. The evidence is abundant that China is awakening from her long sleep. The greatest commercial opportunities of our time undoubtedly lie in the direction of the evolution and development of this Oriental trade. Trade with the older countries runs in grooves. It is difficult to deprive the producer who now possesses an old and well-established market of his advantages therein. No one as yet, however, controls this Oriental trade. The possession of the Philippine Islands would give us a prestige in the Orient, and an entrepot to the great markets there developing which we could scarcely afford to dispense with at all. Admiral Dewey

has recently rendered the following sensible opinion on this subject:

"I do honestly think, that the retention of these islands would be the wisest course to pursue. American trade is, next to the British, the most important in China and the far East, and to foster, protect and increase that trade we want that local influence in these waters which actual occupation can alone insure."

The chief trade value of the Philippines would grow, in my judgment, out of the advantages which they would give us in competing for the general trade of the Orient. It is also to be said, however, that the Philippines themselves are already possessed of a valuable trade, and that under American government this trade would become enormous. The islands are rich particularly in products which we cannot produce in this country in quantities adequate to the supply of the home market. This is particularly the case with sugars, and with several varieties of woods needed for finishing.

In the third place, the Philippines would give us an unequalled field for investment and for industrial enterprise. We are all familiar with Macaulay's prediction, that the testing time for our institutions would come when we no longer had any western country into which we could pour our excessive populations. This time, in a measure, has already arrived. Outside of the arid belts and a densely timbered section of the Pacific Northwest, there is but little land open to the homesteader. The Philippines offer us just such an outlet as "The West" has been during the last hundred years of our national history. John Barrett, whose opinion is entitled to great respect, declares them the richest group of detached islands to be found anywhere in the world. They abound in mineral and agricultural wealth. They have been miserably misgoverned up to this time, but in spite of that fact the business men of Manila are nearly all wealthy. The soil has not been properly farmed, the mineral wealth has been but little exploited, but little use has been made of the magnificent supplies of timber which clothe the mountains. American enterprise turned loose in these islands under the protection of a stable government must inevitably result in a marvelous increase in wealth to the benefit both of the islands and of the home country.

But we are told there are serious objections to the retention of the Philippine Islands. One of these objections, it is urged, is that our policy of expansion is in conflict with the principles of the Declaration of Independence. We are reminded that the Declaration of Independence declares that governments derive their just powers of government from the consent of the governed. It requires a considerable measure of charity to concede the sincerity of the anti-expansionist who offers this objection. If he were sincere, it would be his duty to object with equal force to the acquisition of Porto Rico. But the Bostonians who constitute the back-bone of the anti-expansion movement are not horrified at the retention of Porto Rico, a considerable portion of whose trade would flow into New England harbors. Their righteous indignation is aroused in its fullness, however, when the subject under consideration is the retention of territory whose trade would make for the emolument of the states of the Pacific slope, and would eventually result, in all probability, in the location on the Pacific slope of several great financial centers. I think it admits of easy demonstration, however, that the expansion policy is in entire harmony with the principles of the Declaration of Independence.

History has made plain the meaning of the consent of the governed, as set forth in the Declaration of Independence. It does not mean, that before territory inhabited by a barbarous, or semi-barbarous people, can be annexed to the United States it is necessary to secure the consent of such inhabitants. The most fervent supporter of independence in the whole country in revolutionary times was probably Patrick Henry, and Patrick Henry, while Governor of Virginia undertook to secure for the United States that great stretch of country bounded by the Ohio and the Great

Lakes, the Mississsippi River and the Allegheny mountains. How did he do it? Did he send out writs of election, and summon the Miamis and the Chippewas to the polls to determine whether they would consent to the establishment of the United States government among them? He was far wiser than the anti-expansionists of our day, and had a far clearer idea of the meaning of the Declaration of Independence. He sent forth the George Rogers Clarke expedition, and by force of arms reduced the country to the dominion of the Stars and Stripes. Does any one criticise him, or complain of his conduct in this regard? Were not the results beneficial both to the conqueror and the conquered?

Thomas Jefferson was the author of the Declaration of Independence, and when he was President we secured Louisiana Before setting up American authority in this magnificent domain, did he insist on taking a vote of the Sioux and the Dacotahs as to whether they would consent to be governed by the United States?

James Monroe was President when we acquired Florida; did he issue writs of election to ascertain whether the Seminoles would consent to the institution of federal authority in their territory?

Polk was President when we secured California and Arizona; ought he to have taken a vote to ascertain whether the Mexicans and the Apaches wanted to have American authority set up among them? Before we annexed Alaska to our territory, ought we to have taken a vote of the natives and secured their consent.

Without taking the time to more fully elaborate the true meaning of the phrase "consent of the governed," which is found in the Declaration of Independence, it is sufficient to say that all American history shows that it was never intended to apply to a people unfit for self-government. If the interpretation put by the anti-expansionists on the Declaration of Independence were the true one, and if it had been consistently followed throughout American history, all our extensions of territory would have proved impossible and the United States would now be a third rate power, governing a narrow fringe of territory along the Atlantic seaboard.

We are next told by way of objection, that the continued government by the United States of the Philippine Islands will bring to us many grave problems whose solution will be difficult, if not impossible. It is said that the relations between church and state suggest many difficult problems, and furthermore,that the kind of officials whom we would be likely to send to the Islands would be neither trained nor competent, and would therefore not give the islands a good government.

I believe that there would be much difficulty in giving the Philippines an ideal government, and that in many cases the appointees to civil positions in the islands would owe their appointments to political activity rather than to superior qualifications; but I am clearly of the opinion that we can give the islands a better government than they ever have enjoyed before, and a government at least as good as that enjoyed by the average American municipality. This is not saying much, for our municipalities are miserably misgoverned. There is in them, nevertheless, sufficient security for life and property to permit the citizens to live happily and the communities to grow in wealth. New York is probably the worst governed city in the Union. For about a century it has been, on and off, in the clutches of Tammany Hall, which is without exception, the most corrupt political ring in the Union. In spite of its misgovernment, however, New York City has grown in the last century, from a small city of less than 50,000 inhabitants to one of the greatest cities and money centers in the world. I think we are justified in believing that the Philippine Islands under American rule, would be governed sufficiently well to admit of the happiness of the people living under the government, and also of the industrial development of the country.

It strikes me there is a tinge of cowardice about this objection to retaining the Philippine Islands. If men and na-

tions were justified in shirking responsibility because of the difficult problems which it entails, there would be an end of progress. This consideration would have deterred the early settlers from colonizing America, for their colonization was fraught with the most difficult of problems: contention with the Indians, the battle for subsistence, and the enduring of the rigors of an unknown and severe climate. This same consideration would have sealed the lips of Patrick Henry, and paralyzed the arm of George Washington in revolutionary days, for the attainment of American independence meant, of necessity, the confronting of the most serious problems of civil government. The same consideration would have induced Phillips and Lincoln to abandon the crusade against slavery, because emancipation and abolition undoubtedly brought to the country the gravest political problems, some of which cannot be deemed settled today. Every page in the history of civilization tells of problems solved, of opposition encountered and overthrown. The difference between the little man and the big in public life is that the former floats with the tide and faces no serious problems; the latter is guided by his conscience and his judgment and is ready at their call to face the most rancorous opposition. Without meeting and mounting serious opposition and solving difficult problems there can be no reform, no progress, no statesmanship. The nation is a coward and unworthy of respect at home or abroad, which will shirk its duty, or throw away its opportunities because of the difficulty of the problems with which it is to be confronted.

We are further told by the objector that the climate of the Philippine Islands is unhealthy; so much so that Americans cannot live there. I do not believe that Manila will ever become a health resort, but it is stated on high authority that it is comparatively healthy for a city in the tropics; it is certainly no more unhealthy than many places in this country, which possess large populations. The winter climate of Manila is admitted by all to be healthful and pleasant. In summer the thermometer rarely, if ever, registers higher than 90 degrees. In the San Joaquin Valley, in California, for weeks the thermometer will range every day as high as 115 degrees in the shade; yet the San Joaquin valley contains a large population of Anglo-Saxons who live there in health, if not in comfort.

We are told that the water and sewage systems of Manila are not sanitary. They are at least as good as those of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, which secures its water from the Susquehanna river after it has flowed two hundred miles through a densely settled region, and which empties three sewers into the river on the waterfront of the city, immediately above the water works. Yet forty thousand Americans reside at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and will not admit that their city is unhealthy.

Moreover, the large Anglo-Saxon population which is required for the development of the Philippine Islands is not needed at Manila, but is needed in the higher portions of the archipelago. Twenty miles east of Manila there is a high plateau which is said by all observers to possess a healthy and invigorating climate. The mountains, which are clothed with fine timber, and embowelled with coal, iron, and other minerals, are destined to be the chief sources of industrial development in the archipelago. In these places it cannot be doubted that Americans can live and enjoy good health.

We are also told, by way of objection, that there is no parallel in American history for the annexation of the Philippine Islands; that our expansions of territory in the past, except in the case of Alaska, have all been of contiguous country, and that therefore there is no historical argument in favor of retaining the Philippines. The objector who makes these statements forgets that during the last century the world has been continually growing smaller—steam and electricity have well-nigh annihilated time and space, and Manila is far nearer the national capital, both in point of time and ease of communication, than was San Francisco at the close of the Mexican war, or North Dakota during Jefferson's

administration.

It is a mistake to speak of the expansion policy as imperialism. Imperialism implies a government fashioned after the will of one man, and looking to the carrying out of his purposes rather than the welfare of the community over which he rules. The sentiments of the American people will never permit an imperial government to be foisted on any people under the dominion of the stars and stripes. At the time of the Revolution our population was confined to a narrow fringe of territory along the Atlantic seaboard. From decade to decade the population has pressed westward; and wherever the west-bound emigrants have gone they have taken with them the Anglo-Saxon genius for free government. The governments established have been far from ideal; there have been many cases of corruption and of peculation of public funds, but all through the country, from the Allegheny mountains to the Pacific slope, the governments established have secured, in a reasonable degree, the enforcement of justice and the protection of life and property. Under these conditions the new communities have uniformly grown in population and wealth, until now the center of population in the United States is found in the state of Kentucky, in what was once the forest range of Daniel Boone.

The advance guard of our Anglo-Saxon civilization is now in the Philippine Islands, confronting the teeming populations of China and India. Why should we doubt the Anglo-Saxon's ability to carry the blessings of a stable government to the Philippine Islands? Why doubt that the development and increase in wealth which have accompanied his advent in every other country to which he has gone will also attend him here? Dewey's victory won in the harbor of Manila transformed the American people into a world power, with all of the prestige and influence which accompany such a position. Why should we throw away the fruits of that victory? The Philippines have already cost the American people many millions of dollars, together with a quite considerable account of blood and hardship, endured by our soldiers who have fought and are fighting with as much spirit as has ever been shown in the past. Why should we throw away the fruits of this courageous endeavor, and these millions of treasure?

Life.

A wistful, whitefaced woman by the sea,
  Stretching impotent hands out hopelessly,
To clasp the forms of those immortal ones
  Whose full white sails are swelling just beyond
The mist-hid, far horizon, broad and free.

A sunk-eyed scholar, scanning Nature's face
  With fevered glances, searching for one trace
Of that great secret, known to God alone,
But which may be revealed—out just beyond
  The saving limit of his life's short space.

An anguished lover, whose impassioned eye
  Hath seen all grace in his beloved lie;
Who wakes, too late, to find his idol clay,
  All her imputed virtues—just beyond;
And folds her to his heart, and prays to die.

A wearied penitent, whose feet are scarred
  With pilgrimage; who finds the last gate barred,
And plies an hour the self-afflicting lash,
  Craving an earnest of the life beyond,
And finds that life is death—and death is hard.

John Leisk Tait.

The Voice of the Silence.

Began in January number.

Chapter IX.

IT WAS a dark afternoon. The grey fog crept in from the sea and tangled its chilling vapors in the tops of the young pines. The river was as voiceless as an enchanted stream, and a deep silence lay like a spell upon the land. Gliding across the river came a boat rowed by an Indian. In the stern of this boat sat two women, and on a pile of rugs at their feet was a child. Three years before they had crossed the river together. They were thinking of that day and of all that lay between then and now, and their hands met, instinctively met in a close clasp under the folds of the heavy shawl that lay across their knees. The child, his round face showing like a half-opened flower in the warm furs that enveloped him, watched with wide, solemn eyes, the noiseless dip of the paddles.

Presently the Indian, glancing over his shoulder, feathered his right oar, and with one long stroke of his left swept the boat broadside with the current and shot it, straight as an arrow from the bow, high upon the sandy beach at the foot of the stairs. He sprang out and lifted the child in his arms and deposited him carefully upon the lowest step. In that brief moment, however, his keen eyes noted every detail, the rich apparel, the soft furs, the delicate bloom on the young cheek, but in the big black orbs, deep and full of solemn mystery, he found that which he sought, that which justified the Indian's claim to kinship with the Indian.

Nanita stood up. "Come," she said softly, " it is home at last." Then, as Elise stepped ashore, "Take care of the boy—I will help Jeff carry the things up to the house."

It was quite dark under the pines, but Elise, leading the child, found her way without difficulty the along path to the cabin door.

Three years! Ah me, what an age it seemed! Was this the girl who had gone out so joyously from the wilderness into the world? This weary, heavy-hearted woman for whom the light of life seemed forever dimmed! All through the ten days journey homeward she had been in a fever of impatience. Steam and wind and tide were laggard to her wish, but now that she was here she suddenly became aware of a dread, a depression. The silence and the damp and dark oppressed her. She paused upon the doorstep, wanting courage to lift the latch. The child, clinging to her skirts, shivered.

"Poor baby," she murmured, and flung open the door, not to step into the deeper darkness, but into the warm glow of a driftwood fire burning cheerfully upon the hearth. Someone sitting there, with head bowed upon his hands, rose and confronted her.

"Odin," she cried, and the next moment was gathered close in his strong arms.

"You were not expecting me?" she said presently when, seated before the fire, she was busy removing the child's wraps.

"Not more than usual. I knew you would return."

"And you wished me to find a welcome? O my friend!" She held her gloved hand out to the grateful warmth of the fire. The child, divested of his cloak and cap, leaned against her knee. "Are you tired, baby?" she questioned, and Odin thrilled at the music of her voice. "This is Nanita's boy. Do you remember Nanita?"

Odin did remember, and silently recalled the tragic story to which he had once been an unwilling listener.

"Nanita is everything to me, everything! And the boy—is he not a dear child?" She drew him closer. "I think he loves me next to his mother. Ah, there she is now," and the sound of footfalls without was heard. "Come in Nanita, you are tired and cold. This is Odin.

And the fire is his welcome. Let me help you remove these damp things. Oh, how sweet to be at home!" She was assisting Nanita to divest herself of her wraps. Odin wished she would remove her own, for she was thickly veiled and he was hungering for the sight of her face. He helped Jeff bring in the luggage, and did what was possible to make things comfortable for the moment. The travellers were very tired, and sleepy as well, and he bade them an early good-night, and went back to his own quarters in the village.

"I will come down in the morning, probably before you are awake," he said. "You must go to bed at once."

"We need no second bidding, I assure you," Elise replied, giving him her hand, still gloved. "Oh, how we shall sleep tonight, Nanita! Good-bye till morning, Odin."

But when they were alone, with the boy safely tucked in a hastily-swung hammock in one corner, and the fire glowing upon the hearth, they drew the wide low couch closer to the grateful warmth and sat, abstractly gazing and silent, far into the small hours of the morning. Through the still night they heard the muffled thunder of the breakers pounding the south shore, and occasionally the call of the water-fowl pierced the nearer silence. Inside the cabin the leaping firelight threw their shadows on the rude wall and lost its brightness in the gothic arch of the rafters and in the gloom of the corners of the room.

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When Elise and her comanions had been domiciled for a week in the cabin under the pines, it was quite as if she had never been away, so kind is time and so quickly do impressions fade. And yet many things were changed. There was Nanita and the boy, and last of all, Elise herself. Odin's heart ached for her, and the sight of her heavy veil and always gloved hands brought a blurr to the eyes more than once. She told him the story of her accident calmly enough, concluding with, "You see there was nothing left me but to return. And now that I am here, I wonder that I could have lived elsewhere, under any circumstances, for three whole years. But O, my friend, I did not deserve to find you waiting for my return!"

They were sitting upon the brow of the cliff in the warm, full splendor of the autumn noon, and over the hills of shining silver sand came the sweet music of the sea, clear and crystal-toned, the mystic melody that is heard only when the winds are still and the waves are at peace with the shore. Odin clasped the hand she gave him. "What could I do but wait?" he said. "My one hope was for your coming."

"But that I should come like this—"

He slipped his arm about her an drew her close. In the old days he had never volunteered a caress. "Like this? You are dearer to me, if that were possible, like this."

"And you are content to never look upon my face—content to know that I—Oh, you do not know! I wonder why, when death came so near, he turned aside and left me a ghastly wreck, forever barred from the light of day?"

"Death knew I needed you, perhaps."

"You? Ah no, but you are kind to say it."

"Not kind, but selfish."

"Pity, from any one else in the world, I could not bear, from you it is sweet, my Odin."

"It is not pity. I love you."

"Dear friend!"

"My life is yours."

"And I, what can I give you in return? My gold? You would scorn it. This poor, scarred hand—no, no, and my heart? Alas that I should have given it unsought to one who values it less than the sands down there on the shore. No, dear, you see I have nothing—nothing."

"Therefore you have need of me. I ask but this, the privilege of serving you."

Elise did not reply. She was thinking, in an idle, half-contented fashion, of the comfort his protecting arm afforded, of his tenderness and love, and wondering if, after all, it were not better to be loved than to love. But it was not Odin's face that shone before her mental vision. Odin's kisses could not quicken her pulse a single beat. Odin's worshipping glances did not send the blood flashing like a thousand-tiped sunbeam through her veins from heart to brain and back

again. And this, perhaps, was why she found his love so welcome and so comforting. As a child, tired out with tears, creeps to the grateful shelter of its mother's arms, seeking sympathy and consolation, so she leaned upon this strong, true heart, and was folded in the restful tenderness of a great, unselfish love.

Some women there are who are resolute and brave, who suffer in silence and alone, but shrink from sharing a sorrow, and who shut grief up in the breast and guard it jealously, fronting, meantime, the battle of life with unflinching eyes and set teeth. But Elise was not of these. Weak, wayward and inconsistent, hitherto a stranger to trouble, she rebelled against this seeming cruelty of fate and welcomed the soothing balm of sympathy. There were times when, for her soul's salvation she felt that she must clutch that leaden weight that was her heart, and with her two maimed hands, tear it from her breast. "While my heart beats it must ache," she cried; "and oh, it is driving me mad!"

Odin's friendship took the keen edge off the pain, but was powerless to ease the dull and constant ache that was, after all, so far more wearing than any acute agony. There was a certain quality of manly strength in Odin's character that invited dependence from a woman like Elise, who was sufficient unto herself only while the sun shone and the skies were blue. Therefore it as well that he had been constant.

The days drifted by peacefully enough to all outward seeming. The little household in the pine grove was left to itself but for Odin's daily visits, and the changes that had affected the upper river had not extended in this direction. There was still a mile of deep, untrodden forest between the cabin and the village, and the fishing fleet never touched prow on the narrow strip of sandy beach that stretched along its water-guarded front. There was always the ocean for company and the two girls gave themselves up unreservedly to the blended charm of sea and sky and sun-kissed shore. For the tender blue of the bending sky that melted and merged in the bluer sea those fair October days was a joy no true-born child of nature could resist. They spent hours upon the hills or in a boat upon the river, silent always, or speaking vague half-thoughts as in a dream, disjointedly, dreaming with wide open eyes through all that perfect month, yet still unconscious that they dreamed. Beautiful to hold in memory, those softly glowing days and nights, like amethysts and pearls strung on a golden thread; and to Elise, in after years, the recollection of their beauty and their quiet was like a benediction.

With the beginning of November came the storms sweeping up from the great, wide seas and lashing the silent river to a wild fury. In the wake of the wind followed the rain, and for days it was not possible to venture out. This imprisonment was hardest for the child. He was like a little wild thing in his love of outdoors, and now that he was housed, like a squirrel in a cage, he fretted in a silent way that was infinitely touching to Elise, to whom he had grown dearer with every year of his young life. He would stand for hours with his round, brown face pressed against the window pane gazing out at the white-capped, tumbling waves glimpsed through the tossing branches of the pines. How often, in her own childhood, she had stood at that same narrow casement and watched the driving storms through her brief untroubled winter days! She knew, from her own experience, how the boy was longing for the clouds to clear and let him out upon the hills among the huckleberry and salal.

It was about this time that the shadow of a great fear began to darken their lives. They tried to put it away, to believe it was not there. They laughed and chatted as they had never done in all their days of close companionship, cheating themselves with forced and artificial gaiety. But no matter whether they talked or read, or sewed, or whether they sat silent in the fire-light listening to the wind rustling among the trees and the sharp, swift patter of the rain upon the shingles, the fear was with them, a ghostly presence that shaped itself from the shadows in the corners, and pressed nearer and nearer day by day. And then came a morning in midwinter when Nanita, on rising, was forced to return

to her bed.

"It is nothing," she declared, "I shall be quite well tomorrow."

"Of course," assented Elise. "You are tired, that is all; besides, there is no reason in the world why you should get up. You shall breakfast in bed and see how delightful it is to be waited upon. For this one day you are to be a princess, the Princess Nanita, and the boy and I are your slaves. You have only to clap your hands and we obey your slightest wish."

And Nanita smiled, lying back upon her pillows with her black hair like a midnight cloud tumbled aboot her thin white face, and her great sombre eyes reflecting the shadow that gave the lie to all light words and laughter.

(To be continued.)

A New Remedy for Trusts.

By J. W. WHALLEY.

VICTOR HUGO, in his "Toilers of the Sea," gives a thrilling description of a man in the grasp of the Devil-Fish, or Octopus. A reading of this will almost inevitably call to mind the dangers and struggles of our people in the grasp of the trusts which are fastening their tentacles upon the industries and means of life of our population, crushing opposition, paralyzing competition and gradually converting the community into pabulum to feed the insatiate maw of organized corporate wealth.

I shall not take time, in this article, to consider any of the specious arguments by which the trust has been attempted to be defended, further than to say that such a.guments do not commend themselves to one in twenty of our popuiation; only to those, in fact, who have some direct pecuniary interest in the perpetuation of the evils which the common instinct of mankind recognizes are absolutely incompatible with liberty and the pursuit of happiness. I assume at the outset that the trust is a great and growing evil, and propose to address my remarks to the legitimate means to be employed for its mitigation, if not for its absolute abrogation.

It may be laid down as a principle, which all familiar with the law governing copartnerships will at once recognize, that the trust can never flourish, or, indeed, operate, under an agency created by several distinct copartnerships. The trust, to be effectual, must be clothed in the trappings of a corporation. Under laws permitting consolidation of different corporations engaged in the same or kindred business, will be found the best environment for its creation and operation. Here it can work to cheapen price of output and increase it when necessary to crush competition, or diminish production to cheapen labor, ruling men and markets as its interests dictate. Now, when I consider the nature of a corporation, how it is created, whence its powers are derived and can alone be legitimately exercised, it is to me astounding that such considerations have not suggested to the people, through whom the artificial entity exists, the means to prevent the genius whom they have unbottled from overpowering the liberator.

A corporation is a franchise existing in a body politic, and a franchise is a power of the government existing in, and conferred on, a legal entity. Corporations were originally created by the king's letters patent, issued under his kingly prerogative. When created by him the great right of visitation was reserved, for two purposes: first, to see that the creature did not usurp the kingly prerogative; second, to enable the king, as parens patrie, to prevent his creature from invading the rights or liberties of his subjects. Upon the successful revolt of the American colonies, and the subsequent establishment of the government of the United States, the kingly powers

and prerogatives as to corporations became vested in the United States as to matters to which they were supreme, and, in the several states, in respect to all matters in which they were sovereign. Hence, the right of visitation is possessed both by the United States government and by the states as to corporations created by each. Although this right has not very often been exercised in the United States, yet its existence is universally recognized by jurists and publicists. We see a most striking instance of its beneficial use in the case of National banks, and, observing there the excellence of its effects, I cannot but regret that the legislative power in the state has not sought, in this reserved power, the remedy for the evils of corporate aggression on the welfare of the public.

Both in England and in the United States, there has been steady corporate growth, and, owing to the influences exercised by interested parties on the legislatures, the safeguards, which those bodies usually imposed in special charters of incorporation which they granted, have been measurably removed by allowing the formation of corporations under general corporation laws, until, today, we have practical free trade in corporations which may be formed in the conduct of any and all businesses whatever, subject only to the limitation that the business purposes are lawful.

Partnerships, under such a system, in which each partner was bound, in solido, for the created debts, have given place to the corporation in which the corporators are bound only to the extent of their unpaid subscription to the capital stock. This capital stock, in many cases, if not the greater amount of instances, has been paid up by the sale of property at a greatly enhanced value to the corporation whose directors are under the influence of the vendor, and stock in the corporation, paid up and non-assessable, is issued to the vendor in exchange for the property transferred.

There is, no doubt, great reason why corporations should be created to manage matters in which the people, as a whole, have an interest. Railways, banks, canals, public bridges, water companies to supply the public with water, irrigation companies formed to bring areas of unused land into cultivation, municipal lighting companies, etc., etc., are all of such a public nature as to require notice and action by the governing power, either by directly owning, managing and controlling such matters itself, or by granting a franchise to a corporation to own, manage and control them. Whether the state should itself do this, or effect the same purpose by granting a franchise to others must depend upon the consideration as to whether the true interests of society will not be better preserved by delegation of the power of the state, than by its own immediate exercise. I do not attempt to decide this question. What I do desire to make plain is that a franchise to be a corporation should never be granted by a state unless it is necessary to the carrying out of some great and pressing public enterprise in which the community, as a whole, has an interest. Why should a half a dozen barbers, or clothiers, or blacksmiths, or grocers, be granted a franchise as a corporation? Why should a power of the government be vested in an artificial entity to conduct a barber Shop! I mention these matters to show how far we have traveled from the original concept of a corporation, and to urge from the "reductio ad absurdum" the pressing existing necessity for a repeal of all general incorporation laws.

It is from such looseness in legislation that the trust evils exist. But, it seems to me, it is entirely owing to the apathy of the people that they survive. Each state has the absolute right to inhibit any corporation formed in any other state from doing business in its borders, to impose the terms upon which it may be allowed to act in the state. Each state has the right to create a board of visitation with power to investigate the business and affairs of every corporation doing business within it, to see in what its capital stock consists, whether paid-up in cash or in "chips and whetstones," to determine the existing ratio between its property and debts, and to provide means to force the corporation into liquidation whenever the visitation shall show that such corporation is abusing or not exercising its powers, or is violating law, or is insolvent. The state has the right to make such a board a quasi-tribunal, with

power to send for persons and papers, to administer oaths, to compel attendance of witnesses, etc., and to require the publication of their report in the newspapers of the state.

The state has the right to declare, by law, that no corporation which delegates the management or control of its affairs to a trust, or which ceases to retain the full control of its business, or which enters into any pooling contract with any other corporation, shall, ipse facto, die and be —— condemned to go into liquidation.

I cannot approve of the recent legislation in Missouri which denies the right to the trust to recover in the courts of that state from an inhabitant for goods, etc., sold on credit. The manifest injustice of such legislation is as great as that of the trust against which it is directed, and two wrongs cannot make a right. But there is no wrong in the remedy I have suggested. The right exists, both in law and in morals, to coerce the creature to act within the law of its being, and, as I have suggested, this can be done by the intelligent and just exercise of an admitted governmental power over the creature by visitation.

Some, to whom I have mentioned the foregoing ideas, have said to me that corporations could not exist under such a calcium light as visitation and publication of reports would throw upon them. It pleased me to hear this criticism, which, although not quite true, was yet sufficiently near the mark to assure me that my critics recognized the fact that the enforcement of the right would compel a great readjustment of the business of the country on the copartnership basis.

All corporations fit to exist, organized for public utilities, could well afford to have and undergo such visitation and publication. The report would show whether the business was conducted with fair remuneration for the capital employed, for the labor engaged; whether it was sound or rotten, and whether it was meeting its public and private obligations. Such reports would tend, if published, to strengthen the position of all honestly-conducted public enterprises, but would be the deserved death of all those which existed for public swindling through stock-jobbing operations, capital watering, and kindred nefarious dealings. The remedy is plain. Will our legislators have the honesty to resist the bribes of the corporate lobbies when it is brought forward and attempted to be enacted into law? Will they accept the bribes, and by indirection, whilst pretending to oppose the trust, secretly, by unconstitutional legislation, present some other pretended remedy which the trusts can successfully resist on the ground of its unconstitutionality? Time alone can determine, but of one thing I am assured, that unless the remedy I have suggested, or one equally as far-reaching and efficacious, is adopted, the socialistic government of Bebel and Lasalle, in which all affairs and business shall be conducted by the state, and mankind loose individuality, is much nearer trial than many suppose.

To sum up, then, abolishment of general corporatiion laws; creation of corporations solely for general public purposes by special legislative charters; the exercise of the visitorial power of the state in the way hereinbefore indicated; the inhibition of all corporations from doing business in the state which are identified with a trust, constitute the lines on which effective, just and constitutional legislation, inimical to the trust, can safely proceed. In the visitorial power of the state will be found the club of Hercules for the destruction of the trust Hydra.

A Quatrain.

"Go thou and pluck a rose—the fairest one,
But only—if for life thou carest—one!"
I searched the garden through; took me a glorious bud—
And then, alas, too late! beheld the rarest one.

Edward Othmer.

Our Point of View

The series on "Wyeth's Expeditions to Oregon," by F. G. Young, of the University of Oregon, will be continued next month, and a new department, "The Idler," conducted by Miss Catharine Cogswell, will begin. In September the publishers will commence a series on the "Indian Arabian Nights," a remarkable collection of Indian legends made by Prof. H. S. Lyman, of Astoria, Oregon.

The American people have not attained, without a commensurate sacrifice, the enviable position that they hold today in the commercial, manufacturing, scientific and professional world. The struggle for riches, the hurry and bustle of life incident to our environment, the adjustment of social conditions, these have left an indelible impress upon the features and lives of our people. Conditions have made us a nervous nation. This in turn has brought about the almost universal habit of worrying—the greatest evil of the American people. From the laborer who goes with his bucket in hand to his work, to the president or manager of some of our great enterprises, each day is largely a day of worry. The trouble is that Americans are too ambitious. They plan too much in advance of their means, their ability to carry out what they plan, and obligate themselves when they cannot meet their obligations. Worry is the natural result. And this condition is not only true as individuals, but of companies, communities, cities and even states. The village becomes ambitious, and issues bonds thoughtlessly for the future generations to carry. The city indulges in municipal luxuries which prudence would deny, the state is still more lavish, and the federal government seemingly shuts its eyes, grabs the money in handfuls and throws it broadcast. The burden rests upon the people. Yet as with individuals so with nations. The individual, dissatisfied with slow progress, obligates himself, and sows the seed of worry. The city, the state, the nation, do likewise. We must learn, as individuals, to be more content. We must learn it is wisdom not to force progress, but to let our art and our literature, our commerce and science and manufactures assume their destined position through healthy growth. We must learn that superficiality is detrimental to true national greatness. We must stop the restless, nervous cramming in all phases of life and work—the cramming superficiality which characterizes us in our public schools. By rooting out the causes which have made America a worrying, nervous nation—a result which time alone can accomplish, the individual and the nation will become saner and more substantial. And yet, after all is said, nothing is more senseless than worry. Of all the feelings to which we are subject, it is, ordinarily speaking, least without justification. One's duty to one's self urges him to put it resolutely aside, and not, as many are inclined to do, to indulge one's self in it. It is well to remember that "worry kills, not work."

♣

That the public is unusually interested in the question of expansion was shown last month in the sale of The Pacific Monthly. 5,250 copies of the magazine were printed. All of them were sold, and the publishers were confronted with a demand for 750 copies more which could not be supplied. While other articles in the magazine undoubtedly contributed somewhat to this very desirable state of affairs, doubtless it was brought about principally by the announcement of the series on expansion, which was opened by Mr. C. E. S. Wood's "Imperialism vs. Democracy." Mr. Wallace McCamant ably presents the arguments in favor of expansion in this number.

♣

In many respects Astronomy is the most wonderful and fascinating study that occupies the attention of man. The

study of the heavens, more than anything else, impresses us with a profound sense not only of the insignificance of man, his trials, struggles, ambitions, the affairs that engage his attention, the shortness, indeed the pusillanimity, of his life, but it even oppresses us with an overwhelming realization of the insignificance of the world in which he lives—nay, even of the universe in which his world moves. Thousands of years ago the Psalmist wrote: "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him?" Yet it is doubtful if many of the most tremendous and marvelous facts now known to Astronomy were understood at that time. Professor Simon Newcomb, in the July number of one of our magazines, states some of these great truths in such a way as to "stagger the imagination," (as Captain Rockwell says of the Grand Coulee), "and cause the mind to humbly doubt the ability of its reasoning power." The thoughts suggested by this article take one out of the narrow confines of everyday life, which, too often, is made up a weary and monotonous round that induces a sordid view of life and living, and places him with a bound into the realm of the infinite.

♣

The conviction that we are in the midst of a social revolution of tremendous importance is forcing itself upon thinking men and women the world over. A glance at present conditions shows plainly that this is true. Competition, as an incentive in business, is being rapidly eliminated through the agency of trusts. Advanced theories of municipal government are being adopted by some of our largest cities. In education the practical elements are beginning to receive more attention than ever before, and the nations of the world are represented at The Hague in a peace conference, which, though it may come to naught, shows, at least, the trend of events. These, however, are but the tangible expressions of a seething, rumbling movement for more equitable social conditions—a movement that is often spoken of as coming, but which, we cannot but believe, is here and now, leaving its impress upon the world as clearly as the marks of any political or religious revolution in history.

♣

That the Peace Conference now in session at The Hague would fail to accomplish its object was a foregone conclusion. No one seriously thought that the nations could come together and decide to disarm. It is a very significant fact, however, that a conference for such a purpose should be held, and the deliberations will not be without some good result. It is too soon to accomplish disarmament; it is not too soon to speak of it.

♣

The action of the trustees of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, at the instance of Mrs. Stanford, in limiting the number of women who may attend the University to 500, brings before the public again the much-discussed question of co-education. The University has recently been endowed by Mrs. Stanford with a sum which has been estimated by one competent to judge as high as $38,000,000.00. Every advantage that unlimited means can secure will be obtained for the students fortunate enough to attend the university. Only 500 women will be able to take advantage of this generosity. The number of men will be limited only by the capacity of the buildings. With this large endowment and constantly increasing facilities for work, there was no necessity for such action unless it was desirable in itself. This limitation, therefore, means, in general, that co-education has not proven the success that its adherents claim for it. It means, in particular, that the attendance of a very large number of women at Stanford is detrimental to the University's best interests. It is a blow to co-education that will undoubtedly have a far-reaching influence.

♣

The Venezuela Boundary Commission is now in session in Paris—a fact which carries with it a certain well-defined sense of satisfaction and gratification to every American. It recalls a time, not long since, when Cleveland and Olney prevailed upon Great Britain to make the most notable back-down in history. Long live the Queen!

The Month

IN POLITICS—

Judging by present indications, one of the issues which will divide the parties in the next presidential election will be expansion. From the nature of the case, Republicans generally favor expansion, while Democrats are opposed to it. Other issues are likely to turn upon the trusts, election of senators by popular vote and the money question, as the Democrats seem determined to make "silver" an issue in the campaign. Democratic conventions held to date, have, with few exceptions, endorsed the proposition to fight the battle out again on "16 to 1." The great majority of newspapers, however, consider this a dead issue.

♣

President Schurman, chairman of the Philippine Peace Commission, has been recalled owing to a disagreement with General Otis as to the policy to be pursued. The incident has been the cause of an avalanche of criticism from those who are opposed to the President's policy in the Philippines.

♣

On May 29 President McKinley issued an order amending the civil service rules so that, according to the National Civil Service Reform League, 10,109 offices and positions are removed from the civil service. The Post (Rep.), of Syracuse, N. Y., in upholding the action, says:

"There is no question, probably, that the interests of civil-service reform have suffered in some ways from a too blind and headlong extension of its principles, and the feature that has been most frequently and severely commented upon is the including of so-called 'confidential positions among the others, in such a way that the head of a department has found it impossible to appoint his own private secretary, or a man in a position of trust, the assistant who should handle the funds. It is in these directions chiefly, as we understand it, that the operation of civil-service law is amended by the present order."

The New York Herald takes the other side, as follows:

"In a speech on the floor of Congress nine years ago Mr. McKinley said: 'If the Republican party of this country is pledged to any one thing more than another it is the maintenance of the civil service law and its effective execution; not only that but to its enlargement. The Republican party must take no step backward.' In the St. Louis platform, on which Mr. McKinley was nominated, the Republicans renewed their repeated declaration that the civil service shall be thoroughly and honestly enforced and extended wherever possible. Again, in his inaugural, President McKinley declared of it: 'I shall attempt its enforcement in the spirit in which it was enacted. The best interests of the country demand this.' Nothing could be more deliberate, emphatic, and solemn, than these pledges of the party and the President. In the face of them the blow now struck at the civil-service is indefensible, and admits of no explanation that will enhance the good name of the party or the dignity of the President."—The Herald (Ind.), New York.

♣

President McKinley has decided to call for volunteers for service in the Philippines. About 12,000 men, or nine regiments, are needed. The call for troops will be made as soon as the necessary arrangements for a recruiting system can be made.

♣

In the Alaska boundary dispute, Canada claims that the ten leagues ("the limit," according to the treaty with Russia, "between the British possessions and the line of Coast") should be measured from the outside edge of the islands fringing the Coast, while the United States holds that they should be measured from the coast line of the mainland. "If Canada's claim is correct, the important towns of Skagway and Dyea and Pyramid Harbor will become hers; if incorrect they will remain ours." The treaty with Russia says that the American possessions "shall be formed by a line parallel to the coast, and which shall never exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom."

♣

The French court of Cassation decid-

ed on June 3 to grant Dreyfus a new trial. The Literary Digest says:

"The decision is received on this side of the water without great surprise, but with many expressions of gratification and of congratulation, not so much to Dreyfus as to France herself. The general opinion, as rendered by the press, is that France is about to "vindicate her nonor" in a way far better than the one she tried when she convicted the innocent artillery captain in 1894. It is said that the judges of the Court of Cassation, who declared unanimously for the new trial, were restrained from declaring Dreyfus innocent and setting him free only by the fact that it would not be correct legal procedure. There is said to be no doubt that the court-martial at the new trial will acquit Dreyfus, as there remains not a shred of proof to be offered against him. The documents are now known to be forgeries and the personal testimonies false. Col. du Paty de Clam, the chief persecutor of Dreyfus, is in jail. Esterhazy confessed that he forged the bordereau. As no other Jewish officers in the French army nave been attacked in all the time since Dreyfus was arrested, the motive for such a relentless persecution and seeming conspiracy against this one artillery captain becomes somewhat of a mystery. Dreyfus, released from his long captivity on Devil's Island, will be present at his new trial, which will be held at Rennes, nearly 200 miles west of Paris."

♣

The rumors that Secretary Alger would retire from the cabinet upon the announcement of his candidacy for the senate have proven unfounded. Alger has secured Pingree as an ally, and his platform will include opposition to trusts and a declaration in favor of senatorial elections by popular vote. Both Secretary Alger and Governor Pingree consider these questions the two most important before the people today.

♣

The opposition of the Emperor of Germany to the proposals for universal peace will probably prevent the peace conference, now in session at The Hague, from accomplishing anything definite along those lines.

IN SCIENCE—

M. Germain, a Frenchman, has invented a telephone through which singing and speaking may be heard at a distance of 300 feet from the receiver, says the Literary Digest. Several more inventors are in the field with devices for wireless telephony, although none of them seems to have been practically successful yet. These devices are all modeled on the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy, although the older system, which is still believed by its adherents to be the best, would seem better adapted to telephony.

♣

Danilewsky, a Russian, has invented a new dirigible balloon.

♣

According to Dr. Eskine-Murray, one of the chief electricians of the Maconi Company, there is no difficulty in the way of sending messages by wireless telegraphy from Europe to America that cannot be overcome. A wire suspended from an eighty-foot mast will send a message twenty miles, and at this proportion, were there another Eiffel tower in New York, it would be possible to send messages to Paris through the ether and get answers. Dr. Murray says that neither land nor sea nor atmospheric conditions effect the transmission of wirless telegraphy messages.

IN LITERATURE—

Public interest is still very fairly divided between Balzac and the Browning Love letters. Kipling seems to have retired a step or two into the background, temporarily, of course, though "The Kipling Hysteria," as treated by Dr. Henry Austin in a recent issue of The Dial, continues to excite discussion. In Kipling's youth, according to Mr. Austin, lies his hope for the future. "He is yet gloriously young, and to youth all things are possible." Dr. Felix Adler denounces his teaching of the "gospel of force," while he admits the strength and virility of his verse. Henry Wysham Lanier says that Kipling's best claim to attention is his intimate sympathy with all things animate and inanimate. He is the poet of humanity, the voice of the dumb, unspeaking world of men and things. Meantime the world is waiting to hear a new note sounded in the young man's singing, the result of recent pain and sorrow. Experience leaves some impress always.

♣

In the preface of Professor Lombroso's new book, "The Cause and Cure of

Crime," which is, in reality, a vindication of his school of thought, he ventures the suggestion that, "We might counteract the dangerous influence of high temperature on crime, if we could give the entire population cold baths, as was done in ancient Rome." This work of Lombroso's is one of the most talked about scientific books of the day, and is generally conceded to be his most practical effort.

IN EDUCATION—

Professor Arthur T. Hadley has been elected president of Yale, Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president of the University of California, and Dr. Strong, president of the University of Oregon.

The Chautauqua at Gladstone Park.

The ideal and the practical unite in the American character. This may solve the phenomenal growth of summer assemblies. Like the old Greek academy where Pythagoris and Plato walked and talked in the groves of Athens, the American Chautauqua has leaped in a decade of years to the favorite resort of scholars and artists.

But 1899 eclipses all the rest. Five stars have lent their radiance to the season. Sam Jones the greatest preacher; Jahu DeWitt Miller, the greatest Chautauqua lecturer; Frank Beard, the greatest cartoonist; Emerson E. White, the noted educator, and Camden Cobern, the leading American Egyptologist. Sam Jones, the irrepressible and inimitable, gives three lectures. Immediately following Sam Jones comes Jahu DeWitt Miller, who "walks faster, talks faster, writes faster, eats faster, than any other man on the American continent." For eight successive years has Jahu DeWitt Miller been recalled to the old Chautauqua in New York, ten times to the assembly at Lexington, Kentucky, and twelve times to Winfield, Kansas. It has been heretofore impossible to secure him for the coast.

Frank Beard, the cartoonist, is the only real successor of Thomas Nast in America, and is the first distinguished artist that could talk as well as he could sketch. It is said that Frank Beard has appeared more times on the old Chautauqua platform than any other speaker whatsoever.

Never has the list of instructors and teachers been so large as now. Superintendent Potter, of the Chemawa Indian school, has already engaged space for his large Indian encampment, and the Indian boys and girls will give another one of their delightful literary and musical programmes. Two hundred young men of the Portland Y. M. C. A. have engaged grounds for their outing in connection with the games and athletics. The prizes for baseball, basket ball, field sports and bicycle races are already on exhibition in Portland.

July 18th to 29th.

IN ART—

Frank Du Mond, the American artist who, with his gifted young wife, Helen Savier, is but recently returned from a four years' sojourn in Paris, has opened a studio in St. Helen's Hall, and may be seen there almost any day. He devotes two evenings each week to the Portland Sketch Club and promises to exhibit the results of his summer's work before going away in September . The people of Portland, and of Oregon, eagerly await this opportunity to see something from the brush of the famous painter. And they are even more eager to behold the work of Mrs. Du Mond, whom they are proud to claim as their own, a daughter of Oregon, and of the great Northwest. The August number of the Pacific Monthly will contain interesting sketches of these two notable young Americans and their work and methods.

The young priest-composer, Perosi, according to the Criterion, is a youth with "both blood and music in his veins," and this being the case, "He will bear watching." Although loved and honored, almost idolized in his own Italy, he has been rather "chillingly" received in New York. The musical critics there pronounce him not the prodigy he has been advertised. His oratorio, "The Resurrection of Lazarus," as produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, disappointed an audience that was by no means prepared to be enthusiastic. This critical and unimpassioned reception is somewhat surprising when compared with the glowing ardor with which he was

received in Europe. The following description of his personal appearance is interesting: "The Abbe Perosi, maestro of the Chapel of St. Mark of Venice, and director of the Sistine, is but twenty-six years of age. He is short and has a very juvenile appearance. His head is a little too large for his body, perhaps, but he has an open countenance, regular features and a pair of remarkably intelligent eyes. He is very simple, with affectionate cordiality, and shows a modesty that is touching. It is interesting to watch him conduct his orchestra. His langorous gestures during the rendition of expressive passages, his naive passion when the music becomes dramatic, evoke the remembrance of no less a personality than that of Fra Angelico.

IN RELIGIOUS THOUGHT—

Several Methodist congregations in Chicago have lately introduced vested choirs.

The strife in the Church of England over ritual is as far from settlement as ever. Ian Maclaren (Dr. Watson), in a recent number of the North American Review, sums up the situation in a very clear and dispassionate manner. Meantime the cartoonist finds in the animated discussion much material for his work.

To those who have followed the Whitsitt controversy the resignation of the eminent doctor from the presidency of the Baptist Theological Seminary comes in the nature of a relief, regardless of sympathy. Concurrent public opinion is to the effect that Dr. Whitsitt's cause loses nothing by reason of his honorable and dignified retirement, while the Baptist church gains immeasurably by the cessation of active differences.

LEADING EVENTS—

May 22—President Schurman, of the Philippine Commission makes definite offers of peace to the insurgents.

May 23—The United States Cruiser Olympia, with Admiral Dewey on board, arrives at Hong Kong.

May 24—Queen Victoria's eightieth birthday is observed throughout the world.

May 25—Professor Arthur T. Hadley is elected president of Yale University.

May 26—The payment of $3,000,000 to the Cuban army begins.

May 27—In Paris Ex-President Harrison has an interview with President Loubet.

May 28—The rank of a brevet brigadier-general is conferred upon Colonel Summers of the Second Oregon Volunteers.

May 29—At Bath, Maine, the torpedo-boat Dahlgren is safely launched.

May 30—In Paris Count Esterhazy is accused of writing the bordereau.

May 31—In Washington Baron von Hollebon, the German ambassador, makes objection to the dispatching of another warship to Samoa.

June 1—In Madrid Premier Silvela urges the necessity of reforms.

June 2—In London the Queen recommends a grant of $30,000 to Major General Lord Kitchener.

June 3—In Paris the court of cassation renders a verdict in favor of revision of the Dreyfus case.

June 4—On the Morong peninsula the Oregon troops engage the Filipinos and are victorious.

June 5—In Lima Senor Edouardo Alzamera is elected president of Peru.—In Paris President Loubet is publicly assaulted.

June 6—Admiral Dewey sails from Hong Kong.

June 7—In Cleveland, Ohio, Senator Hanna denies the report sent from Washington that he intends to retire from the chairmanship of the National Republican Committee.

June 8—In Berlin the budget committee of the Reichstag votes the first installment of the 300,000 marks for tne German Antarctic expedition.

June 9—In Paris Lieutenant-Colonel Picquart is provisionally released from custody.

June 10—Dreyfus sails from Devil's Island, enroute for France.

June 11—Bellamy Storer, the new United States minister to Spain, arrives in Madrid.

June 12—The available cash balance in the United States treasury is $272,346,728. The gold reserve is $234,346,676.

June14—Oregon's contribution to the new cup-defender Columbia is made in the form of a mast of Oregon pine.

June 15—The 27th annual reunion of the Oregon Pioneers meets in Portland.

Jun 16—In Madrid the Queen Regent receives the new United States Minister.

June 17—In Paris Waldeck-Rosseau asks for more time to form a ministry.

June 18—In New York the tlraFneC reetad

June 18—In New York the Central Federated Labor Union demands the recall and trial by court-martial of General Merriman, because of his policy regarding the striking miners at Couer d'Alene.

June 19—In London the Prince of Wales holds the final levee of the season.

June 20—In Berlin the bill authorizing the acquisition of the Caroline, Ladrone and Pelew islands by Germany is submitted to the reichstag.

June 21—In Paris General Larouque is arrested for an offense not yet made public.

Books

Elizabeth Calvert preaches a very wise sermon in brief in this little poem, "The Scorner," which is among the best, by the way, in the rather limited collection of verse which she offers to the public in a tastefully bound volume entitled "The Boat-man God." There is a spirit of piety, earnest and womanly and sweet, breathing through all that she has written here, and it lends a charm to her work that is both welcome and refreshing. "The Boat-man God" is a legend of the Indians of the Sound, and tells how, ages ago, the Christ came out of the sun-lit sea in a brazen canoe to preach the gospel of brotherly love and remission of sin to the savage Siwash.

♣

The name of General King's new and much lauded novel which draws its inspiration from the Philippines and the American soldier in the Spanish-American war, is not, at this writing, given to the world. Perhaps its enterprising publisher is afraid that it will be pirated if it appears in advance of the book itself. But according to the lucky readers who have seen the first installments of the story it surpasses everything in the history of military romance hitherto written. Thrilling, exciting, realistic and fascinating are a few of the adjectives it is proper to use in describing its most striking feaures. Captain King was an acknowledged favorite with the American public, but General King is going to capture the readers of two continents when this new book appears. The first edition will consist of one hundred thousand copies and will be beautifully illustrated with half-tone portraits of the distinguished author.

♣

The Land of the Midnight Sun.

By J. B. Prather.

This book is beautifully gotten up and profusely illustrated from photographs made by the author and publisher himself. In fact there is very little within its elegant covers aside from the pictures, but the pictures are so attractive and interesting that reading matter can, in this instance, be dispensed with. There is a striking view of the breaking up of winter on the Yukon where the ice-jam is mountain high. Another represents the interior of the old Greek church and the famous painting of the Madona. But the scene that possesses a charm all its own is that of Dawson, the city of gold, in the wierd light of the midnight sun.

♣

The author of "A Modern Instance," which was good, and of unnumbered novels that are not even bad, but simply indifferent, seems at last to have gotten out of his long accustomed rut, and in the first surprise of finding his creative faculties in a new environment has produced the delightfully fresh and original character, "Ragged Lady." The world is exceedingly grateful to Mr. Howells for giving it this evidence of a new-born originality, inasmuch as it had grown to believe him indissolubly wedded to a certain type of womankind, monotonously vapid and irritatingly insistent. The dear "Ragged Lady" must have been quite as much of a surprise to her creator as to the reading public. Let us hope that her advent heralds the dawn of a new epoch in the literary life of her fortunate author.

♣

Sir Edwin Arnold in his "Garden of Roses," has given to the knowledge of American readers one of the Persian classics whose beauty and value all but equals that of the Rubaiyat. It was written by Shaikh Sa'di, of Shiraz, about 1200 A. D., and is a collection of a hundred short proverbial stories, charming in style and sparkling with wit. It is needless to say that the "Gulistan" loses nothing in Sir Edwin's translation. Indeed it is an open question if it is not rather enriched hereby.

Men and Women

"I went to seek for Love among the roses,
the roses,"

sang the seeker after the best of all good which the world contains to-day, or ever has since time began. But love, the great strong, undying, clear-eyed Love that is the salvation of the race, is not to be found chasing bright-winged butterflies in Aphrodite's garden, nor yet in any splendid

"—— temple, marble-based and gold above
Where the long procession marches
'Neath the incense-clouded arches
In the world-compelling worship of the
mighty God of Love."

But out of the darkness, out of the solitude of years, out of the deeps of human pain and human passion. Love comes unsought, and with the divine glory of his presence fills the world—the whole wide world. For the measure of the universe is the capacity of the human heart for loving.

The offspring of the pagan goddess has been so recklessly and illegitimately advertised under Love's name that unthinking men and women have grown to believe that the imposter represents all there is, and even the philosophers who are so much wiser than ordinary people, are often deluded into mistaking him for the Real Love who was born of far different parentage, in the dim beginning of time.

The love of a man for a woman, of the mother for her child, the love of friend for friend—if it stops at this is not real, is it not lasting and sincere, because it is essentially selfish. The maternal element in a woman's love is that quality which eliminates selfishness. The strongest mother-love is that which, when the need arises, is ready to offer up the child as a sacrifice upon the alter of universal affection which reaches out and embraces the beggar in the street as tenderly as it folds the petted darling in the nursery, and which in bearing one child bears all the world of babyhood upon its yearning breast. And the love of a man for his friend if it rises beyond the commonplace must be quick to suffer all things not for the friend's sake alone but for all the world of men.

This is the cry of the heart of the mother, the lover, the friend. And this is the answer to the prayer:—

"Is there no way my life can save thine from
pain?"
"——The pain thou must bear
Is the pain of the world's life which thy life
must share.
Thou art one with the world—though I love
thee the best;
And to save thee from pain I must save all
the rest—."

Hope.

When the heart is weary and full of pain,
When the darkening clouds of grief around
us lie,
When all life's worth and living seems in
vain,
And we supplicate our God to let us die;

Then, like a star in the dome of vast, high
heaven,
Which shineth forth amid the gloom of
night,
Appeareth Hope, and, with a power God-
given,
She scattereth despair and lifts us into
light.

Buelah N. Sigmund.

Questions of the Day

Anti-Expansion.

I.

The article of Mr. A. H. Tanner, in the June number of the Pacific Monthly, favors "Expansion" for reasons which he segregates into five heads. Mr. Tanner presents no new arguments. He ignores the equities that should exist between peoples, as between individuals. He sees no difference between annexing contiguous territory that might become a menace to our republican institutions, and a territory that is 7000 miles away. To protect us in our, you may say, isolated position, President Monroe announced the doctrine that any interference by European powers in the afiairs of American nations would be considered by the United States as an unfriendly act. This doctrine is good and I would fight to maintain it, for so soon as European nations mix in the affairs of this continent, it is good-by to American independence as a nation. The main consideration, you may say the only consideration in Europe, is the balance of power. One of the strongest incentives in the present war was to drive Spain (a European power) from our very door, as it were, because it stood as a menace to our interests. The same reason impelled us to drive France from Mexico, but is is doubtful if that would have been strong enough to have induced us to declare war against Spain had it not been for the blowing up of the Maine.

Mr. Tanner says:

"First.—Wherever American patriotism and blood have placed our flag, there it should remain.

This is a broad position based on the Imperialistic doctrine that the (King) government can do no wrong, or, the effete doctrine of "might is right." If the American flag always remains where it has been placed, it is more than any European nation can boast. England, after whipping Napoleon, withdrew from France. England has frequently claimed territory that she has had to give up. Germany in 1871 raised her flag over Paris, yet withdrew later without dishonor. Japan lately defeated China, yet failed to get Korea, which she coveted, or to follow up her advantage by annexing China. Nations are not ruled by sentiment.

"Second—We owe a moral duty to the people of those islands (Philippines) not to leave them in a worse condition than we found them."

It would be almost impossible to do so. Having relieved them from the oppression of Spain, we should put them at least on the same footing as the Cubans. We shall then have done our duty as becomes a great and beneficent nation. Annexation is not a duty, but a self imposed task born of selfish motives. After having set the Filipinos up in the business of governing themselves, it is not our business to maintain them if they should make a failure of it. We should assist them all we can, but not make ourselves responsible for their credit or good behavior.

"Third—From a commercial standpoint we should retain them."

This reason entirely supports the selfish motive that prompts annexation, under the hypocritical cloak of "duty."

"Fourth—We are too great and beneficent a government to bottle up ourselves, or to be bottled up."

By this reasoning we should attain a greater greatness and beneficence by sugjugating Spain, the author of all the oppression and trouble in both Cuba and the Philippines. Why not continue the good work by subjugating China, Russia, Turkey? They would all undoubtedly be benefitted by our superior civilization, and so on "ad infinitum." But in our beneficence we ignore the greater duty and are satisfied with subjugating the weaker power, which had almost been destroyed by Spanish rule. This must be beneficent greatness as it avoids much

cost and trouble, gives us commercial advantages and inflates us with self righteousness in having fulfilled a "moral duty."

"Fifth—We should retain the territory acquired in the war as a recompense for expenditures."

Having achieved the object of the war, the liberation of Cuba, our duty was at an end. If the cost should be paid, Cuba, which gets all the benefits should pay it, if Spain does not. The cost was not considered when we went to war and that it should be saddled on the Philippines is unjust. The cloven hoof here appears again, "selfishness and commercial interests are the influences that prompt annexation of the Philippines."

G. H. A.

II.

Mr. Tanner defends the administration's expansion policy by saying "We have already expanded, and that is the end of it." This is an absurd argument based on "Whatever is, is right." It was used for slavery, and was hurled at our revolutionary fathers in the interests of monarchy. It could have been used last month in favor of Cleveland's civil service reform, this month for McKinley's order, "To the victor belongs the spoils." Common sense says, if we have wrongfully expanded we should make haste to rightfully contract. It will be a dangerous day when a President can commit us irretrievably to such a far-reaching policy by his unauthorized act.

Mr. Tanner asserts, "That our sovereignty over Cuba is just as complete as over any territory we ever acquired." In view of our resolutions at the beginning of the Spanish war, such a claim is not consistent with national honor. We are under the most sacred obligations to permit the Cubans to form their own government. Let us hope our greed will not overcome our good resolutions. We have no more right to annex these islands without their consent than I have to appropriate my neighbor's farm.

Thousands of lives and millions of treasure must be sacrificed before this "expansion" is an accomplished fact. We have a few hundred dead there now, but if the imperial jingo folly is continued, we will have many thousands. Our boys did not volunteer to acquire territory, but to free a people. Better haul down our flag than to have it shield a wrong.

The Filipinos want to govern themselves. Is that a crime? Should we destroy their homes, burn their towns and kill them because of it?

The Louisiana purchase is quoted as a conclusive precedent for expansion. But in that case, as in all other acquisitions down to 1898, it was stipulated, by treaty or otherwise, that the ceded territory should, as soon as possible, be formed into states and admitted into the Union. It was contiguous territory—"Ours by locality and kindred ties." Our own people could occupy it and make it a part of our own country. "A foreign flag was removed from American soil." A hostile boundary was eliminated, and the Mississippi was opened. We were removed further from European broils.

The exact reverse of nearly all this is true in the case of the Philippines, in the torrid zone, 8000 miles from our nearest shore, densely populated by a people foreign to us in language, manners and customs. In the one case we had the implied consent of the people, in the other we have fierce, hostile opposition. Jefferson was no imperialist—he had no war of criminal aggression—he was certainly a more skilful expansionist than McKinley.

The rights of man and the principles upon which our government is founded are entirely ignored in the usual imperialist's argument. He loses sight of our own history and traditions. Every war in which we have engaged has been for the rights of man. The first was for our own liberation, the second against the impressment of seamen, the third for the independence of Texas, the fourth for the freedom of the slave, and the last for the freedom of Cuba. But who shall name the object of the present war?

H. B. Nicholas.

The Financial World

CONDUCTED BY DOWNING, HOPKINS & CO.

The Agricultural Department has issued a circular giving the substance of reports received by it up to June 10 on the condition of foreign crops. It says that a British commercial estimate tentatively puts the world's wheat crop of 1899 at 2,504,000,000 bushels, against 2,748,000,000 bushels in 1898, a reduction of 244,000,000 bushels, or nearly 8.9 per cent. Another estimate makes a reduction of 352,000,000 bushels. Such information as can be gathered from different countries is then given in detail.

Reports from the country around Odessa and Nikolaieff, Russia, represent the winter grain crops, both wheat and rye, as almost destroyed by drought, by which the spring grains also had been severely injured, and would soon be beyond help unless relieved by rain. Taking into account the injuries heretofore reported as having been caused by insects in three or four other provinces within the winter wheat region, it is evident, the department says, that the crop of bread grain for the empire as a whole cannot be a good one, notwithstanding that for few other localities which have been heard from the reports are generally favorable. It has even been suggested that the crop may not exceed that of 1897.

Information from Germany is scant, but there has been complaint of deficient sunshine and warmth, and the harvest was thought likely to be a week or two later than usual. Later advices indicate better weather in various parts of Germany.

According to official reports on the Austrian crops for the middle of May, wheat and barley promised about an average yield, but rye and oats were below that standard.

Severe drought has prevailed in Roumania, and the wheat and rye crops are not expected to give more than half of an average yield. Some estimate the wheat crop at no more than 30 per cent of an average. Other cereals also have suffered. The reports of Bulgaria are better, though by no means good. Those from Turkey, both European and Asiatic, are favorable.

Accounts from Italy are favorable, and those from Spain show a marked improvement in the prospect of the cereal crops throughout the greater part of the peninsula, though it seems improbable that either wheat or other cereals will yield as well as in 1898.

Next to the Russian wheat crop, that of France is the largest and most important in Europe, and the outlook for a good yield is decidedly better than in the former country. According to the official crop report for May 10 the area under wheat is about the same as last year, or very little less, while the condition is about 5 per cent lower. On this basis a crop would be, in round unmbers, about 20,000,000 bushels less than that of last year.

In other continental countries and also in Great Britain there has been considerable complaint of cold, unseasonable weather, but except in Denmark and Sweden there is no mention of any serious injury to important cereal crops.

No official report has yet been made as to the Indian wheat crop, recently harvested, but it is known to be considerably smaller than that of 1898. Reports as to the agricultural outlook in Australasia are very favorable.

The developments for some months in the wheat situation the world over have been of the bull sort. Splendid promises have been lessened, until the believer in low prices has left nothing very decidedly of this sort except the large reserves and the fine spring wheat prospect. In the main the wheat price question has worked around to one of unusual reserves on the one hand and very moderate crop prospects on the other.

The Magazines

FOR JULY.

The Century—

Bird Rock.....Frank M. Chapman
A Day in Wheat .....Will Payne
Jim.....Jacob A. Riis
The Word of the Enigmas.....
..... Curtis Hidden Page
Brother Sim's Mistake.....
.....Harry Stillwell Edwards
"I Opened All the Portals Wide"....
..... Kate Chopin
Gilbert Stuart's Portraits of Women
.....Charles Henry Hart
Unpublished Portraits of Sir Walter Scott.....John Thompson
Sir Water Scott's First Love.....
.....F. M. F. Skeen
Rudward Kipling and the Racial Instinct.....Henry Rutgers Marshall
Via Crucis .....F. Marion Crawford
The Making of "Robinson Crusoe"..
.....J. Cuthbert Hadden
The Hidden Brook.....
.....Grace Denio Litchfield
Alexander in Anger and in Love....
.....Benjamin Ide Wheeler
Franklin's Relations With the Fair Sex.....Paul Leicester Ford
The Cottage .....Arthur Colton
Victor Hugo, Draftsman and Decorator.....Le Cocq de Lautreppe
Melanie a Melancon.Florence Wilkinson
A Romance Invaded.....Gelett Burgess
George Elliott.....Annie Fields
Brete Harte in California..Noah Brooks
The Viser and the Two-Horned Alexander.....Frank R. Stockton
Camps .....Meredith Nicholson
The Monkey that Never Was.....
.....Chester Bailey Fernald
How the Pump Stopped at the Morning Watch.....Mary Hallock Foote
The Pianos of Killymard.....
.....Seumas Macmanus
Stevenson in Samoa.....
.....Isabel Osbourne Strong

The "true story" of "Robinson Crusoe" is told without reserve in the present number of the Century. From this entertaining recital it appears that the hero of the tale was much inclined to sentiment, and was also of an extremely fickle nature.

The first love affair of Sir Walter Scott is shown up in a new light, and the heroine, Williamina Stuart, is exhonorated from the blame that has hitherto attached to her name as a trifler with the affections of the poet.

A story-teller's number indeed is this Century for July. Ten original stories in addition to reminiscences and sketches of writers of fiction, including the ever-present Kipling and Bret Harte, go far toward making up a volume of most delightful summer reading.

Across the world the ceaseless march of man
Has been through smouldering fires, left by the bold,
Who first beyond the guarded outposts ran
And saw with wondering eyes new lands unrolled—
Who built the hut in which a home began
And round a camp-fire's ashes broke the mold.
—Meredith Nicholson, in July Century.

Scribner's—

John La Farge.....Russell Sturgis
The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson .....Edited bySidnev Colvin
The Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann .....Joel Chandler Harris
The Ship of Stars...A. T. Quiller-Couch
The Foreign Mail Service at New York .....E. G. Chat
Nemesis .....Benjamin Paul Blood
Daniel Webser.....George F. Hoar
The Celebrants .....Carolyn Wells
Havana Sine the Occupotion .....
.....James F. Archibald
The White Blackbird.....Bliss Perry
The Enduring ..James Whitcomb Riley
Search-Light Letters.....Robert Grant
Anne.....Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson
Hush.....Julia C. Dorr

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson's story of "Anne" is as sweet as it is unreal, a story of wedded love that outlasts death itself and runs its course into eternity. The much-loved invalid himself never wrote anything superior to this little spirit-sketch. Ah me! the pity of it, the pain and sorrow of it. Illness and poverty! There was always a hope that sometime the poverty might give place to, not opulence, but comfort and freedom from anxiety about daily bread, but the illness—there was never any chance for permanent release from pain this side the grave. In each of his letters, which Sidney Colvin so ably edits, the invalid

sounds his note of bodily suffering. In a letter to Will H. Low, October, 1885, Stevenson says:

"I can only tell that I have been nearly six months (more than six) in a strange condition of collapse when it was impossible to do any work and difficult (more difficult than you would suppose) to write the merest note. I am now better, but not yet my own man in the way of brains, and in health only so-so. I turn more toward the liver and dyspepsia business, which is damned unpleasant and paralysing; I suppose I shall learn (I begin to think I am learning) to fight this vast, vague feather-bed of an obsession that now overlies and smothers me; but in the beginnings of these conflicts, the inexperienced wrestler is always worsted; and I own I have been quite extinct."

"The White Blackbird, whose singing," according to an old Basque legend, "restores sight to the blind," is a love story, pure and simple. And Quiller Couch's "Ship of Stars," which deepens in interest with each month, is a love story, and a great deal more.

McClure's—

The Automobile in Common Use.... .....Ray Stannard Baker
James Sears: A Naughty Person... .....William Allen White
On the Field.....Mary Stewart Cutting
The Chief Train-Despatcher's Story. ....Capt. Jasper Ewing Brady, U.S.A.
The Soldier Police of the Canadian Northwest.....W. A. Fraser
The Gentleman from Indiana..... .....Booth Tarkington
The Unsolved Problems of Astronomy.....Professor Simon Newcomb
The Metamorphosis of Corpus Delicti.....J. H. Cranston
Lincoln's Great Victory in 1864..... .....Ida M. Tarbell
The Lone Charge of William B. Perkins.....Stephen Crane
Rudyard Kipling...Charles Eliot Norton
The Luck of the Babe.....W. A. Fraser

The short stories in McClure's for July are particularly clever. William Allen White's chapter from life in "Boyville" is realistic almost to a painful degree, and "The Metamorphosis of Corpus Delicti" is a delicious bit of frontier comedy. Stephen Crane writes in his usual abrupt and vigorous fashion of an incident in the Cuban campaign. Month by month it is borne upon us that the late unpleasantness with Spain was in the nature of a god-send to the magazine writers, and imagination recoils from the contemplation of the literary vacuum that would have existed but for the timely clash of arms that has filled the pages of the periodicals since the blowing up of the Maine. True there is Kipling, but that great cosmopolite has been spread out about as thin as possible and still hold together. In fact there is danger of a Kipling reaction, and the symptoms are already apparent. It is fitting, however, that McClure's end the "Stalky" series with a sketch of the author. This brief biography contains exactly the things one wants to know, and shows us Kipling's life up to date in one plain and comprehensive view.

W. A. Fraser's article descriptive of the Soldier Police of the Canadian Northwest, is by far the most thrilling and intensely human thing he has given to the public, and will easily bear rereading.

The Cosmopolitan—

Some Americans Who have Married Titles.....Frances De Forest
Balzac and His Work..... .....Harry Thurston Peck
Samoan Types of Beauty..... .....William Churchill
A South Sea Island Story..... ..... Lloyd Osbourne
The Hero of the Regiment..... .....Herbert D. Ward
Love's Coming.....Alice W. Winthrop
The Building of an Empire..... .....John Brisbin Walker
Tea-Drinking in Many Lands..... .....Laura B. Starr
The Ideal and Practical Organiztion of a Home.....Charlotte Whitney
Snowflake and Ishahari..... .....John Luther Long
Woman's Economic Place..... .....Charlotte Perkins Stetson
The Awakening.....Count Leo Tolstoy
Romance and Reality in a Single Life.....Charles S. Gleed
What One Should Know About Swimming.....John Fletcher

"Balzac is in equal perfection an artist, a dramatist and a great psychologist all blended in one." This is the opinion of Harry Thurston Peck in the July number of the Cosmopolitan. "The place," he continues, "which this great genius

must ultimately hold in literary history has not yet been definitely settled. * * My own belief is that at the last his name will be placed at the very apex of the pyramid of literary fame." Balzaz was one of the few fortunates who realized his dearest ambitions and then died before the glory of the realization palled. To be famous and to be loved and to leave both love and fame for the mystery beyond the gates—is not that a fate to be envied?

There is an interesting sketch by DeForest of a daughter of Oregon, the Duchess de la Rochefoucauld, whose father is Senator John H. Mitchell. This marriage of the Oregon girl, whose only dower was beauty, into one of the oldest and proudest families in France, is one of the most romantic of the long list of trans-Atlantic unions.

Herbert Ward's "Hero of the Regiment" is a good story, and in its way, equally good is Lloyd Osbourne's "South Sea Island." But interest centers in Charlotte Perkins Stetson's reply to Harry Thurston Peck in which she definitely names "Woman's Economic Place." Mrs. Stetson seems to have read something in her opponent's argument that was not apparent to the ordinary reader. But although her answer is well written and sustained it is not altogether convincing, and it is doubtful if any amount of discussion can ever bring us nearer to this vexing minor problem of the age.

Woman's Inhumanity to Man.

But it must be owned that there is too much truth in it. Woman's inhumanity to man is a good deal in evidence. The late Senator Morton, of Indiana, was, it will be remembered, an invalid and a cripple. He came into a company at the capital one day in a state of great indignation because, in a street-car crowded with young women, not one had offered him a seat, and he had been compelled to make the journey painfully and precariously supported on his crutches. The like of this may very often be seen. Humanity, consideration for weakness and helplessness, is the root of which chivalry is the fine flower. It is a startling proposition that man's inhumanity to man is less than woman's but the time seems to give it some proof. At any rate, a man evidently disabled would not be allowed to stand in a public conveyance in which able-bodied men were seated, even in the most unchivalrous part of our country which I have given some reasons for believing to be the city of New York. And, if that be true, it seems that the assumption of the right of an able-bodied woman to remain seated while a disabled man is standing is an assumption that the claims of chivalry are superior to those of humanity. On the other hand, it may be fairly said that the selfishness of women with regard to the wayfaring man is more thoughtless and perfunctory than the selfishness of men with regard to the wayfaring woman. In this country, at least, this latter is in all cases felt to be a violation of propriety and decency. The native American feels himself to be both on the defence and without defence, when he is arranged for it.—From "The Point of View," in the July Scribner's.

What If—?

What if on the air, with a magic entrancing,
There came a blythe sound as of merry feet dancing—
Of merry feet dancing sans measure or chime,
Save the gladness alert in the gay summertime?

What if on my ear came the litt of her singing,
A wave of delight through the mellow dark bringing,
A wave of delight like the throbs of the tide
That o'er the white sands thro' the silences glide?

What if in the chair, standing empty and stilly,
My darling sat, sweet as a blossoming lily,
A blossoming lily, aswing and aglow—
Oh! if she sat rocking there—only if so!
What is it, my heart that absorbs thy complaining?

Oh! marvel—Oh! rapture! Elusive, constraining—
Elusive, constraining—I know she is near,
Not loveless, nor voiceless, but life cannot hear!

Ros

Chess

CONDUCTED BY E. C. PROTZMAN.

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

The problem in our last issue, we regret to say, was given incorrectly. We would, however, in further explanation, add that it was presented by a visiting player who assured us that he stated it properly. He either did not know its author, or was unwilling to give his name, but since then it has been ascertained that the problem was constructed by Jos. Ney Babson, a present living in Seattle. Mr. Babson composed it for the Montreal Gazette, and it was published in its columns in May 1894. The following are the correct positions of the pieces:

White—King, Q. 8; Queen, K. Kt. Sq.; Rooks, Q. B. 2 and Q. Kt. 7; Bishops, Q. R. 3 and 8; Knights, Q. 7 and Q. R. 7; Pawns, K. R. 7, K. B. 4, K. B. 2 and 6, K. 3, and Q. R. 2. Fourteen pieces.

Black—King, Q. 4; Rook, Q. Kt. 5; Knights, K. R. 5 and K. 8; Bishops, Q. Kt. and Q. B. 6; Pawns, K. Kt. 2, K. B. 6 and Q. R. 3 and 4. Ten pieces

White to mate in three moves.

This is one of the most beautiful chess compositions ever created, and is of such depth that we are constrained to give five yearly subscriptions of The Pacific Monthly for the first correct solutions, instead of one as last offered.

Mr. Babson is now visiting Portland on business, and has kindlly offered to contribute regularly to our columns.

TWO BRILLIANT GAMES.

EVANS GAMBIT.

	White. Max Lange.	Black. Ludwig Lange.
1.	P to K 4.	P to K 4.
2.	K Kt-B 3.	Q Kt-B 3.
3.	K B-B 4.	K B-B 4.
4.	P-Q Kt 4.	B x Kt P.
5.	P-Q B 3.	K B-R 4.
6.	P-Q 4.	K P x P.
7.	Castles.	K Kt-B 3 (a).
8.	B P x P.	Kt x K P.
9.	P-Q 5.	Q Kt-home.
10.	Q-her 4.	K Kt-B 3.
11.	P to Q 6.	B P x P.
12.	Q B-R 3.	Q Kt-B 3.
13.	Q x Q 2d P.	Q Kt-K 2.
14.	Kt-his 5.	K R-B sq.
15.	Q Kt-B 3.	K B x Kt.
16.	Q R-K sq.	K B x R.
17.	K R x B.	Kt-home.
18.	K B-Kt 5.	P-K R 3.
19.	Kt-K 4.	P-Q R 3.

White announced mate in five moves, which must be considered one of the finest announced moves extant —G. R.

(a) P to Q 3, or P x P is better play.

FRENCH DEFENCE.

	White. Mr. Hall.	Black. Amateur.
1.	P to K 4.	P to K 3.
2.	P-Q 4.	P-Q 4.
3.	Q Kt-B 3.	K Kt-B 3.
4.	Q B-Kt 5.	K B-K 2.
5.	Q B x Kt.	K B x B.
6.	K Kt-B 3.	Q P x P.
7.	Q Kt x P.	K B-K 2.
8.	K B-Q 3.	Q Kt-Q 2.
9.	Castles.	Castles.
10.	Q-her 2.	P-Q B 4 (b).
11.	Q P x P.	Q Kt x P.
12.	Kt x Kt.	K B x Kt.
13.	Q R-Q sq!	Q-K B 3.
14.	Kt-his 5.	P-K Kt 3.
15.	Kt-K 4.	Q-K 2.
16.	Q-K R 6.	K B-Q 5.
17.	Kt-his 5 w.	P-K B 4.
18.	B-B 4!	K B-his 3.
19.	P-K R 4.	K B x P (?).
20.	K R-K sq.	K R-B 3.

White mates in six moves.

"Equally fine with preceding mate, and deserves to stand alongside the German masterpiece."—G. R.

(b) Does not turn out well; P to Q Kt 3, rather.

(?) Should have played 19: B x Kt; and his next move is fatal—20. K R to K sq! Tte textenables White to execute such a brilliant manoeuvre as only once in a lifetime occurs in actual play.

Played in 1896 between Jos. Ney Babson, of Seattle, and a gentleman from New Orleans, a tthe rooms of the Seattle Chess and Whist Club:

	Mr. Babson.	Mr. ———
1.	P-K 4.	P-K 4.
2.	P-K B 4.	P x P.
3.	K-B 2 (a).	Q- R 5 ch.
4.	P Kt 3.	P x P ch.
5.	K-Kt 2.	P x R P.
6.	R x P.	Q x K P ch.
7.	Kt-B 3.	P-Q 4.
8.	Kt-B 3.	Q Kt 5 ch.
9.	K-R.	B-K3.
10.	B-R 3.	Q-Kt 6.
11.	B x B.	P x B.
12.	P-Q 4.	Kt-K B 3.
13.	Kt-K 5.	B-Q 3.

14. Kt-K 2, and the Black Queen has eighteen moves at command, yet cannot escape. A very remarkable position.

Drift

Sam L. Simpson.

The August number of The Pacific Monthly will contain a sketch of the life and work of Sam L. Simpson, the poet whose singing has so instantly and forever ceased in this world, but whose melodies, sweet as the sighing of the wind in the tree tops, will live as long as the "bright Willamette" flows—

"Always hurried
To be buried
In the bitter moon-mad sea."

As long as the Columbia, whose majesty he has immortalized, and whose shores echo with the matchless music of his songs, rolls its level floods

"From the birthplace of the morning
To the sunset's gates of gold.

the name of Sam L. Simpson will be remembered and loved by the sons and daughters of Oregon.

♣

Low-Voiced People.

Perhaps it is not generally known that low-voiced people are successful people. Indeed, I may claim to have made this discovery myself, for I have never heard it advanced before. My field of observation has been a wide one, embracing the whole United States, and for a space of nearly twenty years. I have gone over it again and again, in the capacity of a commercial traveler, until I have become well acquainted with a vast number of people—business people—that I see year after year, at intervals of from three or four months.

What I mean by "successful" is money-makers, as that is what goes for "success" in these days. Well, these slow-spoken, low-voiced people are money-makers. Let any one with a wide number of acquaintances begin to make observations, and he will be surprised at the uniformity of the law, for it is undoubtedly a law of life. Those people generally succeed in whatever business they engage. And the reason for it is obvious: they are cool, deliberate, unexcitable people. They never lose their heads in hasty adventures and speculations. Of course there are many people who make money that have loud voices, and quick, impulsive natures, but there are by no means so many of them as there are of the other class, and if they make it, it does not stay with them. The latter may do for speculators, but even in that, the low-voiced man will make more money in the long run. It is mainly in every-day, plain, legitimate business that the slow talker makes his success.

C. T.

♣

The Judgment.

The Recording angel stood with the book open. A vast multiude of souls were there to be judged; and near the angel sat the Judge. The first soul that came had been a poet on earth and some had called him a blasphemer. And on his life's page was blotting and writing to either side. There being much of evil and much of good.

The Judge gazed upon the awed and trembling soul for a moment and said, "Come to my right; you belong to me."

A great light of eternal joy lit the face of the spirit, but standing in doubt, it replied; "I did not know that I had done any good to you."

Then the Judge smiled upon the soul and replied, "When I was hungry you fed me; when I was thirsty you gave me drink; when I was a stranger you took me in; when I was naked you clothed me."

Still hesitating, the spirit said: "I only did that to my fellow men. I loved them. I was kind, but that was all."

And the Great God said, "When you did it to them you did it to me."

* * *

While this was taking place another soul, who had lived neighbor to the first, and who had never spoken evil of the worst of men nor good of the best, crept

behind the angel and looked at the book. And behold! his page was white.

After judgment this soul passed on into darkness.

Frank Waller Allen.

Excursion to California.

For the annual meeting of the National Educational Association, the Southern Pacific Company (Shasta Route) will make a $35.00 round trip rate to Los Angeles, by train, leaving Portland at 7:00 P. M. July 7, Tickets will be good to September 4th, and permit stopover on return trip.

On July 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, round trip tickets to Los Angeles will be sold at $40.00 rate allowing stopover in either direction, and final limit to September 4th. Holders of these excursion tickets may make low rate side trips to Monterey, Lake Tahoe, Yosemite Valley, Big Trees, Riverside, Redlands, Santa Barbara, Cataina Island, etc. No such opportunity to visit all California points of special interest, at small cost, has been before aflorded. Note the dates.

For guides, sleeping-car reservations and further information, call on any Southern Pacific agent, or address Mr. C. H. Markham, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon.

The Unsolved Problem of Astronomy.

The greatest fact which modern science has brought to light is that our whole solar system, including the sun, with all its planets, is on a journey toward the constellation Lyra. During our whole lives, in all probability during the whole of human history, we have been flying unceasingly toward this beautiful constellation with a speed to which no motion on earth can compare. The speed has recently been determined with a fair degree of certainty, though not with entire exactness; it is about ten miles a second, and therefore not far from three hundred millions of miles a year. But whatever it may be, it is unceasing and unchanging; for us mortals eternal. We are nearer the constellation now than we were ten years ago by thousands of millions of miles, and every future generation of our race will be nearer than its predecessor by thousands of millions of miles.

When, where, and how, if ever, did this journey begin; when, where, and how, if ever, will it end? This is the greatest of the unsolved problems of astronomy. An astronomer who should watch the heavens for ten thousand years might gather some faint suggestion of an answer, or he might not. All we can do is to seek for some hints by study and comparison with other stars. —Prof. Simon Newcomb in July McClure's.

There are those among the youth of every age, and they constitute the vast majority, who are content to live close to the earth, who move quietly along the beaten track, meeting, with earnest endeavor, the stern responsib.lities of life, discharging faithfully the duties of every day, or who run with eager feet, and hands oustretched to sieze upon the flowers and fruits bordering the highway of pleasure. But here and there, in every century, in every generation, is born one in whom the desire to achieve is an impelling force. In the first full flush of awakening manhood he feels the fire of a divine passion quicken in his soul, and, lifting his eyes heavenward, beholds upon the far-off heights the promise of his destiny fulfilled. Henceforth for him the rose that blooms beside the level pathway in the valley opens its crimson heart in vain. The tender voice of the murmuring stream, bird-songs—all sweet sights and sounds and summer fragrances tempt him not to turn aside, or linger by the way. For he sees only the radiance that gleams upon that celestial mountain-top, hears but the "music of the spheres" echoing through the silence of the solemn night.

"The joys that sway the common herd to him are tasteless, being bred
To higher things—"

For him life is a ceaseless endeavor. Brave, beautiful, god-like, he advances. The path may be rough and wild and lonely—it is always steep—but guided, inspired and companioned by hope, he climbs steadily starward, and as he mounts he draws with him, up into the sunlight of a brighter, broader day, the sad heart of a sorrowing world of men.



Mt. Shasta.

A Trip to the Great Shasta Country.

"Those inventions which abridge distances have done much for the civilization of our species," wrote Lord Macaulay, and the eager traveler, who is seldom at rest until the end of his journey is in sight, owes much to the long line of inventors who have brought the "king's highway," which, by the way, was in its inception a footpath, to its present state of perfection.

Starting from Portland or San Franciso, our objective point is the Shasta region, situated nearly midway between the two cities. Once seated in our particular quarter of the Pullman car we reflect with satisfaction on the fact that such are the luxuries of modern railway traveling that we can sleep in a comfortable bed and enjoy our daily meals without any interruption of the journey or the loss of a second of time. Resolutely withstanding the attractions of the familiar landscape, which somehow never looked more alluring than it does in the soft glamor of the twilight, we pull down the blind and settle ourselves to sleep.

When we awaken the next morning the most fascinating and beautiful landscapes greet our eyes, but hope raises our anticipation, for in the distance beyond looms up the white crest of Shasta—pure, majestic, supreme over all else. Its snowy crest, its vast altitude, the pale grey or rosy tint of its lavas, and the dark girdles of forest which swell up over canyon-carved foothills, give it a grandeur hardly equaled by any American mountain.

From the moment the traveler first steps from the cars into the glorious atmosphere fragrant with the breath of pine, no regret enters his soul until the time when he must bid it adieu.

The entire country is delightful. It is a land of tall pines and feathery firs, of streams, of mountain crags. Seldom does the traveler find in summer such greenness and freshness of verdure, such richness of color. In the shady canyons are nestled shade and water-loving plants, mosses and maiden-hair ferns cling to every projection, lillies and broad-leaved plants bathe their roots in the water. Golden-rod lights up rocky niches, the graceful bell of the columbine sways in the gentle breeze. In some localities great clumps of tawny azaleas lend their charm, and the stately spikes of the yellow lupin challenge admiration.

Sugar-pines ten feet in diameter lift their plumed heads hundreds of feet toward the sky. Nations have arisen and fallen, but they live on, apparently regardless of the fact that yonder heap of yellow sawdust and the discordant screech of the saw, which drowns the melody of the forest, are significant of the fact that the stately tree will soon be an uninteresting pile of lumber.

Nature has employed her utmost skill to make the region a perfect sanatarium, and especially of the kind most needful to dwellers along the bay and coast. Slanting due southward from Mount Shasta—whose vast bulk closes its upper end—extends a deep, broad furrow, dug originally by glaciers and widened later by eroism. Its floor is very narrow. In fact, the trough is a canyon rather than a valley. Its sloping forest walls rise outward upon either side to the height of from two thousand to four thousand feet. Into this inclosure the summer sun pours, all day out of a cloudless sky, its fullest effulgence. The upper heights of the inclosing walls being largely denuded of timber, and consisting of granite rock, operate powerfully to dry the air which they inclose.

Whoever travels the Shasta Route is attracted by the picturesque charms of Shasta Springs. These springs, the waters of which have gained great popularity in the last few years, and are certain to take their place with the very best drinking waters of the country, are situated in one of the wildest gorges of the upper Sacramento. As a pleasant and altogether profitable resort few take higher rank. It is a fact that the topography of the Sacramento Canyon combined with the accessibility by railroad, the hotel accommodations, and the curative properties of the waters are such that few can visit this region without receiving benefit.

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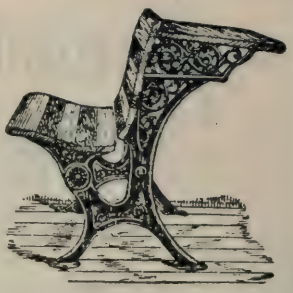
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Any suggestions in regard to these articles or any ideas relating to any department in the Magazine, will be gratefully received. Address all correspondence to

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BRAITHWAITE'S
RETROSPECT

For July, 1898
May be found on
Page 21, the follow-
ing from a paper by
Dr. Allan MacFayden,
published in the
Practitioner for June,
1898.....

"If we consider that children are most liable to intestinal tuberculosis, and are the great milk consumers of the community, it will be seen that from the preventive point of view, it is milk supervision that is of the greatest moment to the public health.

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Train No. 23 leaves Astoria at 6:30 p. m. and arrives in Portland at 10:35 p. m.

Train No. 22 runs through to Seaside, leaving Seaside on the return at 2:50 p. m.

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8:00 p. m. Ex.Sunday Saturday 10:00 p. m.	*Columbia River Steamers.* To Astoria and Way Landings.	4:00 p. m. Ex.Sunday
6:00 a. m. Ex.Sunday	*Willamette River.* Oregon City, Newberg, Salem & Way Landings	4:30 p. m. Ex.Sunday
7:00 a. m. Tues, Thur and Sat.	*Willamette and Yamhill Rivers.* Oregon City, Dayton and Way Landings.	3:30 p. m. Mon. Wed. and Fri.
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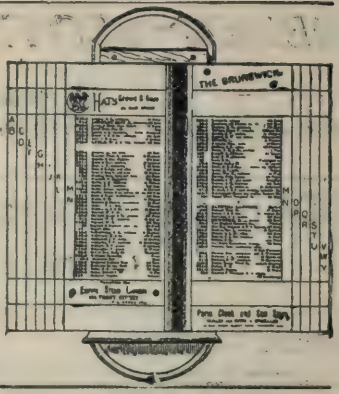
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"I must go back," she said. (*See page 174.*)

The Pacific Monthly.

Vol. II. *AUGUST, 1899.* *No. 4.*

A Workingman's Enterprise.

By H. S. LYMAN.

SALMON packing, or canning, has been a large industry for a number of years. It began about thirty years ago, and rapidly ran up to a bonanza business. The profits were very great. Price of canned goods was high, and that of raw fish low, leaving to the canner large returns on his investment. At first fish cost but fifteen cents apiece; then twenty-five cents was the ruling price for some time.

The heavy pack, however,—in 1886 it reached 630,000 cases, of 48 1-lb cans each,—led to a diminished supply of fish, and to a consequent higher and higher price for the raw article. The price rose to a dollar per fish and in some cases as high as a dollar and a quarter, but was not obtained without strikes and trouble. The matter was finally adjusted on a basis of five cents per pound for raw fish. This was not done without sacrifice to the canners, as the price of raw fish was going up while the price of canned goods was, through competition from British Columbia and Alaska, coming down, and the Columbia river supply was also falling short. The pack soon fell to about one-half that of '86.

In 1896, in consequence, a combination was made among the cannerymen, and it was agreed by them to reduce the price to four cents per pound for raw fish. This was resented by the fishermen, who complained that it was a violation of the agreement, and that the canners gave them no notification of a reduction until after all preparations for fishing had been made, and many of the fishermen had gone in debt for twine, etc., for making nets. A strike was therefore ordered, which lasted two months and a half of the fishing season. There was some violence reported on the river, and finally, at the solicitation of the county judge and the mayor, who believed local authority insufficient, the state militia were brought to the city. This led to an agreement between canners and fishermen, on a basis of four and a half cents, and operations were resumed.

However, it was apparent to the fishermen that in view of the combination of the cannerymen, and, as they believed, the partiality of the authorities, it would be impossible to hold up prices by strikes which in any case were costly, and might lead to a violence for which they did not wish to be responsible.

It was decided, therefore, by the leaders of the Union to establish a co-operative cannery. It was not presumed that the profits to the fishermen would be materially greater than before, but they felt that they would, at least, know practically what proportion of proceeds should go to the fishermen. They believed, furthermore, that by offering a reasonable price they could prevent the canners from reducing it below genuine business necessity.

The cannery was accordingly built, and was ready for operation in 1897. It cost $30,000, all of which was subscribed by 200 fishermen. Much of the actual work of building was also done by the fisher-

men, many of whom are skilled mechanics. The architect's work was done by Mr. Franz Wilson, a fisherman; the pile driving, an important part of the undertaking, as the building is set over the water,—was done by Victor Sanderson, a Finnish contractor and builder, not a fisherman, but of the same class and race as many of them,

The cannery has now been in operation two seasons, packing 44,000 and 26,000 cases respectively for 1897 and 1898. feel that they have been able to run the cannery at a good, honest profit, and that they have attained their object in maintaining the price of raw fish at a figure that could be judiciously paid. Though their pack is not one-fifth of that on the river, still the other canneries must pay the same as they for fish, and they are able to take a controlling part in fixing this price.

Price, however, is not the only object the Union has had in view. They look



Mr. Sofus Jensen.

There have been no strikes, or troubles of any kind on the river the past two seasons. The price of raw fish has ranged from four to five cents per pound. This has been affected somewhat by the demand for shipments East of fresh salmon, shippers paying a little more than the canners in order to obtain the choicest specimens. If the co-operative cannery, therefore, sustains the price of fish to the fishermen at the cannery, it also sustains that paid by the cold-storage shipper, giving the fishermen a fair share of the proceeds in any case.

As a result, the officers of the Union upon salmon fishing as their permanent business. Many of the fishermen are well-to-do, owning comfortable homes in the city, and perhaps a "ranch" in the country, and look upon salmon fishing as the chief means of livelihood for themselves and children. They desire, therefore, to build up the business, provide salmon hatcheries in order to maintain the supply of fish, secure proper laws for protection of young salmon, and regulate the methods of fishing so as to enable all the fishermen to have a measurably equal chance at taking fish.

On account of operating an independ-

ent business of their own, they are enabled to stand upon a par with the other canners, who have to some extent regarded the business as simply a temporary investment to be made the most of while it lasted, and after it was "played out" to invest their capital elsewhere. It is to be said, however, that the canners now operating are men of much breadth of mind and ideas. An excellent fish law, prepared by the State Fish Commissioner, and having the fullest approval of both fishermen and canners, has just passed the Oregon Legislature. Its main feature is to provide a fund for propagation of fish by a license system laying a tax upon fish gear, such as nets, seines, traps, and wheels, and also upon the canneries.

Further legislation will be necessary to regulate the use of gear, but the Union feels that it is making progress, and in general now favors the use of reasonable measures, such as public persuasion, legislative and legal remedies, and cultivating friendly relations with other packers and canners. This it is able to do chiefly on account of owning and operating its own cannery.

Nothing, withal, could have been of greater educational value for the fishermen themselves than this enterprise. Most of them were foreigners, mainly from Norway and Sweden, or Finland. They came here unacquainted with our language, laws, and methods of business. They undertook fishing, as it was an industry with which many were already familiar. Through their daily labor, and the organization that arose out of its exigencies, they have been learning our language. They have even suggested and influenced legislation, and are now taking an intelligent part in our business and politics.

One of their number, Mr. Sofus Jensen, is the secretary and business manager of the cannery; another, Mr. N. J. Svendseth, was elected to the State Legislature two years ago to represent especially the fishermens' interests at the state capital. Mr. Svendseth was not re-elected, but the fact that when they thought it necessary the fishermen could take part in politics had been demonstrated, and the legislation they desire is given respectful attention by all parties.



One feature is quite interesting, as it has developed since the fishermen became canners. This is their treatment of Chinese laborers. Formerly they thought seriously of expelling the Chinamen from town. They now employ a limited number in the cannery. While the Chinese are not altogether a desirable body of residents—being mostly single men and transients—it is pleasant to see their usefulness as laborers recognized, and no ill-treatment offered them by white laborers.

Mr. Ole B. Olsen, secretary of the Union, reports that since their organization, and their business enterprise, there has been a marked improvement in the

habits of the fishermen, who are now mainly temperate, thrifty, and ambitious to improve their condition. The most of them now, also, are married men, and are raising families and acquiring property. These men have found no serious difficulty in conducting a business worth about $200,000 a year. They employ the best legal advice regularly, and do not find the brains of other employers superior to their own.

Fishing is a laborious and dangerous business. The trade-mark of the cannery suggests the method. Gill-net fishing is done at night in an open boat, and frequently in stormy weather, and often upon the bar of the Columbia river, in the breakers. Drowning was not uncommon in years past, but more caution is now observed, and much assistance has been rendered from the government life-saving station

Perhaps the history of this labor union and its cannery suggests a way out of labor troubles, which are always present, either patent or latent. Co-operation; yes, co-operation, but quite as much competition. The fishermen are co-operating among themselves, but competing with the capitalistic canners, and thereby have earned their respect.

Competition is no evil, but a necessary element of industry. It seeks only to supply the market with articles made increasingly desirable at a decreasing cost. It does thereby constantly shut off and crowd out inferior or expensive goods, but for these, substitutes better; giving better service at less expense. It is only when the laborer is not able to compete, and has no alternative but starvation, that labor is oppressed. If every laborer, like these Columbia river fishermen, could proceed to work on his own account, and put out a product on the market, and reap his own reward, if wages did not suit him, there could be no oppression.

The industrial sin of the time is the shutting of labor away, mostly through legislative action, or neglect, from opportunity to make use of natural advantages. The problem of industrial legislation is to give labor equitable rights in the resources of nature, and not permit private, or exclusive ownership, in the materials and natural energies that are required to carry on industry.

If the cannerymen had been legally allowed—and this is not to say a word against them—to own the river itself, and all the fish in it, the fishermen would have had no recourse but strikes and violence to prevent reduction of wages. Where labor is shut up to violence to preserve its part in reward of industry, it will use violence. Wherever it has the alternative of inaugurating competition on its own account, and engaging its own energies, it will infallibly resort in the end only to industrial methods of obtaining its share in proceeds.



Fantasie.

The Strange Confession of an Unknown Mystic.

By LEDRU KINNEY.

The Island of ——, Pacific Ocean,
June, 1895.

To Whomsoever This MSS May Befall:

KNOW that these are the last words of a soul agonized by circumstances unparalleled. Before the far-journeying carrier-pigeon with which this message is entrusted, has cut the ocean air with tireless wings a hundred times, I shall have passed to the Life Beyond. I shall have pressed the electric button within my reach which will release forever my sorrow-drugged soul from its earthly cell, and allow me to join that loved one whose early and inexplicable death, I strangely caused. The whole circumstances will seem to you beyond the pale of possibility; but to my own reeling senses it is altogether too vividly true, and the course which now alone can be—and the one which leads to joy ineffable is to follow my Beloved by completely snapping the material fetters of my soul. It is only with the prayerful hope to assuage the deep stabs of conscience and regret that I momentarily linger here to write these confessional words ere I drift out to that Shoreless Sea whose breath is even now fanning my brow.

Regarding my early life, I must be brief. My father inherited great wealth, but this city-inviting possession disturbed not his retiring and philosophic trend of mind. He loved the silence of solitude —an existence amid the scenes of wild mountain and ocean grandeur where his studies and investigations could be pursued amid the oracles of Nature. For this reason, he sought a home on an island in the Pacific Ocean. Here a massive edifice of stone was erected upon a beetling cliff—high above the white shining beach that embroidered this tropic isle of the sundown seas. It was an eminence which commanded a wide sweep of the mighty ocean, sometimes lashed to a frothing rage—anon a grand tranquil mirror reflecting the splendor of sun and stars. This Palace of the Cliff was a marvel of fantastic architecture. Its great halls and apartments were enriched with masterpieces of painting, exquisite groups of statuary, Oriental drapings—all those rare and countless objects of beauty that may be summoned by the wand of wealth. In this strange and isolated environment, surrounded by several trusty servants, dwelt my parents, and with them their adopted daughter, Fantasie, and myself.

Fantasie! How the letters of that name transform into those of living light! Fantasie—a name written in divine caligraphy on all the galleries of my memory—a name whose whispered sound thrills through my trance-bound soul, unlocking the innermost gates of life—of rarest love, of ideality unspeakable! "Flower," born on the verge of the Sea, in the purity and tenderness of the opening bloom, she strangely dropped into its out-drifting tide, "with all her mysterious colors and perfumes."

This island home, far away on the bosom of the ocean's vast expanse, was the scene of the beautiful days of our childhood. Here, Fantasie and I, far from the glamour, the sordid passions, the soul dimming conditions of the crowded mart, passed from the awakening developments of the overture of youth to an exquisite drama of love and finally to the strange ending of a psychological tragedy. Fantasie was beautiful! O, word that seems but to mock me—that is as pictureless as the parched blank of desert sands! Alas! even those words which have ever slept unsung in the soul of genius, even those beauteous shapes which have ever hovered above the uncarved marble, yet never resigning themselves to the dwelling of cold materiality, and even those divine pictures which

have ever floated in the artist's heaven of fancy, yet never permitting even their shadows to fall on the immortal canvas—all these convey but a faint conception of that soul which shone like the quintessence of pearl through the crystal-clear covering of clay.

I sometimes have thought that she was born of those white waves of light at dawn—which after having been focused and compacted and crystallized into a composite form — had been filled with the rosy flush of life. Her eyes, too, seemed to have the coloring of those rare spots in the star-set skies where beds of violets appear to be dreaming. No language could tell the soft cadence of her melting voice—no word-wrought picture could paint the halo of spirituality which encircled her brow.

She loved me with all the purity, the exquisite feeling, the consuming fire of her soul, and she was to me a sky which contained all the heights and depths of life ideal, in which shone all the stars of truth, all the lightnings of thought, and all the sunshine of perfect joy. She was my all in all—my hope, my future and my past. Love came into our lives with all his "white-robed train of happy hours, their sandals shod with fleetness."

Our days were passed in wandering about the isle which possessed all scenic types. There were hours of delight in roaming amid the beauty-haunted dales that were all aflame with the rare flowers of that wondrous clime. At times we would ascend the lofty hills in the central portion of the island. To the dizzy eminence of some over-shelving crag, would we attain. Far, far beneath lay the island-world with its encircling line of gleaming beach, and beyond and as far out as the eye could follow, rolled the boundless main. There we were between heaven and earth, amid eternal calm. It seemed as though we were alone in the universe! Oft did we sail around the grotesque coasts, enchanted by the ever-murmurous plash of the rippling waters on the fairy strands, and with the fragrant breath of spicy groves upon our brows. There were nights of rapture, rich with sweet converse and that communion of souls which is known only to purest love. The evening skies were fields sown thick with stars—stars which ever suggested a life as superior to our earthly existence as they themselves were above the earth.

All the essences of the elements seemed to dwell in her young being—all the redolence of flowers, all the blendings of harmony. She was a soul that seemed to live in the perfumed mist of dreams—her eyes, which were the mystery of mysteries, gave me the impression that they penetrated the great Psychical Haze. O, beauteous eyes! still do I gaze into thy great violet depths, and my soul is wafted away on the wings of light and is "lost in the infinities of time and space!"

As far back in my childhood as the dawn of awakening consciousness, I remember that I have possessed a precocious desire for knowledge. This premature thirst may be ascribed to the lone and silent surroundings which my mind has ever been in communion with, or it may be the impulse of those gifted but fatal faculties which have pushed me along, as though by unseen hands, to the brink of my wild destiny. "The Unknown! cannot my soul know of its mysteries?" — was the involuntary question which arose within me in a sort of frenzied intuition—absorbing my whole existence. It was an arrogance of individual superiority which perhaps was but the sign of a mind partially en rapport with occult and psychic influences.

I would know the How and Why and Wherefore of all things. The cradle's light of promise and the coffin's midnight of despair; the wonders of the ether whirl; the invisible bonds of chainless orbs; the steadfast constancy of the affinities among the atoms; the void before created things; the evolution of the clod to soul; the world within a leaf—a drop of water; the minera, flora and fauna that exists on other planets which people immensity; dreams wherein some key does turn to let a fancy free; the agencies which shift events across the dial of history; the alchemy which transmutes food to thought; the crown of thorns which Sorrow always wears; the strange palimpsests of immaterial memory; the hidden springs of life; the Something better

than the best; the real, the pure, the true Love that is the destiny to which all other destinies lead—all these and countless more I sought to solve with all the insanity of a soul lit by the fires of an undying impulse.

Whence and Why and Whither were the questions I invoked of the eternal Sphinx. Would that I could raise the veil from the Isis of mystery—to read there in infinite expression the Alpha and Omega of all things! With absorbing intensity I read the books of men who found and wrote a thought to live forever. I abandoned myself to the dusty tomes which held the mystic lore of the Rosicrucians, the old records wherein lay revealed the triumphs of alchemists. I devoted whole days and nights to the study of parchments whose faded leaves embalmed the starry dreams of the Chaldean philosophers. I read the tales of wild ordeals performed by weird Adepts. All these served as oxygen to partly feed the flame of my soul-longings. I sought amid all the dark and deluding corridors of earthly life to find the Ariadne-thread that led to light—to the abode of Psyche.

That there was the higher life of a hereafter my soul-longings proved to me beyond the shadow of a doubt. I scorned the thought that the grave was the end of all. I could not believe that life was nothing more than a substanceless rainbow that arches the sky of time—gleaming but for an instant through the "mist of human tears" and then fading away from view, never to appear again. I could not think that all the countless planets whereon inhabitants had reached a high state of evolution and the acme and apex of human and material civilization—I could not think that all these were but a vast procession of moving hearses—but revolving mockeries to the highest aspirations of human mind. To me the word, Immortality, was written upon every babbling brook, upon every lifting peak, upon every tender flower, upon every brow of love-lit beauty, upon the sea in mirrored light, upon the midnight dome in letters formed of stars.

To me this world was but a portal to the spiritual temple—but a single speck of dust in the vast expanse of glittering stars—but an alembic which instilled gross matter into the purity of spirit—but a soil in which evolved non-entity, into a life which transcends all the imagination. My material fetters goaded me. I longed for release from such captivity. It was as if I strove with bleeding nails and slipping feet to climb the walls to the prison bars—where I might catch a breath of that pure air for which my lungs were strangling—where I might see in this spiritual east the blossoming dawn of amaranthine day. Oh, that it were mine to sever the silver cord, to burst the lids of the dark sarcophagus, and on wings that knew nothing of temporal or spacious conditions, traverse the infinite Halls of Arcana—to ascend to that star of Know-all which perturbed me with the magnetism of its gleaming power. . .

Rambling one afternoon along a certain part of the island near the coast, I discovered a small, but weird cave. Its interior was fantastically adorned by those crystal and columnar forms which are carved by the hand of eternal night. The lamp of Aladdin never shown upon a wilder sight. From that day this cave became the scene of my already advanced experiments in psychic phenomena. I filled it with Oriental furnishings, with a wealth of "decora," with the instruments of science and the apparatus of my own wild inventions. Phantasmagoric drapings, soft rugs and costly furs, walls smirched with the dreamy paintings of love and scenes of Shadowland, mystic mechanisms that were operated by the unseen world, the antique vessels of alchemy—the crucible, the cauldron, the alembic, the appliances of a strange chemistry — all this medley was there and the whole lit by electric light. Although my parents and Fantasie were aware that I had carried away from the Palace of the Cliff certain trappings, yet I wish to clearly state that never was it known to them for what purpose or to what place.

The next few months witnessed my rapid progress toward the cherished goal. To the study of my inner life—my introverted entity—I now focused all my exhausting investigations. One by one

those conceptions first born in vagueness and haunted dimness gradually grew to positive convictions. I shall take time to only briefly outline in the following forms the drift of but a few of my verisimilitudes.

I.

The universe is a unit infinite, eternal and indestructible.

II.

Space has no bounds. Fly on the wings of light in any direction for a trillion of aeons; the starting place and the journey's end are both at the center of the universe.

III.

Time has no end. The revolution of the stars is but the falling of siderial sands in the hour glass of eternity. The passing of a quintillion of years would scarcely seem a moment to the soul. The great bell of Time is muffled in the realms of immortality.

IV.

Earth and stars seemingly go to nothingness; yet other worlds evolving there take their place. Suns and systems are infinite.

V.

Not a single atom can be annihilated. Every atom is a center of force. A grain of sand is as marvelous as a constellation.

VI.

The soul is an individual entity. It is an independent thing whether in coherence with matter or entirely free of its grossness.

VII.

The soul is immaterial and immortal.

VIII.

It is composed of some impalpable substance, which is not affected by time or circumstances. It may be a substance similar to luminiferous ether which can dwell in the center of an iceberg or in the crater of a volcano without the slightest change. It interpernetrates space with the rapidity of thought.

IX.

The denizen of earth—the human being—has two universally admitted parts; the material form and the soul which inhabits the former. At death, the spiritual entity is liberated from its house of perishable clay and enters into a far more transcendent state. The question arises as to what is the substance or medium which must necessarily act as a connecting link between body and soul.

X.

Psychic experiments and deductions tell me that this department is supplied by a third entity which may be styled the "electric body."

XI.

The function of the "electrical body" is at the disintegration of the mortal frame to permit the soul to easily escape. Again it possess an elasticity (a conclusion arrived at with the intensity of absorbing conviction) which allows a certain freedom to the soul. Such as is given in the "state of clairvoyance" or a still greater liberation through the creation of a different avenue.

XII.

In death the "electric body" is entirely disconnected with the immortal soul. As long as perfect separation has not taken place on these lines, one is still in the state of mortal life—still a denizen of the material plane of the earth.

These, among other conclusions, together with certain abstruse experiments on Psychic lines in the laboratory of the cave, led me to the brink of a discovery which I hardly dare to unfold. In a succession of several experiments of a wonderfully intricate and fearful nature, I compounded a marvelous essence of a volatile form whose effect you will not believe, and whose method of creation I have not now time to disclose. I had discovered the key that unlocks the sepulchre of the electric body.

But I must hurry on toward the end. It was in the death-rush of midnight in that weird cave of that lone isle, when, with all things in readiness, I placed the vial containing that mysterious elixir to my lips, and drank those few drops necessary to increase a hundred-fold the elasticity of the "electrical body," and set my soul partially at liberty. . . . There was a wild thrill throughout my uttermost being, a sound like the fall of waters into swooning depths, followed by a sereneness—an ineffable exhilaration—a feeling of uplifting ethereality which beggars all description. I experienced no sense of weight, no impression of being pulled down by the invisible hands of gravity. My individuality seemed to be clothed in a vesture of attenuated light. Color, sound, electricity, thought, feeling—all appeared to be blended in perfect harmony in the formation of my figure. I was immendiately cognizant of the fact that my volition within certain bounds was instant in its carrying into effect. My soul was restricted to spacial limits, owing to the fact of still existing within the elastic limitations of the "electrical" body. I was thus not dead. Close by me, in a reclining position on a divan, was the cast of a human form. I easily recognized it as the material prison I had just left, yet how strange it seemed and what a wonderful contrast between that

mould of clay and the glorious habiliments with which I was now encased! There was in me the premonition of beatific, transfiguring, psychic powers. In this strange metempsychosis, I possessed no feeling of any grossness. My form showed none of the accompaniments of fleshy materiality. There I floated, an incorporeal solidity, disenthralled, raptured by a celestial ichor, and raised to the delirium of ecstacy by the thrill of a spiritual life which transcends the sensibilities of the soul-clogged earthly state. There dwelt within me the infinity of thought and of will. The intense desire to visit Fantasi, my Beloved, my Beautiful, instantaneously arose within me. My voliton scarcely assumed the form of an intent ere its fulfillment. I passed with an ease which knew no hindrance and with a rapidity which annihilated time and space, through the material solidity of the cave, the midnight air and the Palace of the Cliff into the boudoir of my Beloved.

Upon her daedal couch of ivory Fantasie lay sleeping. Through the high, wide casement there streamed a blazing flood of white moonbeams, which transformed the picture wealth of walls, the silken hangings, the frescoed ceilings, the lofty, burnished mirrors and a world of decorations into a trance-haunted, fragrant vagueness as though a million diamonds had been vaporized. Fantasie was the most beautiful of ethereal beings —divinely spirituelle! Her face, so lily white in its almost supernatural fairness, told in mystic language the heaven born rapture of her dreams. Could I cause her to be also a dweller in the Pure Light like myself?—were the thoughts which fondly and fleetly suggested themselves.

Poised in the center of the apartment, I directed the focused concentration of my psychic powers toward her. For an instant there was the faintest quiver throughout her frail young being. . . followed by a strange telepathy from soul to soul. There was a mysterious sound —a lulling melody—as though our souls had become attuned to the harmonies of spiritual spheres. My inmost being reeled and swooned. . . . . I was lost in a maelstrom of indefinable emotions. . . . yet as looking through a magic haze the soul of Fantasie seemed to hover between the two worlds "like a star twixt night and morn upon the horizons verge" . . . then followed a relapse on the part of my Beloved into a strange psychical apathy . . . an appearance of the cessation of the functions of life. I say appearance, because I knew that she was not in the state of death. It was not hypnotism; it was not clairovoyance; it was not the sleep of trance; nor was it that suspension of organic vitality known to the medical world as catalepsy. It was some inexplicable lethargy wherein the soul had plunged, of which no language could give a faint impression.

I must not attempt to describe the wild psychological experiences of that weird night, its panorama of swooning vistas; nor could the expressionless words of human language portray the horrors of the two following days. Let me clearly state here that in my efforts to disembody Fantasie, I had negatived and neutralized my psychic forces—and it had become impossible for me to return to my material frame till she could regain her general vitality or till her complete death took place! This spell-binding of the soul's electric forces—this paralyzed gravity of the spiritual world —may transcend all material understanding or it may seem the height of the absurd, but alas, it was too terribly true!

. . . . . .

On the following morn, my parents waited in vain for the appearance of Fantasie; and, in order to ascertain the reason of her absence, they visited the chamber. I saw them draw near the couch whereon lay Fantasie in that strange sleep of marble stillness. I felt the thrill and tremor of dread apprehension that swept through both of them. I saw my father with a sudden start tremblingly take hold of the cold white hand . . . then reel backward as though struck by the lightning's bolt, whispering in the huskiness and despair of deepest pathos, the words . . . "She is dead!" I felt those piercing pangs of soul-stabbing sorrow — those inmost

moanings of the utter insanity of hell-doomed hope. They drank the bitter dregs of life's changeful cup to the last and bitterest drop.

. . . . . .

But I must speed on toward the end. On the following day I saw my Fantasie, my tranced-love, enfolded in a shroud and then laid within a casket. Rare and beautiful flowers were woven into a wreath and placed as a diadem at her head. The state whereby our souls were held bound, had as yet undergone no change. I saw my parents, with tear-filled eyes bend over her pale and passive form — a form that possessed all the semblance of a corpse. Ah! what a beautiful corpse! A face so pure, so sweet, so spiritual that it seemed defiled by the solar light of this material world. Eyes closed in flutterless immobility and fringed with the midnight sweep of lashes. Bosom of marble, within which had ceased the tides of life to rise and fall. Pallid, yet matchless lips, whose once lightest whisper thrilled all souls, now voiceless as the tomb. It was a scene lovely and sad beyond all words. The hearts of my parents seemed attuned to that of a keyboard upon which the fingers of death touched every note that is known to unutterable woe, to starless hope, and unpalliative anguish. Then I beheld the grim and pitiless lids of the coffin closed down by hands that could not know. Away up upon the hillside, they bore with solemn tread the casket. There under the sod of that sunny slope from which sprang flowers that were so warmly cherished, Fantasie, my Beautiful, my Beloved, was buried alive!

. . . . . .

I must not attempt to infuse in words the terrible state of my feelings — the paroxyism of anguish, the psychical storms that raged within my inmost individuality. Our souls were still welded together by that electric chord, caused by the neutralizing of my phychic forces, when I endeavored to set free her soul to the utmost limitations of the "electric body"—in the attempt to have her join me in the plane of Pure Light. As before said, my state was such that it could undergo no change till the general re-rival of Fantasie or till her complete death. What followed I never knew. Those wild tapestries of horror which I must have woven with the thread of insane thought, were one by one unraveled by the fingers of Forgetfulness. All that delirous Memory now recalls is that Fantasie died! That is to say, that frail cast of clay wherein for a time dwelt one of the gentlest of world-bound souls—this material substance returned to dust, perhaps in future time to billow in Old Ocean's waste, to form the velvet petals of a flower or perhaps to beat in the young blood of another fair daughter of earth. But the maiden's soul—the imperishable Psyche, released by mysterious death in his most mysterious form, passed to the pure realms of the higher Uranian life, there to be crowned with immortelle. With a rush like that of a falling meteorite, I returned to the cave and re-entered the vesture of mortality—my earthly form once more.

* * * * * * * *

Where art thou, O! my beautiful? Where art thou gone, my sunful day, my starful night? Is it not thou who dost illumine the cave by the angel light of thy presence — a light that bathes my soul in serene dreams? Methinks I see thee through the psychic haze which veils thee sadly from my sight. Thine eyes of violet still do thrill me like the grand and lustrous amethystine stars of midnight skies. Thou art grown even fairer now than when thou dwelt in human clay—ah! fairer now than all the souls whom beauty ever crowned. O, my Soul's Desire, what scent is to the flower, what music is to sound, what light is to the star—that thou art to me. Ah! sad and wondrous was that dreadful night—that cold and doomful grave. How cruel fell the mysterious stroke upon thy sleeping frailty! O, Angel One, while wrapt in cerements of dark despair, didst thou endure all agonies which pitiless death can give to pure and gentle innocence? Alas! that those strange psychic flowers born in the deep depths of my longing soul should so strangely mix their poppy dew in thy young life as to hush thee to that sleep of mystery which only the dawn of Another Day

could thee awaken! Soul of my Soul, my Being's Parallel, the day is not without thee. . . . Against the island shore I hear the billows clash. They seem the clanking of the fetters, Angel-one, which chain my soul from thee. . . I see thy beauteous smile—I see thy lily hand which beckons on. . . . The stars shall melt in the crucible of time like flakes of snow on the ocean dome, but our love shall live in immortal youth in Psyche's home—the home of the ideal of ideality! . . . I come, O! my Beautiful, to thee.

Vogelfrei.

Our mating done,
Love's course is run.
On bouyant wing our spirits rise;
All passion past,
We're free at last—
We march and countermarch the skies.

Our young are reared,
The fields are cleared,
The sun a golden glamour throws;
Our broods are grown,
And fledglings flown—
The air with Autumn perfume glows.

We lilt and sing
And flit and fling
Through every copse and heather;
We coast and glide
By country side—
Week in, week out, of golden weather.

We bask through days
Of azure haze,
And carol into dewless nights;
We sink to rest
On earth's warm breast
And wake the morn with new delights.

We flash and fly
We skim the sky
And hurtle down the vaulted dome;
All winds are fair,
All days are rare,
Where'er our marshalled armies roam.

The wild grain grown,
The thistle blown,
And all the world in dainties dressed,
Our life is free,
No care know we—
Both earth and air yield us their best.

Col. E. Hofer, Salem, Or.

Poems of California.

The Pacific Monthly will publish from month to month poetry that is distinctive of the Pacific Coast, and which time and criticism have given a recognized standing. Poems of Oregon were published in June, and Poems of Washington will appear next month.

THE MEN OF FORTY-NINE.

By JOAQUIN MILLER.

What lives they lived, what deaths they
died!
A thousand canyons, darkling wide
Below Sierra's slopes of pine,
Receive them now. And they who died
Along the far, dim, desert route—
Their ghosts are many. Let them keep
Their vast possessions. The Piute,
The tawny warrior, will dispute
No boundary with these. And I
Who saw them live, who felt them die
Say, let their unploughed ashes sleep,
Untouched by man, on plain or steep.

The bearded, sunbrown'd men who bore
The burden of that frightful year,
Who toil'd, but did not gather store,
They shall not be forgotten. Drear
And white, the plains of Shoshonee
Shall point us to that further shore,
And long, white shining lines of bones,
Make needless sign or white mile-stones.

The wild man's yell, the groaning wheel;
The train that moved like drifting barge;
The dust that rose up like a cloud—
Like smoke of a distant battle; Loud
The great whips rang like shot, and steel
Of antique fashion, crude and large,
Flashed back as in some battle charge.

They sought, yea, they did find their rest
Along that long and lonesome way,
These brave men buffeting the West
With lifted faces. Full were they
Of great endeavor. Brave and true
As stern Crusader clad in steel,
They died afield as it was fit.

Made strong with hope, they dared to do
Achievement that a host today
Would stagger at, stand back and reel,
Defeated at the thought of it.

What brave endeavor to endure!
What patient hope, when hope was past!
What still surrender at the last,
A thousand leagues from hope! how pure
They lived, how proud they died!
How generous with life! The wide
And gloried age of chivalry
Hath not one page like this to me.

Let all these golden days go by,
In sunny summer weather. I
But think upon my buried brave,
And breathe beneath another sky.
Let beauty glide in gilded car,
And find my sundown seas afar,
Forgetful that 'tis but one grave
From eastmost to the westmost wave.

Yea, I remember! The still tears
That o'er uncoffin'd faces fell!
The final, silent, sad farewell!
God! these are with me all the years!
They shall be with me ever. I
Shall not forget. I hold a trust.
They are part of my existence. When
Swift down the shining iron track
You sweep, and fields of corn flash back.

And herds of lowing steers move by,
And men laugh loud, in mute distrust,
I turn to other days, to men
Who made a pathway with their dust.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

By MADGE MORRIS.

Down by the side of the Golden Gate
The city stands;
Grimly, and solemn, and silent, wait
The walls of land,
Guarding its door as a treasure fond;
And none may pass to the sea beyond,
But they who trust to the king of fate,
And pass through the Golden Gate.

The ships go out through its narrow door,
White-sailed, and laden with precious store—
White-sailed and laden with precious freight
The ships come back through the Golden
Gate.
The sun comes up o'er the Eastern crest,
The sun goes down in the golden West;
And the East is West and the West is East,

And the sun from the toil of day released,
Shines back through the Golden Gate.

Down by the side of the Golden Gate—
The door of life—
Are resting our cities, sea-embowered,
White-walled and templed, and marble-towered—
The end of strife.
The ships have sailed from the silent walls,
And over their sailing the darkness falls.
O, the sea is so dark, so deep, and wide!
Will the ships come back from the further side?
"Nay; but there is no further side,"
A voice is whispering across the tide—
"Time, itself, is a circle vast,
Building the future out of the past;
For the new is old, and the old is new,
And the true is false, and the false is true,
And the West is East and the East is West
And the sun that rose o'er the Eastern crest,
Gone down in the West of his circling track,
Forever, and ever, is shining back
Through the Golden Gate of life.

O, soul! thy city is standing down
By its Golden Gate;
Over it hangs the menacing frown
Of the king of fate.
The sea of knowledge so near its door,
Is rolling away to the further shore—
The Orient side—
And the ocean is dark, and deep and wide!
But thy harbor, O, soul! is filled with sails
Freighted with messages, wonder tales,
From the lands that swing in the sapphire sky,
Where the gardens of God in the ether lie.
If only thy blinded eyes could see,
If only thy deaf-mute heart could hear,
The ocean of knowledge is open to thee,
And its Golden Gate is near!
For the dead are the living—the living the dead,
And out of the darkness the light is shed;
And the East is West and the West is East,
And the sun, from his toil of day released,
Shines back through the Golden Gate.

Wyeth's Expeditions to Oregon.

1831-6.

A Chapter in the History of the Occupation of Oregon. Third Paper.

By F. G. YOUNG, of the University of Oregon.

THE motive that impelled Wyeth to undertake his expeditions to the Oregon country was that same primal instinct that has been the predominant influence in producing the westward movement of the Aryan peoples since their first promptings of might. The suggestion was received by Adam in the Garden of Eden, when he was told to subdue the earth and have dominion over its creatures. Wyeth's intimations were clear that there was a role for him in his country's service to mankind of subduing the continent to man's higher uses. On February 6, 1832, he writes, "I cannot divest myself of the opinion that I shall compete better with my fellowmen in new and untried paths than in those to pursue which requires only patience and attention."

There was much in a Boston environment to bring the Columbia basin very close to the consciousness of a nature thus endowed. He was cognizant of at least half a dozen Boston houses that had grown wealthy in prosecuting the fur trade of the North Pacific coast. The voice and pen of Hall J. Kelley had been busied for half a generation in an effort to rouse a company to go out to possess Oregon, as a veritable promised land.

The special phase of the matter that appealed to the mind of Wyeth with his training as a merchant was the fact that the arrangement made by the treaty between Great Britain and the United States through which citizens of either power had a common right of trade in the whole territory claimed by both had resulted in the destruction of the American trade. The Hudson's Bay Company, representing the consolidation of British fur-trading interests, enjoyed the advantage of natural highways across the continent to the Oregon country. On these all necessary posts for relays

were being maintained. The Boston merchants had the better of the English so long as no posts had existed and both were trading with the Indians from the decks of vessels. When, however, the great British companies had extended their operations from their centers on Lake Superior and the Hudson Bay across the mountains and down the Columbia river, establishing a strong chain of posts as they advanced, the fur trade there assumed a new and higher organization. Trade on the coast from vessels with its delays and haphazard connections was no longer profitable. The American ventures by the Winships and by Astor, proved disastrous. Ashley, the Smiths, the Sublettes, Jackson and others, conducted operations from St. Louis, but without determined and far-reaching plans for expansion. Their activities beyond the rocky mountains were of a nomadic order. The English company, with its established posts, was supreme. It represented a higher economic organization, and was impregnable against such forms of assault as the Americans had so far brought against it.

Wyeth fully appreciated this. He, however, believed that the region from the Columbia river south to the forty-second parallel, and from the Rocky mountains to the ocean, a country three hundred by six hundred miles in extent, was still fairly open for occupation. He proposed to occupy it. The status of a joint occupancy, he thought, would last but a few years longer. By the time of its termination the American trade in vessels would have wholly disappeared before the more economic methods of the Hudson's Bay Company and his own, and he would be left in sole possession of the region above described.

Wyeth, as a New Englander, is hardly to be blamed for not having forseen the pioneer movement, for it came from the western frontier. So precipitately did this sweep on and constitute an occupation by an agricultural population that there was no successful occupation of Oregon by American traders organized under the higher form with established posts. Wyeth, nevertheless, was a forerunner for both. He made the trial and thus hastened the occupation that was decisive.

Moreover, his was not to be the mere copy of the British forms of enterprise. The beginning of what has developed into the great salmon industry of the North Pacific coast was definitely planned and in a measure inaugurated by Wyeth on the basis of the best information available in his day. The possibility of tobacco culture here was also a matter of special hope to him, and he made preparations accordingly.

Unlike the Hudson's Bay Company and most projectors of new enterprises, he spurned monopoly privileges. Referring to a petition which he was forwarding to Edward Everett at Washington, he says that he only wishes "that something should be done as an inducement for Americans generally to go out to that country in order to form a preponderating interest there to counteract that of Great Britain already established. The government would poorly serve our interests in granting to the Oregon Society (Kelley's) any exclusive privileges there. Nothing on our part is desirable excepting aid to get men out there and the enacting of some laws for their regulation when there, and then leave us to ourselves. I should be sorry if these petitions should have any other effect than to call the attention of congress to the subject in such manner as to induce them to act as their wisdom may dictate in aiding good men to form a settlement in that region, and to assume the government of the colony when there, and not as the petition may possibly be construed to mean, to throw the trade or the government of the colony into the hands of this or any other society. * * * If you conceive that it (the petition) will forward our interests, as above explained, present it; if it is to serve the purpose of throwing the control and trade of that country into the hands of a society whose business should be to aid men in getting there and then to leave them to form their own mode of society, withhold it."

When we compare the material resources at the command of Wyeth with those in the possession of the giant corporation he proposed to confront, we are struck with his sublime audacity. With a strength of less than ten thousand dol-

lars he was to pit himself against an antagonist possessing more than two millions. Astor's Pacific Fur Company had a capital stock of two hundred thousand. Wyeth's second expedition was backed by a company with a capital of $40,000. An examination of the details of Wyeth's planning elicits admiration. With an outlay of $5000, a company of twenty-four men, equipped for trapping and a season's trading with the Indians, are taken, in 1832, from Boston to the Pacific ocean. True, half of them deserted at rendezvous on the Green river, but these were supplied for their return. Security amounting to another $5,000 was furnished that a cargo would be ready on the Columbia for a vessel, if Wyeth, from Oregon, ordered a vessel with goods dispatched from Boston. T. J. Farnham, in his "Travels in the Oregon territory," says: "From what I saw and heard of Wyeth's management in Oregon, I was impressed with the belief that he was, beyond comparison, the most talented business man from the states that ever established himself in the territory."

Irving, in his "Bonneville," takes occasion to emphasize the helplessness of Wyeth and his company of "down-easters" when brought face to face with the stern realities of their expedition. And yet Wyeth meets the vicissitudes incident to "roughing it" with quite as much poise as did Irving's hero. So far, the main source extant on Wyeth's first expedition has been a book compiled from material furnished by a deserter from his company. The motive of the book is, of course, the exoneration of the spokesman. The expedition was organized on a co-operative democratic principle. All were to share in the profits of the concern. The leader was to receive a special portion because of his advancing the funds for the outfit and providing the security upon which a vessel and cargo was pledged. All resolutions of the company seemed to be determined by vote.

Wyeth hardly ever reveals any of the hardships experienced in crossing the plains and mountains. While still six days out from Walla Walla his journal, however, reads: "Lay down, cold and hungry and supperless, hoping that our traps would give us beaver in the morning." The entry for the next day begins: "Got seven beaver, and went to eating, like good fellows."

He unconsciously reveals his real condition in giving expression to the reaction of his feelings on his reception at the Hudson's Bay Company's posts. His personal relations with all the representatives of the company were the pleasantest possible. At the meeting with Dr. John McLaughlin, on October 29, 1832, a friendship was begun that remained warm until Wyeth's death in 1856. In 1847 Wyeth interceded for McLaughlin at Washington, that he might be secured in his property rights. It is to be hoped that the correspondence between these two remarkable men is preserved on both sides. Indications, however, do not point to that conclusion. Of the hospitality of Dr. McLaughlin and others Wyeth writes thus: "I was invited by Dr. McLaughlin (Gov. in behalf of the H. B. Co. in this country) to make this post my habitation until I returned. I have been treated in the most hospitable and kind manner by all the gentlemen of this country. There are far more of the comforts of life enjoyed here by the residents than is imagined in the states."

(To be Continued.)

"He shall himself be laughed to scorn
  Who sits in the scorner's chair.
'Tis better far to believe—believe
  Till our very souls outwear
The power to doubt than to curl and sneer
  The lips at those who see and hear."

Elizabeth Calvert.

The Voice of the Silence.

Began in January number.

Chapter X.



IT is counted a brave thing to die upon the field of battle, urged to sublime heights of courage by the splendid circumstance of war. But it is even a braver thing to wait, through long, weary, pain-wracked months for death to come to one, and wait without one murmur or uttered regret, knowing full well that in dying so, in life's sweet, early prime one leaves one's work half-done. Oh, it is hard to die when one is young! It is cruel to be forced to lie day after day, and feel the heartstrings slowly straining till they snap at last, and all is over here in this world forever and ever. And who knows what follows in the next, or if there be a next, at all? Yet it may be that as the barriers of the flesh fade and fall away in the long-drawn months of pain, the spiritual sight is quickened and the tired soul glimpses the glory beyond the gates of death.

One night, when the winds were still, and the tide ebbed without a ripple, Elise, watching beside Nanita's pillow, heard a sound as of music—music that dipped into silvery laughter and melted away in tender sighs. And Nanita, till then resting quietly, lifted herself upon her elbow and listened, a great light breaking over her pale face. Presently they heard it again, that wierd, sweet strain, like an angel-call through the darkness of the soft spring night. And then, with a tremulous sigh, Nanita sank back upon the pillows, smiling, and Elise, bending down, kissed her.

"You are better tonight!"

"Yes," the answer came faintly, and smiling still, the girl turned her face to the wall and fell asleep.

In the early morning, when Odin came, as was his wont, to minister to their needs in whatever fashion he might, he knocked at the cabin door and, receiving no response, went in. Through the half-drawn curtains of the inner chamber he saw the rigid outline of the form upon the narrow bed, and Elise seated beside it, her head resting upon the pillow and her face turned to the gray dawn, creeping in at the window. She was asleep, and the sight of her unveiled features gave him a shock of surprise. Deeply moved he turned away, and in doing so made some slight noise that awakened her. She rose and came to him at once.

"I must have fallen asleep," she said. "How early it is!"

"Yes, I am sorry I disturbed you. How is Nanita?"

"Better, I think. She is sleeping. She has slept since midnight." They turned back to the bed. "How still she lies!" they said. "Let us not waken her, it is so long since she rested like this!"

But there was no need to move softly and to speak under the breath. No danger now of disturbing that dreamless slumber. Nanita would never again awaken in this world. She was dead.

* * * * *

"My girl, Nanita—I come to see Nan-

ita." The voice was soft and sweet as the winds in the treetops.

"Oh," cried Elise, rising and coming forward with the child clinging to her skirts, "you are Nanita's mother!"

"Yes."

"Nanita is—is—dead," replied the girl, her voice breaking at the word.

"Yes," repeated the Indian woman, "I know. Last night her spirit went out on the tide, I know. I sat on the shore of the river. At midnight she passed, I saw her going out to sea. Twenty miles I walk along the beach up from the south, for I know that she must die, and it was dark when I come to the river and I sit down to wait. At midnight she come. Nanita, and I know she is dead. And so I sit and wait. And when the sun come up over the hills, Jeff bring his boat and set me across."

When Odin reached the village, he hauled his boat up on the beach below the cannery, and went straight to Hanson's cottage. Hanson's daughter, Nellie, came to the door, and to Nellie he told his story briefly, standing on the little porch, hat in hand, the morning breeze stirring through his hair. And Nellie, true and sweet and tender of heart, listened with tears dimming the blue of her beautiful eyes.

"Of course I will go," she said, and hastened to make ready. She would have gone through fire at Odin's suggestion. The years on the river had passed happily enough for her because he was there. She kept the home her father provided as clean and dainty as a sea-washed shell, and was the light of his eyes, the pride of his life. The village gossips marveled much that she still remained Nellie Hanson, for it was known that she had not been without offers of marriage. However, the right man had not asked her yet. Sometimes she thought that there was small chance of his ever doing so, but she was of the sort that die waiting rather than to accept a substitute. If Odin did not ask her, she reasoned, there was no liklihood of his asking anyone else, and as long as she had no rival she could be content. True, she knew that he spent his rare hours of leisure in the cabin under the pines' and her woman's intuition told her why. He was faithful to the "White One," the "Moon-Child." Strangely enough, she never felt the slightest pang of jealousy; at least not until the return of the mysterious maiden to the river. And then her jealousy was mixed with a rare sweetness and patience.

With loving touches Elise and the Indian mother were making ready for burial the pallid form of Nanita when Odin returned with Nellie. Perhaps if they had met under different circumstances, these two girls, so utterly foreign to each other in nature and bringing up, would have held aloof, would have wrapped themselves in reserve and tacitly refused to become friends. But this was not a time for conventions. To Elise the fair-haired daughter of Norway came as a ministering angel. To Nellie, Elise was a woman stricken with sorrow and alone, a fellow-creature who needed to be comforted. The bars were down, and they walked straight into each other's hearts. When this happens it is too late to think about reservations.

* * * * *

It was night. The tender radiance of the stars illumined the darkness with a soft, warm glow. Down to the boats drawn up at the landing, they brought the uncoffined dead, shrouded in white and bound and wrapped from head to feet after a time-honored custom of the Indians. And on the last of the ebbing tide they drifted down toward the sea, shadowy and dim through the silent night. On a shelving beach below the lofty headland overlooking the bar, they landed, and, disembarking, bore their ghostly burden up the sliding sands to the rounded, grassy hill-top where a newly-made grave yawned black under the pitying stars. Into this grave, lined thick and soft with ferns and fragrant fir boughs they lowered the shrouded form to the sound of the wailing monotone of the Indian woman, mourning her dead after the manner of her people. When the grave was filled in, and covered over they moved away in silence and, descending to the boats, re-embarked and passed up the stream on the breast of the incoming tide. Far through the night as they swept homeward in the warm dusk they heard that weird, wailing

chant and knew that the faithful mother kept watch above the sea.

Chapter XI.

IT WAS lonely in the cabin with only the child for company. Elise was restless and unhappy and assailed by a thousand morbid fears and fancies. She missed Nanita more and more as the days went by. And yet when she pondered upon the cruel fate of the half-breed girl, she could not find it in her heart to wish her back again in a world whose social conditions made of her an alien, almost an outcast. For many things, hitherto hidden, had been revealed to her in those silent watches of the night when she sat by Nanita's bedside and listened to the stillness. Life was not the bright and beautiful play-day that it had seemed to her before her own affliction. It held a deeper meaning now, and already some outline, vaguely seen through clouds of doubt, of splendid purposes and possibilities, began to stir her nature with dim hopes and half-formed dreams. Her own pain and disappointment lost its poignancy in the contemplation of the woe of the world. And the secret of her present unrest was not so much sorrow for the loss she had sustained, or loneliness and regret, as it was a growing dissatisfaction with her own part in the drama of human existence. It was the first thrill of an awakening, dimly recognized, but keenly felt, to a sense of human kinship, human responsibility,—the Divine spark kindling at last to a living flame. She questioned, as she had never done before, her own conscience, her own moral consciousness. There was so much wretchedness and pain and poverty in the world. Had she ever lifted her hand to lessen it one degree? Was not the sorrow and the sinning going on today? and yet she sat here in idle solitude nursing a disappointment that she had very likely earned, and richly deserved. What was she doing? Nothing, clearly nothing! True, there was the boy, Nanita's little son, for whom she cared most tenderly and well, but was not that because she loved him, because she loved all little children?—Stay! Did she—honestly? Was it not rather selfishness that moved her? How else could she answer for the fact that her vast fortune lay practically untouched while there were baby hands that begged for bread.

It would have contributed to her peace of mind if her little charge had been more exacting, had taken up more of her time. As it was he required scarcely any attention. He was like a little dumb creature of the wilds, silent and self-reliant, with his air of timid reserve and his big solemn eyes, yet obedient to a word, a look. Though he did not fret or complain, it was evident that he missed his mother.

"He live not very long," said the Indian grandmother in her soft, plaintive tones. "Not long, maybe ten years, maybe twenty, but he die soon."

"No, no," cried Elise, and caught him to her breast. "He shall not. Why do you say it?"

The woman shook her head in a slow, sad fashion.

"Indian blood and white blood, they poison each other when they mix."

"But he is so healthful, so strong, and I shall rear him so carefully—"

But the grandmother was not convinced. She rose from her crouching position on the hearthstone and went out, seeming to melt into the purple shadows of the gathering twilight, leaving Elise to ponder her remark. In the month following Nanita's death she came and went as it suited her, silent for the most part, or answering in monosylables when spoken to, but helpful in the small household duties of the cabin, bringing driftwood from the beach, and water from the well in the little hollow under the clustering pines. Then one morning in the grey dawn Jeff carried her across the river in his boat, and she drifted away down the surf-line to the southward and was seen no more in that place forever.

Odin came as before. Sometimes he brought Nellie Hanson, and Nellie's influence, sweetly serene and unconscious, was perhaps the most healthful tonic that Elise, at this season, could have had. For Nellie was as sensible and matter-of-fact in her acceptance of life and its relations as it was possible for a young woman of

twenty-three years' limited experience to be. She was the opposite of Nanita in everything—in looks, in manner and in thought. The sweetness of her nature was without alloy. To her, Elise spoke freely of the child and of her plans for his future.

"He shall have every advantage," she concluded.

"I am not sure that would increase his usefulness," was the smiling reply.

Elise sighed. "I wish I knew just how and where to begin. He is nearly four years old, and I suppose he should be learning to read, but I doubt my ability to teach him even the alphabet."

"If I were you," suggested Nellie, "I should talk it over with Odin."

Elise glanced up quickly, then let her eyes fall: "Thank you," she said musingly. "I think I shall. I wonder it has not occurred to me before." But she was meditating upon something else at the moment. A woman's ear is quick—and Nellie's voice had betrayed her.

In the course of time Elise did speak to Odin about the child and about other things that troubled her.

"You must advise me Odin. I am only a woman, and a woman is so helpless—I cannot see what I should do beyond this present duty to the boy, and even here you must direct me. I wish I could teach him myself, but I am too ignorant, and I want him to begin right. I never did. In fact I don't believe I ever began at all—just picked up enough to enable me to conceal my real lack when the necessity arose for concealment. But I want the boy's education to be thorough. I want him to know everything. I want him, above all else, to be happy."

"Then," cried Odin, "teach him nothing. Let him remain as he is—or grow up as his ancestors did. In ignorance lies his only chance for happiness."

"No, no," she replied. "You do not mean it. I come to you for help and you mock me."

Odin, leaning with folded arms against the trunk of a young pine, looked at her and was silent.

"I want to do something," she exclaimed, "to make the world better and brighter for those who toil and struggle for daily bread. Oh, I want to make people happier." She flung her arms out and drew them back against her breast.

"If," replied her companion, his eyes still upon her, "you succeed in lessening, in ever so small a degree, the sum total of human misery, you will do well, and more than others of your class are doing."

She turned towards him. "You speak as if you believed there was no such thing as happiness."

"I do believe it."

"Odin!"

"It is true there are degrees of wretchedness, but happiness? It is only the ignorant and the blind who dream that they are happy. To the man or the woman whose eyes are open—who sees and thinks—the hopelessness of the situation is too apparent to be ignored."

"Then," cried Elise, her whole nature rising in passionate protest against this gospel of gloom, "then, better, a thousand times, ignorance and blindness! But I thank God from my heart that I do not believe you."

"I would be glad to believe otherwise if I could, but truth is truth, and cannot be denied."

"Truth! The gospel of Christ must be a lie if that is truth."

"Not a lie, but a delusion."

"And human faith—is that, too, a delusion?"

"It is."

"And God?"

"The only God I know is the good in my fellowman. The only religion, the tie of universal brotherhood. But if I believed in your God I should pray to him daily to remove the curse of superstition which darkens the world." He spoke with bitter emphasis, and Elise cried out in pity and pain, and was silent again, not trusting herself to speak till she could calm the tumult of emotion which his words aroused.

When at last she found her voice, she said slowly: "I am not sure, but I think that which you call ignorance I recognize as knowledge."

"It may be," he replied sadly. "They are often mistaken for each other."

"Yet," she hesitated—and went on—

"yet" your belief, or lack of it—has it not shadowed your own life, Odin?"

Her tones vibrated with tenderness and sympathy, and he turned aside to hide the tremor of his lips. It was his curse that he was color-blind. He saw only the tragedy of life, his limited vision missed its joyousness and beauty.

"It is better, my Odin, to be ignorantly happy than miserably wise." She drew nearer and laid her hand upon his arm. "I want you to help me. To show me how to make people happier—to make life brighter and easier for those to whom it is now hard and dark. I want partilcularly to help little children." Her words came softly—slowly—"I know that—that I cannot rest until I have made a begining, but I am so—so ignorant, not in the way you measure ignorance—when it comes to that, I am wiser, far wiser than you, my Odin, for I know that—that—

'God's in his heaven,'

and that, somehow, if we do what is decreed all will be 'right with the world.'"

"But I cannot see clearly where or how to begin. You will help me, Odin?"

He covered the hand that rested upon his arm with his own. "If I could I would, but—"

"Do not deny me this, Odin. You can, as no other could, show me how to make my hitherto useless fortune serve the world to some purpose."

The sun was sinking in the unclouded west as its lower rim touched the sea-girt horizon, a ship, full-rigged and bouyant as a bird, sailed across the face of the great golden disc—

"Oh!" cried Elise, and caught her breath in wonder. They stood and watched until the picture faded. Till the ship had sailed across the sun—and the sun had sunk into the sea.

"We might watch the sun set every day for the rest of our lives and never see that sight again," said Odin. And Elise replied: "It is an omen."

But whether of good or ill she did not venture to predict.

(To be continued.)



Two Poems by Sam Simpson.

Beautiful Willamette.

I.

From the Cascade's frozen gorges,
Leaping like a child at play,
Winding, widening through the valley,
Bright Willamette glides away;
Onward ever,
Lovely river,
Softly calling to the sea;
Time that scars us,
Maims and mars us,
Leaves no track or trench on thee!

II.

Spring's green witchery is weaving
Braid and border for thy side;
Grace forever haunts thy journey,
Beauty dimples on thy tide.
Through the purple gates of morning,
Now thy roseate ripples dance;
Golden, then, when day departing,
On thy waters trails his lance;
Waltzing, flashing,
Tinkling, plashing,
Limpid, volatile and free—
Always hurried
To be buried
In the bitter, moon-mad sea.

III.

In thy crystal deeps, inverted,
Swings a picture of the sky,
Like those wavering hopes of Aidenn
Dimly in our dreams that lie;
Clouded often, drowned in turmoil,
Faint and lovely, far away—
Wreathing sunshine on the morrow,
Breathing fragrance round today.
Love could wander
Here, and ponder—
Hither poetry would dream;
Life's old questions,
Sad suggestions,
"Whence and whither?" throng thy stream.

IV.

On the roaring waste of ocean,
Soon thy scattered waves shall toss;
'Mid the surges' rythmic thunder
Shall thy silver tongues be lost.
Oh, thy glimmering rush of gladness
Mocks this turbid life of mine,
Racing to the wild Forever,
Down the sloping paths of time—
Onward ever,
Lovely river,
Softly calling to the sea;
Time that scars us,
Maims and mars us,
Leaves no track or trench on thee!

The Feast of Apple Bloom.

When the sky is a dream of violet
And the days are rich with gold,
And the satin robe of the earth is set
With the jewels wrought of old;
When the woodlands wave in choral seas
And the purple mountains loom,
It is heaven to come, with birds and bees,
To the feast of apple bloom.

For the gabled roof of home arose
O'er the sheen of the orchard snow,
And is still my shrine, when storms repose,
And the gnarly branches blow;
And the music of childhood's singing heart,
That was lost in the backward gloom,
May be heard when the robins meet and part
At the feast of apple bloom.

And I think, when the trees display a crown
Like the gleam of a resting dove,
Of a face that was framed in tresses brown
And aglow with a mother's love;
At the end of the orchard path she stands,
And I laugh at my manhood's doom
As my spirit flies with lifted hands,
To the feast of apple bloom.

When the rainbow paths of faded skies
Are restored with the diamond rain,
And the joys of my wasted paradise
Are returning to earth again,
It is sadder than death to know how brief
Are the smiles that the dead assume;
But a moment allowed, a flying leaf
From the feast of apple bloom.

But a golden arch forever shines
In the dim and darkening past,
Where I stand again, as day declines,
And the world is bright and vast;
For the glory that lies along the lane
Is endeared with sweet perfume,
And the world is ours ,and we are twain
At the feast of the apple bloom.

She was more than fair in the wreath she wore
Of the creamy buds and blows,
And she comes to me from the speechless shore
When the flowering orchard glows;
And I sigh for the dreams, so sweet and swift,
That are laid in a sacred tomb—
Yet are nothing at last but fragrant drift
From the feast of apple bloom.

Sam Simpson as I Knew Him.

By FRED A. DUNHAM.

The living thoughts he gave the world are living yet;
He's gone from us, yet we may not forget;
The rythmic words his willing pen outlined
In living song are round our hearts entwined.

TO attempt to limn a sketch of Sam Simpson is to attempt that which, were he with us today, he would himself concede to be impossible. He did not understand himself—how then could others understand his complex nature?

From a worldly point of view Sam Simpson was not a success, and had he been asked the cause he would have unhesitatingly replied, "Sam Simpson." He was conscious of his own failings, and allowed that consciousness to humble his pride, kill his aggressiveness and dull his aspirations.

His mind was a storehouse of beautiful thoughts, and a liberal education and much reading fitted him to express those thoughts in significant and rythmic words.

He was the son of a pioneer family of Oregon, his father being the Hon. Ben Simpson. His life was passed amid the beautiful scenery of Oregon, the glory of which he has so often portrayed. He attended the district schools of Clackamas and Polk counties until the age of 15, when, together with his brother, he was sent to Willamette University, from which institution he graduated in 1866 with the degree of A. B. He then studied law, and was admitted to the bar, practicing his professeion for a short time very successfully. Perhaps in the law he might have achieved success, as the world estimates it, for he was possessed of a quick and tenacious mind, and while he was not a brilliant orator, he had the faculty of presenting his argument in a logical and concise manner. His large acquaintance with men and affairs in this state would have insured him honor in the legal profession had he been of the slow, prodding temperament necessary to the practice of law in a small community. But such temperament was not his. Since his college days, and even before, he had written much that bore evidence of practical genius and literary ability. He therefore turned to the more congenial field of journalism.

That move was a dismal failure and a brilliant success. A failure, inasmuch as he chose the wrong location and the wrong sphere in which to exercise his talents. As editor and proprietor of the Corvallis Gazette, with all the varied and petty details incident to the duties of a country editor, and with his temperament averse to detail, diametrically opposed to plodding business, he courted failure and met the inevitable. Had he gone to the centres of population and sold the product of his brain he would have reaped the wealth and fame others less gifted than himself have garnered.

The move was a success in that it gave to us much of the best literature, both poetry and prose ever produced in this state, and Oregon is the richer for his effort. Afterwards he was engaged at various times, as a writer on Pacific Coast papers, and as editor for Bancroft & Co. on their series of school readers and History of the Pacific Coast. Meanwhile he wrote many poems of much merit, but made no effort to obtain either financial returns or recognition for his work.

The question may very well be asked, why, if his work was meritorious, did he not win the position others of talent have won? The answer is best given perhaps in nearly his own words. When asked one day by the writer why he did not publish his poetry in a volume, and strive for the fame and incident financial reward, he answered: "I have not even a copy of my poems. I have never written

anything that satisfied me. There are so many half-way poets deluging the world with so-called poetry that I am disgusted, and do not wish to add to the burdens of the long-suffering public. I believe my sister has the most of my writings, but they shall never be published while I am alive."

And that to a very great extent is the secret of his apparent non-success. He had looked into himself and was not satisfied with what he saw there. That habit of introspection made him cynical to a certain degree. Not that he desired to avenge himself upon the world, for he was one of the gentlest men I have ever met, but rather he sought to scourge himself for his own shortcomings.

Like most poets he had a horror of writing to order. The Mexican or Spanish manana (tomorrow) was his answer if asked when a promised poem would be finished, and the tomorrow never came.

The writer once engaged him to furnish a poem for a publication on a certain date. Day after day passed, but no poem materialized, and finaly the publication went to press without it. It was not because he did not desire to serve me, but simply because his muse would not "work to order," as he explained. He would supply me with poems unasked and unpaid for, but could not or would not furnish them by request. Readers of his poetry, some of which is published in this issue, will be struck with the grace of his style and the power of the words used to express his ideas. He was Oregon's sweetest singer, and leaves a place by his untimely death, which there is none to fill. That he was held in high esteem for his talents was evident by the array of prominent jurists, journalists and business men who followed him to the grave; and it is a sad thought that one so fitted to challenge esteem could not have been lifted to a position which his genius deserved, while living. His name is not written high upon the scroll of fame, yet who shall say his life was not of value to the world?

Phoebe.

I am not blinded to the truth;
The beauties, form and mind,
That make so fair bright Phoebe's youth,
Were not for me designed.

Yet will I linger while I may
Within her gentle sphere;
Her soul contemplate, day by day,
So tender, pure, sincere.

And when our lives are forced apart,
I still will bear with me,
Enshrined within my inmost heart,
Her sacred memory.

The bard has sweetly sung the vase
Made sweet by scents confined;
So will the perfume of her grace
Through life pervade my mind.

The constant law of life is change;
Naught may escape its power;
From passion we to passion range,
As bees from flower to flower.

No more shall we be glad in spring,
Since 'tis not always May?
Nor more grand autumn's glories sing,
Since they must pass away?

True wisdom quarrels not with heaven,
Whatever fate it send:
Thankful when life's bright joys are given—
Submissive when they end.

So will I linger, while I may
In Phoebe's gentle sphere;
Her soul contemplate day by day,
So tender, pure, sincere.

And when our lives are forced apart,
I still will bear with me,
Enshrined within my inmost heart,
Her sacred memory.

S. E.

Art.

A Threadbare Topic.

By C. E. S. WOOD.

THE politician must smile inwardly who sees himself chronicled as an unselfish patriot and an honest man, and I write with a certain pharisaical feeling which is not purged by my confession that I am a seeker of knowledge in art, not an instructor. All I can do is to give an opinion, my personal views. I have not the time to discuss art historically, its growth, its periods, its schools, and I have not the requisite exact knowledge. Nor do I believe this precise and detailed information necessary. It is the college lecturer on the development of art who is learned in these things. The artist himself has, as a rule, but general ideas on the subject of art in the past. But all the college lecturers in the world cannot impart that which the true artist possesses, however ignorant. Art is useless except in the sense that it makes the world more beautiful, life more enjoyable. It is the opposite of the practical, of the exact, of the real, the useful.

A house without proportion, dignity or beauty, may be as rainproof, as stormtight, as safe a shelter for body and merchandise as if it had the serenity of the Parthenon, the richness of the Doge's palace. Utility comes first; ornamentation of exterior or beauty of proportion, last. The shelter is a necessity, the ornamentation a luxury. But a storehouse is not less a storehouse because of fine proportion and beautiful line. On the contrary, if the effort at art be absent, if the simple builder, in a simple unaffected way, uses his material according to the elemental laws of mechanics directly to the plain and single end of providing shelter from the prevailing force, as sun in Africa, snow in Norway, he will be pretty sure to do a good thing of its kind.

It is the conscious effort to do something great without the ability to do it, either with or without effort, that gives the world its art nightmares in wood, stone, paint and letters. Two things must combine for art production—the God-given genius and hard training. But, after the training, must come into every work of true art something almost as effortless as the song of the lark. Something for which the artist, as he views his work, feels he, himself, is not wholly responsible; that vague feeling of being the instrument of an outside power which has given rise to the word "inspiration" with all its attendant falsities.

Art is not only useless in the strictly utilitarian sense, it is beyond analysis. It is feeling, as distinguished from fact. No matter how elusive be the truths of light, electricity or life, still they are fact. The most infinitesimal baccillus is a fact as truly as an elephant.

Art or the realm of the beautiful. The sensuous is more incapable of analysis than morals, for morals are inseparably linked with every day acts of the lives of men and nations. As it is a matter of sentiment or feeling, there can be no such thing as analyzing art into its last elements. Therefore there can be no rule for writing a "King Lear" or painting a "Last Supper," or building a Roman Cathedral. These can be copied and imitated, but the feeling, the soul of the work will be inevitably left out. It seems true that all great art will be the spontaneous expression of the feeling of the artist, and he, himself, will indubiatably partake of, and express, the feeling of his time. And that feeling is the perfume of the flower, the bloom on the plum. It cannot be caught or reproduced. Though art has been, and will be, influenced in its next step by its last, that is not imitation, but development.

A people, formative as we are now, without decided national characteristics, imitative, in the monkey fashion, of what has gone before, and what the older nations are do-

ing today, cannot, in my opinion, produce original art with sincere feeling. We have skill, but skill seems to be the death of feeling in modern art. Some of the Frenchmen, and John S. Sargent, the American, can paint anything on earth. Their work is splendid in its bravura quality, compels admiration for its mastery of technique, but it is as soulless and flavorless as a wax-works show. While here and there a dormouse like Albert Ryder, without skill, or, scorning it for higher things, lives like a hermit and produces things which, if not full of any national character, are full of the old-time, deep personal, poetic feeling; or, like another recluse, J. Alden Weir, who, having abundant skill, uses it not for itself, but as a vehicle to express the poetry of his feelings.

So I conclude that all art is poetry, whether the poem be a cathedral, a statue, a picture, or a song. It is the beautiful, the sensuous, the aching up to heaven—a heaven builder of this world and our own natures.

It is "feeling" which cannot be imitated or reproduced, but must be felt by each poet for himself, and for his own time. It is the beautiful, not the useful, the ornamental, not the practical, and can only come when the long-settled wealth of a country has produced in the nation a feeling for, and demand for, the beautiful in forms most appealing to the national sense.

When the art feeling has come to the nation it will be seen not only in buildings, but in writings; not only in pictures, but in velvets; not only in statues, but in cups and jewelry.

Egypt was artistic not in one thing, but in all things, and all at once, in the period of her luxury.

Greece was artistic not in sculpture alone, but in jewels, coins, vases, stuffs, and in practically one period—the period of her highest luxury. So with Rome, Italy, Venice.

When I speak of the art period coinciding with the lavishly wealthy and luxurious period, I mean the sensuous in art. The intellectual side, the poetry of writings, the drama, are the fore-runners. They come earlier—when the mind is strong and habits simple. It is the tale-telling age of childhood, and I think the modern, introspective, analytical, hyper-analytical, realistic literary art infinitely inferior, if it be art at all; for to my mind, as I have said, art is poetry, and poetry is imagination, be it the flesh and blood of Falstaff, the cloud form of the mother of Achilles, or the allegorical ghosts of the Faerie Queene.

In conversation art usually means painting. I say to produce a true art work in paint, the painter must have feeling and power of creation. To appreciate the creation the beholder must also, to some degree, have feeling. The feeling cannot be given by lessons, but it can be educated. Most of us in this country begin as raw students. Speaking for myself, I am sure I have progressed. The things I began with ceased to satisfy me long ago. But the growth must come of contact with good art. It comes in by the eyes, not by the ears. Lectures are almost useless, except to impart information.

A truly good picture is its own sermon —only give it time. The casts in the library buildings are a never-ceasing sermon on the poetry of sculpture. The photographs now available show something of the old masters in painting. It is a pity that exhibitions cannot be more often given of truly good pictures. Such exhibitions should have free days, and the people be made to feel at home, for I believe the awakening and cultivation of the art instinct in the workers is important. It is this appreciation of art in the maker and buyer which will, in my opinion, restore individual hand labor to its old position. The stuff made by machine in large factories, passing through a dozen hands and called art, the work of today, is artistically rubbish, be it of solid gold, crusted with diamonds. To get real feeling the individual must make himself felt, from start to finish.

I have expressed myself to the effect that "art" cannot be analyzed or taught, so I shall not attempt to analyze or teach. Go to the art works, and absorb them. No matter how the ages differ in their expression, from the hard, dry, somewhat conventional work of the pre-Raphaelites to the engine-like swing of Velasquez—they are all at one in feeling,

feeling, feeling. It is even more in the careful, loving, hard touches of the earlier ones than in the splendid mastery of Velasquez or Rembrandt. In this sense art is always the same—Ars longa vita brevis est.

There is, of course, much to be had from judicious criticism, but I am not competent to criticize. I can only say—and I take painting again as the most popular art field—there must be mystery, not hard, dry reality; there must be imagination, not mere fact. If it be a still life of pots and pans, still there must be mystery and imagination. There must be beauty—even if it be the beauty of wrinkled old age.

And if the essay be in color, there must be a joy in the color for itself alone, or the whole is a failure. And good color is as subtle, as illusive of definition as any other quality in aesthetics. It may or may not be bright color, usually not. Still it may be. It never is raw, crude color, for then it is not subtle. It is not imitative color, for paint is not leaves of grass, canvass is not the air and the earth. It must be suggestive, just as the whole picture must be suggestive rather than photographically imitative. A good landscape or portrait does not imitate, it suggests the beauty of the view, or the quality of the person, and it does more. There has been put into it something of the artist's soul, something of man himself. That is why true art work speaks to us even more than nature herself, for the art work is man's soul speaking to man's soul. Nature, though she be the source of all inspiration, is herself soulless and distant. A mere imitation of her is neither nature nor man.

The Haunted Light.

At Newport by the Sea.

By LISCHEN M. MILLER.

SITUATED at Yaquina, on the coast of Oregon, is an old, deserted lighthouse. It stands upon a promontory that juts out dividing the bay from the ocean, and is exposed to every wind that blows. Its weather-beaten walls are wrapped in mystery. Of an afternoon when the fog comes drifting in from the sea and completely envelopes the lighthouse, and then stops in its course as if its object had been attained, it is the loneliest place in the world. At such times those who chance to be in the vicinity hear a moaning sound like the cry of one in pain, and sometimes a frenzied call for help pierces the death-like stillness of the waning day. Far out at sea, ships passing in the night are often guided in their course by a light that gleams from the lantern tower where no lamp is ever trimmed.

* * *

In the days when Newport was but a handful of cabins, roughly built, and flanked by an Indian camp, across the bar there sailed a sloop, grotesquely rigged and without a name. The arrival of a vessel was a rare event, and by the time the stranger had dropped anchor abreast the village the whole population were gathered on the strip of sandy beach to welcome her. She was manned by a swarthy crew, and her skipper was a beetle-browed ruffian with a scar across his cheek from mouth to ear. A boat was lowered, and in it a man about 40 years of age, accompanied by a young girl, were rowed ashore. The man was tall and dark, and his manner and speech indicated gentle breeding. He explained that the sloop's water casks were empty, and was directed to the spring that poured down the face of the yellow sandstone cliff a few yards up the beach. Issuing instructions in some heathenish, unfamiliar tongue to the boatmen, he de-

voted himself to asking and answering questions. The sloop was bound down the coast to Coos Bay. She had encountered rough weather off the Columbia river bar, and had been driven far out of her course. To the young lady, his daughter, the voyage proved most trying She was not a good sailor. If, therefore, accommodations could be secured, he wished to leave her ashore until the return of the sloop a fortnight later.

The landlady of the "————" had a room to spare, and by the time the water casks were filled, arrangements had been completed which resulted in the transfer of the fair traveler's luggage from the sloop to the "hotel." The father bade his daughter an affectionate adieu, and was rowed back to the vessel, which at once weighed anchor and sailed away in the golden dusk of the summer evening.

Muriel, that was the name she gave, Muriel Trevenard, was a delicate-looking, fair-haired girl still in her teens, very sweet and sunny-tempered. She seemed to take kindly to her new environment, accepting its rude inconveniences as a matter of course, though all her own belongings testified to the fact that she was accustomed to the refinements and even luxuries of civilization. She spent many hours each day idling with a sketch block and pencil in that grassy hollow in the hill, seaward from the town, or strolled upon the beach or over the wind-swept uplands. The fortnight lengthened to a month and yet no sign of the sloop, or any sail rose above the horizon to southward.

"You've no cause to worry," said the landlady. "Your father's safe enough. No rough weather since he sailed, and as for time—a ship's time is as uncertain as a woman's temper, I've heard my own father say."

"Oh I am not anxious," replied Muriel, "not in the least."

It was in August that a party of pleasure-seekers came over the Coast Range and pitched their tents in the grassy hollow. They were a merry company, and they were not long in discovering Muriel.

"Such a pretty girl," exclaimed Cora May, who was herself so fair that she could afford to be generous. "I am sure she does not belong to anybody about here. We must coax her to come to our camp."

But the girl needed little coaxing. She found these light-hearted young people a pleasant interruption, and she was enthusiastically welcomed by all, young and old alike. She joined them in their ceaseless excursions, and made one of the group that gathered nightly around the camp fire. There was one, a rather serious-minded youth, who speedily constituted himself her cavalier. He was always at hand to help her into the boat, to bait her hook when they went fishing, and to carry her shawl, or book or sketch block, and she accepted these attentions as she seemed to accept all else, naturally and sweetly.

The Cape Foulweather light had just been completed, and the house upon the bluff above Newport was deserted. Some member of the camping party proposed one Sunday afternoon that they pay it a visit.

"We have seen everything else there is to see," remarked Cora May.

"It is just an ordinary house with a lantern on top," objected Muriel. "You can get a good view of it from the bay. Besides it is probably locked up."

"Somebody has the key. We can soon find out who," said Harold Welch. "And we haven't anything else to do."

Accordingly they set out in a body to find the key. It was in the possession of the landlady's husband who had been appointed to look after the premises. He said he had not been up there lately, and seemed surprised after a mild fashion that anyone should feel an interest in an empty house, but he directed them how to reach it.

"You go up that trail to the top of the hill and you'll strike the road, but you won't find anything worth seeing after you get there. It ain't anywhere like the new light."

With much merry talk and laughter they climbed the hill and found the road, a smooth and narrow avenue overshadowed by dark young pines, winding along the hill-top to the rear of the house.

It stood in a small enclosure bare of vegetation. The sand was piled in little wind-swept heaps against the board fence. There was a walk paved with brick, leading from the gate around to the front where two or three steps went up to a square porch with seats on either side. Harold Welch unlocked the door, and they went into the empty hall that echoed dismally to the sound of human voices. Rooms opened from this hallway on either hand and in the L at the back were the kitchen, storerooms and pantry, a door that gave egress to a narrow veranda, and another shutting off the cellar. At the rear of the hall the stairs led up to the second floor which was divided like the first into plain, square rooms. But the stairway went on, winding up to a small landing where a window looked out to northward, and from which a little room, evidently a linen closet, opened opposite the window. There was nothing extraordinary about this closet at the first glance. It was well furnished with shelves and drawers, and its only unoccupied wall space was finished with a simple wainscoting.

"Why," cried one, as they crowded the landing and overflowed into the closet, "this house seems to be falling to pieces." He pulled at a section of the wainscote and it came away in his hand. "Hello! what's this? Iron walls?"

"It's hollow," said another, tapping the smooth black surface disclosed by the removal of the panel.

"So it is," cried the first speaker. "I wonder what's behind it? Why it opens!" It was a heavy piece of sheet iron about three feet square. He moved it to one side, set it against the wall, and peered into the aperture.

"How mysterious!" exclaimed Muriel, leaning forward to look into the dark closet, whose height and depth exactly corresponded to the dimensions of the panel. It went straight back some six or eight feet and then dropped abruptly into what seemed a soundless well. One, more curious than the rest, crawled in and threw down lighted bits of paper.

"It goes to the bottom of the sea," he declared, as he backed out and brushed the dust from his clothes. "Who knows what it is, or why it was built?"

"Smugglers," suggested somebody and they all laughed, though there was nothing particularly humorous in the remark. But they were strangely nervous and excited. There was something uncanny in the atmosphere of this deserted dwelling that oppressed them with an unaccountable sense of dread. They hurried out leaving the dark closet open, and climbed up into the lantern tower where no lamp has been lighted these many years.

The afternoon, which had been flooded with sunshine, was waning in a mist that swept in from the sea and muffled the world in dull grey.

"Let us go home," cried Cora May. "If it were clear we might see almost to China from this tower, but the fog makes me lonesome."

So they clambered down the iron ladder and descending the stairs, passed out through the lower hall into the grey fog. Harold Welch stopped to lock the door, and Muriel waited for him at the foot of the steps. The lock was rusty, and he had trouble with the key. By the time he joined her, the rest of the party had disappeared around the house.

"You are kind to wait for me," said he, as they caught step on the brick pavement and moved forward. But Muriel laid her hand upon his arm.

"I must go back," she said. "I—I—dropped my handkercnief in—the—hall upstairs, I must go back and get it."

They remounted the steps, and Welch unlocked the door and let her pass in. But when he would have followed, she stopped him imperiously.

"I am going alone," she said. "You are not to wait. Lock the door and go on. I will come out through the kitchen." He objected, but she was obstinate, and, perhaps because her lightest wish was beginning to be his law of life, he reluctantly obeyed her. Again the key hung in the lock. This time it took him several minutes to release it When he reached the rear of the house Muriel was nowhere to be seen. He called her two or three times and waited, but, receiving no reply, concluded that she had hurried

out and joined the rest whose voices came back to him from the avenue of pines. She had been nervous and irritable all the afternoon, so unlike herself that he had wondered more than once if she were ill, or weary of his close attendance. It occurred to him now that possibly she had taken this means to rid herself of his company. He hurried on, for it was growing cold and the fog was thickening to a rain. He had just caught up with the stragglers of the party, and they were beginning to chafe him at being alone, when the sombre stillness of the darkening day was rent by a shriek so wild and wierd that they who heard it felt the blood freeze suddenly in their veins. They shrank involuntarily closer and looked at each other with blanched cheeks and startled eyes. Before anyone found voice it came again. This time it was a cry for help, thrice repeated in quick succession.

"Muriel! Where is Muriel?" demanded Welch, his heart leaping in sudden fear.

"Why you ought to know," cried Cora May. "We left her with you."

They hurried toward the deserted house.

"She went back to get her handkerchief," explained Welch. "She told me not to wait, and I locked the door and came on."

"Locked her in that horrid place! Why did you do it?" exclaimed Cora, indignantly.

"She said she would come out by way of the kitchen," replied he.

"She could not. The door is locked, and the key is broken off in the lock," said another. "I noticed it when we were rummaging around in there."

They began to call encouragingly, "Muriel, we are coming. Don't be afraid." But they got no reply.

"Oh let us hurry," urged Cora, "perhaps she has fainted with fright."

In a very few minutes they were pouring into the house and looking and calling through the lower rooms. Then up stairs, and there, upon the floor in the upper chamber, where the grey light came in through the uncurtained windows, they found a pool of warm, red blood. There were blood drops in the hall and on the stairs that led up to the landing, and in the linen closet they picked up a blood-stained handkerchief. But there was nothing else. The iron door had been replaced, and the panel in the wainscote closed, and try as they might, they could not open it. They were confronted by an apparent tragedy, appalled by a fearful mystery, and they could do nothing, nothing. They returned to the village and gave the alarm, and re-enforced, came back and renewed the hopeless search with lanterns. They ransacked the house again and again from tower to cellar. They scoured the hills in the vain delusion that she might have escaped from the house and wandered off in the fog. But they found nothing, nor ever did, save the blood drops on the stairs and the little handkerchief.

"It will be a dreadful blow to her father," remarked the landlady of the "——," "I don't want to be the one to break it to him." And she had her wish, for the sloop nor any of its crew ever again sailed into Yaquina bay. As time went by, the story was forgotten by all but those who joined in that weary search for the missing girl. But to this day it is said the blood-stains are dark upon the floor in that upper chamber. And one there was who carried the little handkerchief next to his heart till the hour of his own tragic death.

(The end.)

So flows my love along your life, O friend—
A whispered song, with neither break nor end,
Albeit you listen not, are not aware
Of any music throbbing on the air,
Still my full heart goes singing to you there,
Content, content, if heaven but grant this meed,
That you may drink in any hour of need.
—Grace Denio Litchfield in July Century.

Our Point of View

Realism in literature has met with a decided and deserved rebuff in the action of the Cosmopolitan regarding the publication of Tolstoy's novel, "The Awakening." The realism of Tolstoy, Zola, Thomas Hardy and others produces an effect more disastrous in its consequences than all the sensational trash that was ever written, because it is read by thoughtful, serious-minded people. And no thoughtful person can read the books these men write, and escape an attack of mental depression. Tolstoy, particularly, has the effect of robbing the reader of hope and filling his spiritual sky with pitch-like gloom. Realists who write with the pen of genius, are hurtful because of their power. Their characters and scenes are not mere phantoms of the brain, but vivid, living, real. It is impossible to escape the influence they exert, and that influence is hurtful because it depresses. There is so much sorrow and wickedness in the world that there is no excuse for putting it in print.

It is undeniably true that the blacker the devil is painted, the more fascinating he appears, and though these great realists write their revolting novels from the loftiest motives and with the purest intentions, they make the mistake of trying to elevate moral standards by depicting immorality, to make the world fall in love with virtue by introducing it to vice. If Count Tolstoy would go a step further in the practice of his doctrine of non-resistence of evil and ignore the existence of evil itself, he would find his work for humanity more effective. As it is, the evil he pictures counteracts the good he preaches.

❦ ❦ ❦

The more one studies the misunderstanding between Canada and the United States in regard to the Alaska boundary, the less justice he finds in the claims that Canada has advanced. The original intent of the treaty which fixed the boundary line that has served for nearly half a century is so palpably clear that any exception to it must be based on ulterior motives. It is evident, indeed, that Canada wants a harbor for the outlet of Klondike gold, and perhaps she thought that this method of getting one was about as good as any other. It is, at least, characteristically English. The United States cannot, of course, undertake to arbitrate such a question. We might, with equal justice, claim Vancouver or any other part of British Columbia, and ask Canada to arbitrate the matter. Such a proposition would appear no more preposterous to her than the suggestion of arbitrating the Alaska boundary dispute does to us. If Canada wants a harbor very badly, let her borrow, lease or buy one, but not try the old English methods on her brother Jonathan.

❦ ❦ ❦

Charles Dudley Warner, once upon a time, wrote a short, but brilliant essay upon the fascination which the ugly has for human kind, and took some pains to prove that if you look once with attention at an object that is devoid of grace and beauty—that is positively ugly in fact—you want to look again, and will go out of your way to do so. Realists and reformers would do well to bear this in mind, and, instead of exhibiting the evil to be avoided, hold up to view the good to be attained.

❦ ❦ ❦

"I wish," remarked the nature-lover to his friend, "that you could live as I do, out from the town, yet near enough to have the semi-domesticated birds, meadow larks, robins, etc., fairly swarm about you. Every day at five in the morning, a flock of a thousand or more reed-blackbirds spend an hour in the meadows. At night they give us a parting concert from a fir, one hundred and fifty feet in height,

and its branches become vibrant with song like the tinkling of ten thousand little silver bells."

* * *

The attention of the readers of The Pacific Monthly is called to the fact that manuscript is solicited from the public at large for the department, "Questions of the Day." The publishers believe that a free discussion of the great questions before the people today cannot but be productive of much good. We hope, therefore, that the response to this call will be a liberal one.

* * *

Andrew Carnegie suggests that it would be a good thing for international sport if the "America's" cup were carried off by the "Shamrock" this fall—which is quite likely to happen, considering the marked improvement that the "Shamrock" has shown over the "Britannia." Both the "Columbia" and "Shamrock" are the highest possible types of a racing yacht, and are so very nearly alike that whatever superiority is shown must be the result of seamanship rather than of design. Doubtless it will stimulate American ingenuity to a great extent if the "Shamrock" is successful, and England would not be permitted to keep the prize long. Yet we will not, as Carnegie says, shed tears should we succeed in retaining it this year.

* * *

The tendency today in every school and college in America and Europe is toward universal brotherhood, a Christian recognition of the rights of man, be he black or white or copper-colored. Education means more than it meant a century ago. Letters do not count for less, but humanity counts for more. It is no longer man, the individual, but man, the race, that is being educated, and the average student considers the social conditions of today, and of the future, of far greater importance than the classics or the chronicles of dead kings. The spirit of socialism which, in its highest interpretation, is the Spirit of Christ, is gaining in strength and prevalence in our univerisities, and the result of this educated socialism must be happier conditions for the human race. The thoughtful student is pessimistic only up to a certain point. His trained vision sees beyond this point the realization of his dreams for the social advancement of his kind. He is a dreamer who has learned the secret of "dreaming true."

Daybreak in Oregon.

Each mountain peak takes up the glistn'ing sun,
As breaking day, from out the red'ning east,
Swift heralds forth, "Take heed, the day's begun!
All nature bids you to a scenic feast!"

Willamette's winding thread of silver bright,
More grandeur lends Columbia's broad expanse,
While verdant hills uprising left and right,
Form pleasing pictures to the eye entrance.

St. Helens stands in robes of purest white,
And smiling glances back the strength'ning sun
To Hood, whose peaks take up the rosy light,
And glorious gives the day to Oregon.

Fred A. Dunham.

The Month

IN POLITICS—

The "Round Robin" of the newspaper correspondents at Manila, protesting against the strict press censorship, has been the cause of considerable comment. Criticism of the administration by English papers has been very severe. The St. James's Gazette says:

"The great American people has been hoodwinked by its general and its administration, who have kept up a series of suppressions of truth and suggestions of the false, of Russian ingenuity and thoroughness."

According to the latest newspaper reports the "Round Robin" will be ignored.

♣

The latest suggestion in the Alaska boundary dispute, and a possible way out of the difficulty, is for Canada to lease a harbor from the United States in the disputed territory. The Canadian papers point out, however, that should this compromise be effected it would prevent Canada from making any claim in the future for territorial right. For this reason the suggestion is meeting with considerable opposition in Canada, though English papers approve of the scheme.

♣

Admiral Dewey is reported to have said in an interview that our next war will be with Germany. Secretary Long, of the Navy Department, discredits the interview.

♣

"The administration has given us a striking example of how well the affairs of the army can be run if politics are left out of consideration. The list of regular officers thus far selected as field officers of the new volunteer regiments is one that does unlimited credit to the war department, and to the army."—New York Evening Post.

♣

Secretary Alger tendered his resignation of the war department portfolio on July 19, and Elihu Root, of New York, was soon after appointed in his stead.

The consolidation of many of the largest railway systems in the country into one concern with its head in New York is looked upon by many newspapers as an indication that government ownership is only a question of time. It is pointed out that it would be an intolerable state of affairs when one man could lay down "arbitrary and unequal rates which nobody could appeal from and the ultimate aim of all of which would be to increase his own wealth and power."

♣

The Chicago Times-Herald, which the Literary Digest calls "one of the most uncompromising republican papers in the country," goes out of its way to pay a tribute to Bryan. Among other things it says:

"Mr. Bryan has character, sincerity, a winning personality, intellectual brilliancy, eloquence, and the elements are so mixed in him as to produce the best possible effect."

The Atlanta Constitution says it feels "no hesitancy in saying equally as much for the personal character and qualifications of Mr. McKinley." It seems almost a settled fact now that McKinley and Bryan will be pitted against each other again, and judging from the above exchange of courtesies perhaps it will be a campaign of bouquets.

♣

The Peace Conference at The Hague is about to adjourn after having accomplished little or nothing.

That hardly any nation, certainly none of the great powers, is willing to bind itself, is shown by the press everywhere. In England even Mr. Stead, of the Review of Reviews, who is considered the peace apostle par excellence, claims that England must have a fleet strong enough to overcome with reasonable certainty the two next strongest powers. But the English profess to be indignant that Germany refuses to tamper with her military organization. The Germans, on the other hand point to the historical fact that they, of all nations, always had their fields trodden by invading armies until they became strong enough to defend themselves.—Literary Digest.

IN SCIENCE—

In the preliminary races that have been held to date between the "Shamrock," the cup challenger, and "The Britannia," the former has shown an undoubted superiority over the latter, and in the opinion of those best competent to judge, the "Shamrock" will prove the most dangerous competitor that England has as yet sent over. "Columbia" has proven herself faster than the "Defender," but the improvement was not as great as had been expected.

♣

The International Tuberculosis Congress, which was held in Berlin in June, is characterized as one of the most noteworthy gatherings of medical men in the world's history. The British Medical Journal says:

"There is no doubt that the congress has been a great success. If it has added nothing new to science, it has gone far to popularize much good work that science has already accomplished, and will appreciably strengthen the practical efforts now being made by the civilized states in Europe to combat on rational and comprehensive lines one of the greatest maladies which humanity has had to endure."

♣

The Holland submarine boat, which is no longer regarded as an experiment, has lately been rebuilt and fitted with torpedoes. It is now in condition for active service. An appropriation of $350,000,00 has been made by Congress for the purpose of constructing two more vessels of the Holland type.

♣

It is reported that the New York Central Railroad will construct a train of cars that will be entirely different in appearance from anything in use today. The new cars will be so made as to offer the least air resistance possible, and in order to accomplish this, the sides will extend nearly to the track. There will be no platform visible. The inventor, whose experiment with the bicycle recently attracted so much attention, says that the train will be able to attain a speed of over 100 miles an hour with as much ease as a speed of 60 miles is obtained under present conditions.

IN LITERATURE—

Harry Thurston Peck's opinion of "The Fowler" is not altogether favorable. In the first place he objects to the character of Bevan as inconsistent with the influence he is made to exert upon the heroine and all other mentally susceptible young women with whom he comes in psychological contact. Bevan, he insists, is the sort of a person who would bore any girl of ordinary sense to the point of extinction, but it is just possible the Mr. Harry Thurston Peck does not know women quite as thoroughly does Miss Harraden herself. In the second place he gives it as his conclusive opinion that Beatrice Harraden's literary career began and ended with "Ships that Pass in the Night."

♣

The paragraphers and critics have about given over trying to compare Kipling's work to Brete Harte's. Perhaps it requires too much mental exertion for August weather. But Bernhardt's "Hamlet" still supplies the journals and magazines with copy of an entertaining nature. Bernhardt and Hamlet! an inexhautible combination! two of the most Sphinx-like characters ever presented before the footlights. No wonder the world looks on in satisfied amazement.

♣

Professor Edwin Markham's "Man with the Hoe" shows no falling-off in the degree of its popularity. It continues to be discussed, criticised, praised and parodied, and the star of its author is still in the ascendent.

♣

"Kipling's case against the Putnam's" as he states it to the English public is a direct compliment to his readers in America.

IN EDUCATION—

The Willamette Assembly at Gladstone Park, Oregon City, in six years, made a distinct impression on the Pacific coast. This is due not only to the fact that it is the largest of the coast educational summer assemblies, but also to the verve and enterprise that has

marked it from the beginning. Without a dollar a beautiful park was secured for fifty years. By sale of prospective privileges a large auditorium arose in a week, the last hammer-strokes resounding under the green trees and electric lights at midnight. Names famous on two continents have consecrated its platform. Art, oratory, song, recreation, have made a chosen home of Gladstone Park.

IN RELIGIOUS THOUGHT—

The decline of Presbyterianism in the city of New York is exciting earnest discussion just now. Many eminent Presbyterians admit the decline, but no two of them seem inclined to agree as to the cause. Rev. Dr. P. F. Mullally, a member of the New York Presbytery, thinks it is due to a lack of real, of living faith, and prescribes "Calvanism in our pulpits and in our heads and hearts." Another well known Presbyterian says Dr. Mullally is wrong; that it is Christ, not Calvanism, that is needed in the church and everywhere else.

It is very generally conceded that Cardinal Vaughn's speech at the banquet of the American Society in London, was an important utterance and indicative of a "great change in the relations of republican government and the Roman Catholic church.

The Old South Church in Boston has formally set aside the Westminser Confession of Faith, substituting the following as a test of admission of membership: "Do you now, in the presence of God and his Holy Angels and this assembly, solemnly profess to give up yourself to God the Father, as your chief good; to the Son of God as your Mediator, Head, and Lord, relying on Him as the Prophet, Priest and King of your Salvation; to the Holy Spirit of God as your Sanctifier, God and Comforter, to be a temple for Him to dwell in. You profess to give up yourself to this one God, who is the Father and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, in an everlasting covenant, to love obey and serve Him forever."

The sermon delivered by Dr. Charles L. Thompson, secretary of the Home Board of Missions on the occasion of the dedication of the First Presbyterian Church, in Portland, Oregon, was indicative of the growth of the new religion —the religion of light and beauty which is, after all, but the flowering of the old.

LEADING EVENTS—

June 22—The Cruiser Olympia, with Admiral Dewey on board, reaches Colombo, Ceylon.

June 23—The Filipinos reject American terms of peace.

June 24—At The Hague Queen Wilhelmina receives the president of the peace conference, M. de Staal.

June 25—Major-General Miles advises the dispatch of re-inforcements to General Otis.

June 26—In Paris the French parliament supports the new cabinet.

June 27—In Manila General Otis orders closed ports opened to trade.

June 28—The administration decides to increase the army.

June 29—At New London, Connecticut, Harvard wins in the boat races against Yale.

June 30—The United States cruiser which is Rear-Admiral Howison's flagship arrives in Delagoa Bay.

July 1—Dreyfus arrives at Rennes, in France.

July 4—Is enthusiastically celebrated in Ponce, Porto Rico, and in Havana, Cuba.

July 5—National Editorial Association meets in Portland, Oregon.

July 6—Filipinos express themselves eager for peace.

July 7—Alger denies his alliance with Pingree.

July 8—Governor Roosevelt visits the President.

July 9—Unrestricted coinage, with gold as standard, is announced in India.

July 10—The President appoints officers to the new volunteer regiments.—The United States refuses to arbitrate the claims of the Austrian government for damages arising from the death of Austrian subjects in the Hazelton riots of 1897.

July 11—The President issues an order extending the protection of the American flag to vessels owned by residents of Porto Rico and the Philippines.—The governor of Queensland, S. A., offers the British government a force for service in case of war with the Transvaal.

July 12—General Wood quarantines the city of Santiago.

July 13—The Spanish cabinet accepts the Queen Regent's offer of 2,000,000 pesetas for the civil list.

July 14—The anniversary of the fall of the Bastile is celebratetd in Paris.

July 15—W. K. Vanderbilt denies the re-

port that a through railroad line is contemplated from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

July 16—The employees of the Brooklyn street railways strike.

July 17—The Mazamas ascend and christen Mount Sahale.

July 18—The London press denounces the management of Alger and Otis of the campaign in the Philippines.

July 19—Alger resigns.

July 20—Bryan addresses an audience of 4000 people in Chicago in behalf of silver.

July 21—General Beebe reviews the Oregon Volunteers at the Presidio, San Francisco.—General Shafter lectures before the Chautauqua in Ashland, Oregon.—Elihu Root is appointed secretary of war.

July 22—Root accepts.

July 23.—The National Democratic committee in Chicago declares in favor of Bryan.

July 24—Admiral Dewey accepts the invitation of the Mayor of New York to become the city's guest upon arrival there.

July 25—The President expresses himself in favor of General Otis.

The Servant Question.

When presumably capable women give up housekeeping and betake themselves to boarding because they cannot get servants or manage them; when mistresses are palpably afraid of their cooks, and unable to prevent waste and even dishonesty in the kitchens which they hesitate to enter, although they are their own; when half the references given are not truthful, or at least misleading; when intelligence offices are the last places where an intelligent woman expects to get satisfactory servants; when wages grow higher while work grows ever more grudging and careless, and when six months is the average limit of a servant's stay in one household, so that an "old family servant" is practically as obsolete as the mastodon—when all these signs show an utterly disorganized state of affairs in woman's especial realm, it certainly does appeal to one's sense, of humor to hear the suffragists assert that the feminine vote would straighten out all the perpexities into which man's inability to cope with governmental problems has plunged the nation!

If a woman cannot rule one servant, or two, or ten, how can she wisely rule a city? If she cannot formulate with her sisterhood of mistresses a working system of graded wages and reliable references, and reform present conditions in the kitchens of America, how is she going to reform the public service? If this one question overwhelms her so that she sometimes breaks down with nervous exhaustion, how is she going to lift all man's burdens and smooth the nation's pathway? Since the earliest syllable of recorded time she has been struggling with servants, and the nineteenth century finds her helpless.

There are only two alternatives—either the servant question is bigger than any question which man grapples with, or woman is less fitted to grapple with difficult questions than man. I hardly think that even the most daring suffragist would choose the first of these as a tenet of faith; yet the other horn of the dilemma certainly is not calculated to convince America that equal suffrage is, as its supporters claim, the solution of all problems and the remedy for all ills.—Harper's Bazar.

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Attending to Each Other's Faults.

A Quaker coming to town with his team was laid hold of and taken before a justice, for riding on the shafts of his cart, and fined forty shillings. The Quaker, without hesitation, threw down two guineas, when the justice offered him two shillings change. "Ay," says the Quaker, "but thou hast been to so much trouble, thee mayst keep the two shillings to thyself; only thou write it down on a bit of paper for my satisfaction;" which the justice accordingly did, and gave a receipt for two guineas, but not upon stamped paper. The Quaker immediately went to a neighbor justice, showed him the receipt, told him he had just taken it, and asked if it was according to law? "No," said the justice, "it should have been stamped." On this the justice who levied the fine was brought before the quorum, and fined the penalty of five pounds.

Books

THE MALADY OF THE CENTURY
BY MAX NORDEAU.
F. TENNYSON NEELY, PUBLISHER,
NEW YORK.

Those who have been unfortunate enough to read the "Comedy of Sentiment" will at once recognize the hero of that degenerate novel in the character of the irreproachable and incorruptible young student who becomes the unwilling victim of a woman's wiles in this "Malady of the Century." The conviction forces itself upon the reader that the author and the highly moral and imposed-upon young doctor of philosophy are, in both instances, one and the same person. After a careful perusal of the book just issued it is difficult to determine what it is that Max Nordau regards as the "Malady of the Century." There are so many moral diseases mentioned in detail that it leaves one in doubt as to which in his mind is the most prevalent and deadly. However, it would not be fair to human nature to judge it by the standards of the author of "Degeneration." If that strongly biased writer could for once turn his face to the light and get a wholesome view of life, he would doubtless be astonished to find that he had all these years been pursuing distorted shadows which he has mistaken for real substances.

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THE VICTORY OF THE WILL
BY VICTOR CHARBONNEL.
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.

Just how much is lost of Victor Charbonnel's work in Emily Whitney's translation is not easy to determine, but enough remains to stamp it one of the most interesting as well as one of the most helpful books of the year. Charbonnel frankly acknowledges to the influence of Maeterlinck which dominates his own philosophy, and in the preface Lilian Whiting shows the impression which Trine has left upon her mind. The beautiful thing about Charbonnel, however, is his evident sincerity. He has the power, too, of suggesting noble thoughts, of inspiring lofty aspirations and high ideals, and his methods are so simple, so direct and so perfectly natural that the book makes a lasting impression upon the reader. It is what most psycho-philosophical works are not, eminently practical. The author shows you the light upon the height and then says in effect—see how easy the ascent—how fragrant and flower-set the path, and how the golden sunbeans broaden down the leafy avenue. Will you continue to stumble along the barren steeps, wearing out your strength in fruitless endeavor, when this road lies so plain before you, so pleasantly winding and so fair? And if you are wise you wait for no second invitation. Once you set foot upon that beauty-bordered highway, you never turn aside, but mount by happy stages through time to eternity.

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KING OR KNAVE,
AN OLD TALE OF HUGUENOT DAYS.
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.

This is a story of "Henry, the Lover," not Henry the Great, the one king of France "who lives in the memory of the people." And "Henry the Lover" is not an admirable character by any means, for constancy was a word that had no place in his vocabulary. It is true that one must respect the manner of his wooing. The persistence, the daring, and the fervor of his love-making left little to be desired. But alas it was all one to him whether he was beseiging the affections of the lady of the castle or the scullery maid in the kitchen.

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The address of Honorable John Barrett, late minister of the United States to Siam, delivered before the New York Chamber of Commerce, is of peculiar interest to the people of the Pacific Coast, bearing, as it does, directly upon the

commercial relations of this part of the world with the Orient.

While the Western reader may not always be willing to endorse his ideas on expansion, there are few west of the Rocky mountains who will disagree with him when he declares, "The Nicaraugua Canal should be built without further delay." The following is too evident to be denied, and it expresses much in a little: "The Pacific Coast has vast interests at stake in the delevopment of the commerce and trade of the Pacific and Far East. Upon such development depends largely the future prosperity of California, Oregon and Washington, three powerful young giants of Statehood, whose wonderful growth and splendid possibilities must appeal to you all."

Mr. Barrett's return to Oregon is an expected event of the month. He has been accorded the highest possible honor and respect not only in the Far East but in England as well, and it has been said of him that he was the "most popular man in all Asia."

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"Ruskin, Rossetti, Pre-Raphaelitism," is a book that will delight all worshipers at shrine of Art. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, poet and painter, is another Shelley for strange, elusive loveliness of character, for erratic genius and spiritual attraction. Glorified by a touch of that divine fire which bodily pain and biting poverty are alike powerless to dim, he strikes across the hard glare of modern materialism a radiant white spirit, pure as a moonbeam and imperishable as time.

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One of the strongest books of the year is Sudermann's "Sins of the Fathers." The most remarkable feature of this very remarkable novel is its limitations as to time, place, and dramatis personae. It is a profound study and an exposition of human nature,—a dissection of character, a growth, a development, a tragedy, a wonderful piece of German realism that strangely enough shows the author to be susceptible to the influence of the beautiful. Not even Sienkiewitz in "Quo Vadis" has given to the world a more powerful piece of work than this.

The Dead Past.

The past, oh the past that in vagueness is shrouded,
  And is sweet with the incense of love and of tears,
That is laid in its casket, a heart that is tender,
  And guarded by thoughts of the dear faded years.

The touch of the night breeze, a star and a whisper,
  A half-repressed sigh, an eye that is bright;
A heart touching heart o'er the cords of a passion
  That mingles with gladness the shades of the night.

The parting of ways when the morning seemed brightest,
  The long weary watch and the silence of years,
The blood sacrifice of a heart that is breaking,
  The meeting with smiles a world and its sneers.

Josephine Peabody.

The Idler

CONDUCTED BY CATHARINE COGSWELL.

A well-known woman's club in New York entertained the author of the "Christian" during his visit to the metropolis last winter. The sole representative of his sex in the company of two or three hundred women, the little Manxman showed no perturbation, nor, it must be confessed, exhileration.

It was more in the character of a playwright than as a man of letters that he was regarded on this occasion. Probably no theatrical venture ever excited more comment or received more unstinted praise and more vituperative blame than this same "Christian," and it was in the light of its reflected glory that the arrival of the guest of the afternoon, Mr. Hall Caine, was awaited with interest and curiosity. There was a decided flutter of feathers and flowers and a rustling of silken draperies as he appeared in the doorway. He stood flanked by female loveliness, an undersized edition of a man, with a triangular shaped face, a broad brow, dotted beneath with dark grey eyes, a nose of no consequence, but a tender, mystic mouth, half veiled by a mustache, and pointed chin accentuated by a Van Dyke beard of more than auburn hue. His rather scanty hair was brushed straight back from his face. None of Mr. Caine's photographs give the correct idea. In nearly every case he appears either massive or distictly brunette and in some instances both, whereas he is neither, but a most diminutive blonde.

After numerous introductions and a little music, the guest of honor addressed the club, thanking the ladies gracefully for the courtesies shown him, speaking of his beloved Manxland, of the truly religious atmosphere that impregnated and is a part of the people, how thieving is unknown and honesty the unfailing rule, of the many quaint ceremonials and of one pretty custom. Instead of the usual salutation, good morning, you are generally greeted by some appropriate verse from psalms—for instance, "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart," or "Truth shall spring out of the earth and righteousness shall look down from heaven." Then he told a few anecdotes , told them rather well, though in an unhappy tone of voice as if humor was a stranger to him. During this speech he perched astride an uncomfortable looking piano stool, hiding his thin, nervous hands in the skirts of his abnormally long frock coat. He asserted he had never been an actor but for one consecutive performance, and then he played the part of "John Storm," in "The Christian," to secure the copyright, and from his noticeable nervousness while addressing the club, no one disbelieved or contradicted when he said he thought his talents did not lie in a histrionic direction.

After this diversion he was refreshed with the usual pale tea and sandwiches that one adways associates with "days at home." There was some very good singing, and the lion went forthwith on an investigating tour.

Of all the characteristics demonstrated by Hall Caine the palm can safely be given to curiosity. Whether it be mere friendly interest or a search for types it would be unfair to determine from only one glimpse of the man.

In the course of a conversation the sensation and success made by his play was broached, and he said many of the critics had taken exception to "The Christian" as un-Christian. This was far from his thoughts and he felt the majority did not so misjudge him.

With all his peculiar personality one could not fail to be impressed by this big-little man. He is an enthusiast and a gentle man, who is superior to the conceit that he wore as a veneer to keep him human .

Men and Women

THE QUESTION OF MARRIAGE.

The ideal marriage is still so rare that it may be said to be the exception rather than the rule, and there are skeptics who profess to doubt its existence. This unsatisfactory state of affairs matrimonial is not so much to be wondered at, perhaps, when we consider that the first marriage of which we have any authentic record, though it began under the most favorable auspices, produced enough trouble for the race to color the whole world a deep, dark indigo blue.

But the pursuit of happiness is a legitimate pastime, and one which man will not relinquish while human life endures upon this mundane sphere, for, though it is not quite clear to the seriously meditative mind that the conclusions are borne out by the facts in the case, he is possessed of a settled conviction that unalloyed felicity is to be obtained only in that state commonly known as marriage. Therefore marriage is the one institution that lasts unchanged and unchangeable as human nature itself, and the ideal union is still as far from realization as it was in the beginning.

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And yet happiness is by no means so elusive as it seems. The happy marriage is not an illusion, a dream, but a sweet and simple possibility. But the world is not in the way of it today, and will not be while the divorce court continues to debase into a civil contract an obligation which the church sanctions as divine. Abolish divorce and you close one gate that leads to perdition. However, it is not of the things that make against marriage that I would speak at present, but rather of the essentials that combine to form the ideal union. The best and wisest way to combat an evil is to ignore its existence by persistently crowding it out of place with some good. Therefore we will not consider the divorce courts, man's selfishness, nor woman's inconceivable inconsistency. We will look only at the possibility, and inquire somewhat into the beauty and grace and mutual forebearance that go to the making of a happy marriage.

I am not depending altogether upon my own knowledge of the subject in this brief dissertation. On the contrary, I have sought advice and information from various sources. I have consulted the wife, the widow and the maiden of mature years, the sedate and irreproachable married man and the young bachelor, who, having had no experience, is the better able to give an unprejudiced opinion upon a matter in which he takes a vital interest. From all of these I have obtained valuable data, much enlightenment and not a little encouragement. But acting upon the acknowledged and long established principle that the only person who really knows how to bring up a child is the party who never had one, I reject it all and draw my conclusions purely from my own observations.

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In nine cases out of ten a woman is to blame for her own domestic unhappiness. Either she is too much in love with the man she marries to clearly perceive her duty, or she does not care enough to sacrifice her own convenience for his comfort and happiness, and allows him to see her indifference—in either case the results are the same. Trouble ensues, and home is not home, but a house wherein discord dwells, spoken or felt. Two people may love each other madly, devotedly and forever, and yet be perfectly miserable when compelled by force of circumstances in the form of a marriage certificate to live together under the same roof. The ideal union demands something besides love to render it complete.

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One thing is indispensible on the part of the woman and that is tact. Tact allied to a quick perception of a man's weakness and a disposition to look on

the bright side of everyday life, is about the most desirable quality a man can secure in a wife. And it is upon the wife that the happiness of the home depends. The husband, when he comes into the home circle, at least, is very much the realization of the woman's idea of what he should be, providing, of course, she has the sense and intuition to shape her materials properly. But not until wo understands that marriage means home and children, not an establishment and society; not until she learns that her own comfort and happiness is best secured by ministering to that of the man whose name she bears; not until she is diplomatic enough to see that black is white and that something is nothing when occasions demands, will she be able to realize the ideal marriage. You have only to look about you to perceive the truth of my assertion that woman is mainly responsible for family discord. The husband may be wise and noble beyond the average man, but if the woman he calls wife is lacking in the home instinct, if she is stupid, selfish and indolent, their daily life is not and cannot be beautiful or harmonious. On the other hand a wife may be good and sweet and lovely as a dream, but if she lacks tact in the ordering of her every-day affairs, there is sure to be trouble somewhere..

It is clearly evident upon how simple a thing marriage depends for its perfection. Merely a woman's tact and ingenuity, wisely exercised, a little foresight, a little forebearance, a constant amiability, a disposition to economize artistically in time, force and material, and to know what to see and what to shut the eyes upon, to smile at the right moment and to frown only when there is some good to be gained by frowning, to choose the words well and to tip the tongue with honey always—why it is the simplest thing in the world if women could but be brought to see it so. *George Melvin.*

The Ideal American Citizen.

The American citizen of the finest type is essentially a man or woman of simple character, and the effect of our institutions and mode of thought, when rightly appreciated, is to produce simplicity. The American is free from the glamour of prejudice which results from the conscious or unconscious influence of the lay figures of the old political, social, or religious world; from the glamour of royalty and vested caste, of an established or dominant church, of aristocratic, monkish, or military privilege. He is neither impelled nor allured to subject the liberty of conscience or opinion to the conventions appurtenant to these former forces of society. For him the law of the state, in in the making of which he has a voice, and the authority of his own judgment are the only arbiters of his conduct. He accords neither to fineness of race nor force of intellect the right of aristocratic exclusiveness which they have too often hitherto claimed. To the cloistered nun he devotes no special reverence; he sees in the haughty and condescending fine gentleman an object for the exercise of his humor, not of servility; he is indifferent to the claim of all who, by reason of self-congratulation or ancient custom arrogate to themselves special privileges on earth, or special privileges in heaven. This temper of mind, when unalloyed by shallow conceit, begets a quiet self-respect and simple honesty of judgment, eminently serviceable in the struggle to live wisely.

To the best citizens of every nation the most interesting and vital of all questions is what we are here for, what men and women are seeking to accomplish, what is to be the future of human development. For Americans of the best type, those who have learned to be reverent without losing their independence and without sacrifice of originality, the problem of living is simplified through the elimination of the influence of these symbols and conventions. Their outlook is not confused or deluded by the specious dogmas of caste. They preceive that the attainment of the welfare and happiness of the inhabitaints of earth is the purpose of human struggle, and that the free choice and will of the mejority as to what is best for humanity as a whole is to be the determining force of the future.— *From "Search-Light Letters."*

Questions of the Day

This Department is for the use of our readers, and expressions, limited to six hundred words, are solicited on subjects relating to any social, religious or political question. All manuscript sent in must bear the author's name, though a nom de plume will be printed, if so desired. The publishers will not, of course, be understood as endorsing any of the views expressed.

IS RELIGION ON THE DECLINE?

I.

Is religion on the decline? In view of the recent proclamation of the Governor of New Hampshire, who declares that "the decline of the Christian religion is a marked feature of the times," one would be inclined to give an affirmative answer to the question. But after a mature consideration of it in the light of movements in history and a thorough understanding of the situation today, there can be but one answer—an unhesitating "No."

There is no doubt that in certain communities the observances of religious forms of worship have practically ceased, but this is no criterion for the whole country—much less the world—although some would have us believe that it is. Religious waves come and go, but there is a movement of religious thought and progress that is going steadily forward, as sure and unchangeable as time itself.

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Christianity—religion is responsible for much of the civilization and progress that we know today. It is certainly the prime factor in obtaining more equitable social conditions, and its work along these lines has never been more earnest or more fruitful. Witness the noble work of the Salvation Army, the civilization and education of heathen in many parts of the world; discussions and attempts to clean up the political filth that characterizes our municipal, state, and national life; the direct work of the churches themselves.

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The spirit of Christianity is the one hope of the world. Attempts at social progress actuated by any other spirit have in themselves the inherent seeds of failure. History has proven this to be true. But social progress which starts out with the basis of a Christian sentiment will bring about those conditions which we all must desire. So today in all the world there is but one factor that is working consistently and wisely for the uplifting—morally, physically and mentally—of the human race, and that the Church of Christ.

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From a broad standpoint, therefore, religion cannot decline. From a narrow standpoint, it may in certain communities, but such retrogression, if it may be called such, is offset by marked progress in many parts of the world. I have said that religion cannot decline. I do not believe it can because I do not believe that the world can go backward. The one follows the other.

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The fundamental truths of Christianity—these are in no way involved in the consideration of such a question. They are impregnable. They stand firm, written deep in the convictions of every man whether he be a Christian, an Atheist, or an Agnostic. We may deny them, but our faces belie our words.

W. H. Shelor.

II.

Underlying every question of the day, back of every progressive movement, and at the heart of all economic problems and social reforms is a certain vital force, a living, ever-present power, variously named, not always recognized, and often denied. A potent factor in the affairs of men, it is the motive which impels action in the individual. It is the dominant trait in human nature, and no man, Christian,

Turk, or untamed savage, is without it. Theorize about it as you will, designate it as you may, it is essentially one and the same thing, and for convenience sake I will call it religion, man's religious feeling, man's faith in God, reflected in his faith in himself, in his faith in his fellowman.

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No man is as skeptical as he seems, as he believes himself to be. The agnostic denies every influence that he holds to be of a religious nature and it is yet more strongly bound, more a slave to what he terms his unbelief than the monk who lives in a hermit's cell and scourges his bare flesh for the sins of humanity, and who is still in bondage to the exalted fanaticism of a by-gone age. In all climes and in all ages since time began, man has been urged to progressive action by his religious consciousness, his dim perception of a Higher Power upon which he had some vaguely recognized claim. It was the force that built the Pyramids, that carved the Sphinx, filled the Parthenon, always active, always pushing the race forward, but not always productive of desirable results, and sometimes developing into a madness as dreadful as it was destructive. But civilized or savage, man cannot live without religion. It is part and parcel of his very being, breathed into him by the Creator of all things, in the beginning of human life upon the earth. How needless, then, to worry over the decline of religious faith!

The decline? Ever since, in those far days when the world began to wait and to watch for the gleam of a promised star, a star that should surmount a cross, religious faith has been steadily growing, deepening, expanding until now there is scarce a corner on the face of the globe where some lamp is not lighted and burning with the clear unclouded flame of Christian love and fellowship. Every year, every day the illumination brightens. Mankind is coming rapidly into a fuller understanding of the gospel of Good, of Love, of Beauty. The New Commandment is being observed as never before, the New Religion which Christ preached two thousand years ago is beginning to be interpreted in its entirety, and Faith soars on freer wing and to a loftier height than in the days gone by, and though man is yet far from the ultimate goal of the race, the way grows plainer with every step, and the Spirit of Christ prevails.

♣ ♣ ♣

Old forms may pass, and creeds decay. They do not crumble till they are no longer needed, and, for every letter that is lost the spirit is increased tenfold. That New York Presbyterian doctor of divinity, who said recently, "It is not Calvanism, but Christ that the church needs," spoke to the point. And yet the Church is Christ and Christ is the Church, and the door must open wide enough to take in all the world. *L. F.*

The Time Will Come.

So far away to-night, love,
You seem as far away
As stars that gleam so bright above,
'Till the coming of the day.
I touch the garments you have worn,
With love alloyed with pain;
Yet I need not feel forlorn, love,
You'll soon be home again.

We are so far apart, dear,
So very far apart;
And oh, I would that you were here,
And I lay on your heart.
That heart that does not know me
As oft I wish it knew,
Or that you would but show me
The way to prove I'm true.

And yet there'll come a night, love
When your busy thoughts will stray
Like meteors shooting swift above,
To one who's far away;
And you'll recall the little hand
That held your own so fast,
Then loosened like a rope of sand,
And slipped from yours at last.

For gently memory will turn
The picture you cast by,
Of lips that for your kisses yearn—
And the loving, laughing eye;
The sunny head that used to lay
So fondly on your breast,
And when too late, you'll sadly say,
"I know she loved me best."

Adonen.

The Financial World

CONDUCTED BY DOWNING, HOPKINS & CO.

Uncle Sam has balanced his books for the fiscal year of 1899, and the statistics of his business during the last twelve months tell an eloquent story of prosperity. He sold foreign nations $1,227,443,425 worth of American products, and in return bought only $697,277,388. This means that on the year's transactions the world at large owed the United States a balance of $530,366,037, which must be paid in service of some sort, in gold and silver, or in stocks, bonds and other articles of value. At the close of the year—July 1st—practically every line of the country's trade shows well-maintained activity and prosperity, and even the railway industry, which alone of all branches is getting no higher prices for what it furnishes, is prosperous also to an unprecedented degree.

Railway securities now rest upon the solid groundwork or real value created out of the singular, but still existent, combination of circumstances of the past two years. It is impossible to conceive of such an unfavorable combination of circumstances as could seriously shake their base of value. Tremendous earnings are bearing the natural fruit of increased dividends, while a further sentimental and also practical value is given to railway securities in general by the pending great schemes of unification and pacification.

In view of the general circumstances of the outside situation and the general level of the stock market, it seems, indeed, that the latter may most safely be looked for to furnish the main incentive to new speculative ventures for the remainder of the year. The rise in prices since 1897 was built out of excepionally favorable agricultural conditions, cheap money and a low level of prices in the stock market. Largely out of the first named, aided by the many favoring circumstances of the interval, have grown the present active trade conditions, which have in part caused money to appreciate, while stock market prices have also attained a comparatively high level. But for the glittering possibilities comprised in the present railway outlook it might almost be assumed that the causes and effects of the stock market situation have struck a balance..

There is no end, as yet apparent, to that old reserve which has lasted beyond any expectation, and which has taken the courage of one after another of the longs. Receipts continue astonishing, 5,000,000 bushels at the primary markets last week, compared with about 1,000,000 bushels the same week last year and 1,800,000 bushels the same week two years ago. The visible is increasing even at the end of the old crop, and with the new supplies yet to start. It is not remarkable, with such unexpected supplies of old grain, that the loss in the new at home and abroad should have been dropped temporarily from consideration. The necessity for providing for the actual arrivals is more pressing than any theories as to future shortage. There is just the same situation abroad, depressing facts as to immediate supplies counting more than any theoretical future shortage. A broad speculation might carry the present large supplies and advance prices in anticipation of necessities at least six months off; but the present volume of trade is anything but broad. It is rather remarkable that with such losses as have been suffered at home and in Russia, the speculative interest should be so small, but the developments as to the very large reserves, the uncertainty as to the extent of the growing spring wheat crop and the differences as to probable necessities abroad have bewildered and demoralized those who were very confident bulls two months ago.

The Magazines

FOR AUGUST.

The Century—

Timothy Cole's Engravings of Old English Masters
Feast Days in Little Italy.....Jacob Riis
Glimpses of Wild Life About My Cabin .....John Burroughs
Via Crusis.....F. Marion Crawford
Two Reeds.....Julie M. Lippmann
Alexander's Invasion of India.....
.....Benjamin Ide Wheeler
The Transit of Gloria Mundy.....
.....Chester Bailey Fernald
The River of Tea.....
.....Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore
The Beau of 'Arriette..Mary Tracy Earle
The Night Walk.....George Meredith
The Churches of Auvergne.....
.....Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer
Negro "Spirituals" .....
.....Marion Alexander Haskell
The Creedless.....Maud Caldwell Perry
The People of the Raindeer.....
..... Jonas Stadling
In the Whirl of the Tornado.....
..... John M. Musick
Tornadoes .....Cleveland Abbe
The Missouri ..... Cameron Mann
Powerful Electric Discharges.....
..... John Trowbridge
The Protection of Electrical Apparatus Against Lightning....A. J. Wurtz
Needless Alarm During Thunder Storms .....Alexander McCabe
Franklin as Jack of All Trades....
.....Paul Leicester Ford
The Eskeragh Rascals.....
.....Suemas MacManus
The Visier of the Two-Horned Alexander .....Frank R. Stockton
Man and Woman ....Louise Morgan Sill
The Present Situation in Cuba....
.....Major-General Leonard Wood
The Cuban as a Labor Problem.

It effects one unpleasantly to read John Borroughs' description of how he mercilessly slew the weasel which was pursuing his chickens. Somehow one expects a nature-lover like John Borroughs to practice the doctrine of non-interference on such occasions. The weasel, being hungry, was acting in obedience to a simple law of nature in capturing his dinner. One unconsciously expects the clear-eyed dweller in the "slab-sided cabin" near West Park on the Hudson to recognize this fact and to let nature have her way. What is one chicken more or less. And a weasel to live, must eat. In any case it is difficult to reconcile the "savage glee" which he acknowledges he felt when he set his foot upon that poor little wild beast of the woods with one's preconceived ideas of the great man.

Jacob Riis, in his description of a feast in "Little Italy," relates an interesting story of Governor Roosevelt, at that time President of the Police Board of New York. It is another of those side lights, vividly illuminating, which thrown upon the character of the typical American, prove still more conclusively that his greatness lies in his simple honesty, his profound sympathy with human nature and his unswerving sense of justice. He is the embodied soul of the true Democracy.

The Century probably published Cameron Mann's rhymes about "The Missouri" on account of the sentiment they contain. The sentiment is excellent if the verse is crude and inexcusably weak. The latter half is, however, much better than the first, still it is not by any means "Century poetry."

McClure's—

The State Against Ellsworth.....
..... William R. Lighton
St. Patrick, The Sarpints, and the Sinner .....Seumas MacManus
The Ballygunge Cup .....W. A. Fraser
The Cape to Cairo Railway.....
..... W. T. Stead
The Gentleman from Indiana .....
..... Booth Tarkington
By Courtesy of the Clown.....
..... Annie Fellows Johnston
Capturing a Confederate Mail .....
..... Ray Stannard Baker
Jenny.....Benjamin Cox Stevenson
The Death of Abraham Lincoln...
..... Ida M. Tarbell

The journey of the near future will be from Cairo to the Cape by means of the new railway which England is building

through the heart of Africa, and which Mr. Stead tells about so entertainingly in this number of McClure's. One is impressed with the indomitable will and energy of Mr. Rhodes in reading this account of his mammoth undertaking.

Nothing more delightfully absurd than the illustrations by Gustave Verbeek of "St. Patrick, the Sarpints and the Sinner" has appeared in the magazines recently. The story which accompanies these illustrations, is told in "Mac's" most graphic style, but given the pictures we could make up the story for ourselves.

"The Ballygunge Cup" is one of W. A. Frazer's best, a racing tale wherein the hero wins a lady's hand and lets who will take the "cup."

"The Gentleman from Indiana" is a most uninteresting personage. It is clearly the duty of the author, Mr. Booth Tarkington, to see that he is appropriately killed off by "White Caps," in the very next number. He has already lived several chapters beyond the point where he ceased to be anything but the most commonplace mortal, and commonplace mortals have no business to parade themselves as heroes of romance in the pages of a novel.

"By Courtesy of the Clown" is a bit of the most exquisite pathos. Tender and sweet and true to the best in human nature, it is one of those little stories which every man and woman is better for reading.

Scribner's—

The Lion and the Unicorn.....
..... Richard Harding Davis
Vaillantcoeur .....Henry Van Dyke
'The Play's the Thing".....
.....Albert White Vorse
The Spectre in the Cart .....
..... Thomas Nelson Page
An Urban Harbinger (Poem).....
..... E. S. Martin
The Trail of the Sandhill Stag.....
..... Ernest Seton Thompson
Japanese Flower Arrangement.....
..... Theodore Wores
Daniel Webster .....Geo. F. Hoar
Ballad .....J. Russell Taylor
A Royal Ally.....
.....William Maynadier Browne
The Ship of Stars.....
.....A. T. Quiller-Couch (Q)
The Letters of ..Robert Louis Stevenson
.....Edited by Sidney Colvin
Bournemouth.

Ernest Seton Thompson writes from the very heart of nature, aye from the heart of truth itself. "The Trail of the Sandhill Stag" is one of the beautiful things in literature, but more beautiful because it comes from the great mysterious depths of life. A wonderful living witness of that eternal truth that man lost hold on somewhere in the ages that intervene between this day and that troubled time when the flaming sword was drawn across the gate. Not the least charm about Ernest Seton Thompson's work lies in the illustrations which accompany the text. They are so intimately interwoven with the theme, so suggestive and yet always in a minor key.

"The Ship of Stars" is sailing in fairer seas these summer days, and yet there are other storms to come before the voyage ends or "all signs fail."

It is delightful to find Stevenson appreciating Will H. Low's illustrations for "Lamia" in this manner. "Thank you again; You can draw and yet you do not love the ugly. What are you doing in this age? Flee, while there is yet time; they will have your four limbs pinned upon a stable door to scare witches. The ugly, unhappy friend, is the only wear."

Mr. Richard Harding Davis is very entertaining in his story of "The Lion and the Unicorn" and Thomas Nelson Page proves conclusively that he can tell a ghost story and tell it well.

The Cosmopolitan—

By Trolly to the Sphinx.....
..... Alexander Harvey
The Basis of New York Society.....
.....Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer
Your True Relation to Society .....
.....J. W. Bennett
"A Sod o' Turf"....Hugn J. Gillaphinn
The Bushwacker Nurse .....
.....Frank R. Stockton
The Building of an Empire .....
.....John Brisban Walker
Augustin Daly and His Life-Work
.....Gustav Kobbe
The Loitering of Colonel Tarleton..
..... Charles Francis Bourke
A Modern Cleopatra .....
..... Charles Belmont Davis
Operating an Underground Route
to Cuba .....George Reno

An Encounter in a Grove .....
.....O'Neill Latham
Discontinuance of Count Tolstoy's Novel .....The Editor
Men, Women and Events.

"By Trolly to the Sphinx" sounds almost sacriligious, but Alexander Harvey undertakes to prove that it will serve to inspire respect and preserve the romance that is supposed to envelop the pyramids and the couchant wonder of the desert. The trolly in Egypt is "the natural sequence in the march of events. No ground is too sacred for its clang and clatter. Even the hoariest city, the most ancient monument, the oldest ruin, will one day figure as a place to be punched on a transfer slip."

"The Basis of New York Society," according to Mrs. Van Rensselaer, is amusement. She limits the reign of a social leader to ten years, and informs the readers of the July Cosmopolitan that the leaders of the past "were always noted for a strict regard for the proprieties of life." And describes them as being "devoted mothers and exemplary wives" to whom "church-going" and charity were duties of the first importance. It is interesting to read about that lady, "the wife of an opulent gentleman," who became famous on account of her exceedingly gorgeous parties that were the talk of the town, and who was so considerate of the feelings of the modest and easily shocked New York society people that she draped the statues which adorned her stately home with pocket-handkerchiefs, on those occasions when she entertained. Compared to the present prevailing attitude of New York as reported in the society journals it is very refreshing.

Frank Stockton's "Bushwhacker Nurse" is not as interesting as his young heroines are apt to be. She lacks reality.

"The Loitering of Colonel Tarleton" is an idyl, sweet and beautiful, a touching tribute, too, to old age.

There is also a most delightful and unprejudiced summary of Charlotte Perkins Stetson's work and character in this number, together with quotations from her verse.

To Be Cheerful.

The sovereign voluntary path to cheerfulness, if our spontaneous cheerfulness be lost, is to sit up cheerfully, to look round cheerfully, and to act and speak as if cheerfulness were already there. If such conduct doesn't make you soon feel cheerful, nothing else on that occasion can. So to feel brave, act as if we were brave, use all our will to that end, and a courage-fit will very likely replace the fit of fear. Again, in order to feel kindly toward a person to whom we have been inimical, the only way is more or less deliberately to smile, to make sympathetic inquiries, and to force ourselves to say genial things. One hearty laugh together will bring enemies into a closer communion of heart than hours spent on both sides in inward wrestling with the mental demon of uncharitable feelings. To wrestle with a bad feeling only pins our attention on it, and keeps it still fastened in the mind, whereas if we act as if from some better feeling, the old bad feeling soon folds its tent like an Arab and silently steals away.—From "The Gospel of Relaxation," by Professor William James, in the April Scribner's.

♣ ♣ ♣

The most talked of verses Oliver Herford ever wrote were submitted to the editor of Life, and they were returned, not once but twice. They started on their third journey to Life, accompanied by a note to the editor, "My dear Mr. Mitchell," it began, "during your recent absence from your offiec, your office-boy has been returning masterpieces, one of which I enclose. Please remit at your earliest convenience." And the editor did remit.—Literay Digest.

Chess

CONDUCTED BY E. C. PROTZMAN.I

The time limit for sending in solutions to the chess problem given in last issue has been extended two months. Five yearly subscriptions to The Pacific Monthly will be given to those sending in the first five solutions. The problem is a three mover, and is very difficult.

♠ ♠ ♠

Played in 1896 between Jos. Ney Babson, of Seattle, and a gentleman from New Orleans, at the rooms of the Seattle Chess and Whist Club:

	Mr. Babson.	Mr. ———
1.	P-K 4.	P-K 4.
2.	P-K B 4.	P x P.
3.	K-B.2 (a).	Q-R 5 ch.
4.	P-Kt. 3.	P x P ch.
5.	K-Kt 2.	P x R P.
6.	R x P.	Q x K P ch.
7.	Kt.-B 3.	P-Q 4.
8.	Kt-B 3.	Q-Kt 3 ch.
9.	K-R.	B-Q 3.
10.	R-Kt 2.	Q-R 4 ch.
11.	K-Kt.	B-Kt 5.
12.	P-Q 4.	B x Kt.
13.	B-K 2.	B x B.

14. R x B ch, and wins the Queen. Black continued the game a few moves more, then resigned.

(a) This novelty cannot be found in any of the books, but was originated by Babson and is always played by him when he desires a little genuine fun. He has named this "The King's Own."

♠ ♠ ♠

For several months past Portland amateurs have been enjoying looking on at some royal chess battles between the leading local experts and Mr. Chas. O. Jackson, who has been here on business. Mr. Jackson is fully the peer of any amateur in the United States.

♠ ♠ ♠

The following is one of the off hand games played by Morphy during the time of the American Chess Congress, October, 1897; his opponent being Judge Meek, of Alabama.

It may be remarked that at this period Paul Morphy was but 20 years of age, and it was his first apperance in the tournament arena, yet of more than one hundred games contested by him, including those of the congress, he lost but three—a record unequalled in chess annals.

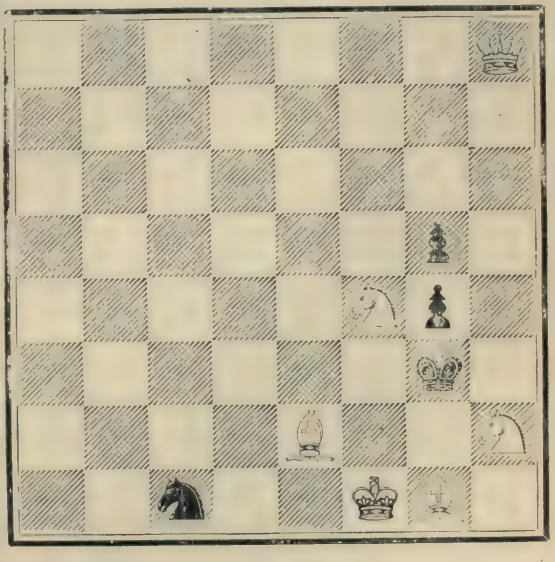
KING KNIGHT'S GAMBET.

	Mr. Morphy. White.	Judge Meek. Black.
1.	P to K 4.	P to K 4.
2.	P K-B 4.	P x P.
3.	Kt K B 3.	P K Kt 4.
4.	B Q B 4.	B Kts 2.
5.	P K R 4.	P Kts 5.
6.	Kt K Kts 5.	Kt K R 3.
7.	P Q 4.	P K B 3.
8.	B x P.	P x Kt.
9.	B x Kts P.	B K B 3.
10.	Q Qs 2.	B x B.
11.	P x B.	Kt K B 2.
12.	B x Kt ch.	K x B.
13.	Q B 4 ch.	K Kts sq.
14.	Castles.	Q K 2.
15.	Kt B 3.	P Q B 3.
16.	Q R Ks sq.	P Q 3.
17.	Kt Q 5.	P x Kt.
18.	P x P and wins.	

♠ ♠ ♠

A problem by Jos. Ney Babson composed for The Pacific Monthly.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Drift

How Some Famous Men Wooed.

The celebrated John Newton, of Olney, fell in love with a Kentish maid at first sight. The girl was under 14 years of age; but such was the impression she made on young Newton, that his affection for her appears to have equalled all that the writers of romance have imagined. When in distant parts of the world, the thought of her checked him in a profligate career. When sinking on the coast of Africa into a wretched state of slavery, and when ready to put an end to his life, the thought of her aroused him to energy and inspired him with hope. All the oppression and scenes of misery and wickedness through which he had to pass never banished her for a single hour from his waking thoughts for the following seven years. When he lived in London, he would repair twice a week to Shooter's Hill, and from the top of that eminence comfort himself by a distant view of the district in which his loved one lived. Not that he could see the spot itself, which was in reality too remote; but it gratified him even to look towards the spot. She eventually became the bright star of his life.

* * * * * * * * * *

The celebrated George Whitefield began his courtship in a singular fashion. His biographer pronounces him one of the oddest wooers that ever wooed. When Whitefield was in America, and had under his charge the Orphan House in Savannah, "it was much impressed on his heart that he ought to marry in order to have a helpmate in his arduous work." He had also fixed his mind on the young lady whom he intended to ask to become his wife. So he addressed a letter to her parents, and enclosed another to herself. In his letter to the parents he stated that he wanted a wife to help him in the management of his increasing family, and then said: "This letter comes like Abraham's servant to Rebekah's relations, to know whether your daughter, Miss E—, is a proper person to engage in such an undertaking; and if so, whether you will be pleased to give me leave to propose marriage to her. You need not be afraid of sending me a refusal; for I bless God, if I know anything of my own heart, I am free from that foolish passion which the world calls love." He wrote in a similar strain to the young lady, asking her, among many other questions, if she could leave her home and trust in Him for support who feeds the young ravens; and bear the inclemencies of air both as to heat and cold in a foreign climate; whether having a husband she could be as though she had none. He also told her that he thought the passionate expressions which ordinary courtiers use ought to be avoided by those who would marry in the Lord; and that if she thought marriage would in any way be prejudicial to her better part, she was to be so kind as send him a denial; that she need not be afraid to speak her mind, as he loved her only for God.

The letters were not so successful as Abraham's servant. The parents were not very anxious to send their daughter on such an adventure; and Whitefield continued for a long space in his bachelor condition.—Chambers' Journal.

♣ ♣ ♣

Strange, But True.

Wily Money-Lender.—You want one hundred pounds. Here's the money. I charge you five per cent a month. And you want it for a year; that just leaves forty pounds coming to you.

Innocent Borrower.—Then if I wanted it for two years there'd be something coming to you, eh?—Judge.

♣ ♣ ♣

The Third Alabama Infantry is a negro regiment with white officers, and the negroes ideas of military life and regulations are very startling at times.

The other day Adjutant ———— was approached by one of the privates with

"Lieutenant, lend me a qua'tah, please, suh."

Before the officer could answer, another private standing close by, broke in, "You fool niggah, dat's de adjant. Go to Lieutenant ————. He's de quahtahmaster."—Current Literature.

♣ ♣ ♣

A well-known Scotch professor was noted for his temper and vehement candor, as well as for his profound scholarship.

At the opening of a college term, the boys observed that he was unusually irritable and harsh. The applicants for admission ranged themselves for examination in a line below his desk.

"Show your papers!" he ordered.

One lad held his paper up awkwardly in his left hand.

"Hold it up properly, sir, in your right hand!" commanded the master.

The new pupil muttered something, but kept his left hand raised.

"The right hand, ye loon!" thundered the professor.

The boy, growing very pale, lifted his right arm. It was a burned stump. The hand was gone.

The boys burst into indignant hisses, but the professor had leaped down from the platform, and had thrown his arm about the boy's shoulders.

"Eh, laddie, forgive me!" he cried, breaking into broad Scotch, as he always did when greatly excited. "I did'na ken! But," turning to the class, with swimming eyes, "I thank God he has given me gentlemen to teach—who can ca' me to account when I go astray."

"After that day," wrote one of the boys, years afterward, "every man there was his firm friend and liegeman. He had won us all by that one frank speech."

♣ ♣ ♣

"I want to tell yo', my deah brethren," said Deacon Johnsing to his flock at prayer-meeting, "dat in dese days of chainless bikes, hossless kerridges, an' sich, dat what we need fo' the glorification of de cullud folkses am chickenless coops, razzerless pahties, melonless patches and crapless games. Does yo' follow me?"—Bazar.

The Servant Question in Portland.

Portland has few servants. Most of those who "live out" call themselves "hired help," usually working to gratify some cherished desire, other than mere livelihood. One who was willing to wash, iron, cook and clean-up for four, named it in the bond, for two hours' daily practice on my "Steinway," all the musical assistance I would render, and time to play her church organ at each divine service, not only on Sundays, but on the many fete days. I surely attracted a gifted hand to "help" in our lowly dwelling, for one night, while betraying my age by playing "The Mabel Waltz," for the children to dance, my then presiding "help" unceremoniously shoved me from the piano stool, saying, "the children can't dance to that old-fashioned three step; I'll play a duck's temp for them," and played all the evening to a most enthusiastic set of dancers, with dash and faultless precision. Her French was uncertain, but her time was true. Another "help," perfect in soups, never failing in roasts, her confections in flour a dream of shortness and digestability, must "go home nights." All during the summer our domestic life was made by her one bright glad song, but with the early twilight, I was told unless the man of the house could see her home every night after dinner, she must leave, for she was afraid to be out after dark. We could not afford a carriage for her nightly use; the man of the house flatly refused the stroll—perhaps if the "help" had been young and pretty—so we parted. Her successor was read a lesson on economy. We had feasted during the incumbency of "Afraid of the Dark," but good things cost, and seeking to minimize the expenses, I strictly enjoined the utilizing of the "left overs." The matutinal hash tasted odd to say the least, a brandy vanilla flavor, strange to find in hash, which was soon after accounted for, by learning the left-over pudding sauce had been incorporated with the corn beef and potatoes in her effort to please. One help gave service loyal and leal, to go through High school, and now has achieved her heart's desire of teaching, and is still

mounting upward. Yearly we receive theater tickets when a certain troupe is at the Marquam, from one who helped in order to pay for elocution lessons, knowing dramatic art was her birthright, and proving her wisdom as she treads the boards. My last experience was of three months' duration. This "help" wished to be coached in good serving, would do the entire work of the household, if I would but teach her every detail of finished waiting, so she might demand the high wages of parlor maid and waitress. Her willingness to learn from the correct serving of a company dinner with its fitting wines, to the right opening of the street door, her dainty care of the rooms and the nicety of her kitchen work, which she disliked, made her stay a pleasure to all, but her mark is left on my memory, by her reply when I chided her for carrying the mail to a visiting convention delegate, "sans tray." "I could not embarrass him by handing his letters on the salver, for he is not accustomed to its use, as I am." F.

♠ ♠ ♠

"Suppose the word 'male' is taken out of our Constitution sooner or later. Do you suppose we will ever have a woman president?"

"No. No married woman could spare the time, and no single woman would confess to the requisite age."—Harper's Bazar.

♠

She—I know I'm cross at times, John; but if I had my life to live over again, I should marry you just the same.

He—I have doubts about that, my dear.

♠

"Did you ever try the faith cure, Tompkins?

"Yes. It cured me too."

"What of."

"Faith in the faith cure."—Judge.

♠

Beaner:—What seems to be the feeling in Chicago regarding the annexation of the Philippines?

Laker—Well, there is a difference. Some of us are in favor of annexation, and there are others who think the city large enough as it is."—Life.

♠

Good Man—Do you know where little boys go who smoke cigarettes?

Bad Boy—Yep! Dey goes out in de woodshed.—Chicago News.

Maud—I firmly believe that we should love our enemies.

Jack—In that case I declare war upon you at once.—Brooklyn Life.

♠

Julian Ralph, when he went to China, prepared himself very carefully in pigeon English, which he had been told he would find useful, and on discovering a Chinaman in his bedroom at a hotel in Shanghai, remarked: "Hello! What ting? What fashion man you belong? What side you come?" To which the Chinaman replied:

"This is Mr. Ralph, I presume? We have mutual friends who suggested my calling on you. I spent eight years at school at Norwich, Connecticut."

♠

"And now, Cassimere," rapturously whispered the young man, "it only remains for you to name the day." "I will marry you, Orlando," she replied, as the blushes chased each other over her face, "on the first day of the twentieth century." And Orlando abjectly surrendered to the point that had been so long in dispute between them. In defiance of every dictate of reason, common sense and the plainest elementary principles of mathematics, he murmured: "You are right, dearest. It begins January 1, 1900!"—Chicago Tribune.

♠

A paper published in Paris recently contained the following unique advertisement: "A young man of agreeable presence, and desirous of getting married, would like to make the acquaintance of an aged and experienced gentleman who could dissuade him from taking the fatal step."

♠

Father and son out walking. Father (to son)—See that spider, my boy, spinning his web. Is it not wonderful? Do you reflect that, try as he may, no man could spin that web?

Johnie—What of it? See me spin this top. Do you reflect that, try as he may, no spider could spin this top?—San Francisco News-Letter.

♠

"Come and dine with us tomorrow," said the old fellow who had made his money and wanted to push his way into society. "Sorry," replied the elegant man, "I can't. I'm going to see 'Hamlet.'" "That's all right," said the hospitable gentleman, "bring him with you."—Chicago Record.

♠

Never ask a girl if she dislikes your kisses. What could she say?—San Francisco News-Letter.



TREATMENT DEPARTMENT

STOP! THINK!!

THE PORTLAND SANITARIUM

is fully equipped for treating all forms of Diseases, has the best of medical skill and thoroughly trained gentlemen and lady nurses. Is also prepared to administer all forms of treatment in the way of **Baths—Electricity, Manual Swedish Movements, Massage, etc.**, and for using the many appliances that have been so thoroughly tried by the parent institution located at Battle Creek, Mich., the largest institution of the kind in the world.

For further information and terms, write

The Portland Sanitarium,

First and Montgomery Sts., Portland, Or.

Amongst the minor ills of life

One of the very worst is laundry work that is badly done. It not only uses up the cloth rapidly, but it destroys the temper and gives one an unsatisfactory appearance where finish is most needed. Starched linen collars, shirts and cuffs must be unquestionably immaculate, done with no risk, a certainty as to result.

THE UNION LAUNDRY

has come to represent this to men who make any effort at all to dress well. Those who have not tried us will find that it will pay them to do so. Send a postal or telephone, and we will call.

Telephones { Columbia 5042. Oregon, Albina 41.

UNION LAUNDRY COMPANY,
53 Randolph Street.

Downing, Hopkins & Co.

... BROKERS ...

Chicago Board of Trade.

New York Stock Exchange.

Continuous market quotations at principal centers of trade received over our own wires. Branch offices at Seattle, Tacoma, Spokane, Walla Walla, Colfax, Wash., Vancouver and Victoria, B. C.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

Head Office,
Ground Floor, Chamber of Commerce, Portland, Ore.

PORTLAND GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.

CARRIES A FULL LINE OF

MOTORS from One-half Horse Power Up

POWER for ELEVATORS and all kinds of Machinery.

ARC and INCANDESCENT LIGHTING.

Electric and Bell Wiring a Specialty.

Electric Supplies

SAMSON BATTERIES

GENERAL OFFICES

COR. SEVENTH AND ALDER STREETS

TELEPHONES (Both) 385

Insure your property with the

Home Insurance Co.

....Of New York

Cash Capital, $3,000,000.00.

The Great American Fire Insurance Company.

Assets aggregating over $12,000,000 00, ALL available for American Policy Holders.

J. D. COLEMAN, General Agent,

JOHN H. BURGARD, SPECIAL AGENT.

250 Stark Street, PORTLAND, OR.



Wire and Iron Fencing, Window Guards, Etc.

Tel. Black 1961. 335 ALDER ST.

The Blumauer-Frank Drug Co.

..WHOLESALE..

Fourth and Morrison Streets

PORTLAND, OREGON

Investment Securities. Real Estate.

..We will bond you..

THE

United States Fidelity and Guaranty Co.

OF BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

Surety Bonds of every description issued promptly.

HARTMAN, POWERS & CO.,

3 Chamber of Commerce, Portland, Oregon.

Loans. Insurance.

Artistic Effects in Photography

Are demanded now as never before. We have all of the up-to-date methods for securing this result.

MOORE'S, Dekum Building, Portland, Or.

We call for, sponge, press and deliver one suit of your clothing each week for $1.00 per month.

Oregon 'Phone M. 514.
Columbia 'Phone 736.

Unique Tailoring Co., 124 6th St.

American Laundry



OUR SPECIALTY IS
First-class Work
A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE

COR. TWELFTH AND FLANDERS STS.

All Orders Promptly Executed. Telephones—851 Both Companies.

..THE BARNES MARKET COMPANY..

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Oysters, Game, Poultry and Fish

OREGON, CALIFORNIA AND DOMESTIC FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

Manufacturers of

BUTTER AND CHEESE

Telephone 371... **105, 107, 107½ THIRD ST., PORTLAND, ORE.**

Portland Cut-Rate Taxidermist Co.

184½ THIRD ST., PORTLAND, OR.

Birds, Animals and Insects finely mounted in a life-like manner. Rates reasonale.

Lessons given in Taxidermy 50 cents. W. B. MALLEIS, Manager.

Established 1872

JOHN A. BECK

Dealer in

Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Silverware,

270 Morrison St., Bet. Third and Fourth,

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY PORTLAND, OREGON

SURETY BONDS

Fidelity and Deposit Company of Maryland. Capital and Surplus, $2,500,000.00, issues guarantee bonds to employes in positions of trust, Court Bonds, Federal Officers', City, County and State Officials' Bonds issued promptly. Agents in all principal towns throughout the State of Oregon.

FRANK L. GILBERT, GEN'L AGENT, SAN FRANCISCO.

W. R. MACKENZIE, STATE AGENT, 208 Worcester Block, PORTLAND, OR.

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Acute and Chronic Rheumatic Affections, Nervous Diseases and Obesity successfully treated by Electricity, Massage, Dry Hot Air, and Vapor Baths.

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KNIGHT SHOE CO.

Successors to KNIGHT & EDER.

SOLE AGENTS
SOROSIS for Women.
BLACK CAT for Men. $3.50.

292 Washington St.
Opposite Perkins Hotel,
PORTLAND, OR.

THE J. K. GILL CO.

Finest Stationery

Masonic Temple, Third and Alder Sts., Portland, Ore.

ALL THE LATEST BOOKS

Prices to Meet All Competitors

ONE OF THE PROBLEMS

Of merchandising has been, how best to advertise. A store MUST advertise or it cannot prosper.

IT HAS BEEN FOUND

That magazine advertising pays best in proportion to the outlay.

MORAL!

Advertise in THE PACIFIC MONTHLY. 20,000 readers every month, and before the family thirty days.

Northwest School Furniture Co.

291 Yamhill St., Portland, Oregon.

MANUFACTURERS OF

"TRIUMPH AUTOMATIC" SCHOOL DESK

School officers cannot afford to experiment wi h public funds. The "Triumph Automatic" is no experiment; over a million Triumph desks in use.

HYLOPLATE BLACKBOARDS.

Write for samples and special circulars and catalogues.

Globes, Charts, Maps, Window Shades, Flags, Bells, Teachers' Desks,

Settees and Chairs.



The latest fad
Carbons on porcelain

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Photographer

Corner of Seventh and Washington Sts.

W. J. THOMSON & CO.

First-class work in

HALF TONES

ZINC ETCHING

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ENGRAVING

105½ First Street, Bet. Stark and Washington
Portland, Oregon

Oregon Phone
Clay 931.

Columbia
Phone 307.

Ellis Printing Co.

ESTABLISHED IN 1887.

PRINTERS
PUBLISHERS
STEREOTYPERS

Anything in the Printing line, from a card to a catalogue.

105 FIRST STREET, PORTLAND, OREGON.

THE publishers of THE PACIFIC MONTHLY desire to make the magazine unique among the literary publications of the day. With this end in view, new departments will be added from time to time, and every effort made to conduct them along original and interesting lines.

It is evident, however, that this object can be more immediately accomplished by giving the magazine a distinctly western flavor. Accordingly we call for manuscript relating

PIONEER EXPERIENCES
ANECDOTES
STORIES OF CROSSING THE PLAINS
RECEPTIONS BY THE INDIANS
LOCATING THE NEW HOME
THE NEW ENVIRONMENT
ADVENTURES AND ROMANCES OF THE NEW GENERATION
INDIAN LEGENDS
EARLY CHARACTERS
THE GROWTH OF A CITY
LIFE IN THE EARLY VILLAGE
THE INFLUENCE OF THE INDIAN
ETC., ETC.

Almost every pioneer in the Northwest hold in memory some interesting fact which has come into his life, or has been told him by others, and the telling of it at this time will be of intense interest to the world. We hope, therefore, for a very liberal response to this call.

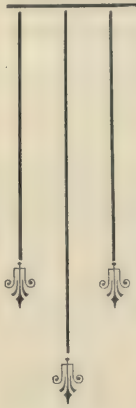
Manuscript or letters relating to any of these subjects, or along the lines they suggest, will receive prompt and careful consideration.

Any suggestions in regard to these articles, or any ideas relating to any department in the magazine, will be gratefully received.

Address all correspondence to

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY,
Macleay Building,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

Twenty-Five Dollars in Gold



IN ADDITION to the regular commission of 35 per cent. is offered by the publishers of The Pacific Monthly to the persons sending in the largest number of subscriptions to the magazine during the months of August, September and October.

This sum will be divided as follows: $12.50 to the one sending in the largest number; $7.50 to the one sending in the second largest number, and $5.00 to the one sending in the third largest number.

The Subscription Price of the Pacific Monthly

Is One Dollar a year, so that 35 cents is made on every subscription obtained. A young man or woman with very ordinary ability can easily secure ten subscriptions a day, which would mean $3.50 clear profit. This is a chance to make pocket money with very little effort, as it is easy to obtain subscribers when the purposes and merits of the magazine are understood.

Constant Improvement

The Pacific Monthly will be greatly improved during the coming months, and will become more and more unique. Although it has been, and still is, the intention of the publishers to make the magazine characteristic of the Pacific Coast, and especially of the Pacific Northwest, it will, at the same time, appeal to popular interests. This result is obtained by dividing the magazine into two parts —that devoted to articles on Northwest and general subjects, stories, etc., and that devoted to the Departments.

In the first part, and in keeping with the intention to reflect the character and institutions of the Northwest, there will begin in September

"The Indian Arabian Nights"

A series of unusually interesting stories of the Indians, told in a graphic manner by Prof. H. S. Lyman of Astoria, Oregon, who has made a special study of the subject. These stories are exceedingly fascinating, and cannot fail to interest readers every where.

Live articles are now being prepared by competent writers for this part of the magazine on

"THE PROBABLE ISSUES IN THE NEXT CAMPAIGN."

"FURTHER VIEWS ON EXPANSION."

"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SCENERY IN THE WORLD."

The best illustrated and descriptive article on the Columbia River that has yet appeared from any source. This article, with its elaborate illustrations, will alone be worth the price of the magazine for a whole year. ❧ ❧ ❧ In addition to the few articles mentioned, there will also appear a series by Prof. W. H. Hudson, of Stanford University, and DR. DAVID STARR JORDAN, President of the University, will be a regular contributor to the magazine.

❧❧❧

In the second part of the magazine—the Departments—the publishers furnish something strikingly original, not duplicated in any other periodical. These Departments will be gradually increased in number and improved in contents. At present they number ten, as follows:

OUR POINT OF VIEW—(Editorial.)

THE MONTH—A resume of the month in Politics, Science, Literature, Art, Education and Religious Thought, with Leading Events.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY—A department given over to our readers for the purpose of expressing themselves on the questions before the people.

BOOKS.

THE FINANCIAL WORLD.

THE MAGAZINES—Reviews the leading magazines of the country.

THE IDLER—A department of chat.

CHESS.

DRIFT—Devoted to the lighter side of life.

Those wishing to avail themselves of the above offer should not fail to write at once. This is especially a splendid opportunity for students to make money during vacation, and even after school hours. Outfits will be sent upon application, but applicants must send references.

Address without delay,

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY, Macleay Building, Portland, Oregon.

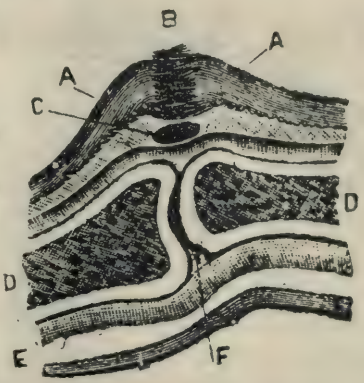
...ABOUT CORNS...

What is a Corn? Physicians call it a Calvus, a calous or horny thickening of the skin, over a joint in a toe, with a central core or "kernel." A corn cut in half would look very much like this

Before Using.



Willamette Corn Cure.



A—The Corn
B—The "Kernel"
C—Sack of Fluid.
D—Bone
E—Skin
F—Joint of Toe.

After Using.



Willamette Corn Cure.

What Produces a Corn? PRESSURE. Not necessarily that the shoe is tight, but while apparently roomy, does at some position during walking, press upon one spot; the result is a "CORN."

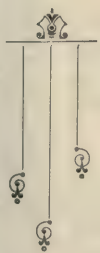
Having a Corn, WHAT SHALL I DO FOR IT? Ah! now there is the question. Some people pare them, getting a little temporary relief, but stimulating the corn to twice as rapid growth. Well, here is a clear and colorless fluid called

WILLAMETTE CORN CURE,

IT WILL REMOVE CORNS AND LEAVE A NATURAL SKIN IN ITS PLACE.

25 Cents per Bottle. For Sale by all Druggists.

The Right Road



Is the Great Rock Island Route. Dining car service the best, elegant equipment, and fast service

For further information address

A. E. COOPER, General Agent,
Pass. Dept.

246 Washington Street,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Luxurious Travel

THE "North-Western Limited" trains, electric lighted throughout, both inside and out, and steam heated, are, without exception, the finest trains in the world. They embody the latest, newest and best ideas for comfort, convenience and luxury ever offered the traveling public, and altogether are the most complete and splendid production of the Car Builders' art.

THESE SPLENDID TRAINS CONNECT WITH

The Great Northern
The Northern Pacific AND
The Canadian Pacific

AT ST. PAUL, FOR

CHICAGO and the EAST.

No extra charge for these superior accommodations and all classes of tickets are available for passage on the famous "North-western Limited." All trains on this line are protected by the Interlocking Block system.

W. H. MEAD, GEN'L AGENT, The North-Western Line.
PORTLAND, OR.

A Word with Eastern Advertisers

The Pacific Northwest is one of the best fields in the United States for judicious advertising. The country is rich and prosperous, crops never fail, and the population is steadily increasing, owing to the steady influx from less favored regions. Unquestionably a desirable field to reach.



THE FIELD IN WHITE IS THE FIELD OF THE PACIFIC MONTHLY.

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

Covers this field exclusively. Others may dabble in it. The Pacific Monthly covers it. As for circulation, the Pacific Monthly is one of the few magazines west of the Mississippi that guarantees circulation. Our sworn statement for Ayer & Son's Newspaper Annual is as follows:

Average per month, during the last eight months	**5435 copies.**
Highest single issue	**6500 copies.**
Lowest single issue	**5000 copies.**

Our rates are unusually low. It will pay any advertiser wishing to reach this field and the entire Pacific Coast at one and the same time, to drop us a postal. Let us tell you more about it. We can make it worth your while. Address

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY,

MACLEAY BUILDING, PORTLAND, OREGON.

2 Overland Trains Daily 2

—THE—

YELLOWSTONE PARK AND DINING CAR LINE.

...When going to the...

BUFFALO HUMP MINING COUNTRY,

TAKE THE NORTHERN PACIFIC, THE ALL RAIL ROUTE.

Direct service to the **GOLD FIELDS** of British Columbia, via SPOKANE, WASH.

Tickets sold to all points in the United States and Canada.

A. D. CHARLTON,
Assistant General Passenger Agent,
255 Morrison St., Cor. Third,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

TELEPHONE MAIN 244.

THE MAGNIFICENT SCENERY
—OF—
COLUMBIA RIVER

The most beautiful in the world, can best be seen from the steamers "DALLES CITY" and "REGULATOR" of the

"REGULATOR LINE"

DO NOT MISS THIS.

Steamers leave Portland, Oak St. Dock, 7 a. m., daily, except Sunday, for THE DALLES, CASCADE LOCKS, HOOD RIVER AND way landings.

C. G. THAYER, AGT., Oak St. Dock, PORTLAND. (Phone 914.)
W. C. ALLAWAY, GEN. AGT., THE DALLES, OR.

Ore.—PHONES 734—Col.

Model Laundry Company

308 MADISON STREET,
Between Fifth and Sixth

PORTLAND, OREGON.

THE RIO GRANDE GREAT SALT LAKE ROUTE WESTERN RAILWAY

RIO GRANDE WESTERN RAILWAY.

THE ONLY LINE
—OFFERING—

TWO Routes from Portland.
THREE Routes through Colorado.
FOUR Routes east thereof.

The Grandest Mountain Scenery in America by daylight.
Personally conducted tourist excursions through to the east without change of cars.
Free Reclining Chair Cars in all trains.
New and Elegant Equipment.
Perfect Dining Car Service.

STOPOVER IN UTAH OR COLORADO GRANTED ON ALL CLASSES OF TICKETS.
No trouble to answer questions.

M. J. ROCHE, Trav. Pass. Agt.
J. D. MANSFIELD, Gen'l Agent.
253 Washington St., Portland, Oregon.

WHITE COLLAR LINE

Columbia River & Puget Sound Navigation Co.

PORTLAND AND ASTORIA

Steamers Telephone or Bailey Gatzert leave foot Alder Street daily (except Sunday), 7 A. M.

Leave Astoria daily (except Sunday) 7 P. M.

U. B. SCOTT, President

Astoria and Columbia River R. R. Time Card

WINTER SCHEDULE—Daily

Train No. 22 leaves Portland at 8:00 a. m., arrives at Astoria at 12:15 p. m.

Train No. 24 leaves Portland at 7:00 p. m., arrives at Astoria at 11:10 p. m.

Return

Train No. 21 leaves Astoria at 8.00 a. m., arrives in Portland at 12:15 p. m.

Train No. 23 leaves Astoria at 6:30 p. m. and arrives in Portland at 10:35 p. m.

Train No. 22 runs through to Seaside, leaving Seaside on the return at 2:50 p. m.

All trains leaving Astoria for Seaside or returning from Seaside run on the Flavel Branch.

The Astoria and Columbia River R. R. Winter Schedule is now in effect. Trains leave Union Depot, Portland, daily at 8:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m., arriving at Astoria at 12:15 p. m. and 11:10 p. m. Leaving for Seaside at 12:20 p. m.

GO EAST VIA

Oregon Short Line Railroad

THE DIRECT ROUTE TO

Montana, Utah, Colorado and all Eastern and Southern Points.

Affording choice of two routes, via the UNION PACIFIC Fast Mail Line or the RIO GRANDE Scenic Lines through Colorado.

LOOK AT THE TIME——

1½ DAYS TO SALT LAKE
2½ DAYS TO DENVER
3½ DAYS TO CHICAGO
4½ DAYS TO NEW YORK

Free Reclining Chair Cars, Upholstered Tourist Sleeping Cars, and Pullman Palace Sleepers operated on all trains.

For further information, apply to

C. O. TERRY, Trav. Pass. Agt.

W. E. COMAN, Gen'l Agent.

124 Third St., Portland, Or.

EAST AND.... SOUTH * VIA * SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

LEAVE	Depot, Fifth and I Sts.	ARRIVE
* 6 00 p. m.	OVERLAND EXPRESS, for Salem, Roseburg, Ashland, Sacramento, Ogden, San Francisco, Mojave, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and the East.	* 9 30 a. m.
* 8 30 a. m.	Roseburg Passenger....	* 4 30 p. m.
Daily except Sunday.	Via Woodburn for Mt. Angel, Silverton, West Scio, Brownsville, Springfield and Natron.	Daily except Sunday.
‡ 7 30 a. m.	Corvallis Passenger.....	‡ 5 50 p. m.
‡ 4 50 p. m.	Independence Pass'ng'r	‡ 8 25 a. m.

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday.

Direct connection at San Francisco with Occidental and Oriental and Pacific Mail steamship lines for JAPAN AND CHINA. Sailing dates on application.

Rates and tickets to eastern points and Europe, also JAPAN, CHINA, HONOLULU and AUSTRALIA, can be obtained from J. B. KIRKLAND, Ticket Agent, 134 Third St.

Yamhill Division:—Passenger Depot foot of Jefferson St.

Leave for Oswego daily at 7:20, 9:40* a. m.; 12:30, 1:55, 3:25, 5:15, 6:25, 8:05, 11:30 p. m., and 9:00 a. m. on Sundays only. Arrive at Portland daily at 6:35*, 8:30, 10:50* a. m; 1:35, 3:15, 4:30, 6:20, 7:40, 9:15 p. m.; 12:40 a. m. daily except Monday and 10:05 a. m. on Sundays only.

Leave for SHERIDAN daily, exeept Sunday, at 4:30 p. m. Arrive at Portland at 9:30 a. m.

Leave for AIRLIE Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8:40 a. m. Arrive at Portland Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 3:05 p. m.

* Except Sunday.

R. KOEHLER, Manager.

C. H. MARKHAM, Gen. F. & P. Agt.

O. R. & N.

DEPART	TIME SCHEDULES FROM PORTLAND.	ARRIVE
Fast Mail 8:00 p. m.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	Fast Mail 6:45 p. m.
Spokane Flyer 2:10 p. m.	Walla Walla, Spokane, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago and East.	Spokane Flyer 8:30 a. m.
6:00 p. m.	*Ocean Steamships.* All sailing dates subject to change. For San Francisco—Sail every five days.	4:00 p. m.
8:00 p. m. Ex.Sunday Saturday 10:00 p. m.	*Columbia River Steamers.* To Astoria and Way Landings.	4:00 p. m. Ex.Sunday
6:00 a. m. Ex.Sunday	*Willamette River.* Oregon City, Newberg, Salem & Way Landings	4:30 p. m. Ex.Sunday
7:00 a. m. Tues, Thur and Sat.	*Willamette and Yamhill Rivers.* Oregon City, Dayton and Way Landings.	3:30 p. m. Mon. Wed. and Fri.
6:00 a. m. Tues, Thur and Sat.	*Willamette River.* Portland to Corvallis and Way Landings.	4:30 p. m. Tues, Thur and Sat.
Lv. Riparia 1:45 a. m. Daily Ex. Sat.	*Snake River.* Riparia to Lewiston.	Lv. Lewiston 5:45 a. m. daily Ex. Friday

V. A. SCHILLING, City Ticket Agt.,

W. H. HURLBURT, Gen'l. Pass. Agt.,

254 Washington St., Portland, Ore.

When dealing with our advertisers, kindly mention The Pacific Monthly.

"No Community is Prosperous Whose People are Not Employed"

You Need Our Factories!

Patronize Home Industry

YOU preach this doctrine, now practice it. You say you love your home, now show it. You say the community should be more prosperous, keep your money at home. You admit we manufacture over four hundred articles of importance as cheaply as in Eastern or foreign markets—why not buy them? You admit that Chicago and other thrifty cities not so far away were made so by enterprising citizens; follow their example. You speak of the patriotism of the whole people, hence show unselfish devotion to the manufacturing industries of Oregon.

M. ZAN, President
E. H. KILHAM, Vice Pres.

MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION — PATRONIZE — MADE IN OREGON. — HOME INDUSTRY — OF THE NORTHWEST

R. J. HOLMES, Treasurer
C. H. McISAAC, Secretary

DENVER & RIO GRANDE R.R. — SCENIC LINE OF THE WORLD

The Favorite Transcontinental Route Between the Northwest and all Points East.

Choice of Two Routes Through the FAMOUS

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SCENERY

And Four Routes East of Pueblo and Denver

All Passengers granted a day stop-over in the Mormon Capitol or anywhere between Ogden and Denver. Personally conducted Tourist Excursions three days a week to

OMAHA, KANSAS CITY, ST. LOUIS, CHICAGO and the EAST.

For Tickets and any Information regarding Rates, Routes, etc., or for Descriptive Advertising Matter, call on Agents of Oregon Railway & Navigation Co. Oregon Short Line or Southern Pacific Companies.

S. K. HOOPER, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt. DENVER, COL.

R. C. NICHOL, Gen. Agt., 251 Wash St PORTLAND, ORE.

UNION PACIFIC — THE OVERLAND ROUTE — WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

All Competition Distanced

As regards Time and Through Car Service to Chicago and other Eastern Cities.

JUST THINK!

3½ days with no change to Chicago

4½ days and one change to New York

THEN AGAIN:

Trains are illuminated by Pintsch Gas, run into Union Depots, and Baggage is checked through to Destination. Lowest Rates.

For Information pertaining to the Union Pacific, call on or address

J. H. LOTHROP, General Agent.

C. E. BROWN, Dist. Pass. Agent.

135 THIRD ST., PORTLAND, ORE.

DO YOU LIKE A LUXURIOUS MEAL?

"TIGER BRAND"
Pure Spices

"OUR BEST"
Roasted Coffee

"KUSALANA"
Ceylon Tea

...Are Items...
which will aid materially

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
... THEM ...
THE FIRST TIME YOU SEE HIM.

Manufactured and Sold by

CORBITT & MACLEAY CO.

Portland, Oregon.

SEND TO US FOR PRICES ON

WE ARE MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED

Maltese Cross Brand of Rubber Belt & Ajax Brand Cotton Mill Hose...

Rubber and Leather Belting...

The Gutta Percha & Rubber Manufacturing Co.

87-89 FIRST STREET, PORTLAND, ORE.

RUSSELL & CO.

A. H. AVERILL, MANAGER.

MANUFACTURERS OF



High Grade, Engines, Boilers, Saw Mills, Threshers...

Estimates furnished on Steam Plants of all Sizes and for any purpose. Write for Catalogues.

RUSSELL & CO., - Portland, Ore.

When dealing with our advertisers, kindly mention The Pacific Monthly

The Moral Side of the Philippine War

By W. R. LORD.



THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

VOLUME II SEPTEMBER 1899 NUMBER 5

TEN CENTS A COPY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR
THE PACIFIC MONTHLY PUBLISHING COMPANY
PUBLISHERS PORTLAND, OREGON

The Oregon Industrial Exposition to be held in Portland,

OPENS SEPT. 28, CLOSES OCT. 28.

The committee have used every effort to make this Exposition one surpassing those of all former years. They have secured the best exhibits the state affords in Grains, Grasses, Fruits and Vegetables. The Mining interests will have a splendid display; also the Forestry. The special attractions are exceptionally fine. See article in this number.

Probable Issues of the Next Campaign

By JUDGE A. H. TANNER.

The Indian "Arabian Nights" Series begins in this number.

DO YOU BUY DRUGS...

Toilet Articles, Soaps or Perfumes, or any of the thousand and one articles carried by a drug firm? Then let us send you our cut-rate catalogue.

IT WILL SAVE YOU DOLLARS...

Does Photography interest you? Let us send you our Photographic Catalogue. We carry the largest and most complete stock on the Coast.

Woodard, Clarke & Co.,

FOURTH AND WASHINGTON STS. PORTLAND, OREGON.

GOODYEAR RUBBER COMPANY.

We carry in stock a complete assortment of RUBBER GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

ANY STYLE. ANY SIZE. ANY QUANTITY.

MACKINTOSHES

Crack Proof...
...Snag Proof

RUBBER BOOTS

Druggists' Rubber Goods



BOOTS AND SHOES

"GOLD SEAL"
BELTING PACKING AND HOSE

Rubber and Oil Clothing

R. H. PEASE, Vice-President and Manager,
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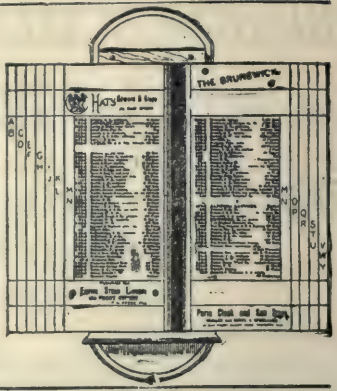
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Les Martiques—France.

Drawn by Frank V. DuMond,
for The Pacific Monthly.

The Pacific Monthly.

Vol. II. *SEPTEMBER, 1899.* *No. 5.*

The Moral Side of the Philippine War.

By W. R. LORD.

Third article in the series on Expansion. The first, "Imperialism vs. Democracy," by C. E. S. Wood, appeared in the June issue, and the second, "Why I am an Expansionist," by Wallace McCamant, appeared in July.

THE special and pressing question before the people at this moment is the war which our government is carrying on in the Philippines; and in respect of this, there is one main and fundamental consideration which must be, just now before all others, entertained. The question is not "Is it expedient? Is it probably or certainly profitable? but, Is it right?"

The answer to this must be given by each individual conscience, in the light of all the facts that are obtainable. I have read, in different forms, every argument that advocates of the war have put forth in its justification, and I cannot escape the conviction that our government is utterly wrong in its course.

We are waging a war of subjugation against a people who have a right to be free to govern themselves. I can find in no quarter, any denial of this, except upon two grounds. First, that whatever might have been, or should have been, the Philippine Islands are, as a matter of fact, a part of the United States, and as such are already subject to national control; and that any of these peoples who resist are in rebellion and are to be treated as the Southern people were treated in the Civil war.

The second ground of justification of the war is that we are bound by international obligations to establish and maintain a civilized government on the islands.

What validity has the first ground, that the Philippine Islands are a part of the United States?

Dr. E. B. Andrews, ex-president of Brown University, now superintendent of schools in Chicago, has remarked that "the Philippines are as much a part of the United States as the state of Illinois? Are they?

It does not anywhere appear that Spain, ever in any substantial sense, possessed all the islands she had called her own and which she originally took without the leave of any of their inhabitants. She had held, for many decades, a part by force of arms, but through oppression, she had at last driven the people to a rebellion that had so far succeeded that there was but a step between the Spanish and their transports.

There are two things in this respect clearly discernible—first, that the Spanish, through abuse of their power, had ceased to have any rights over that people, if before they had possessed them. If ever any people had "a right and ought to be free," it was the people of those islands. Second, that as a matter of fact, they were about free, having won that freedom by the bitterest struggles and sufferings.

It is difficult to understand how any

one, with moral discernment, can affirm that Spain had so much as a fraction of a right to sell this people to another government. America may, to be sure, buy the technical claim and promise to be generous and to give better government than the Filipinos would give themselves; but is the title a moral one?

Again, admit that Spain had full possession of the islands and had in subjection every inhabitant upon them. Is anyone prepared to say that a people of nine million souls may be sold and bought without so much as a make-believe consent from them, such as our government has always sought, even from our Indian tribes when they were to be in any way affected by legislation? The only seemingly fair portion of the history of the contact of the United States government with the Indians, is that some sort of a formal and written consent has always been obtained from them before they have been dispossessed of their lands or otherwise affected. We have felt in honor—shall we not say in common decency—bound thus, in form at least, to treat human beings who were admittedly untamed savages.

But in the Philippine Islands are people not savages, but sufficiently civilized to command the sincere respect of the commanders and officers of our army and navy. And yet these men are to be taken, as masters once took their purchased slaves in the South, under the absolute control of a national will, to which they had not even been asked to submit. It is a part of the record that not only were their wishes not consulted, but when they protested in the name of our own Charter of Liberty, they were not given so much as a respectful hearing.

If our nation, through events and the action of its recognized officials in the East, had not incurred other and what seem like compelling obligations to the Filipinos, would not these considerations alone appear sufficient to a morally sensitive mind?

But the indisputable history of the relations of our national officials in Manila and neighboring Asiatic ports with the representative of the inhabitaants of Luzon shows that such obligations were incurred and afterward coldly and arrogantly ignored.

The records in the departments at Washington prove that Consul-General Pratt, at Singapore, invited an interview with Aguinaldo, and in that interview considered and accepted the following policy of this recognized Filipino leader:

This policy embraces the independence of the Philippines, whose internal affairs would be controlled under European and American advisers. American protection would be desirable temporarily, on the same lines as that which might be instituted hereafter in Cuba.

A telegram informed Admiral Dewey what had been done, and, upon learning the facts, he telegraphed "Tell Aguinaldo to come as soon as possible."

Consul Pratt secured passage for this ally of our government, and, upon his arrival at Manila, Admiral Dewey sent this dispatch to the Secretary of the Navy:

I have given him to understand that I consider insurgents as friends, being opposed to a common enemy. He has gone to attend a meeting of insurgent leaders for the purpose of forming a civil government.

Notice the last words in this dispatch, "for the purpose of forming a civil government."

Admiral Dewey was not only the chief official of the United States in the Philippines, but he had by authority from Washington, almost absolute power; the published state documents declare that he was authorized to use his discretion.

If Aguinaldo left Admiral Dewey "for the purpose of forming a civil government," as well as to organize an army and equip it with arms and materials furnished by the Admiral, do not after-events justify the deep chagrin and bitter disappointment of the Filipinos, when they found themselves cruelly pushed aside and coldly ignored? Does it not also justify their later appeal to arms?

Admitting there was, from Washington, no authorized understanding between these government officials and Aguinaldo that the Filipinos were to have their independence, still, beyond dispute, the Filipinos had been led, by government officials, to expect it, and the facts show that, at the very least, there were such relations of friendly and even enthusiastic co-operation that nothing but the most considerate treatment of the Filipinos should have been given

by the United States. This, be it said, was recognized by everybody in the army and navy in the Phillipines.

When the government at Washington seemed not to understand the true situation at Manila, though informed and warned by officers and private citizens, and the policy of ignoring our allies was being carried out, and the policy of conquest threatened, Admiral Dewey, in conversation with the Rev. Clay McCauley, a gentleman of the highest standing in this country and Japan, spoke much of his concern over the turn affairs had taken, and added that he "was powerless to act." Yet at one point in his remarks he declared: "Rather than make a war of conquest of this people, I would up anchor and sail out of the harbor."

And Mr. MacCauley, himself, adds: "Not only did I find the commanders of our army and navy opposed to annexation of the Philippine Islands, but more outspoken in opposition were most of the officers high in command, both on the shore and in the fleet."

With full knowledge of what the Filipinos had done under the auspices and through the invitation of Admiral Dewey and Consul Pratt, with ample knowledge of the state of tension that the order to ignore had brought about, President McKinley, on January 5th, ordered General Otis to issue that fatal proclamation, declaring that the military rule of the United States should be extended over the islands of the groups, and that "the mission of the United States" was one of "benevolent assimilation," thus dashing to the earth the last of the bright expectations of Aguinaldo and his devoted and patriotic followers.

But there remains still another, and, of itself, it would seem, a sufficient reason why our title to the Philippine Islands is vitiated, and a war upon their inhabitants a wrong. And that is that this nation had given an implicit promise to the world, and thus to these islanders, that the war, undertaken by this country in behalf of Cuba, should be without territorial acquisition.

To be sure Cuba was the specific object of thought in this declaration, but, had it then appeared that this solemn vow of our nation referred only and technically to Cuba, would it not have brought forth a just accusation of hypocrisy, not alone from other nations, but from Americans themselves?

A distinguished American who felt called upon to oppose the Presidential nominee of the party with which he had been affiliated, was offered by the President-elect whom he had supported at much cost of time and money, almost any place of importance that he might choose. He replied that moral considerations forbade his acceptance of office or other emolument from the administration, lest his motive in the campaign be misunderstood. He had made no public vows, when he left his party and fought the battles of his former opponents, that he would take no reward at their hands. But I think everyone recognized in his course a standard of character which all may well wish that more of our public men possessed.

Suppose, however, that this man, of great political influence, in going over to the other party's nominee, had, at the same time, solemnly and publicly declared that no gift at the hands of the party he was about to serve, would be received, and, after the battle had been fought and the victory had been won, he had publicly confessed that his voluntary promise related only to a cabinet position, while, before all his fellow-countrymen, he accepted an appointment to be minister at the Court of St James—could any excuses of biographers or historians save his character to posterity?

But there is also on record an explicit promise given by our chief magistrate. "Forcible annexation," to quote his words, "cannot be thought of. That, by our code of morality, would be criminal aggression."

Can it be said, then, that the United States holds a moral title to the Philippine Islands?

The second ground of justification of the war is that we are bound by international obligations to establish and maintain civilized government on the islands.

The frank assumption in this statement is, that the Filipinos are not, themselves, sufficiently civilized to protect life and property, and in other respects to con-

duct civil government.

What is the evidence upon the position taken?

To be sure not all who have been in the islands and have reported their observations, agree; but, taking the consensus of opinion of the most competent, it is to the effect that these people are capable of a measurably civilized administration of their own affairs.

Let us begin with the judgment of Admiral Dewey himself, who has been longest in contact with this people. His oft-quoted words, uttered before the Philippine war began, were, "These people are far superior in their intelligence and more capable of self-government than the natives of Cuba; and I am familiar with both races," and later, his words to Mr. MacCauley, already quoted, "Rather than make a war of conquest of this people, I would up-anchor and sail out of the harbor."

And Mr. Barrett, who is well known in Portland, in an article in the Forum, urging the conquest and the appropriation of the islands, upon commercial grounds, gives his testimony as to the fitness of these people to organize and conduct a government. After seeing the hundred men who compose the Philippine congress, he writes:

They would compare in behavior, manner, dress and education with the average men of the better classes of other Asiatic nations, possibly including the Japanese. These men, whose sessions I repeatedly attended, conducted themselves with great decorum, and showed a knowledge of debate and parliamentary law that would not compare unfavorably with the Japanese parliament. The executive portion of the government was made up of a ministry of bright men who seemed to understand their respective positions. Each general division was subdivided with reference to practical work.

This is not a picture of a savage council.

Commander Ford, the fleet engineer of the Asiatic squadron, who has recently returned to his home in Baltimore, speaks very positively, and in accordance with many private advices from officers of his fleet. He says:

The Filipinos pictured in the sentimental papers are not the men we are fighting. The fellows we deal with out there are not ignorant savages, fighting with bows and arrows, but are intelligent, liberty-loving people, full of courage and determination. The idea that the Filipino is an uncivilized being is a mistaken one. They have the intellect and the stamina to govern themselves, and have done it for 300 years, although under the rule of Spain. They were the clerks, the bookkeepers, the assessors, and managed the entire machinery of government. While they fight for entire freedom, all they ask is a chance for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and they care not whether it be a republic of their own or some form devised for them by the United States.

And General Charles A. Whittier, late of General Merritt's staff in the Philippines, speaks to the same effect:

But after a little while, with my changed estimate of the Filipino character, seeing their order, industry, frugality, temperance, tolerance of danger and fatigue, and when I reviewed their struggle for independence, the brutalities inflicted upon them for years by the Spaniards, their dignity and skill, it seemed to me our duty to use them and our own credit and resources in making a great country, as I believe it could have been made.

But it is not necessary to go by opinions, even of the competent. We may ask, rather, "Have the Tagals, the principal people against whom war is being waged, shown that they are sufficiently civilized, and have capacity for self-government.

Except in Manila and vicinity, for a long time, the only government in Luzon was administered by the Filipinos, and the reports of the conditions under that government are uniformly in its favor. There was no disorder till the fire and sword of the American army swept everything in their path into confusion. There was peace in those self-governed islands.

Last autumn Admiral Dewey sent two young officers through Luzon, and their report, now issued from Washington, shows us, beyond question, that there was the strictest order, the persons and property, even, of foreigners, being perfectly protected.

And Sergeant Andreae and Mr. Reeves, of our signal corps, who made several journeys at about the same time, covering over 150 miles, describe the same conditions of industry and peace, with universal hospitality and kindness. They traveled anywhere unarmed. During the months that the Filipinos held their capital, Malolos, till our army entered, the municipal government was altogether satisfactory.

The more we learn of the character of the true Aguinaldo, the more it appears that he is not only extraordinarily capable, but altogether honest. The account of him, given in the August Harper's Magazine, by Lieut. Calkins, U. S. N., gathered from the Spanish archives (surely not prejudiced in his favor) in Manila, ought to set at rest all disputes respecting either his character or his power.

That a native Filipino government will, in all respects, answer to our wishes, no one will contend. But, reflecting upon our own failings in democratic government, we surely are prepared to be patient with considerable short-comings in others.

It seems, however, that we are under another moral obligation to the Filipinos to stop fighting and help them establish themselves in government.

It is now known from all soldiers and civilians who were in the Philippine Islands at the time that hostilities broke out, that the war was entirely unnecessary—that, had our government, through its representatives on the ground, treated the leaders and the Philippine army with consideration, there never would have been the tension that led to the rupture. So unanimously is this opinion entertained, even by returned private soldiers, that it is not necessary to do more than state it. All agree that a great blunder was made in that the Filipino leaders were not taken in council and given the consideration which their ability, their service and their position naturally required.

It was this policy, first, of cold ignoring, and then of absolute surrender to the military authority of the United States, without condition or consideration, that made all the sad trouble that has followed.

If our government is thus responsible for all the death and destruction that have come to this brave and resolute people, are not the words of that most distinguished fighter, General Funston, explained?

A little less gunpowder and a little more diplomacy! Give them some assurance and actual demonstration of our good will and friendship for them and thought of their welfare. Win them into our confidence. It can be done.

And still again, we must ever bear in mind that the trouble goes back to the fact that our government did not from the first assume that our attitude toward the Philippine Islands should be exactly what it was toward Cuba. The only thing that kept the Cuban army and the Cuban people from open hostility to the presence of our army in their island was the solemn vow of the American nation, through its representatives, that we had no intention of forcing our sovreignty upon them. The army of the United States is in Cuba today to help the people to establish law and order, and faith in our promise and declared intention makes out stay tolerated if not welcome.

Is there any answer to the question, why, from the beginning, all possibility of misunderstanding was not thus precluded with the Filipinos? A people more intelligent, better civilized, more capable of self-government, according to Admiral Dewey, and yet we never gave them the assurance that we gave an inferior people.

So far we have spoken of our moral relations to the Filipinos only. There are other peoples whose rights are involved. The cost of this war is already running our National Treasury behind not less than one hundred and fifty millions a year. It means pensions for two generations. It means taxation, not equally distributed over the wealth of this country, but, as always in the history of the world, the poor must bear the greater portion of it. Is the thing we are after so necessary as to make the imposition of this burden right?

But if we admit as true all that has thus far been set forth, the most serious question just now seems to many to be: "Being involved in the war, is it not necessary to fight it to a finish, leaving the matter of the political disposition of the people to the future. What else can we now do?"

That great man in American history, Bishop Phillips Brooks, when taking his turn as pastor of Harvard College, for a few weeks, was consulted by one of the students about a quarrel in which he was

involved with some of his fellow-students. The Bishop listened attentively and then said: "Mr. A., think this over for a day, leaving yourself out of account and then tell me how it stands." The next day the young man met the Bishop upon the campus and said, with a smile of satisfaction, "Bishop Brooks, I find if I leave myself out, there is no further question." The Bishop did not mean by his advice, that there was to be any wrong waived by the student, he only meant that a purely selfish consideration was to be left out of the discussion.

Now, can any one doubt that, if America should leave herself out of the question (in a selfish sense), peace in the Philippines could be secured as soon as the cable could send the message to Manila? Do not all questions become simple, when we want only to do the right? "If thine eye be single, thine whole body shall be full of light."

But if the notion, "an eye to the main chance" is allowed to dominate the man and the nation, there is indefinite death (and cost beyond all possible commercial returns) before us.

There are some who talk of an "honorable" escape from the entanglement. If by "honorable" we mean the true honor of right, and not the false Spanish honor of wrong, to save our pride, the honorable way is also simple. If King George had sent a commission composed of Pitt, Fox and Burke to the American colonies after the battles of Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill, with power to deal justly with the people whose cause they had befriended in the English Parliament, the true honor of Great Britain would have been saved. A commission of true Americans, who are at the same time recognized as friends of the Filipinos, can settle the Philippine war as soon as they can meet Aguinaldo and his compatriots.* Meanwhile, an armistice.

Such a course would be labeled "weak," as it has been by men whose watchword has been "virility" in national action, and who through the epithets—"milksop," "Aunties," "Feminine minded men," and even "Traitors," have used the time-honored weapons of those conscious of a weak cause, and often of a concealed purpose.

But, in conclusion, let the American world be reminded that, whatever our theological differences are, all agree that Jesus of Nazareth laid down the lines of an ideal manhood. If he did, there is a higher "virility" in individual and nation, in daring to be just and generous in the face of the world, than in using consciously superior physical force to bring a weak and wronged people to their knees.

*The commission sent to the Philippines was not so constituted. Not one of its members was known to the natives as having been friendly, and one member, Mr. Denby, who is suspected of having dominated the body, is on record as holding the following sentiments:

"We have the right as conquerors to hold the Philippines. We have the right to hold them as part payment of a war indemnity. This policy may be characterized as unjust to Spain, but it is the result of the fortunes of war. All nations recognize that the conqueror may dictate the terms of peace. I am in favor of holding the Philippines, because I cannot conceive of any alternative to our doing so, except the seizure of territory in China, . . . and I prefer to hold them rather than to oppress further the helpless government and people of China.

"The cold, hard, practical question alone remains: Will the possession of these islands benefit us as a nation? If it will not, set them free tomorrow, and let their people, if they please, cut each other's throats, or play what pranks they please. To this complexion we must come at last, that, unless it is beneficial for us to hold these islands, we should turn them loose."—Forum, February, 1899.

Natewan.

By ADONEN.

OUR regiment was stationed at Fort Laramie that spring, and as the Indians were quiet, we had little to do, after the regular drill, except to hunt, fish, and explore the distant hills. This last occupation was left almost entirely to Captain Arley Vane and myself. I was an orderly then, young, strong, and with high hopes. Arley Vane, our handsome, dashing captain, was idolized by his command, and favored by women of whatever degree. He was as generously unspoiled as the humblest private in the company. We understood rather than knew, that he had a wife and children somewhere in the Eastern states; but in the two years I had known him, though he wrote home frequently enough, there was always some excuse for spending his vacations in the West.

Well, the rainy winter season was over at last, and we two had been out since morning, riding where we could, clambering over rocks and leading our horses where, as Vane said, "A mountain goat would be dizzy."

At length we halted beneath great, overhanging rocks, and gazed down the steep pass, at the foot of which the river wound its way through the green ranges, covered with purple blossoms, and grazed upon by hundreds of wild horses. The wind came sweeping up, sweet with the perfume of miles of flowers, and the joy of life that comes with the awakening of nature thrilled our hearts.

"Look," said Vane, and turning I saw a young girl standing on a broken pine log but a few rods to our right. She was holding a horse's bridle over her arm and intently regarding us.

I had only time to observe that she wore the usual dress of an Indian woman, but that her hair was a rippling brown instead of the straight black locks worn by the dusky maidens of that locality, when, with a piercing cry, she beckoned us, and flinging herself on the ground, called in a voice sharp with agony: "Help! quick—quick!"

We both sprang toward her. My horse obeyed my jerk at the bridle, but Vane's hung back and his master bounded away, reaching the girl's side at the moment a huge boulder came crashing down on the spot we had just left, carrying the captain's horse with it, and whirling a sulphurous dust twenty feet above its path, till it plunged with a thunderous splash into the river

Involuntary Vane grasped the girl's hands, and I was speechless as I remembered that, but for her presence of mind in calling for help, instead of warning us of danger, we should have certainly been lying with Vane's poor gray, an indistinguishable mass at the foot of the cliff.

She was the first to speak, and the color began to come back to a clear, ivory complexion that is peculiar to one type of half-breed. She spoke English perfectly; and when we questioned her, she said she was educated by the Jesuit priests who had lived among the Indians before the Fort was built. She volunteered to conduct us home by a shorter route than we knew, and generously insisted upon the captain riding behind her, as my horse would not carry double.

The nearness of our approach to a shocking death chilled me, and I was glad to reach the Fort, with its half-dozen outlying cabins, but the captain and our little guide were so interested in the conversation they were engaged in, that I do believe they would have lengthened the miles, if sure I would not detect them. The surgeon's wife made Natewan, for that was our benefactor's name, comfortable for the night, and we detained her as long as we might next day. When at length she rode away it was with an early-fulfilled promise to visit us, and soon she spent most of her time in the motherly care of the surgeon's wife.

Though we all had our thoughts, we

were not obliged to speak them, when our captain galloped over the prairie with her in the sunny mornings, or when in the quiet twilight, to the lazy swing of a hammock, we heard his rich voice ring out in such old songs as "Annie Laurie," and "Juanita." They looked so bright and happy together that we would not see the evil days we still felt must come. The captain spoke of his wife more frequently now; we knew why, and respected him for it. Natewan's sparkling face never clouded at the mention of Mrs. Vane. She was like some joyous, unthinking child.

"I never interfered," the surgeon's wife once told me, "till I found the child had taken to keeping his clothes in order. She was sewing on buttons and brushing his uniform, with that look on her face that a woman wears but for one man. I spoke to her then, as I would to my own daughter, but she just turned her great, dark eyes upon me with an indescribably pleading look and said: 'You know I don't believe there is any life beyond the grave; we die, and that is the end. Do let me be happy this little while till it is all over.' She is a real little heathen," the surgeon's wife ended with a sigh, "yet how we all love her."

I don't know what Captain Vane thought of the situation; but I do know he would have been missed from a drill, rather than leave the quarters without a word from the little half-breed.

But one day we had a sort of social earthquake; old things passed away, and all became new. In other words, the captain's wife, with her three children, came to give him a surprise. In this they succeeded perfectly. The very Indians squatted about the camp knew her arrival was unexpected.

I tried to see Natty, for so we called our dark-eyed guest, but for three days she avoided me. Then she came out where I was taking an inventory of my horse's saddle-galls, and said such desperate things she made me shudder, and I mentally decided that Indian blood was cruel, wherever a drop of it went. But I had no fear that she would injure the captain's wife, after having once seen her. She was one of those angelic women we sometimes read of, but rarely meet. I hardly noticed that her eyes were like spring violets, her hair a crown of burnished gold, and her complexion like the delicate pink tinting on rare china. No, I could only admire the guileless sweetness of her expression. She was the most amiable human being I have known in a lifetime. Her faith in the world was as boundless as her piety. A short acquaintance with Mrs. Vane convinced me that no sane person could desire to injure her; also that a man of the captain's temperament must be unbearably bored by this monotonous sweetened honey, though Natewan seemed to find it irresistable.

She was soon quite at home with the family, teaching the children her mother's language, telling them stories of Indian life, and so completely winning the heart of the baby four-year-old, that he would go to sleep only in her arms; and yet the poor child looked like a little ghost, with her sorrowful young face, and her big dark eyes had a tortured look as Mrs. Vane caressed her husband, that reminded me of a trapped but patient animal. And lovely Mrs. Vane went about with a smile in her eyes, dimples in her peach-blow cheeks, loving everyone in general and Vane and Natty in particular. But the captain's changed face and grave voice made me secretly renounce matrimony forever. Of course we gossipped, we of the regiment, but just among ourselves, you know. Some blamed Vane, some Natewan. Most of us were sorry for them, but it is delightful to criticise others in their thumbscrews—so much nicer than being under inspection one's self.

Other subjects frequently diverted us, and one was when one of the leading Indians, a giant in size, went stark, raving mad on the question of ridding the country of the ever-encroaching whites. He killed an Indian and assaulted a soldier before we succeeded in securing him in the dilapidated old guard-house. There he sat, sullenly refusing to eat and constantly repeating: "There shall be no more come—no more." This took my mind from the captain's troubles for a time, but I was recalled to them one morning as we were going to target practice.

Natewan was coming up to the quarters and we waited for a word with her. "The boys might take me for a target, Natty," Vane said, with forced gaity, so I waited to say a farewell to you. You know you say there is no hereafter." She looked up in his face and spoke quickly as if the words escaped against her will: "There is a life beyond the grave, Captain Arley; to be lovingly remembered after you are buried out of sight is to be immortal. We die only when forgotten. Then the children came running to meet her, and we passed on.

What followed Mrs. Vane afterwards told me, when she was calm enough to talk coherently.

She was sewing on her little daughter's dress, and, outside the open window, Natty was teaching the children to make little teepes, with bits of cloth for coverings. Suddenly the maniac Indian dashed through the door, torn and disheveled by the effort he had made to escape, his face dripping with desperation and spattered by an awful red shower. He held in one hand an axe he had picked up on his way. The other hand clutched the severed head of the surgeon's faithful wife. Dropping the ghastly head upon the floor he seized the horrified woman in a pitiless grasp and shouted:

"The maidens and children may go, but every wife and mother I will kill."

Natewan sprang through the window as he spoke. Now catching the arm in which he held the upraised axe, she said: "I am the wife and mother, this woman is a maiden."

Releasing his hold on the almost-fainting woman, he gathered the girl's dark hair in his gory hand, and asked wildly, "You wife? Me kill you?"

There was a moment of dreadful silence. What swift vision of the man she loved, set free by his wife's death, may have come to tempt the little heroine in that last struggle, we shall never know. She looked down at the distorted face of her friend—the death-filmed eyes staring from the yelloish-waxen face—the oozing blood creeping to her own feet. She looked up at the murderous face above her—at the suspended axe, glittering through its horrible stains. Then she said in a low voice, to the wife who leaned against her: "Fly to your husband, don't speak—run—run!"

And drawing herself up to her full heighth, she turned her dress back from round her throat, and meeting those glaring eyes, she said steadily, "I am the wife. Strike."

As the captain's wife fled from the house, she met us returning from practice. Vane was first to reach the room, but other hands than his tore the shapely little head from the murderer's hands and laid it beside its bleeding trunk.

How real it all seems as I tell it again; yet it happened long ago. The Fort is abandoned. A city has sprung up where the river curved below the pass. Poor Natty has slept in her grave more years than she lived. Above her the cattle graze by day, and coyotes howl by night; but when I recently met Captain, now Colonel Vane, he still treasured a tress of dark brown hair, and I knew the little half-bred girl was still immortal.

Life's Repetition.

All our joys for coming morrow,
Mingle with the yester's sorrow;—
All our hopes and all our fears
Are but reprints of dead years!
Each desire its fate may see
In desires now ceased to be!
We can clasp no dream to heart,
But it turns its face apart
Seeing, down the distant past,
Faint its likeness long outcast.
Each year's story when 'tis done,
But repeats some former one!

Adelaide Pugh.

Poems of Washington.

The Pacific Monthly will publish from month to month poetry that is distinctive of the Pacific Coast, and which time and criticism have given a recognized standing. Poems of Oregon were published in June, and Poems of California in August.

December.

By HERBERT BASHFORD.

Heaps of leaves on the wet earth lying,
  Dead ferns robing the rocky hill,
Fallow field and tall fir sighing,
  Barren boughs that are never still.

Flocks of crows in the woodland cawing,
  Wind-wound grass where the creek goes by,
Over the waters the wild ducks drawing,
  Long black lines on the leaden sky.

Pale seas sobbing on ragged reaches,—
  Sorrowful mourners bowed in prayer—
Wide-winged gulls with sharp, shrill screeches
  Piercing like poniards the misty air.

Bleak, chill night and drear rain falling,
  Cheerless morn all clad in gray,
Only the weary south-wind calling,
  Only the loon on the lonely bay.

Parting.

By ELLA HIGGINSON.

Lord, Lord, we cannot pray tonight,
  Our lips are reft of speech,
But we two clinging, shaking, kneel,
  Hearts beating each on each.

There are deep kisses on our lips,
  Deep with all chaste desire,
And every vein is running full
  With keen delicious fire.

And oh, the pulses in our palms!—
  Feel, God, how strong they beat!
How can we bid our lips to pray
  In hours so silent sweet?

But though we cannot pray tonight,
  Each kiss is one deep plea
That Thou wilt keep me true to him,
  And him—Lord, Lord!—to me.

When the Birds Go North Again.

By ELLA HIGGINSON.

And every year hath its winter,
  And every year hath its rain—
But a day is always coming
  When the birds go North again.

When new leaves swell in the forest,
  And grass springs green on the plains,
And the alder's veins turn crimson—
  And the birds go North again.

Oh every heart hath its sorrow,
  And every heart hath its pain—
But a day is always coming,
  When the birds go North again.

'Tis the sweetest thing to remember,
  If courage be on the wane,
When the cold, dark days are over,
  And the birds go North again.

Probable Issues of the Next Campaign.

By JUDGE A. H. TANNER.

IN LESS than a year the national conventions of the various political parties will be held and the candidates for President and Vice-President nominated. Upon what issues and under what leadership the great political battle of 1900 will be fought out, is already being discussed by the press and the people. That it will be an active, energetic campaign and one fought with great interest to the future welfare of the republic goes without saying.

Everybody knows where the Republican party stands and is likely to stand in the coming campaign, both as to platform and candidates. An element of uncertainty is occasioned by the chaotic condition of the opposition. So much depends upon their action that one cannot much more than guess at their platform or candidate. Will they unite again, as in 1896, under the leadership of Mr. Bryan, or will they break up into separate organizations with separate platforms and candidates? In the latter place we would have the Democratic party platform and candidates; the Peoples party platform and candidates; the Silver Republican party platform and candidates; the National or Gold Democratic party platform and candidates, and perhaps others yet to be heard from. All these discordant elements crying aloud in favor of their respective remedies for existing evils would be worse than the confusion of tongues No one, not even a prophet, could predict what they would declare for or who would be their candidates. I certainly shall not attempt to do so.

It is assumed by the writer of this article, from the present indications, that the Democratic, Peoples and Silver Republican parties will unite in a general spirit of opposition to the Republican party, upon some such plan as in 1896, and that William J. Bryan will be their candidate for President. He is the only man in the country, in my judgment, around whom these discordant elements could rally in the general hope of success. He enjoys the unique distinction of being at the same time a good Democrat, a good Populist and a good Silver Rejublican, and this very fact makes him the logical—the inevitable candidate of those parties.

This will mean undoubtedly a re-affirmance of the Chicago platform of 1896, with an anti-expansion and anti-trust plank added, for Mr. Bryan makes the Chicago platform the sine que non of his political faith. It is doubtful if he would accept the nomination upon a platform differing in any substantial particular from that upon which he ran in 1896.

The Chicago platform, it will be remembered, declared for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 without "waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation"; tariff for revenue only; against federal interference with insurrections or riots in the states; for an income tax; for "home rule" whatever that was intended to mean; and opposed life tenure in public service, which was practically an assault upon the civil service law. The Peoples party and the Silver Republicans adopted separate platforms, but distinctly waived for the campaign all questions, excepting the free coinage of silver, which was declared by each of them to be the vital issue and they will doubtless find some such pretext for accepting the platform which Mr. Bryan will dictate for the campaign of 1900, which, as already suggested, will be substantially the Chicago platform with an anti-expansion and anti-trust plank added.

The Republican party, on the other hand, will declare for the doctrine for which it has steadily contended since the date of its organization, that the duties on imported goods shall be so levied as to protect American industries and American labor from the baleful influ-

ence of foreign competition, and commonly referred to as protective tariff in contra-distinction from the "tariff for revenue only" doctrine of the Democratic party; it will also declare for the existing gold standard and in opposition to the free coinage of silver, except by international agreement; for reciprocity; for maintaining the civil service law in its just and proper application; for the protection of life, liberty and property in every part of the public, and for the exercise of federal power for that purpose where state authorities are unable or unwilling to do so; for a pure ballot and fair count; for maintaining the dignity and honor of the Uuited States in every part of the world, and for such increase in our Army and Navy as may be necessary to accomplish this end; for retaining the Phillipines, Guam, Porto Rico and Hawaii, now formally ceded to the United States, and ior maintaining the rightful authority of the United States as the sovereign power therein, and extending over these islands a just and humane form of government; for such a policy towards Cuba as will result in the ultimate peaceable annexation thereof to the United States; and for more effective legislation against Trusts and combinations of capital to control prices of products to the end that such trusts and combinations may be destroyed.

There will doubtless be minor matters referred to in the various platforms, but the foregoing is sufficient to indicate what the great leading issues of the campaign will be, and these may be summarized as follows: Expansion, the tariff, the money question, the extent of federal authority in the matter of suppressing insurrections and riots in the states.

There will be no issue in regard to the Trusts for the simple reason that all parties will unite in denouncing trusts in the most vehement manner. The only way the question of trusts will enter into the campaign will be in the discussion of the tariff. It will doubtless be contended, as it has in former campaigns, that a protective tariff is the mother of trusts and monopolies, but it will be shown that such is not the case, else why is it that in Free Trade England nearly two hundred great trusts exist, and why is it that in this country trusts exist in articles that are, and have been for years, on the free list? The fact is that trusts exist irrespective of the tariff and in spite of it; nor can they be controlled to any great extent by federal legislation, from the fact that they exist under state legislation. The only way they can be effectually suppressed is by drastic measures on the part of the state under whose laws they have been brought into being, and are suffered to exist. A great many people will see less evil in being subject to the machinations of home trusts, which can be reached and dealt with, than foreign trusts which cannot be reached or effected by our laws. They will continue to believe that if they must be plucked by the trusts they would prefer it to be done by a home trust than a foreign trust.

The great overshadowing issue of the campaign, in my judgment, is going to be the question of Expansion, so-called. It will rise above dollars—without they shall be of gold or silver; above tariff schedules—whether they shall be high or low,—because it involves the welfare and future condition of millions of human beings. Shall they have the benefit of our Christian faith and civilization, or shall they be left to grope in the darkness of ignorance and superstition? Shall they have the blessings of free government and enlightened liberty, or shall they continue in their half civilized and half savage state, a prey to anarchy and outrage? Shall our flag planted on these islands by the heroism, devotion and blood of our brave soldiers and sailors, be hauled down because a few Malays, Negroes and Chinese insist upon it?

Being the owner of these islands by a perfect and indefeasable title, shall we maintain our sovereignty there, or shall we depart at the first hostile demonstration, and apologise to all the world for having sought to relieve the people thereof from oppression and injustice? These and such as these are the questions with which the voters of the United States are giong to be confronted, and which they will have to answer in the next Presidential election.

The tariff and money questions are

old and have been discussed until they are worn threadbare, but in the question of expansion we have something new—an issue that will increase the interest and widen the vision of the people of the United States as the campaign draws on, and one to the discussion and solution of which will be brought their highest patriotism and best judgment.

As to Cuba, it will be contended that any attempt to annex it, would be contrary to the pledges made by Congress at the beginning of the Spanish War "and inconsistent with national honor." The resolution of Congress passed March 28, 1898, declares "That the United States disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination when this is accomplished to leave the government and control of the island to its people."

The following clause is found in the late treaty with Spain:

"Article 1. Spain renounces all sovereignty over Cuba. Whereas said isle when vacated by Spain is to be occupied by the United States, the United States while the occupation continues, shall take upon themselves and fulfill the obligations which, by the fact of occupation, international law interposes on them for the protection of life and property."

It will be seen from this resolution that the United States declares its intention to exercise sovereignty and control over the island for the pasification thereof—establishing peace and order—and the treaty with Spain imposes on the United States the duty of protecting life and property while in possession. Now, it will be poor diplomacy, as it seems to me, if, by the time the island is pacified, the people are not ready to vote for annexation to the United States. So the real question will be whether peaceable annexation is desirable on the part of the United States, and, whether we should pursue a policy calculated to bring about such peaceable annexation or not.

The Musical Woodpeckers of Burnt River.

A Sketch.

By CA TAIN CLEVELAND ROCKWELL.

AFTER a cool or frosty night in July among the Southern slopes of the Blue mountains in Eastern Oregon, the rays of the morning sun shoot brightly through the forest aisles, blazing like carbuncles aslant the cinnamon-colored stems of the larch and yellow pine. Beneath the sombre canopy of needles overhead they strike and glint in emerald and opaline hues across the gently-descending slopes below the higher peaks.

To breathe the pure ether at this inspiring hour, before the fierce direct rays of the sun have raised the odor of the dusty ground, is both a privilege and a luxury, and fills the breast with gratitude for life. No undergrowth obstructs the endless forest vista of beautiful swelling slopes clothed in the greenest grass—the only limit to the vision the array of tree trunks, en silhouette, against the distance. In this region, between the Powder and Burnt rivers, opposite Sumpter, Oregon, is the home of the Musical Woodpecker.

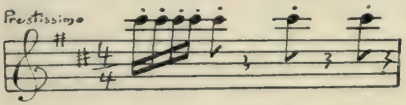
Three-Cent Gulch. Euphonious name—how unpoetical, how sordid! Yet, when the large, bright scales of yellow gold stare boldly through the last few wet stones in the gold-pan, how practical! Three-Cent Gulch!—how lone-

some! Not a cabin in sight! Not a living thing! Stay—a chipmunk darts along, straight tail aloft. That cloud of dust?—the passing stage or an ore team from the Bonanza mine.

Hark! what bell is that? Doubtless a band of horses grazing along the Gulch. What? no horses there? Well!—It is a flock of musical mimics going their rounds, making the forest ring with their melodious sounds. The little bird, not larger than a dove, is a veritable musician.

The birds did not appear daily, and were apparently filling their engagements in a leisurely manner. They had adopted or mimiced the exact musical note of a bell worn by one of a herd of horses, straying in the vicinity—not only was the tone the same, but also the time, as when the bell is rapidly shaken through the torment of a persistent fly around the ear.

Here is the equivalent musical expression:



and occasionally adding the last note in fainter tones.
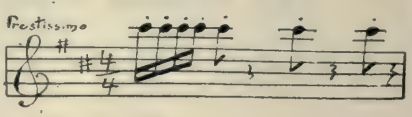
They had apparenty selected the trees, and the particular spots on the trees where those notes could be produced, and rapped out their challenge from the location of their favorite instruments.

The notes rang out clear and musical in the distance in a true and (if I may coin a simile) cup-like tone. I found, after experimenting with my briar-wood pipe on a dead tree where the bark was loose but not fallen, I could imitate the tone which varied on the musical scale according to the closeness of the bark to the wood.

I could hear some of this party of troubadours trying the same tune—and observing the precise time—on dry, solid wood, but no music was produced and they soon abandoned the spot. No metronome kept time more closely than these little fellows.

Hammer and listen for an answer. and listen as, no doubt, many have seen the Yellow Hammer, perched on the gable end of an old barn, hammer out his ringing challenge on the dry, resounding board, much to his own entertainment.

Three-Cent Gulch! How dry! How lonesome! No running water—scarcely a spring from which a cool drink can be had. The day is waning, the blazing sun has long passed the meridian, and the air of high altitudes shows that evening is near. How dusty! How dry! How absolutely still and lifeless is the air? No!



Mizpah.

The Lord keep watch 'tween thee and me,
when absent from each other. * * *

He, watching Israel, slumbereth not nor sleeps.

Though half a mighty nation
Between we two may be,
Yet he who planned creation,
Keeps watch 'tween thee and me.
The grand old Bible teacheth,
And all our lives as well,
He slumbers not nor sleepeth,
Who guarded Israel.

Then never let doubt smother
The faith that surely He,
When absent from each other,
Keeps watch 'tween me and thee,
While each in honor keepeth
The way that to her fell,
He slumbers not, nor sleepeth,
Who watched o'er Israel.

Adonen.

The Voice of the Silence.

Began in January number.

Chapter XII.



"AND so you are going away."

"Will you miss me?—Ah, forgive the question, Nellie. I know you will. But it is best that I go. I have idled here too long and now I am going back to the world—not the world I have known—of wealth, frivolity and fashion, but to the great underworld of pain and poverty whose shadow rests even upon the lives of those who heed it least."

The two girls were in the cabin, sitting together in the dusky gloom of the waning afternoon. The level rays of the setting sun gilded the tops of the tossing pines, and turned the river, at ebb against a north wind, to a turbulent golden flood. The little boy, Nanita's son, was playing in his noiseless fashion upon the doorstep. Nellie's glance rested upon him for a moment.

"How handsome he is!" she said in an undertone to Elise, and added, "How fond he is of you! Of course you will take him with you?"

"Of course. Is he not all I have that is my very own, my closest kin?"

Nellie looked at her, but half understanding. There were many things about her friend that passed her comprehension but this did not interfere with their affection for each other. "And Odin," she said, "does he advise your going?"

"He does not oppose it."

"He will miss you more even than I, if that were possible." And she sighed unconsciously.

"Yes," replied Elise, "but I shall write often, and after all it is upon Odin I depend for help and advice and direction in all my work. He is my tower of strength. Ah me! I wish— I wish that he could be happier."

Nellie suppressed the question that rose to her lips as unworthy a friend. But she wondered wearily why it was that fate wove such tangled threads into life's many-colored fabric."

When Odin came between the daylight and the dark to take her home, and they rowed slowly back to the village, hugging the shore to avoid the strength of the tide, she spoke to him of his devotion to Elise.

"You will find it lonely enough without her."

"We cannot expect her to stay here always," he replied evasively.

"Do you think she will ever return?"

"I cannot tell."

Nellie's heart was beating rapidly, but she went on boldly. "Could you bear to think of her not returning?"

"One can bear anything when the necessity arises," he said.

"Yet," the girl insisted, "she is very dear to you?"

"Yes."

"Dearer than all else in the world?"

But he did not answer, and when they reached the floating pier where he moored his boat, he helped her ashore

and said good night and went away. Usually he walked up to her own door with her, and sometimes entered to talk for an hour with her father. Tonight he seemed to wish to be alone, and Nellie wondered if she had gone too far.

Meantime, in the cabin Elise had given the child his simple supper of bread and milk, and undressed, and put him to bed. It was a task she liked to linger over, this tucking her little brown charge away for the night. She would tell him weird stories of the winds, and waves, and wild things that he knew and loved, and croon soft melodies that seemed but an echo of the untamed life of the forest. There was one story about a sea gull who had been a princess and who was under a spell of enchantment that he always asked for and which he never staid awake long enough to hear the end of.

When the big black eyes were closed in sleep Elise gently drew her hand away from the clasping baby fingers, and went and sat in the soft summer darkness just inside the cabin door. She had laid aside the veil in which her features were shrouded by day and her face shown white in the deepening dusk. The wind had gone down with the sun, and as she watched the gray gleam of the star-lit river through the branches of the pines, her thoughts journeyed far, and yet were not thoughts so much as dreams, vague, half-sweet and formless as the mist that trembles over a mountain lake when kissed into motion by the breath of dawn. The silence was unbroken save for the soft splash of the ebbing tide, or the call of a belated waterfowl along the shore. She heard, without realizing that she heard, the sound of oars shifted in the rowlocks. Suddenly the dim light of the open door was darkened by a shadow. A man stood there uncertain, and peering into the dense gloom of the interior.

Is it that love's eyes are keen? Elise knew, and her heart gave one great bound and then was still. What brought him here, and now when she was beginning to—forget?—no, but to feel less deeply, less acutely the pain of loving.

"Elise, Elise! They told me I should find you here," the words came softly, almost like a thought breathed out unconsciously. But at the sound of his voice she rose and came to him.

"Did you call, Colonel Randolph? I am here—in the dark."

He opened his arms and gathered her close to his heart. "Elise, my love, my love, at last, at last!"

In that supreme hour there was no room for speech. Heart spoke to heart in a joy too deep for words. Later it came to them that there was much to say, and they sat together upon the doorstep in the warm star-light and talked.

"Ah, my love," he said, "I have roamed this wide world over in my search for you. Why did you hide yourself from me?"

"Because I loved you," whispered Elise. "I thought you did not care and I— I could not bear it."

"Not care, my darling, not care? and I have hungered and thirsted for you all this weary year."

"And then,— and then— I could not face the world when I had lost the thing it valued most."

"Yet if you had not lost your beauty perhaps I had never found my heart. Ah Elise, your sweet face could never be anything but beautiful to me, and the less fair to others the more to me."

"And you would marry me as I am, plain, poor, almost to poverty, for I have vowed my fortune to the sick and suffering?"

"Yes, yes, a thousand times, yes. I have enough of this world's goods for both."

"But think—these poor features are too disfigured to bear the light of day. Only in the dark like this can I meet you unveiled. For a long, long year I have not looked in the glass, I— I who was once in love with my own face, I who rejoiced daily in my own fairness! Oh, no, you cannot mean it."

"Listen to me, Elise, you are dearer so. It is you, yourself I love, not the beauty that was your's. The perfect loveliness of your face never moved me as the thought of these cruel scars incurred to save a life at peril of your own. Ah, my love, my love, the beauty of your soul outshines all else for me, my brave, my noble Elise! I am not worthy, b..

I want you, dear."

She laughed, a tender tremulous little laugh that was not unmixed with tears. "Take me then, and heaven send you may not regret the gift."

"Lest you change your mind, I shall come with the priest and the license to-morrow."

"So soon?"

"It is an age."

"Very well, at this hour, then, tomorrow."

"And now I must leave you."

"So soon?"

"It is near mid-night."

They rose and loitered down the winding path beneath the young pines to the stairs that went down to the beach. The broad breast of the river was agleam with stars.

"The tide has turned," the Colonel said, "I shall row back on the flood."

"Yes," said Elise, "yes," and added softly, "the tide has turned for me also."

Then they said good night lingeringly, as lovers will, and Colonel Randolph descended the steps and found his boat which he had drawn far up on the sands, already afloat. In the act of embarking he turned back, and called, "Elise!"

"Yes," replied Elise from the shadow of the pines, "I am here."

He sprang up the steps and took her in his arms. "Come with me, love, I cannot leave you here alone in this lonely place, I cannot."

The girl smiled at his solicitude. "Why not?" she said. "I am perfectly safe. No harm can come to me here. The very solitude is a protection."

"But you are alone."

"Not at this moment."

"But when I go—"

"I shall have you with me still in my dreams and I shall not be lonely. Besides, you forget that I am usually alone."

"I will not leave you."

"You must."

"I cannot."

They turned toward the cabin. "You may go as far as the door," cried Elise with a trace of her old time coquetry, "and then—good-night."

But at the threshold, when she would have crossed it, he restrained her. "It is so dark in there, let me enter first and strike a light."

"No, I love the darkness."

"And are you not afraid?"

"I am never afraid." Strange! her thoughts went back in one swift flash to that day, long since, when Odin met her under the pines and put this same question and she had answered as she answered to-night. "I am never afraid." It came to her now that it was that question which had opened the door of life to her untried and unsuspecting feet. Never afraid! true child of nature that she was, what had she to do with fear. Weak in many ways, inconsistent, a handful of contradictions—but afraid? never!

"Now," she said gently, trying to put aside his clasping arm, "you must go."

"No," he whispered, "I am not going—ye," and drew her across the threshold and into the gloom of the cabin. He could feel her heart beating like the wings of a prisoned bird, but he knew she was not afraid. A strange and suffocating silence fell upon them. They felt the pressure of the palpitating darkness, and the touch of invisible hands on throat and breast and brow, and clung to each other mute and motionless. How long they stood thus, held fast by the unseen, they never knew. But at last, through the silence that made itself felt, came a far-off cry, faint and sweet as an angel call—a cry that broke the spell of the dark and freed them from the thrawl of the senses.

"O," murmured Elise, with a long-drawn, quivering sigh, "did you not hear it? Hark!" She lifted her head and listened. Like the breath of the west wind blown over silver strings, like the notes of a violin blended with a woman's tones in singing, it came again, piercing the night as a star-beam pierces the shadows, softly swelling, clearer, higher, till it broke into a ripple of heavenly laughter and floated away upon the stillness—the Voice of the Silence that is like no other sound heard on earth, and yet is a blending of all that is sweetest on earth and in heaven.

"What is it, dear?" asked the Colonel, presently. "I hear nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Perhaps the cry of a gull or a sea-bird, but nothing more."

And in that moment Elise knew that this man, whom she loved with all the strength of her woman's nature, could never understand, and again she sighed, and this time it was with great regret and longing. She remembered a grave upon the grass-grown hill-top overlooking the sea. Her lover, hearing that sigh, drew her to his breast and kissed her lips and cheek and brow.

"Darling, you are tired. How late I am keeping you from your dreams," he said. "Now I am going to light your lamp for you and say good night.' He took out his match case and struck a light. As its flame flared and then gave out a steady glow he glanced at his companion. "Elise!" he cried in astonishment, then sternly, "Why have you deceived me?"

The match flared and went out, and he struck another, but she, suddenly realizing that she was unveiled, covered her face with her hands. "Oh!" she sobbed, "this is cruel, it is unfair."

There was a lamp of antique design upon the mantle shelf. He held the match to its twisted wick till it blazed steadily, then turning, took her hands and drew them gently away from her tear-wet face.

"Elise, look at me, darling." He kissed the crystal drops from her cheeks. "Have you a mirror anywhere about?" he asked.

"No," replied Elise, wonderingly.

"No? Well, if you had I could prove to you in less than a minute the fact hitherto unsuspected, that you are a very lovely liar."

"What do you mean?" she cried, flushing with sudden indignation, and trying to draw her hands away.

"Just what I say. The very loveliest liar in all the world. There is not a mark or scar on this fair face of yours. You are a thousand times more beautiful than I ever dreamed. Why dear, are you not glad?" For Elise had thrown herself down upon her couch in a very tempest of tears. He knelt beside her, trying to comfort her.

"Let me cry; oh let me cry—it is for joy, for very joy," she sobbed.

When her emotion had exhausted itself he said, looking at his watch, "The night is nearly spent, and you must have rest. I am going now," and kissing her tenderly, he went softly out and shut the door. And Elise knew not, till years after, that he lay till dawn under the pine in front of her cabin, heedless of the fact that his boat had drifted away on the flood.

(The End.)



Frank Du Mond.

By LISCHEN M. MILLER.

TO understand Frank DuMond's pictures, or rather to understand why you do not understand them, you must know something of his methods of working, and his theories about art. Both are unique and both are strikingly original.

The first mission of a picture, according to Mr. Du Mond, is to please the eye. If it fails in this, it fails in everything. The subject must always be a secondary consideration. It is to the treatment, the distribution of light and shade, the harmonious arrangement of color that the artist should devote himself. The literary quality in art he regards with aversion, holding it to be detrimental to true effort.

"The successful artist," he claims, "must study nature closely and consistently, but never try to reproduce or imitate."

Art is not imitation, it is suggestion. It is not nature, but the interpretation of nature. It is beauty, grace, subtle harmony of color, form, and grouping, that charm the sight, and through the sight alone enthrawl the senses.

Frank Brangwyn, of whom it is written, "he accepts tradition by defying it," is an artist whose work appeals most strongly to Mr. Du Mond. He refers to it as well illustrating his own theories.

"There," he remarked, pointing to a reproduction of one of Brangwyn's pictures in the International Art Studio, recently. "There you have color, lavishness of color, agreeable distribution of light and shade, richness in effect. Satisfies the eye, you know, and looks almost as well upside down. Yes, there is a title tacked on, might have been called almost anything else just as well, though. The subject does not count."

Frank Du Mond was born in Rochester, New York. He went, when twenty-one years of age, to New York City, where he worked upon the Daily Graphic, also for Harper's, studying, meantime, at the Art Students' League. After three years in New York he went to Paris and studied under Constant for awhile, and then with LeFebre and Boulanger, painting each year a picture for the salon. In 1891 his famous painting, "The Holy Family," won a medal. The following year he spent in Italy. Returning to America he taught in the Art Students' League in New York, and in Pratt's Institute in Brooklyn, spending his winters there and summers abroad, preferably in France and Italy. The past four years he has lived in Paris, and his work is widely and favorably known both here and over the sea. The people in this particular part of the world must feel an intimate interest in his career by reason of the fact that he has married a daughter of the "Golden West," who is herself an artist. Her work, which has already attracted attention, in some ways excels that of her gifted husband. Her pictures possess a quality which is undeniably more potent than mere beauty, a certain primitive strength and an austerity that appeals to something besides the sight, that attracts and, at the same time, disturbs—an uncompromising truth, a power that moves, that speaks—not to the eye alone, but to that inner self that thinks and feels and suffers. With her the subject is more than the color scheme, more than the painting—it takes hold upon the heart, upon the very soul, and compels reverence.

Absolute truthfulness is hers, a noble ruggedness that is independent of color, or grace, or beauty, and which is not lacking in these. The majestic front of a thunder-riven crag, the solemn silence of a mountain peak, cloud-capped, and reaching to the stars, the echo of organ tones in dim cathedral arches, the boom of the surf upon a lonely shore—these are like her pictures in their power to move the soul. Yet she is not oblivious

to beauty for beauty's sake. It is in her painting of miniatures that her work resembles that of her husband. These are exquisite. Portraits with value far beyond that of portraits—but it was not of Helen Savier Du Mond that I intended to speak. Her work and its object will be the subject of a future paper.

It is with Frank Du Mond that we are at present concerned. And Frank Du Mond is like the Greeks of antiquity whose wisdom prompted them to ignore everything but the beautiful in art, and whose ambition was to charm the senses by the mere perfection of the object presented, never stooping to catch a likeness or to attract attention by the difficulties overcome in the presentation.

Oregon.

By J. W. WHALLEY.

O! land of fir-clad hills, of mountains white,
Of rivers noble, gliding to the sea;
Of smiling valleys, basking in the light,
E'er swept by breezes, odorous and free,
Thou art and ever wilt be unto me,
A poem rich in imag'ry and tone
And rythmic beauty, which melodiously
My spirit reads amid thy solitudes alone.

A poem—yea—but in an unknown tongue
In which but few words yet my soul doth ken;
Shall meaning from its mystery be wrung
And plainly told unto the sons of men?
I know not; yet I read the verse again,
And catch suggestions of an epic grand,
Which some interpreter, perchance, shall pen
In flowing strophes tuned unto the Sun Set Land.

What pictures too are glowing 'fore the eye,
Delighted, roving o'er the rolling scene!
Some hill, mayhap, thou dost espy,
Of Autumn gold set in a frame of green,
While near its base the whispering alders lean
Their dappled boughs across some silv'ry rill,
Emitting flashes as the breeze, I ween,
Its veiling greenness wafts aside with gentle skill.

And who shall paint the images which rise
Inverted in Columbia's crystal tide,
Of crag basaltic towering to the skies,
And cascade leaping down the rugged side
Of spruce clad mountains stretching far and wide;
Who blend such colors as before thee glow
Transfiguring, what thy upward glance hath spied,
To grand ethereal forms within the depths below!

Where Hood or Jefferson or Sisters Three,
With snowy crests which pierce the arching blue,
Stand like the tents of sentinels, whom He
The mighty Lord hath sent with purpose true
To guard our land, I oft my faith renew,
Whilst gazing on these symbols of His care,
In mighty wardship constant, ever new,
Of Providence Supreme o'er land and sea and air.

Or, when a humid veil of mist doth fold
Some mount, o'er which the forest fires have sped,
And left the firs which crowned its frontlet bold,
Bleached by the seasons, ghastly, tall and dead,
The wind-moved gauze, revealing, oft hath led
My fancy, in the scene and tap'ring trees,
To see a new world swinging overhead,
With masts of phantom ships upon its ghostly seas.

Through misty thought which shrouds my fancy's play
I see personified, like prophet old,
Thy form descending to the Ocean's spray
To bathe thy feet in breakers inward rolled.
Thy message, writ on plates of burnished gold,
To wand'rers seeking here the Promised Land,
By Commerce unto Industry foretold,
The welkin fills, like Sinaitic thund'rings grand.

It tells thy Native Sons, "be bold and free
And rich in fruitage like your mother soil,
Your thoughts aspiring as the peaks you see,
And pure as waters where the Cascades boil."
It bids them smite the rocks with honest toil
And see the glittering streams of riches flow,
And 'mid the world's unrest and wild turmoil
Prove Happiness hath found a Paradise below.

The Indian Arabian Nights.

Being a series of Indian Stories and Legends, relating to the region around Astoria, Oregon.

By H. S. LYMAN.

OMOPAH.

I.

OMOPAH is the name of a lake. It takes its name from the rushes that grow along the water.

This, too, suggests the general appearance of the place—the rush-grown shore, the dark-colored water which, however, under the influence of the wind and sunlight, becomes the most profound blue; and the evergreen trees, a kind of spruce that crowd to the brink, and even lean over the lake. Spruce trees growing in this situation, on damp, boggy ground, shoot out enormous roots of gnarly, quaint shape, forming chairs, settees, rocking horses, or divans suited to such ancient creatures as once inhabited alone this region of water and groves—namely, the Cheatcos, or their less frightful mistresses, sometimes known as the Skookums—who lived, however, long ago, in the times of enchantment when things were done any day, or all day, such as now occur only rarely, and at dead of night.

It was a day of pleasure. Springtime, clear sky, warm sun, and a stroll in the grove, which is open, the trees somewhat dispersed. The ground is carpeted with moss. To explore the grove, to discover the glades in its depths, to ascend the curious, moss-grown mounds, or penetrate the most shady hollows was in itself a delight to one who has the love of the wilds; but over and above these, was the hunt for a rare flower, the Colypus, an orchid, the most modest and most delicate little flower of the woods.

When the wind changed and came

from the west, and brought the murmur of the surf among the trees—for we were in the vicinity of the ocean, Gama said: "Let us go up to the house and have the Judge tell us stories."

"Maybe he won't," sugested Noll, who was slow to change a comfortable position.

"Yes, he will," I said, "and throw in dinner besides."

"Is it dinner time?" asked Noll.

"Yes; or soon will be."

"That puts a different face on the affair," answered Noll, and we went.

II.

"Where do you want me to begin," asked the Judge when the twilight had settled down and the glowing coals in the fireplace threw dim shadows upon the walls.

"Begin at the beginning, and tell everything," replied Gama, "all the queer names and old stories; everything old and forgotten that nobody knows."

"That will make a long story," said he.

"That is what we want," replied Gama.

"We each have our particular purpose," I explained. "Gama wants one thing; I another. Gama wishes all sorts of stuff out of which to weave make-up romances—seed thoughts capable of indefinite expansion into imaginative products, and I," I continued, anticipating his question, "want the most particular facts—tracing facts to acts, acts to thoughts, locating thoughts in individuals. I have already a dim, hazy idea of this part in my mind; but I wish to particularize. I want the names of the places, the people, the tribes; what the names meant. For it seems to me that under this debris of a hundred ye rs lies an old world that we should be sorry to lose remembrance of."

"You must understand," began the Judge, "that all of the past in this particular locality, beyond the mere memory of man, is dim and indistinct. It is the same borderland of fact and fancy blended that the student encounters on returning by investigation to the heroic age of Greece or Rome; only here the age of myth closes down as near as two hundred years; not three thousand or more as on the plains of Troy."

"You will consider the situation also, the isolation. On the West lay the ocean, upon which this primitive people ventured only in calm weather, and then but a few miles. A vast, unknown sea, under whose curve, where the arc of the sea met the arch of the horizon, lay the illimitable and the unknown. If we can conceive of the mythical age almost enshrouding this shore, we must also conceive the illimitable space, which we have now relegated to the stars, as, in the people's minds, encroaching so near as almost to reach out from a few leagues of uncertain sea.

"Equally near did the unknown approach on the other hand—the side of the land. Toward the East, which they distinguished simply by the proximate notion as the 'sunrise,' lay the continent, of which their country was but the most narrow bordering. Where the land ended they could never tell any more than of the ocean.

"There were forests deep, dark and vast, peopled with wild animals. Out of the lands rose also sombre mountains, toward which the storms seemed most commonly attracted, and around which the heaviest thunder rolled and awakened answers. Also, most stupendous to all primitive minds, out of the highest mountains was at sometimes poured fire.

"From the land came the rivers; and, particularly, came for many days journey, and from the most lofty mountains, their great river. These people never gave it a name. They gave no names to running water, although sometimes they did name pools or ponds; but their names were otherwise wholly of the shore. They named localities, not moving objects. They conceived of water as a unit, like air, or the sky. They no more thought of naming a body of water than we should of naming the body of air over a hill, or valley, and even attributed to water something of the universal notion that we imply to the word spirit.

The range of this primitive people was limited, being about twenty miles south from the mouth of the Columbia river, a sandy tract along the ocean, somewhat triangular in shape, including all this

peninsula, about three miles wide, but toward the south ranging off somewhat indefinitely into the hills, and hill valleys. Over this tract of not over a hundred or two square miles, they roved at pleasure, or according to the necessities of fishing, which was their greatest source of sustenance.

"There have been changes in the country itself since times of memory. Unlike its present condition, the region of sands was deep and green with tall grass, even to the line of breakers. The point at the mouth of the river also extended much farther out to sea, being fostered with a growth of majestic evergreen trees. But the unstable sands have been washed away, taking forest and all. There was also originally a peaked sand hill, about half way down the plain, of imposing height, not less than 150 feet, jutting over the sea, the sands being compacted by the masses of roots and turf of the matted grasses that knitted its surface into a deep sod. A curious tabular plat, too, overhanging the beach, of considerable elevation, rose near the hill, having a perpendicular front. The rest of the plains rolled away in dunes and wavering lines as you see them now; but the most singular and lofty have been drawn down into the encroaching sea, or leveled by the wind.

"Another feature, curious and beautiful, was that of a water course, a river bordered by wide meadows, and a fretting of willow trees and wild apples, which occupied the center of the plains; a broad, deep, tide stream, like a canal, and breaking out into the sea near this table. But the course of that river is now changed, and its bed is filled wholly with sand. As you see it now the country is less the land of the sea; originally it resembled an island, with ocean or estuary water billowing almost all around. It is not equal to its old self."

"Well, now to the people who lived on this shore in the dawn of history," I said. "Who was the first of all whose name is known?"

"Ah," replied the Judge, smiling, "that takes us to our first story," and he settled down in a leisurely, reminiscent manner, and began:

(To be continued next month.)

Once.

A dream as the morning fair,
  Once drifted thro' space to me;
Adown thro' the ether rare,
  Thro' the waves of the purple sea;
  On its starlit path to me
  It had wandered afar, afar,
Past planets bright, thro' the moon's pale
      light,
  From its home in a distant star.

A dream of such beauty rare—
  A vision of heavenly birth—
How came it, all pure and fair,
  To this sorrowful, sin-stained earth?
  And again will it drift to earth,
  Thro' the waves of the purple sea?
I watch and wait, at the dim dream-gate,
  But it comes not again to me.

Florence May Wright.

Our Point of View

The sequel to "The Voice of the Silence," the publication of which began in the January number, will, in the course of time, follow the conclusion of the story. Until the appearance of the sequel the identity of the author will not be disclosed by the Pacific Monthly.

♣ ♣ ♣

Judging by the developments in the Dreyfus case the guilt or innocence of the prisoner will not determine his fate so much as the attitude which the generals may choose to assume towards him. Interest accordingly centers not around Dreyfus and the proofs of his innocence —that was clearly established before he was returned to France, or the farce now being enacted could never have taken place—but around the probable changes in this or that general. The world has never witnessed a worse travesty on justice.

♣ ♣ ♣

France lacks but one thing to plunge her into the throes of another revolution of bloodshed and destruction—a leader. The time is favorable and the most terrible conditions exist, but the man to crystalize these conditions, one who has strength and determination, a born leader, is fortunately not to be found. The army generals are weak and pusilanimous. None of them display the qualities necessary for leadership, and if they had all the rest their cowardice would prevent them from assuming the lead. France will probably, therefore, be spared another revolution. It is not patriotism that saves her.

♣ ♣ ♣

Harper's Weekly, in an article in a recent number on "Two Kinds of Democrats," has capped the climax of all exhibitions of extremely bad taste. Whether one may or may not agree with the writer is neither here nor there. Comparisons are always odious. There is no excuse for such an article.

The fear of death, the dread of disease, the anticipation of evil—if these be eliminated from the mind of man life would assume a very different complexion, and this world would speedily become the abiding place of peace and pleasure instead of being, as now, the home of pain. So much depends upon man's mental attitude; one might go further and say with truth that everything depends upon it. For when you look closely into any matter that effects the well-being of man, physical or moral, you discover that in all its relations to him its force and its influence are determined by his conscious recognition and mental reception of it.

♣ ♣ ♣

The power of Thought! Let any man try to measure it, or to place limitations upon its activity, and he will readily perceive that he has undertaken the impossible. For Thought is as limitless and far-reaching as space itself. It is all things and controls all. It makes and transforms a man's life. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so he is." Let him think rightly and he will live rightly. Let his thoughts be clean and beautiful and noble, and his life will be without blame.

♣ ♣ ♣

Those who look forward to an alliance between the United States and England are doomed to disappointment. At least this is the verdict of the upper classes and royalty in England, who say that the idea never received their approval. Inasmuch, however, as the destiny of England is not controlled by these classes, and as England would have everything to gain through an entente, the United States is not likely to go begging at Great Britain's door for an alliance. Indeed, the strongest and most persistent objections to such a scheme are likely to come from this country. We would have everything to lose and practically nothing to

gain. Probably the Alaska boundary dispute will cool off what little enthusiasm there was in America for the Alliance.

♣ ♣ ♣

When school boards come to recognize the silent influence of beauty upon the minds of the children for whom it is their care to provide, they will build no more ugly, but expensive, structures in which to house their young charges. It is one of the most blessed facts that beauty is cheap. It is the awkward, the grotesque and the crude that costs. Simplicity and grace are to be had for so little money that the majority who gauge values by dollars and cents, have lost sight of them altogether and our school boards, to be in the fashion, spend vast amounts from the public treasury for results that are not only unsatisfactory, but hurtful.

♣ ♣ ♣

The inroads which American enterprise is making into the manufacturing and agricultural interests of Europe is causing considerable consternation there. England has lately been out-bid by America in so many instances that she is beginning to feel that her manufacturing supremacy is fast slipping away. This concern is not without reason, for America is practically just beginning to reach out for the markets of the world. With unlimited resources at her command, combined with the wonderfully energetic character of her people, the destiny of America, as far as manufacturing and commercial interests are concerned, is not hard to read. Eventually the United States must lead the world in manufactured products and in the extent of her shipping. There can be no other outcome.

♣ ♣ ♣

One thing, more than any other during the past thirty years, that has caused the continued success of the Republican and the defeat of the Democratic party, has been the fact that the Republican party has always been abreast of the times. It has seen the opportunity and made the most of it. The issues which Democracy has championed, on the other hand, have been, in general, too far ahead of the times for the public to grasp their full significance, and the party has consequently suffered. This is a case wherein a fault is a virtue.

Is This Life a Dream?

I

Is this earthly life a dream?
But a dream?
Is that mystic soul of ours
Wandering by the banks and bowers
Like a stream—but a dream?

II

Will it like a river flow
Soft and low,
Till it finds a soothing deep—
There to sleep—ever sleep—
Never in its home to know
Weal or woe?

III

Ah, this life is not a dream;
Not a dream;
Though the soul will darkness meet,
And the heart's last feeble beat
Ends the theme.

IV

Ah, this earthly life is real,
Truly real;
Building by incessant strife
Fairer life—purer life,
Slowly building on the Earth
Lasting worth.

V

Earthly Aidenn's sapphire towers
Are not ours;
Heaven's dominions strewn with flowers
May be ours—sweetly ours;
Yet on Earth some future time
Will arise a life sublime,
And the palaces to be
Man will see.

Valentine Brown.

The Month

IN POLITICS—

The trial of Dreyfus at Rennes, France, has been the most absorbing topic before the public during the month, and this interest shows no signs of abating. The unexpected turn of affairs has rather increased it. From the disclosures, suicides, and confessions of forgery that had been made it was confidently expected in America that the trial would simply be a vindication of Dreyfus. The sentiment which induced the shooting of Labori, Dreyfus' consul, and the manufacture of false documents, make it extremely improbable, however, that Dreyfus will be acquitted. Harry J. W. Dam, a writer of note, in the New York Journal, gives the following opinion:

There are few if any men in Rennes who believe Dreyfus will be acquitted. The best hope of his partisans seems to be what French procedure calls "acquitted by minority." A verdict against him of four to three, which will set him free, but dismissal from the army, is equivalent to the Scotch verdict "not proven." The next alternative is a verdict of five to two, which would acquit him of treason, but convict him of spying, with a sentence of five years, which he has already served. But that he will walk out of court unstained, with full rank, back pay and promotion, his most optimistic follower is not venturesome enough to predict.

The first reason for this belief is the difference in looks, manner, obedience, attentions which this jury of seven modest captains and brevet majors pay to the great, famous generals, who one after another mount the platform to deride, degrade and destroy Dreyfus in the hardest and most contemptuous words their lips can find.

To see the judges during recess walking up and down the court yard in serious converse with these same generals is a sight full of meaning. Mercier, Roget, De Boisdeffre, Billot and Gense were sufficiently determined to threaten Picquart with loss of promotion and rank if he assisted Dreyfus. They are no less bitter and determined now, and these country officers seem like children in their hands.

The second reason is the fact that if Dreyfus was ever to be acquitted it would have been before the Criminal Court of Cassation. Quesnay de Beaurepaire knew exactly what he was doing when he resigned his high office and brought charges against the court, thus enabling Dupuy, who had been Prime Minister when Mercier was War Minister, and who had become Prime Minister again, to introduce a bill in the Chamber taking the Dreyfus case before all the United Chambers of the Court of Cassation. This bill was passed without question, and it was not until the afternoon that the public found out another clause had been added, which absolutely prevented the court from giving a final decision.

The full Court of Cassation declared Dreyfus innocent as far as it could, but the highest judicial tribunal of France had been shorn of all its power beyond expressing an opinion and sending the case back once more for seven captain to try, and these seven captain now officially ignore the Court of Cassation altogether.

And Zola, in an interview in the New York Journal, says: "In my studies of human nature I have sounded very low depths of depravity, but this trial reveals lower depths than any the most unbridled imagination could put forth."

♣ ♣ ♣

Richard Croker has given the following significant opinion of Mr. Bryan (New York Journal, interview by James Creelman):

"Mr. Bryan's great strength lies in his sympathy for and knowledge of the plain people. No other American has ever been so close to the masses. He understands and feels for the toiler, and the toiler understands and trusts him. I consider him to be one of the greatest men America has produced."

♣ ♣ ♣

In an interview at Naples for the New York World, Admiral Dewey is reported to have said:

"I have the question of the Philippines more at heart than has any other American, because I know the Filipinos intimately and they know I am their friend. The recent insurrection is the fruit of the anarchy which has long reigned in the islands, but the insurgents will have to submit themselves to the law after being accustomed to no law at all. I believe and affirm, nevertheless, that the Philippine question will be very shortly solved.

"The Filipinos are capable of governing themselves; they have all qualifications for it. It is a question of time, but the only way

to settle the insurrection and assure prosperity to the archipelago is to concede self-government to the inhabitants. That would be a solution of many questions and would satisfy all, especially the Filipinos, who believe themselves worthy of it and are so."

♣ ♣ ♣

In a speech at Ocean Grove, N. J., August 13, President McKinley outlined his Philippine policy as follows:

"Peace first; then, with charity for all, establish a government of law and order, protecting life and property and occupation for the well-being of the people who participate in it under the stars and stripes."

♣ ♣ ♣

Riots have broken out in Paris, having been brought on largely through the Dreyfus affair. The immediate cause, however, of the recent trouble was the attack made by anarchists on anti-Semites, and another fearful period of bloodshed is predicted for France.

♣ ♣ ♣

Democrats, Populists and Silver Republicans have fused in Nebraska, and nominated Ex-Governor Holcomb for Supreme Judge.

IN SCIENCE—

"Four English and two American firms were asked to bid on the construction of the Atbara bridge in the Sudan. One English and one American firm submitted bids. The Yankee bid was supplemented by an agreement to deliver a suitable bridge in six weeks. Time was precious, and price not to be considered, and the six weeks offer floored the English bidder. At the same time the latter, to make the Yankee supremacy still more apparent, claimed that his corporation had facilities for getting out rapid work that were unequaled by any bridge-building concern in all England. So the Yankee firm received the contract. The fifth span of the bridge was in place on July 17th, and in a very brief time that far away land will be graced with this new monument to Yankee skill and Yankee push."—The Argonaut.

♣ ♣ ♣

The American Automobile Company has been organized in New York to control the manufacture and operation of all the automobiles and motors in which kerosene or gasoline is used, not only in this country, but in France, Germany and other countries in continental Europe.

♣ ♣ ♣

The cup-challenger—"Shamrock"—arrived in New York August 18. The boat did not create as favorable an impression as was expected, and suffers by comparison with the "Columbia." Many who were inclined to doubt the ability of "Columbia" to retain the ,cup have, therefore, gained confidence in the superiority of the American yacht.

IN LITERATURE—

"Richard Carvel" is the book of the hour, and "David Harum" is becoming one of the has-beens. The Critic gives some interesting information concerning the young author, Mr. Winston Churchill, who was at one time connected with the Cosmopolitan. It was while he was working upon this magazine, assisting the versatile editor, John Brisben Walker, that he made a rich and fortunate marriage and was thus placed beyond the limitations of a salary, and free to devote himself to fiction pure and simple. That he has done so with advantage to himself and the world at large is evidenced in his popular novel "Richard Carvel."

♣ ♣ ♣

Now that we have enjoyed the revelations of affection in the Browning letters, and thanked kind heaven that love and literature are not always antagonistic, we are being treated to a perusal of Byron's correspondence with Miss Millbank. Of the two hundred and thirty-three letters, one hundred and eighteen are new to the public. From them it would appear that Byron was never madly in love with the woman he married, though he evinces a calm and very warm affection.

♣ ♣ ♣

Zangwill, apropos of his play "The Children of the Ghetto," says:

"The purpose of an artist is to create works of art, which, as I hold that art is the highest form of truth, are also presentations of truth. The stage is, to my mind, one of the most vivid vehicles for art, while for the conveyance of truth it seems to me superior to the contemporary church. When one remembers how the Greek dramatists used the stage as a means for illustrating the highest spiritual problems, or how all life, with its highest depths, is mirrored in Shakespeare, or what a part of the stage plays in the intellectual life of Germany, it is terrible to think of the abuse of this great opportunity to-day in the English-

speaking countries; of the streams of rubbish and pollution poured every night into millions of ears.

"I therefore gladly welcomed the opportunity afforded me by an enlightened management of expressing in a dramatic medium what I had already expressed through the medium of my book, just as a painter is glad occasionally to express himself through sculpture."

♣ ♣ ♣

J. W. Mackail's "Life of William Morris" is a book whose attraction must be strong for the artist, the poet and the socialist, and doubly strong for the man who reads to be entertained. It is charmingly illustrated and is in many ways one of the most important additions of the day to good literature.

♣ ♣ ♣

"The Endless Epic Question" is discused at length in the Dial's last issue.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox essays in her poem, "Love is All," to answer Edwin Markham's "Man With the Hoe." Taken alone and without reference to Markham's masterpiece her verses are average, and, in one or two lines, more, but as a reply they are altogether weak. Mrs. Wilcox seems to have missed the meaning of the solemn march-music with which his "Voice of the Ages" reverberates.

♣ ♣ ♣

As if it were not enough to have written "The Christian," Mr. Hall Caine is now accused of having stolen one of his strongest paragraphs from Swift's "True and Faithful Narrative of What Passed in London during the Great Conflagration."

♣ ♣ ♣

The career of Robert Bonner, Irishman by birth, was the career of a man "more American than the Americans themselves."

IN ART—

The discovery of a Rembrandt in a remote castle in Poland is awakening the hope that the other masterpieces may be found in unexpected places on the continent. Dr. Bode who had the good fortune to be the discoverer of this painting, is the author of a "Life of Rembrandt" which is yet in the hands of the publishers. Having heard a rumor of the existence of the picture he prevailed upon a friend who was about to visit the region to obtain a photograph of it for him. The title is "The Polish Rider," and it covers a canvas about 3x4 feet in size. It is the portrait of a Polish nobleman upon a white horse against a shadowy background fantastically illumined by the light of the setting sun

♣ ♣ ♣

In the recent exhibition of Lynwood Palmer's work in the Carlton gallery in Pall Mall, lent by the Duke of Marlborough, Earl Dudley, Earl Cowley and others, his picture of Tod Sloan on Nunsuch was the most popular of the collection. Lynwood Palmer is a "self-taught" artist, much given to the painting of horse flesh, and has been commissioned by the Duke of Portland to paint his famous stallions. He is at present at work upon a picture for the Duke of Marlborough of the latter's six grey hunters grouped in a meadow under a cloudy sky, the only bit of color, a gleam of sunlight bursting through a rift in a heavy cloud bank.

IN EDUCATION—

Colonel Charles Denby, acting president of the Philippine commission, has sent to the State Department a circular relating to the schools of Manila. The circular is printed in three languages, English, Spanish and Tagal. Regular attendance at some school of all children between the ages of 6 and 12 years is compulsory. One hour's instruction a day must be devoted to the English language.

♣ ♣ ♣

Miss Helen Kellar, the girl who is so remarkably afflicted and so talented, has just completed her preparations for college. She went to Cambridge in June last, and took the regular examination for the Radcliffs College, and it is probable that no person ever before took any examination under such strange conditions. She is blind, deaf and dumb, and the usual means of communicating the questions to her by means of the fingers could not be done. A gentleman of the Perkins Institute, who had never met Helen Kellar, took the examination pa-

pers and wrote them out in the Braille characters, this system of writing being in punctured points. She passed the examination in every subject; in advanced Greek she received a very high mark. Her passing the examination was one of the most remarkable achievements in the history of education.—Scientific American.

IN RELIGIOUS THOUGHT—

From month to month the advance in religious thought is easily remarked. One sees the old and artificially constructed walls crumbling to decay, even as he sees the new-old Thought that was the Creative Force of the universe, re-appearing and re-illuminating the world for humanity's long-darkened vision.

♣ ♣ ♣

Professor George D. Herron, speaking of the "new Christian conscience," says, "The truest faith of today rejects much that is preached and professed in Christianity," and again, "By the term Christian I mean that quality of conscience and sympathy which suffers not a man to rest short of some altar, however rude, on which he offers his life for the common service, the social good." And this is the tenor of the religious thought and feeling of the age, more freely and forcibly expressed as the months go by. The Mayor of Toledo is putting it to a practical test in the face of political opposition. And Edwin Markham declares that:

"The Bible is a mighty book, but it is not believed in Christendom. What we believe we live by. We bind the Great Book in morocco, and even gild its edges, but we reject it in the world's life. We live in the romance of religion, not in its reality. And mind you, we truly believe only those things which we practice in our lives, and strive to embody in the public order of the world."

LEADING EVENTS—

July 26—The natives of the Caroline Islands petition to be annexed to the United States.

July 27—Colomba, an important town of Laguna de Bay, 30 miles Southeast of Manila, is captured by the American forces.

July 28—The United States sends two warships to San Domingo.

July 29—The Destroyer Goldsborough is launched at Portland, Oregon.

July 30—The tripartite commission abolishes Kingship in Samoa for all time.

July 31—Ex-Secretary Alger tells how the army was organized.

August 1—The Yaquis are on the warpath in the vicinity of Ortiz, Mexico.

August 2—Belgium new cabinet is delayed in forming because of difficulty in selecting the secretary of war.

August 3—Gold discoveries reported in Boise Basin, Idaho.

August 4—Czar of Russia is published as being tired of his throne and wishing to abdicate.

August 5—General Otis asks for more artillery.

August 7—Dreyfus trial opens at Rennes in France.

August 8—The new secretary of war announces that "operation in the Philippines will be actively pushed" to a conclusion.

August 9—General MacArthur drives the Filipinos from Angeles.

August 10—The East Indian Gold Standard Commission reports to authorities at Washington, D. C.

August 11—The Dreyfus Court-Martial completes examination of the secret dossier.

August 12—Insurgents institute active hostilities in San Domingo.

August 13—General Young drives back the Filipino insurgents from San Mateo.

August 23—Advices from City of Mexico indicate confidence in General Torris.

August 24—At Rennes there is open hostility manifested toward Dreyfus in the Court-Martial.

August 25—It is reported at Berlin that a financial crisis is imminent in Turkey. The Ottoman exchequer is empty.

Friendship.

The wind torn clouds sweep thro' the sky
  Tossed into wondrous shapes;
A new world map unrolled on high,
  With mountains, bays and capes;
But o'er their tops or thro' the rifts
  The young moon shows her edge
As some shy child its face uplifts
  Above the tangled hedge.

Thro' the clear, blue she moves in state,
  Fair as a lily bloom;
But bright as gleams from Eden's gate
  She lights the clouds' black gloom.
'Tis thus your friendship I have found
  A joy since first 'twas given;
But when misfortune darkly frowned,
  'Twas like the dawn of Heaven.

Adonen.

Questions of the Day

This Department is for the use of our readers, and expressions, limited to six hundred words, are solicited on subjects relating to any social, religious or political question. All manuscript sent in must bear the author's name, though a nom de plume will be printed, if so desired. The publishers will not, of course, be understood as necessarily endorsing any of the views expressed.

ONE VIEW OF THE WOMAN QUESTION.

The state of the woman at the present moment is one of unrest. Her condition, mentally, morally and socially is characterized by a certain nervousness and activity, wisely and variously directed, or, maybe, misdirected, a reaching out and up and—grasping nothing.

And this unrest, the dissatisfaction with the existing order of human affairs in general, and her own social and political status in particular, is as much discussed and commented upon as it is misunderstood. Woman wants something, has wanted it through all the ages, has striven blindly and struggled helplessly and hopelessly, and is only now beginning to perceive, dimly and uncertainly, the shadow of the thing she wants.

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From time to time, as the world has gone forward, individuals, gifted beyond the common lot with beauty, or intelligence, and possessing the power to sway the heart and will of man, have blazed like splendid comets across the human firmament, and once, or twice, not oftener, in the world's history, a woman has arisen who, by reason of her immaculate purity, angelic sweetness and divine goodness, has shone like a luminous star whose light the lapse of time can never dim. Such an one was Mary, the mother of Christ, in whom maternity and wifehood were so perfected that even to this day that perfection remains a mystery beyond the comprehension of men. And it has become a habit with them to say, "Behold, it was a miracle," or, if they do not exclaim in reverence, they deny and deride. And the woman of the present, in the expression of her unrest, and her yearning for that which she fancies is denied by man, points often back along the pathway of history to the comets, but not often remembers the star, and yet it is the star and not the comet that must illuminate the way for her restless feet.

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Wife and motherhood! It is in these she must find the perfection of her salvation. Her imagined need for what she fondly terms her "freedom," her desire for emancipation, her chafing against bonds that are but figments of fancy, her cry for political equality and her vaunted independence, are but the prickings of her own conscience, which will not let her rest short of her accomplishment of her divine mission She is suffering from the pressure of the accumulated mistakes of her sex since time began, and until she can make some reparation to the race which, through her shortsightedness and neglect of duty, through her selfishness and sin, has missed its highest good, she will attain to neither happiness nor peace. Not man's tyranny, but her own weakness, folly and inefficiency disturb and agitate her. The liberty she clamors for is hers already. Her only limitations are self-imposed. She holds the world in the velvet hollow of her small, pink palm, and knows not that she holds it so. And when she finds the thing she lacks and longs for she will find it in the man at her side, and in the child in her arms.

George Melvin.

Men and Women

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

One of the surprising things of life is that it is so full of unhappiness. None escape it, and yet, irrespective of age or social conditions, happiness has always been the goal of mankind. For, if one is happy, what more is to be desired? The conditions, however, have always been such the world over that in comparison to the unhappiness, the misery, that fills the world, the rays of happiness are so insignificant that philosophers and thinkers have been led to declare happiness to be a dream, a phantom, an impossibility.

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Yet happiness is within the reach of all. The mistake, almost universally common, is made in thinking—and acting as if it were true—that happiness is obtained through some means outside ourselves; that wealth or social position or any outside influences, abstract or concrete, have in themselves the vital or necessary elements of happiness. They may, indeed, contribute toward it. Or, to one whose worldly desires have contorted or shrunken his inner self and finer sensibilities, they may even be primal and necessary elements for his happiness, but such happiness is, from the nature of the case, of an ephemeral nature. It is not true, genuine happiness. Its foundation is built of sand.

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The secret and source of happiness—the happiness that has its foundation upon bed-rock—is within you, just as "The Kingdom of God is within you." We must not seek for either among the stars. But it is by persistent self-examination that we are put upon the track of true happiness, for it is only in this way that our eyes can be opened to the fact that our unhappiness is caused by ourselves; caused by giving way to chains of thought that disturb us, perhaps only slightly for the moment, but the seed of worry has been sown, and happiness and worry cannot dwell in the same house together. Charles Kingsley says: "If you want to be miserable, think about yourself; about what you want, what you like, what respects people ought to pay you, and what people think of you." It follows, then, conversely, that if you want to be happy do not think about these things. And this is the secret of happiness—guarding your thoughts—thinking only healthful and happy thoughts; not giving way to depressing influences, but putting them resolutely by and looking on the brighter side; not comparing yourself or your possessions with those who may be so much more fortunate, but thinking how much more you have to be thankful for than thousands upon thousands of others; cultivating cheerfulness, thinking about your nearest duty and doing it—these bring happiness. Master yourself, and do not let your thoughts master you.

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Happiness, then, is not a dream, a phantom or an impossibility. The key to it lies in every man's hand. But he must use it in the right way. If he applies it to wealth or social position or fame, he may lose it. And if he neglects to unlock his best sentiments and higher feelings so that he may not become self-centered, but full of human sympathy and interest, the key will become rusty and refuse to work. Every man's happiness and salvation are in his own hands, plainly visible if he will but look to see.

W. H. Shelor.

The Idler

CONDUCTED BY CATHARINE COGSWELL.

Impoliteness or lack of courtesy is regarded by the inhabitants of Mexico as the worst of sins. A man may steal, may lie. Indeed, truth is by no means stranger than fiction in that land of the Montezumas, but to be rude even in the least of things, is unpardonable and deserving of capital punishment. It might occur to the shrewd observer that many of the compliments and pleasant nothings so freely bestowed are mere lip-service—but what of it—if existence is brightened or life's burdens are lightened thereby?

To facilitate my acquirement of the language, I taught for several months in an orphan asylum. Every day, on arriving at the outer gate, the entire class of forty boys met me, shook hands with and solemnly escorted me to the class-room whose windows opened on a spacious patio, or inner court where flowers and vines and a singing fountain made a charming pleasantness. During a three months term I never once had occasion to correct one of my pupils, who were all eager to learn, politely attentive and sweetly obedient. By which it will be seen that Mexican youth is slightly different from United States.

The first information you receive when you set out to master the Spanish tongue is that it is "so simple." It may be, but the Spanish verb is as elusive as the Mexican flea. However, one can get a working knowledge of Spanish in six weeks, and a love-making learning in six days, a conversational acquirement in six months, but a scholarship not in six years. The construction of sentences is as absolutely different from English as it is possible to imagine. Here is an illustration of some of the difficulties English presents to the Mexican. It is an excuse handed to me by one of my pupils who failed to study his lesson: "The lesson of today I not know, all, because I can not to learned himself, because he are very difficult, and I have not memory, nother time. With you we will learned English very well in a year." This from one who had only studied three months, not hearing the language spoken save for two hours daily.

Always in thinking or writing of Mexico one recalls the dancing. If the Mexican be lazy in all other regards, and they frankly acknowledge inertia suits them better than exertion, yet as dancers they excel other nationalities. I have known them to begin at eleven in the morning at a garden party and dance until eleven at night, with relays of musicians and only a hasty luncheon to sustain life and vitality. There are many sides to a Mexican's character, cruel, perhaps—and lazy—but a charming companion, and they are incomparable husbands and fathers. The abject poverty seems appalling to one accustomed to the peace and plenty of Oregon, but are not nearly all foreign countries afflicted in this same way—and ignorance has helped to keep Mexico poor. With wise Diaz at the head and helm great strides have been made, and will be made, towards prosperity.

"A prison wall was round us both,
Two outcast men we were;
The world had thrust us from its heart
And God from out his care,
And the iron gin that waits for sin
Had caught us in its snare."

Books

"JESUS DELANEY."
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK.

It has not been my lot to read many stories of Mexico, but a novel published this year by the Macmillan Company, called "Jesus Delaney," is more thoroughly impregnated with local color, atmosphere and types than any tale of that or any other country that has come my way for many months. Having but recently returned from the land of the Montezumas I perhaps felt the more keenly the strong insight into life as it is lived by these foreign people, and I commend "Jesus Delaney" to any and all who want to know Mexican life as it is.

C. C. C.

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THE TRAIL OF THE GOLD SEEKERS
BY HAMLIN GARLAND.
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK.

No one can read this book and fail to fall in love with the author, and oh, how one's heart aches for the patient horses on that weary, unending trail! Go with Garland, thread with him the black forests, traverse with him the miles of mud, and splash through the gloomy marshes, and you will feel and understand that intense anxiety for the comfort and the safety of his dumb companions. You will sit with him beside the campfire in the chill rain, with every sense alert, and strained to catch the sound of the hungry creatures ripping the scant herbage from the quaking bog, and you will rejoice in the luxuriance of those rare meadows where the grass grows fetlock deep, and the faithful horses revel in its richness and plenty.

The Trail of the Goldseekers is Hamlin Garland's greatest work. And it is none the less great because into it he has put himself. You see with his eyes, think with him and feel, in that trying trip of nearly a thousand miles, and you come to know the Man as he is.

The interludes of verse that string the chapters together are, for the most part, strong and vibrant, with the wild, rude grandeur of the desolate mighty ranges, the roaring winds, and rushing rivers of that limitless Northwest.

"A land of mountains based in hills of fir,
Empty, lone and cold. A land of streams,
Whose roaring voices drown the whirr
Of dearth and death."
dreams
Of death and death."

♣ ♣ ♣

The most striking feature in the bookselling world in England at the present moment, as Literature says, is not the discovery of a new poet, not the appearance of a novel for which the world has been waiting for twenty years, or of the sensational record of travel, real or fictitious, but the unprecedented sale of a religious tract written by the pastor of a church at Topeka, Kansas. There are one or two very curious things about the publication and the success of "In His Steps; or, What Would Jesus Do?" One is its extraordinary origin, which supplies rather an alarming precedent. Instead of completing it and then publishing it in the ordinary way, Mr. Sheldon, the writer, tried it on his congregation first, and read it out to them on successive Sunday evenings—presumably in the place of a sermon. Another fact which will, we fancy, have some bearing upon the vexed question of international copyright is that the book, having been published and circulated somewhat in America, has been caught up in England and sold out to the public in an immense number of editions—seventeen we believe, of which eleven appeared in one week—religious and secular publishers competing keenly with each other in the enterprise.

WELL-PAID AUTHORS.

Mr. Gladstone's price for a review was $1,000.

Conan Doyle received $35,000 for "Rodney Stone."

Ruskin's sixty-four books bring him in $20,000 a year.

Swinburne, who writes very little, makes $5,000 a year by his poems.

Browning, in his later years, drew $10,000 a year from the sale of his works.

Ian Maclaren made $35,000 out of "The Bonnie Briar Bush" and "Auld Lang Syne."

Anthony Hope charges $450 for a magazine story, reserving the copyright.

Zola's first fourteen books returned him $220,000, and in twenty years he has made at least $375,000.

Tennyson is said to have received $60,000 a year from the Macmillans during the last years of his life.

Mr. Moody is believed to have beaten all others, as more than $1,250,000 has been paid in royalties for the Gospel Hymn and Tunes by him in conjunction with Mr. Sankey.

The Pall Mall Gazette paid Rudyard Kipling $750 for each of his "Barrack Room Ballads," and "The Seven Seas" brought him $11,000. He has received 50 cents a word for a 10,000-word story.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward received $40,000 for "Robert Elsmere," $80,000 each for "David Grieve" and "Marcella," $75,000 for "Sir George Tressady," and $15,000 for "Bessie Costrell."

Rider Haggard asks from $75 to $100 a column of 1,500 words, and will not write an article for which less than $10,000 is to be paid. Two hundred thousand dollars was paid to Alphonse Daudet for his "Sappho"—the highest price ever paid for a novel.—Exchange.

Worker and Dreamer.

Wake! it is day and all nature is singing,
Fling off your slumber chains, welcome the light,
Ere the dew dries let our weapons be ringing,
Grapple the wilderness, conquer its might!

Rest, rest—let me rest!
Poppies guard my slumber—
Strong and tall and white and sweet,
Poppies without number.

Wake! there are battles to fight with oppression,
Up! throttle error, lay tyranny low,
Too long hath evil held earth in possession,
Strike—and the trumpet of liberty blow.

Go your way and let me rest,
All your pride of living
Is not worth a single dream,
Blissful sleep is giving.

Call—the response will be hearty and speedy,
Cry from the mountain tops, millions will heed;
Lift up the fallen and succor the needy,
Scatter the forces of plunder and greed.

O the poppies fair and white,
O the petals falling,
O the voice in slumber land,
Calling, calling, calling!

High climbed the worker, the hilltops were glorious,
Proud were the peans that honored his name;
Hero and leader, o'er evil victorious
Bright on his brow was the bay wreath of fame.

Still the dreamer in the valley,
With the poppies 'round his feet,
Slumbered smiling, whispered dreaming,
Slept—and O his dreams were sweet!

Rosetta Lunt Sutton.

Spokane, Washington.

The Magazines

FOR SEPTEMBER.

The Century—

Stories of the sea possess a never-ending charm. "The Voyage of the Spray" is a romance of reality. Captain Slocum begins, in this number of The Century, the account of the adventures that befell him on his solitary trip around the world which he made in his staunch little sloop, the Spray, sailing from Boston April 24th, 1895. Forty-five thousand miles is no mean distance, and the Captain covered it in his remarkable cruise.

The September Century is distinctly a "salt water" issue. Frank T. Bullen, of "Cachalot" fame" discourses entertainingly upon "The Way of a Ship" which, like the way of woman, is past comprehension. H. Phelps Whitmarsh has some interesting and pertinent suggestions to make concerning the safety of transatlantic travel. Among others, the "establishment of eastward and westward routes one degree to the southward of their present position. This, though it would increase the time of passage, by an hour or so, would take vessels out of the greater part of the fog area."

Weir Mitchell's sea gull verses lament the fact that this

"Gray mariner of every ocean clime,"

has but one note

"For love, for hate, for joy."

And "The Spirit of the Flesh," by L. B. Bridgman, is a poem of life—thrilling, splendid, mysterious, a song of the soul.

McClure's—

Edwin Markham's poem, "Dreyfus," is the most noticeable contribution which McClures has to offer this month.

"Oh, import deep as life is, deep as time!
There is a Something sacred and sublime,
Moving behind the world's, beyond our ken,
Weighing the stars, weighing the deeds of men."

"Guarding the Highways of the Sea," by Theodore Waters, records the romance of the hydrographic office and is full of the mystery of the trackless deep.

According to Cleveland Moffett, Menelik, king of Abyssinia, is not only a wise and progressive monarch to whom every detail of the business of kingship is known and personally supervised, but a most remarkable man as well. "A Christian King in Africa," a descendent from the Queen of Sheba and Solomon, he is an interesting character study, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Moffett will go deeper into his subject.

"The Saving Grace" is a very entertaining bit of humor that all serious-minded realists should read and ponder, for it is not without a moral.

Scribner's—

"Where the Water Runs Both Ways" recounts the glories of Canada, "its vast and ancient wilderness," threaded by winding streams and myriads of lakes that lie like gleaming jewels strung on a chain of silver in the sombre depths of the trackless forests, where the moose and the beaver are still at home.

"The Ship of Stars" in which "Q" is taking his reader on a voyage of delight through mystic realms of fancy, is just now sailing into tragic storm-swept seas. The story deepens in interest as the months go by. There is a faint suggestion of George McDonald's exquisitely fine religious feeling prevading it like the fragrance of those brave, sweet flowers that bloom on windy moors, and along the verge of cliffs that overhang bleak northern seas.

Joel Chandler Harris continues the interesting "Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann." And Grace Ellery Channing paints with her poetic pen a romance of rose gardens and orange groves that warms the heart and charms the senses.

Love is never so lovely as when embowered in bloom and illumined with southern sunshine. "Francisco and Francisca" are adorable children of the south whom to know is to love.

The Cosmopolitan—

"Love Laughs at Blacksmiths," by O'Neill Latham, is an episode of very thin sentiment, presented as transpiring upon the "other side." And the actors in the little drama are two shades, who, during their sojourn upon earth, were votaries of fashion. In that purlieu of Paradise to which fashionable society adjourns when it shuffles off this mortal coil, there is apparently nothing lacking that was considered by the four hundred as necessary to human happiness, and bliss is augmented by the possession of beautiful wings.

"The Delightful Art of Cooking" is extolled by Anna Leach in such manner as to make every woman who reads long to be a cook. Just as a perusal of Charles Warren Stoddard's "Art Gallery of the Great Lakes" inspires one to seek the mystic, sandy margin of the "shining Big-Sea-Water," whose waves cradled Hiawatha.

The story of "A Life" which Maarten Maartens tells is too sad and, alas, in its lesson, too comon to be pleasant reading.

Semper Fidelis.

O, little do they know who lightly tread
The smooth-paved highway of life's happiness,
The hopes once bright, inspiring, that lie dead,
Unnumbered, blighted, lost on on grief's morass.

On grief's morass o'er-trampled—sad the strain!
Where perish human hopes—a living death,
O, little do they care!—strangers to pain—
Tho' pleasure, fiend-like, rob a brother's breath.
What strews the world with treachery's debris?
Where germinate the deadly seeds of crime?
God knows the cause—man's inhumanity—
Accurst perversion of the plan Divine!

God rights it at His wiill! we may not see
The purposes Supreme; our eyes are dim
With ignorance and doubt. What is to be,
Will be. Our wisdom rests in trusting Him.

Our eyes are dim in seeking motes of wrong,
Where wrong might never be. Let us apply
The scrutiny at home:—O Heaven, how long
Have we been blind! May we yet learn to die!

How long, O Heaven! by Ignorance enchained,
Shall mortals, moth-like, nor to be withstood,
Deny the Conquering Flame? Soon ordained
Shall be the law of Universal Good!

With joy the eagle fans the firmament!
The frog sings happily beside its pool!
In human chaos, light and darkness blend!
Make man an angel, animal or fool!

Behold the Indian! Proudly he ignores
Our borrow'd creeds. Living, he knows no dread
Of death! Suff'ring, he constantly adores
The Power Beyond—"The Father Overhead."

Cheer up, weak patient Mortal in thy strife!
Grave hath no lasting vict'ry! Death no sting!
There still remains a purpose in thy life,
Unto the cross of Right yet thou canst cling!

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

The Self-bound part that buoys thy wearied soul
O'er threat'ning billows, onward to life's goal,
Once freed, shall greet the Everlasting Whole!

Harry E. Burgess.

The Financial World

CONDUCTED BY DOWNING, HOPKINS & CO.

All indications point to continued activity in all lines of trade, manufactures and transportation. The volume of bank clearings throughout the country, although still below the maximum level of increase over last year's, showed an improvement on those of the previous month. Reports on the threshing in three Northwestern states cut 25,000,000 bushels from their previously-estimated yield, and the cereal has risen nearly 4 cents a bushel during the month, but corn was reported as making splendid progress, and exports of both cereals were undiminished.

The banks and other money lenders in the large cities of the interior and, for that matter, even in many small ones, have continued to be lenders of money on stock exchange collatteral, and eager buyers of commercial paper in the New York market. Since they are thus willing to tie up their funds in loans on time, it is evident that they regard their cash reserves as ample to meet the much-talked-about demand upon them when the crop movement asumes its full volume. It would actually appear at this time as if there would be no considerable calls upon the New York banks for currency this year in connection with the removing of the grain crops to the markets and, indeed, this demand has been diminishing yearly for the past three or four harvest seasons. The banks throughout the country, and particularly in the West, have of recent years been maintaining much heavier reserves in cash than they were formerly accustomed to.

The exceedingly active state of trade continues to be reflected in railway traffic returns, which are simply enormous. Inferentially, the industrial companies must also be highly prosperous with such a market for their goods as is implied in the current activity of trade.

Atchison preferred, of which there are 114,000 outstanding and which paid its first dividend this year, has been carried up from 26 last year to 67 at the close of last week. The half-yearly dividend of 1¼ per cent, payable next January, has already been declared, but it is now given out that something more may be paid.

Meanwhile the adjustment 4 per cent gold bonds of the company, which become cumulative next summer, are selling at the incongruous price of 87. Tennessee Coal and Iron common stock is another remarkable instance. A further rise of ten points last week brings it nearer to par. The iron business is booming, but, considering that nothing has been paid to stockholders since the 1 per cent declared in 1887, and that the $80,000 yearly required for dividends on the preferred stock is six years in arrears, the stock market pace seems just a trifle hot.

The wheat market has been quiet but firm during the month. Most of the comment has been in the direction of reduced crop results. Rain has been the serious feature, worst in Nebraska, but bad in Minnesota, South Dakota and Oregon. Hailstorms that cost 2,000,000 bushel in a single night in a single state are not to be ignored. The movement to market is now under last year's, proof that the excessive reserves are nearing an end. There has been a revival from Russia of the talk of poor crop results and of small export surplus. The grain handler with close relations with the West expects a deliberate movement of the spring wheat and the grain handler with relations abroad believes in a demand fully sufficient to care for the new movement. All look for higher prices.

Chess

CONDUCTED BY E. C. PROTZMAN.

Pawns are the soul of chess.—Philidor.

By losing the game you gain experience.—Henderson.

Before making a move, count eleven.—Congdon.

Check is not mate.—Starck.

The Sicilian never attacks.—Fisher.

One player's loss is the other's gain.—Benson.

Always give check, perhaps it is mate.—Stockman.

♣ ♣ ♣

A GAME TO STUDY.

The following game (and notes) taken from the New-Castle-on-Tyne Chronicle, is considered one worthy of much study. Mr. Blake is the amateur champion of Great Britain:

FRENCH DEFENSE.

	J. H. Blake. White.	Dr. S. F. Smith. Black.
1.	P—K 4	P—K 3
2.	P—Q 4	P—Q 4
3.	Kt—Q B 3	Kt—K B 3
4.	B—K Kt 5	B—K 2
5.	P—K 5	K Kt—Q 2
6.	B x B	Q x B
7.	Q—Q 2	Castles
8.	Kt—Q (a)	P—Q B 4
9.	P—Q B 3	Kt—Q B 3
10.	P—K B 4	P—K B 3 (b)
11.	Kt—B 3	P x K P
12.	B P x P	P x P
13.	P x P	R x Kt (c)
14.	P x R	Q—R 5 (ch)
15.	Kt—B 2 (d)	Kt x Q P
16.	B—Kt 2	Kt x K P
17.	Castles Q R	Kt (Q 5)—B 3 (e)
18.	Kt—R 3	Q—Q R 5
19.	K—Kt	Kt—B 5
20.	Q—B 3	P—Q 5 (f)
21.	Q—Q 3 (g)	Q—Kt 5
22.	Q—K 2	Kt—K 6
23.	R—Q 3	P—K 4
24.	Kt—Kt 5	Q—K 2
25.	R x Kt (h)	P x R
26.	Q—B 4 (ch)	K—B (i)
27.	Kt x P (ch)	K—K
28.	Q—Kt 8 ch (j)	K—Q 2
29.	Q—Q 5 (ch)	K—B 2
30.	Q—K 4	B—K 3
31.	P—B 4	P—K Kt 3 (k)
32.	Q x Kt P	R—K Kt
33.	Q—B 2	B x B
34.	Q x R	Q x Kt (ch)
35.	K—R	P x P
36.	Q—B 3	Q—B 4
37.	R—K B	B—Q 4 (l)
38.	Q—K 2	Kt—Q 5
39.	R—B (ch)	B—B 3
40.	Q—Q	Q—K 5
	Resigns.	

NOTES.

(a) This line of attack against the French Defense was first introduced by Herr Winawer. The object is to connect the Pawns in the center by 9 P—Q B 3, the Knight afterward coming in usefully at K 3, or K B 3.

(b) Always a strong move in the defense when correctly timed.

(c) Very fine play, indeed, and putting quite a new aspect on the game. But is it analytically sound? The progress of the present game tends to the conclusion that it is.

(d) It is difficult to determine White's best move. Our own choice favors 15 Q—B 2, which would probably be followed by 15... Kt x Q P; 16 Q x Q, Kt x B P (ch); 17 K—B 2, Kt x Q, and, although Black wins yet another Pawn, White remains with the exchange ahead, and many attacking possibilities on the open K Kt file.

(e) Much better than 17 Kt x P. for fairly obvious reasons.

(f) Again fine play. White cannot relieve himself with 21 R x P on account of 21... Kt x R; 22 Q x Kt, Kt—R 6 (ch), winning the Queen.

(g) Open to objections. We prefer 21 Q—Kt 3, with a view to an exchange of Queens. and transference of the attack to White.

(h) Well conceived, and unquestionably his best resource. 25 Kt—K 4 would be met by 25 ... Kt—Q Kt 5; 26 R—Q 2, B—K 3; with an overwhelming attack.

(i) The only move. 26 ... K—R would obviously be met by 27 Kt—B 7 (ch), K—Kt; 28 K—R 6 (dbl-ch) and mate next move.

(j) These checks only serve to drive the Black King into safety. 28 P—B 4, with a view to liberating the Bishop, strikes us as a better resource.

(k) Chess of a very high order. Black threatens 32 ... B—B 4 anu 32 ... Q x Kt. White is, therefore, practically compelled to capture this Pawn, whereupon Black wins two pieces for his Rook.

(l) The winning move. If 38 Q x B P (ch), Q x Q; 39 Rx Q, P—K 7 and wins. Dr. Smith's conduct of the whole of this game is admirable, and shows how thin is the dividing-line between the chess-master and the really talented amateur, for the game throughout contains master-plays, which is seldom excelled even in international tournaments.

Drift

The Oregon Industrial Exposition.

Oregon's Exposition this year promises to surpass all former efforts and attract attention throughout the country. The Exposition will, on the whole, be bigger, better, more attractive than ever and Oregonians will have reason to feel proud of it. The great Exposition building, which, by the way, is one of the largest in the United States, has been much improved and its seating capacity increased. A new gallery has been erected in music hall, which will have 500 reserved seats. This innovation will enable the people to secure seats in advance, and prevent the disappointment that has been so apparent heretofore when not even standing room could be obtained without going to the Exposition at an unseasonable hour.

The amusement and elevating features of the Exposition have never received more attention. The committtee pays out over $10,000 for these features alone.

Among the special attractions of this year's Exposition will be a striking reproduction of Multnomah Falls, as true to nature as possible, with water falling 80 feet. There will also be a reunion of all of Oregon's veteran soldiers and sailors, and a probable presentation of a sword to Captain Clarke, of the battleship Oregon. The National Guard of Oregon will have exhibition competitive drills for $75 cash prizes, and the amateur photographers will be encouraged to place their best work on exhibition, and will be awarded $150 in prizes.

Two of the greatest aerial and acrobatic attractions in the world have already been engaged, and others are being negotiated for. People who delighted in seeing the wonderful Hegelmans last year, will see other wonders even more wonderful at the Exposition this season.

The products of the farm, forest, mine, stream and factory are all going to be on exhibition at the Exposition, which will make it an object lesson instructive and invaluable to all. The Exposition management will take to Portland free of charge all exhibits; shipping tags and full particulars will be sent if you will drop a line to "Secretary Industrial Exposition, Portland, Ore."

Gold, siver and bronze medals and diplomas will be awarded for the best exhibits, and the farmers and producers who send exhibits will be doing good work for themselves and the whole North Pacific coast—work that will result in bringing here people and wealth and development. It is intended to have on exhibition a sample of every variety of grain and grass that grows in the Northwest, with full particulars as to its growth, yield, etc.

In view of the attractions that have been secured and improvements made, and judging by the preparations that are being made by people all over the Northwest to attend the Exposition, vast crowds will visit the Exposition nightly. Transportation lines will give special rates, and it is expected that the Exposition will draw from sections that heretofore have not been sufficiently attracted to attend. Certainly all Oregon will be there during the month.

An executive committee of representative business men conduct the Oregon Industrial Exposition, and devote a great deal of their time to its details and successful management. The only compensation these enterprising men receive or desire is the advancement of the Northwest, and the general good of all its people. No money is made out of the Exposition. It takes considerable cash to carry on such a great enterprise. As a starter the business men of Portland subscribe about $12,000 in cash to meet preliminary expenses. After all bills are paid, this fund is returned to subscribers, if it is in the treasury. Otherwise, a proportion of it is returned. The income of the exposition is from admission fees, which are put down to 25 cents each, and 10 cents for children. Of the thousands who attend, all agree that the entertainment and instruction which they have received is worth many times the price of admission.

The enterprising business men who compose the exposition general committee are: H. C. Breeden, president; I. N. Fleischner, vice-president; R. J. Holmes, treasurer; W. S. Struble, secretary; E. C. Masten, assistant secretary; H. E. Dosche, auditor; George L. Baker, superintendent; J. P. Marshall, Ben Selling, H. L. Pittock, D. Solis Cohen, C. B. Williams, Dan McAllen, A. B. Steinbach, J. E. Thielsen, D. M. Dunne, R. C. Judson, L. M. Spiegl, Sig. Sichel, H. D. Ramsdell, B. S. Pague, Captain E. S. Edwards and General O. Summers.

The Exposition will open September 28 and close October 28.

♣ ♣ ♣

Curran once met his match in a pert, jolly, keen-eyed son of Erin, who was up as a witness in a case of dispute in the matter of a horse deal. Curran much desired to break down the credibilty of this witness, and thought to do it by making the man contradict himself—by tangling him up in a network of adroitly framed questions—but to no avail.

The 'ostler was a companion to Sam Weller. His good common sense, and his equanimity and good nature were not to be overturned. By-and-by Curran, in a towering wrath, belched forth, as not another counsel would have dared to do in the presence of the court:

"Sirrah, you are incorrigible! The truth is not to be got from you, for it is not in you. I see the villain in your face!"

"Faith, yer honor,' said the witness, with the utmost simplicity of truth and honesty, "my face must be moity clane and shinin', if it can reflect like that."

For once in his life the great barrister was floored by a simple witness. He could not recover from that repartee, and the case went against him.

♣ ♣ ♣

There is in the British Museum an almanac 3000 years old. It is not printed on paper, but written on papyrus, the substance, made of reeds, used for paper by the old Egyptians. The days are written in columns in red ink, and after each day is written a prediction regarding the weather for that day.

♣ ♣ ♣

"Just think of it!" she exclaimed. "A woman who arrived five minutes too late for an ocean steamer was so disappointed she lost her reason."

"That is a remarkable case," he admitted. "My experience with women would lead me to believe most of them would be more likely to go insane because of the shock, if they happened to be on time somewhere sometime."

♣ ♣ ♣

When a man says "I lie," does he lie or does he speak the truth? If he lies he speaks the truth; if he speaks the truth, he lies.

♣ ♣ ♣

The following story is so good that one wishes it might be true: Queen Victoria, it seems, sometimes goes unannounced into the nursery at Buckingham Palace where the Battenberg children who live with her play with each other or entertain their visitors. Two girls were among these visitors the other day, when the Queen came into the room, very much to their consternation. They had never been taught how to address her, but having been well brought up in Bible history, they suddenly remembered what Daniel did before King Darius. So they threw themselves at the feet of the Queen and cried out, with a loud voice, "O, Queen, live for ever," greatly to her amusement, who, being most of all a woman, as all good queens must be, laughed, and taking them on her knee, entertained them with funny questions.

Miss Arabella: "Don't you think I look dreadfully pale, doctor?"

The Doctor: "Yes, indeed, you do, mademoiselle."

Miss Arabella: "Then what do you advise me to do?"

The Doctor: "Wipe some of the powder off your face."—Figaro, Paris.

♣ ♣ ♣

The Canadian.

Have you hear de story, how Sir Wilfred Laurier
Try to smash de promised union of de Yankee and Anglais?
Wilfred Laurier, he good Frenchman, born de noder side Kebec—
When he hear dem parlez union, try for bust heem in de nec.
'Bout de tam hooraw feller, Dewey knocked de red and yellow,
Dat de tam dey talk alliance, tink dey giv, de worl' defiance,
Say de Latin race is 'passe'— dat's w'ot mak, ol' Laurier sassy.

W'en MacKinley gets 'une lettaire' from de Queen of Angleterre,
W'en de Queen say, 'You mon broder.' Mac feel happy, call her noder.
Nows' de tam for get togedder, mak de union—no tam better;
Ev'ryt'ing so nice an' quiet—come to Washington for try it!
Come my place an' drink de liquor, smoke cigar an' mak' de dicker;
Den de Queen say, 'I send me two, tree friend for represent me,
An' byan' by I come myself me—save for me one little cup tea,
For it make me more de younger, an' I don't feel any hunger.

An' dey have 'de bon plaisir'—ev'ryone enjoy heeself dere—
W'en dey talk of come togedder, all de worl' is getting better;
'Bring de pen, we feel incline for mak' agreement we all sign!'
Den Mackinley tak' de pen, pass heem to Canayen;

Den Laurier jump from off hees stool an' say—'Ba non! I no dam fool!'
'You tink we Frenchmen like for see de Yank an' Englishman agree?
You geev' Alaska—I don't care—a peec o' heem may stop 'de guerre;
I like for see you people scrap—I crawl in hole, don't care de rap!'

Walter Cayley Belt.

♣ ♣ ♣

Violinist (to publisher of journal for art and literature): "I told your reporter that the violin on which I played is a genuine Stradivarius, and one of the very best in ex-

istence. Why did you cut that out of the report?"

Publisher: "That's all right. If Mr. Stradivarius wants to get puffed up in our paper, he must advertise with us, and that's all there is about it."—Scottish Reformer, Glasgow.

♣ ♣ ♣

Standard Articles.

A person once the possessor of a genuine standard article is never satisfied with anything less. He may try to deceive himself into thinking that the substitute is "just as good," answers his purposes, or "suits him," but deep down in his inner consciousness there lies the conviction that there is a standard article, and he can no more help looking at it with envious eyes than he can help breathing. It is the unintentional and sometimes even unconscious acknowledgement of merit.

These facts are brought home to us in no more striking way than when we consider merit and standard in the manufacture of bicycles. This inner tribute which the whole world bestows on a standard article is, we may say without fear of contradiction, and always has been, characteristic of Columbia bicycles. They are the acknowledged "Standard of the World," and the possessor of one is proud in his consciousness of this fact. There is a certain satisfaction that comes from riding "the best," "the world's standard," and no other, however good, can give that peculiar satisfaction. In this sense, therefore, the Columbia bicycle is "the" wheel; all others are substitutes. The improvements made in "Columbia" chain and chainless wheels, and the watchful vigilance of the Pope Manufacturing Company, insure this enviable position for the Columbia for years to come.

♣ ♣ ♣

Lady Clare: "Do you not know, Pat, that it is impolite to swear before a lady?"

The Coachman: "Shure, mum, Oi didn't know yez wanted to shwear first."—Ally Sloper, London.

♣ ♣ ♣

An Arizona "Bar" Story.

The hero of this adventure is a near relative of the late governor, now senator elect, of a great Southern state. His repuation for truthfulness is first-class and the story herewith can be relied on as a true one.

"Hello Vic," I said meeting him after the lapse of years, "where have you been all this time?"

"No whar'."

"No where? I thought you had been down in Arizona and New Mexico."

"So I hev, but ef that air patch ov kintry a'int no whar then I don't know where 'tis. The feller what made that air kintry, had a lot of sand, snakes, bugs, tarantillers, cactus, bar' and sich trash left over an' he jist dumped the whol' biznes down in a heap like, an' some darn fool come along an' found it an' a thinkin' he'd got nothin' an' no whar, call'd one part New Mexico, caz it don't mean nothin', an' the 'tother Arizonny, caz it means less then nothin'."

"It would be all right if it had water, wouldn't it?"

"Say, old man, thats all the next hot place is a needin', I'm a thinkin'."

"That air kintry is no good and 'll never a be, water n'r no water."

"You say there were plenty of bear there so you must have had some adventures with them?"

"Well, I hev met a few bar' in my time an' had some klose calls; onct tho't my meat wuz the bars' sure az blazes but I played the lucky card an' saved my bacon, an' likewize, my girl down in Silver City has a husbun as she would not hev hed ef that bar' family hed be'n a little bit quicker."

"'Twas like this, you see the winter o' '82 wuz a long hard one down thar in the Mogollon mountains an' I had bin laid by with a spell o' slow fever fer several weeks an' no doctor nor med'cin but as spring wuz a cumin' on I kinder got better an' co'd set up sum. My ol' dog Lb'nzr had a dose of rumtiz an' the cat was none too pert nether, but the warming sun seemed to give us a new pull on life, an' the whole family was kin' o' hop'ful."

"One ev'nin' az I wuz a settin' in front o' the cabin I tho't a chunk of fresh meet w'uld be bettern' than the jerked beef I hed a bin chewin' on fer some time, so I tuk my kill em quick an' started up the hill fer game, knowin' the spring sun w'uld bring it out."

"Did I tell yer the cat an' dog follerd along too? Not as they might help a feller kill bar' tho' but yer see we waz all in the family and were boun ter help each other out."

"Bein' week from the long spell o' sickness I sot down agin' a tree to rest an' git my wind when all a suddent like, a thundern' big grizzly look'd over the top of a hill close to me an' growled, an' licked his chops, an' seemd ter say 'ol' man yer are a goner,' an' I tho't so too."

"I knowd' he was hungry fer fresh meet, fer he'd been coop'd up all winter 'n no grub."

"Dock, I waz pretty week an' wished I waz home in my cabin. I razd' my gun an' let him hev one fer lookin' sassy at me."

"My narvs wuz unstedy an' the bar' wuz only wounded an' he got right mad an' started fer me like a snow slide."

"I shet my eyes an' tho't uv my girl in Silver an' pray'd mighty fast."

"All a suddent I he'rd 'nother growl an' open'd my eyes an' as sure as preachin' there wuz 'nother grizzly a chawin' at the feller as what I had wounded. Gosh! how the fur flew as they fit. I fir'd agin at the

second bar', bein' excited like."

"Then he got mad an' left the bar I'd wounded an' came fer me like lightnin' an' just as I tho't I waz a goner sure another bar' come over the hill an' lit into him like as it wuz his fite. I wuz so riled up as bein' no good with a gun no more thet I let that air tird hev a shot thinkin' he had no bizness a comin' in my fite."

"Well, three bar', all wounded, some worse then the other, was a sittin' a little too num'rous fer me an' I wisht I waz at home, an' to add to my troubles, gee whizz gosh! a fourth one as big as a mountin' came a tarin' over the hill an I let him hev the last chunk ov lead in my gun and started fer my shanty."

"The whole busines' of 'em seem'd to think I was ter blame fer their family row, an' they come fer me like mad an' I a streakin' fer the shanty, didn't even tech the high places. Ye ought ter seed the dog an' the cat a goin' fer it too; sometimes the cat waz on top an' agin, the dog; the cat's tail wuz ez big as yer arm and the dog's rumytiz waz all forgot. We'd no mor'n got in an closed the door when bang, bang, bang, bang, the bars' heds bumped it an' then I fainted an' I didn't know nothin' fer a long time."

"When I got over the second spell o' fever it waz 'long late in the spring an' ez I hed hed enu'f of trapin' fer one life time I pulled my freight rite fer Silver an' went into the hospital fer general repairs."

Albert J. Capron.

♣

Years ago, Joaquin Miller, journeying on foot, was overtaken by a countryman, who took him on his wagon, and gave him a long ride. Tired, at length, of conversation, the poet took a novel from his pocket, and poured over it long and silently. "What are you reading?" said the countryman. "A novel of Bret Harte's," said Mr. Miller, "Well, now, I don't see how an immortal being wants to be wasting his time with such stuff." "Are you quite sure," said the poet, "that I am an immortal being?" "Of course you are." "If that be the case," responded Miller, "I don't see why I should be so very economical with my time."

♣

The Christan is always in the school of Christ. This does not mean that he always has a book in his hand. Many of the most needful lessons are learned amid the hard experiences of daily life.

♣

An Englishman traveling in Maryland had occasion to investigate the running time of the trains that passed through the small place where he was stopping. Carefully searching a time-table, he found, apparently, that there would be an express train due at four o'clock that afternoon. The Englishman was on time with his grip, etc., and so was the express train. The intending passenger watched it approach and thunder by the station at top speed. The traveler was annoyed, and, turning to a colored man who stood near, remarked: "That train didn't stop!" "No, sir," replied the colored citizen, cheerfully, "didn' even hes'tate."

♣

In Hannibal Hamlin's earlier days, at a certain caucus in Hampden, the only attendants were himself and a citizen of large stature. Mr. Hamlin had some resolutions to pass which began by representing that they were presented to a "large and respectable" gathering of voters. "Hold on," cried the other man, "we can't pass that, for it ain't true! It ain't a large and respectable caucus! There's only two of us." "You keep still, brother," commanded the wily Hannibal; "it's all right, for you are large and I am respectable. You just keep still." So the resolutions were passed without further demur.

♣

If we cannot strew life's path with flowers, we can at least strew it with smiles.—Charles Dickens.

♣

Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, tells a story of a man who, while traveling in a parlor car between Omaha and Denver, fell asleep and snored so loudly that every one in the coach was seriously annoyed. Presently an old gentleman approached the sleeper, shook him and brought him out of his slumber with a start.

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed.

"Why, your snoring is annoying every one in the car," said the old gentleman kindly.

"How do you know I am snoring," queried the source of the nuisance.

"Why, we can't help but hear it."

"Well, don't believe all you hear," replied the stranger, and went to sleep again.

♣

Good literature is as necessary to the growth of the soul as good air to the growth of the body, and it is just as bad to put weak thoughts into a child's mind as to shut it up in an unventilated room.—Charles Dudley Warner.

♣

"A bonnet represents a kind of queer flower, whose heart is formed of a woman's face, a full-blown rose, which in the place of stamens and pistils, bears glances and smiles."

♣

The pivotal point of character is fidelity. He who is unfaithful to his intellectual or moral convictions degrades himself to the level of a coward and forges for himself shackles which all time will not suffice to wear away.

♣

Beautiful is young enthusiasm. Keep it to the end, and be more and more correct in fixing on the object of it.—Thomas Carlyle.



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In the first part, and in keeping with the intention to reflect the character and institutions of the Northwest, there will begin in September

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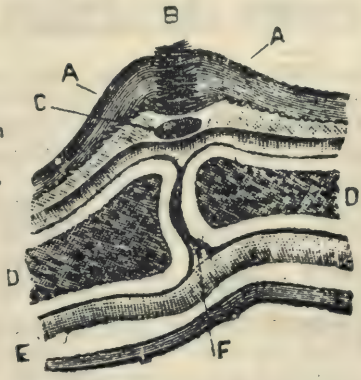
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Train No. 24 leaves Portland at 7:00 p. m., arrives at Astoria at 11:10 p. m.

Return

Train No. 21 leaves Astoria at 8.00 a. m., arrives in Portland at 12:15 p. m.

Train No. 23 leaves Astoria at 6:30 p. m. and arrives in Portland at 10:35 p. m.

Train No. 22 runs through to Seaside, leaving Seaside on the return at 2:50 p. m.

All trains leaving Astoria for Seaside or returning from Seaside run on the Flavel Branch.

The Astoria and Columbia River R. R. Winter Schedule is now in effect. Trains leave Union Depot, Portland, daily at 8:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m., arriving at Astoria at 12:15 p. m and 11:10 p. m. Leaving for Seaside at 12:20 p. m.

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* 8 30 a. m.	Roseburg Passenger....	* 4 30 p. m.
Daily except Sunday.	Via Woodburn for Mt. Angel, Silverton, West Scio, Brownsville, Springfield and Natron.	Daily except Sunday.
‡ 7 30 a. m.	Corvallis Passenger.....	‡ 5 50 p. m.
‡ 4 50 p. m.	Indepe dence Pass'ng'r	‡ 8 25 a. m.

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Spokane Flyer 2:10 p. m.	Walla Walla, Spokane, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago and East.	Spokane Flyer 8:30 a. m.
6:00 p. m.	*Ocean Steamships.* All sailing dates subject to change. For San Francisco — Sail every five days.	4:00 p. m.
8:00 p. m. Ex.Sunday Saturday 10:00 p. m.	*Columbia River Steamers.* To Astoria and Way Landings.	4:00 p. m. Ex.Sunday
6:00 a. m. Ex.Sunday	*Willamette River.* Oregon City, Newberg, Salem & Way Landings	4:30 p. m. Ex.Sunday
7:00 a. m. Tues, Thur and Sat.	*Willamette and Yamhill Rivers.* Oregon City, Dayton and Way Landings.	3:30 p. m. Mon. Wed. and Fri.
6:00 a. m. Tues, Thur and Sat.	*Willamette River.* Portland to Corvallis and Way Landings.	4:30 p: m. Tues, Thur and Sat.
Lv. Riparia 1:45 a. m. Daily Ex. Sat.	*Snake River.* Riparia to Lewiston.	Lv. Lewiston 5:45 a. m. daily Ex. Friday

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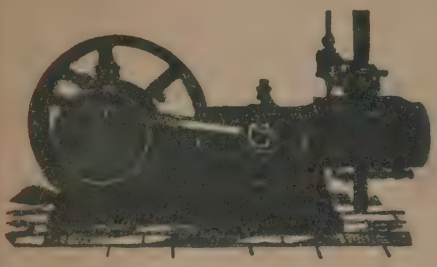
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By GUSTAV ANDERSON.



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VOLUME II — OCTOBER 1899 — NUMBER 6

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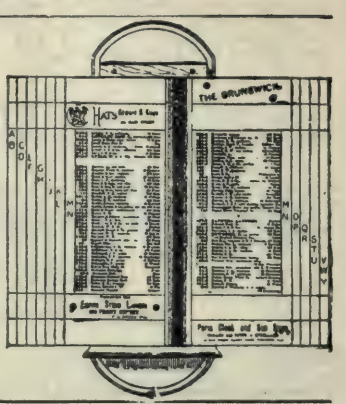
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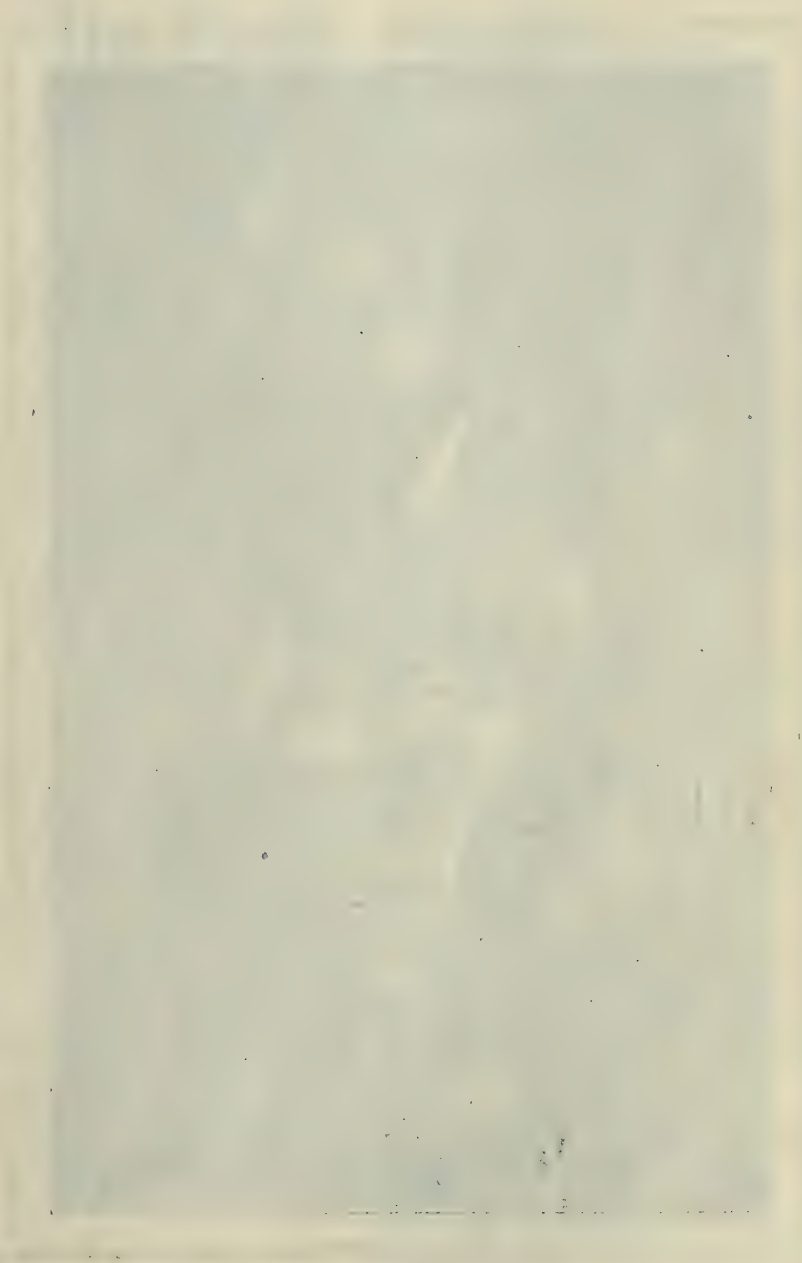
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Art class in the Night School of the Portland, Oregon, Y. M. C. A.
See article on "The New Idea.")

The Pacific Monthly.

Vol. II. *OCTOBER, 1899.* *No. 6.*

The New Idea.

By H. W. STONE, General Secretary of the Portland, Oregon, Young Men's Christian Association.

THE American International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, with headquarters in New York, began studying the census some seven or eight years ago to find out facts in respect to the educational life of the boys and young men of the country. From this study it was found that of all the boys who have remained in school until 12 years of age, four-fifths drop out before they are two years older.

Of every 100 young men on the continent only 5 are prepared and equipped by education for their occupations and business—95 are not.

Of every 100 grammar school graduates 8 obtain their livelihood in the professions and business, trained for their vocations by means of college and university privileges; the other 92 earn their living by means of their hands.

The great majority of these needy, ambitious and deserving young men and boys are busy in the daytime, having only the evenings to utilize for improvement.

The Young Men's Christian Associations are making an effort to extend to this army of young men, definite, practical, helpful facilities through the evening schools.

Last year over 24,000 different men were thus practically aided in these evening classes along commercial and industrial lines. And of these about 1,000 were in the Association's schools of the Pacific Coast.

It is of the work of these rapidly growing schools on our coast that this article treats. San Francisco and Portland are the oldest Associations on the coast, but Los Angeles deserves the credit of first organizing its educational work in conformity with the "new idea." It might be well to explain a few of the points embodied in the "new idea" that has brought the educational work of the Young Men's Christian Association to where it is today, practically a great national university with branches in all the leading cities of the country. These points are:

(1.) A study of the local conditions, needs, business and industrial life of the young men in each city, and then providing classes to definitely meet these needs.

(2.) Requiring each student to pay from $1.00 to $5.00 per class entered, beyond the Association membership fee.

(3.) Securing the best possible specialists for teachers in each branch, paying them well for their services and holding them responsible for the success or failure of their classes.

(4.) Having classes meet two or more times a week with definite six months' courses outlined.

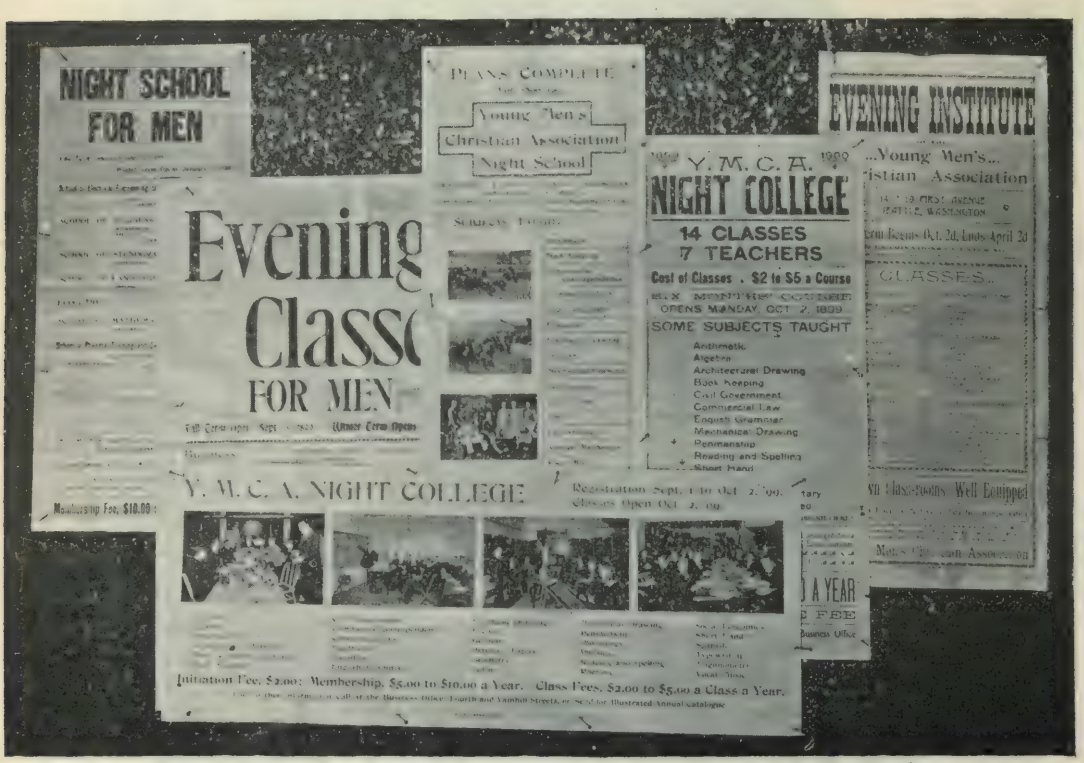
(5.) Following the graded courses outlined by the International Committee, making it possible for a man starting work in one city to continue the same work when he has moved to another.

(6.) To participate in the International examinations. The certificates issued

on successfully passing these examinations are now accepted by over one hundred of the leading colleges and technical schools of the country.

All of the larger Associations on the Pacific Coast now have their work organized in conformity with these ideas. larger number than was received by any other city in the entire country.

The San Francisco and Oakland Associations occupying costly and handsome buildings, are in a position to do the largest work on the coast. The San Francisco Association has this season



Window cards and posters used this fall in advertising the Night Schools of the Pacific Coast Associations. They are from San Francisco, Los Angeles, Oakland, Spokane, Seattle and Portland.

At Los Angeles the work has had a steady growth since the season of 1891-1892 and hundreds of men have been benefited by the advantages. A model feature of the educational life of this Association is one of the most successful literary societies in the country. This society won first place at the International Educational Exhibit last spring at Grand Rapids, Michigan, for the best record of work. This was the only first award of merit won by any Pacific Coast city, although Portland received thirteen certificates of honorable mention (which corresponds to a second prize) being a called Arthur A. Macurda, of Brown University, as educational director. It is expected that Mr. Macurda will bring strength to the entire movement on this coast.

The Seattle, Tacoma and Spokane Associations, of Washington, have reorganized their educational work this summer and have adopted the graded system, and Seattle and Tacoma have had their buildings remodeled. Spokane, the youngest association on the coast, will start with a full equipment and an able corps of teachers.

The Portland Association has the larg-

est school of the kind west of Chicago. This night college not only has the largest number of men enrolled and gives instruction in over twice as many branches and spends over twice as much money on this department as any other association, but last season won 35 International certificates, being more than three times the number won by any other school west of Chicago.

Some of the figures of the Portland night college for last year are as follows:

Different men in Portland Association Night College	294
Total registration in all classes	654

Amount of money paid to the association by men in the night classes:

Initiation and membership fees	$2,522 45
Class fees	1,105.55
Books and supplies	472.00

AGES OF STUDENTS IN NIGHT COLLEGE.

12 to 16	10
16 to 20	103
20 to 25	95
25 to 30	44
30 to 40	28
Over 40	2
Average age of all men in classes	22½

OCCUPATIONS.

Office men	18
Students	25
Clerks	125
Mechanics	54
General Merchandise	53

CHURCH MEMBERSHIP.

Baptist	11
Catholic	18
Christian	8
Christian Science	1
Congregational	8
Episcopal	16
Evangelical	8
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Hebrew	10
Greek	1
Lutheran	4
Methodist	22
New Church	2
Presbyterian	36
United Brethren	1
United Presbyterian	1
Members of no church	141



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Does it pay? and is it appreciated? are two questions sometimes asked by those who know little of the work. These questions are best answered by the testimony of employers and the men themselves. This testimony is ready, and to the effect that it does pay—and pay well.

All educators who have made a study of this subject are agreed that the conducting of night classes is one of the great educational problems of the times. The great weakness of this kind of work

is that it is so hard to keep men in classes. They start in with enthusiasm in the fall, but soon drop out unless the work is supplemented by social and entertainment features. This the association, through its multiplied agencies, is able to do as no other organization can. All of the larger associations on this coast have in connection with their work, superior gymnasiums, well equipped libraries and reading rooms, amusement rooms supplied with such games as checkers, chess, crokinole, etc. These, with the course of lectures, concerts, receptions, socials, etc., together with the social life to be found in these organizations, serve to hold the men to the class work through the season.

There is an advantage in the form of organization of the association. Each local association is entirely independent, and yet has the advisory supervision of state and international secretaries together with the papers of the association as well as the regular conferences and conventions thus bringing the experience of all the associations together and making it available to all. In this way mistakes



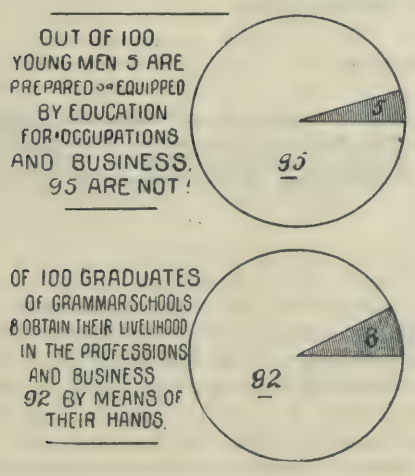
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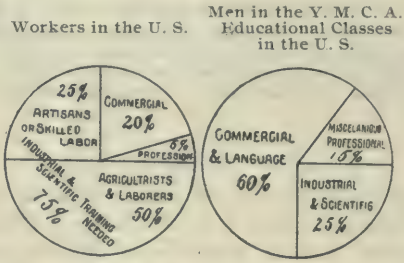
Class in Oakland Y. M. C. A.

that have been made are avoided and successes in similar fields followed.

Again for over fifty years the association has been making a careful study of



the needs, desires, tastes, temptations and ambitions of young men, and from this study has come a literature and stored knowledge that is of incalculable value in dealing with this problem of night educational work. Recognizing these and many other equally strong reasons why the association is in a position to do this work better, more economically and effectively than by any other system or institution, Mr. F. B. Pratt, who is at the head of Pratt Institute, of Brooklyn, N. Y., said in an address at Springfield, Mass.: "It is not necessary to mention, I think, that the association is the organization now in the field best prepared to do educational work. The places are



small and few in number where no Young Men's Christian Association exists, and time will see these occupied. The association in most places has property—a guarantee of permanency, good faith, and stability; it has its paid secretary; it has its rooms and facilities; and there is a public character to the work all of which would lead one to think that the association not only can, but should seek and demand the privilege of doing all the evening educational work."

"Me thinks these new Actaeons boast too soon
That they have spied on beauty; what if we
Have analyzed the rainbow, robbed the moon
Of her most ancient, chastest mystery,
Shall I, the Endymion, lose all hope
Because rude eyes peer at my mistress
Through a telescope!"

Maya, The Medicine Girl.

A Story of Fort Yamhill, in Sheridan's Time.

By SAM. L. SIMPSON.

The Pacific Monthly begins this month an unpublished story by Oregon's greatest and sweetest singer—the late Sam. L. Simpson. The story derives interest not only because it is one of the few unpublished manuscripts left by the Poet, but also from the fact that it is unusually interesting, and treats of a period when Generals Sheridan and Grant, and other notable men lived in Oregon—the "pioneer" period in the life of the great West, and one rich in poetry and romance.

Chapter I.

IN THE summer of 1861 I was an assistant sutler's clerk at Fort Yamhill, in the foothills of the rugged Coast range of mountains, Western Oregon.

This military post had been established in 1857, for police duty over the Indians of the Grand Ronde reservation, there located, and to which the war-like tribes of Southern Oregon, recently subdued, had been removed.

Though only a robust, yellow-haired youth of sixteen, the freedom of frontier life at a military post and a fond familiarity with the literary resources of the small circulating library, largely flavored with the exploits of "Claude Duval," and other "gentlemen of the road," kept at the store for the benefit of the soldiers, had ripened me early, and my mental and moral constitution was, therefore, of a composite order of architecture, deeply tinged with romance.

The post itself, both from its unique situation and the artistic care with which its grounds had been laid out and improved, was pretty and picturesque, and the yet restless condition of the savage bands over whom it held watch and ward, gave a sufficient spice of danger to keep the martial spirit of both officers and men cheerfully above the stagnation line. Formerly it had been garrisoned by as many as three or four companies at a time, but at the time of writing only one company, K, 4th Infantry, held the station.

One sultry afternoon in July I was alone in charge of the long, low, "rakish" store. Several young squaws, having made sundry light purchases of cheap but showy feminine finery, were still loitering about the front door, the low hum of their conversation, broken occasionally by a girlish ripple of laughter, seeming, like the soft murmur of hidden waters or monotonous drone of bees, to deepen rather than dispel the drowsy dullness of the lagging hours.

I was standing near the desk at the back portion of the store, and near me, leaning upon the end of the counter and slowly turning the pages of a new and popular novel I had received by mail that morning, was Sergeant Buckstone. He paused, now and then, for an experimental dip into the current of the story, and finally, closing the book and lifting it up to examine the cover with the critical relish of a true Bibliophile, said:

"This is clearly an interesting work and by an author of established reputation, too. It is much above the frothy stuff we usually get out here for intellectual pabulum; I should like to read it when you are through with it, Hank."

"You may take it now, Sergeant," I answered; "I have an unfinished book in hand now which will occupy my spare time for the rest of the week."

He thanked me cordially, and taking up the volume, was about to go when there was a slight bustle among the young Indian women at the door, and Lieutenant Philip H. Sheridan entered the store and walked down towards us, accompanied by the two handsome brown and white setters which usually attended him in his rides or walks about the garrison.

The man who was, within a few years, to become the most distinguished cavalry leader of his time, was then a young and handsome subordinate, but there was that in his keen glance and proud, chivalrous bearing which readily suggested the beau sabreus. Barely of medium height, elegantly proportioned, with well-shaped head and features, dark eyes and crisp, curly black hair and mustache, he was altogether a compact, active and shapely young officer, every inch a soldier.

As he approached with his characteristic easy, swinging stride, Sergeant Buckstone drew himself up and gave the salute, which the lieutenant returned, and then pausing; with a quick, meaning glance at the non-commissioned officer, said:

"I have some news for you, sergeant; come into the back room — I want to have a talk with you."

With a friendly nod to me the lieutenant led the way, respectfully followed by the sergeant, into our sitting room, which, for the benefit of the officers, was well carpeted and neatly furnished, a little curtained sideboard, hospitably supplied with choice liquors and cigars, and a fair array of the latest newspapers and periodicals being among its attractions.

It was, perhaps, as much as three-quarters of an hour before the conference between the lieutenant and the sergeant was concluded, when I heard the former pass out of the side door and Buckstone came back into the store.

He was somewhat paler than usual, his lips compressed, and I noticed the smoldering fire of unusual excitement in his fine, brown eyes. I tried to betray no knowledge of this fact in the expression of my face as I glanced at him.

He did not return my gaze immediately, but came and took up the book I had loaned him and stood there by the counter, his head bowed and slightly averted, as if in deep, absorbing thought. Finally he seemed to pull himself together with a sudden effort and, turning to me, said:

"I should like to have a good, friendly consultation with you this evening, Hank, if you have leisure."

There was a plaintive pleading in his eyes and tones that touched me and I answered promptly:

"Certainly, sergeant; you will find me in my room any time from half past seven until bed-time"—adding sympathetically, "I trust that nothing serious has occurred?"

To this his only reply was, "I will come, then," and he walked away.

Strange as it way seem, considering my age, I was, with the single exception of Lieutenant Sheridan, the only person at the post with whom Buckstone was on any terms of confidence. It was generally understood that he was a man with a history. That he came of a good family and had been carefully reared, no one could doubt. His conversation attested that. Though uniformly courteous and obliging in his intercourse with his comrades, there was a certain dignified reserve ein his manner which forbade anything like coarse familiarity, and consequently, while having the respect of all, he had the fast friendship of none.

It was instinctively recognized that a dim, indefinable, yet unsurmountable barrier fenced him in a world of his own within which no one cared to intrude. On pay-days and other special occasions he always stood more than his share of the inevitable libations at the sutler's bar, but drank very little himself and, gracefully eluding all importunities to "make a day of it," slipped away at the first opportunity.

He was about twenty-six years of age, tall and well-made. His abundant, wavy hair was dark auburn and his eyes, lighting up a well-chiseled, powerful face, were of that deep, rich, purple-tinted brown, which are, to my mind, the finest in the world. To these advantages was added that coveted distingue air which, even in republics, is always accepted as the authoritative imprint of patrician blood. For the rest he was an admirable soldier and generally conceded to be the best-drilled man in his regiment.

While attending to my duties in the store during the rest of the afternoon, I thought a great deal about Sergeant Buckstone and his singular history. He had, from the first, evinced a strange lik-

ing for me. Perhaps he took to me in sheer desperation. To live utterly alone, without a single human being in whom one can repose confidence or look for sympathy and understanding works madness in the brain and desolation in the heart. Nature revolts against such a barren isolation. The social yearning in the breast of man is the germ and inspiration of all his growth, the beneficent source of that brotherhood of feeling which makes civilization possible and whence, at last, arises the holy incense of love, hope and faith to the throne of God.

"You must think it strange," Buckstone said to me once, "that I have so fully unbosomed myself to a young fellow like you, but I assure you that it has been a great relief to me. Yours is a frank, affectionate nature, as yet unspotted by the spray of the turbulent, treacherous world. You are intelligent beyond your years, and your sympathy is as sweet and genuine as the bloom and fragrance of a flower. Were you older, had you greater knowledge of life, you could not possibly be that to me which you now are."

Thus it came about that he told me his story. He was a native of New York City and the scion of an old and influential family. His father was a distinguished physician and he, the only son of his parents, had also been educated for the medical profession.

He had fallen in love with the daughter of a wealthy landowner, and fondly believed that his suit was progressing happily, when a rival appeared on the scene who had the good fortune to be championed by the young lady's brother, a young man of strong will and violent passions.

In spite of his strenuous efforts to win the brother over to his side, he was either coldly ignored or openly insulted. The secret of the trouble really lay in the fact that the brother belonged to a Southern family of strong proslavery antecedents, while all the sympathies and prejudices of Buckstone were with the North.

Finally, at the instance of Buckstone, a meeting was appointed, at which the former hoped to somehow appease the wrathful opposition of young Wainwright and effect such a reconciliation as would at least give him a free field and a fair fight.

Much to his surprise, Ralph Murdock, the rival suitor, was at the place of meeting, appearing, presumably, as "a friend of the family," as there was no other occasion for his presence.

Though thus heavily handicapped, Buckstone did his best to secure, if not the good will, at least the neutrality of the brother. But all to no avail, for he soon saw, in the insolent triumphant sneer on the face of Ralph Murdock, that his attempt at pacification was doomed to defeat.

High words followed and young Murdock, fairly frothing with rage, attempted to shoot Buckstone; but the latter grappled with him, and in the struggle that ensued Wainwright was accidentally shot and killed with his own weapon.

Buckstone was horror-stricken at the catastrophe, and stood dazed and speechless over the body when Murdock stepped up to him and hissed in nis ear:

"The game is in my hands now. You must fly for your life—or hang!"

Buckstone gazed at him speechlessly and then, wandering from the place like a somnambulist, somehow reached his own room, where he lay sick and delirious for weeks.

When he recovered they told him that Ralph Wainwright had accidentally shot himself, but no one seemed to know the actual circumstances of the case. At length, feeling sufficiently strong for the ordeal, he visited the home of the Wainwrights with the hope of seeing Adrienne and explaining all; but he was met at the door by Ralph Murdock, in whose lowering vengeful look there was not a gleam of true, chivalrous feeling: "You have made an unlucky escape from death by fever," he said menacingly, "only to court the ignominious death of the gallows. Fool! do you not realize that I am the only witness, and that you must fly and be dead to the world in name in order to live in reality? As for Adrienne, she loathes and abhors you now, madman, and does not wish to see your face again."

What could he do but turn away from the stately portal of the home in which he was once a welcome visitor? Murdock, although for a sinister and selfish purpose of his own, was undoubtedly telling the truth, Adrinne believed that the blood of her murdered brother was on his hands and was lost to him forever unless Murdock should voluntarily disclose the truth.

Within a few days he received a cold and despairing note from her:

"Go," she wrote, "to the farthermost parts of the earth; save your life and be happy—if you can. If you had but stayed your hasty hand and waited—but that is all past now, and even to dream of what might have been is only 'a sorrow's crown of sorrow.'"

Then, in utter distraction, he fled from home and at last, under an assumed name, joined the regular army and was sent out West to take part in a long and bloody Indian war.

So much for the enlightenment of the reader. When Buckstone came to me in my cozy little private room at the rear of the store that evening, as arranged, I noticed that the traces of a deep but subdued inward struggle were still visible on his face, and he made no effort to conceal from me the fact that he was greatly disturbed by the information he had received from Lieutenant Sheridan.

When he was seated I handed him a cigar, and for a few moments he smoked in silence. At length, taking the cigar from his mouth and looking at me somewhat nervously across the intervening table, he began:

"I suppose that you have already suspected that Lieutenant Sheridan called me into the back room of the store this afternoon to give me news of some kind from my old home?"

I nodded assent.

"I thought so," he said, "and you were right. About a year after my enlistment, and I have been in the service a little over three years now, some one connected with the New York City detective force, undoubtedly in the pay of Murdock or the Wainwrights, discovered my whereabouts and, by letter, disclosed the nature of the tragedy with which I was connected to Lieutenant Sheridan, who came to me in the frank and noble manner characteristic of his nature and showed the detective's letter.

"Then I told him all. He believed me and today, with the exception, perhaps, of yourself and members of my own family, he is the best friend I have on earth. I can see the hand of Ralph Murdock in hunting me down. He did it for two reasons: the first was to keep the shadow of the gallows constantly before me; the second, to make my new life as gloomy and unhappy as possible.

"I learn now, through information recently received by the lieutenant, that my affairs are taking a remarkable and dangerous turn, by reason of certain unexpected changes in the situation at home.

"In the first place, it seems to be settled that Murdock has been rejected by Adrienne. This, you can readily understand, is a distinct menace to me, as, when convinced that Adrienne cannot be prevailed upon to change her decision, he will move heaven and earth to accomplish my ruin."

He paused, relighted his cigar, but did not smoke, sitting for a while in sombre silence. "This is important news, indeed, Sergeant," I said; "has Lieutenant Sheridan advised you in the matter?"

"He says that I can do nothing but await further developments at present, but assures me that he will stand by me with every resource at his command, come what will," he answered, falling silent again; but I could see by the working of his features and the strange light in his eyes that he was greatly agitated.

At last he arose, threw his cigar through an open window and began to pace up and down the little room, with folded arms and corrugated brows.

In a dim way I began to understand the situation.

"You can see," he said, with a quiver of emotion in his fine virile voice, but not pausing in his walk, "into what a Stygian depth of torture and perplexity I am forced by all this. Adrienne, I neglected to state before, has mysteriously disappeared. If she should not return and reconsider her dismissal of Murdock, the

despicable wretch, with everything in his favor as the only witness of the death of young Wainwright, will certainly attempt—to bring me to the scaffold,"

He took a few turns up and down the room in silence and then resumed:

"But that is not all; the flight of Adrienne and her rejection of Murdock inspire me with the now fearful belief that she loved me once and would take me to her heart again if I could only convince her that I am innocent of her brother's blood. Oh, God!" he cried, unfolding his arms and tossing them wildly in his agony, "how can that ever be? An exile and outcast, lost to the world I once knew, and hidden away from it here in this remote, barbaric corner of the republic, I have won the true and faithful heart of Maya, the Shasta Medicine Girl, and supposed that I had given her all the heart I had left in return; but now, Oh, merciful Heaven! I feel the stir of the old buried passion at the first gleam of a cowardly, treacherous hope! Poor Maya! I verily believe she would drop dead at my feet if I told her the truth!"

Here he broke down completely and stood with his face in his hands, while mighty sobs of anguish shook his powerful frame. My own sympathies were painfully aroused and I hardly knew what to do.

"Come, sergeant," I finally said, rising and laying a hand gently on his shoulder, you must not give way like this. If Adrienne ever loved you, that love was blotted out by the violent death of her brother, undeniably, according to her understanding and belief, at your hands. As for Maya, will you not have to leave her when you are called back to take part in the war which is undoubtedly coming on? She is a beautiful and lovable child of nature, I admit; but she is only an Indian girl, after all. The time will come when you will look back upon your present relation with her as a brief and happy dream—nothing more. It is sad, unspeakably sad, to think of that now, but it is inevitable."

He became somewhat calm at length and, after talking in a quieter way about his dilemma for half an hour more, rose to go.

"I am going to see Maya tonight," he said; "she is nursing a very sick child, for which I am prescribing. It is, or rather has been, a serious case of typhoid, but the danger is past now and careful attention will bring the child out all right. I have heard some alarming things, too, in connection with the case. Maya is known as a 'medicine' girl, an inherited and dangerous honor. Should the child die, Maya, though really but a nurse in this case, under my direction, would forfeit her own life according to an immemorial custom not often relaxed. Will you not accompany me? It is early yet and the night is superb."

(To be continued.)

"Nay when Keats died the music still had left
One silver voice to sing his threnody,
But ah! too soon of it we were bereft.
When on that urin night and stormy sea
Panthea claimed her singer as her own,
And slew the mouth that praised her; since
Which time we walk alone,"———

A Monograph.

By CLAUDE THAYER.

Written by one who, living in an inaccessible place, and undisturbed by prejudice or passion, is peculiarly fitted for the task he has chosen.

AFTER the close of the war of the rebellion, the people of the United States found themselves joined indissolubly together by a cement mixed in the blood of their best and their bravest. The Government was burdened with a huge war debt. Ghastly relics of the internecine strife, with armless sleeves, checkered every hamlet of the land, that now had "struck the fetters from the slave." A myriad of those slaves, unlettered, unskilled, ignorant of the veriest rudiments of civilization, were upon the hands of the Government—a vast problem to be solved. Corruption had entered into every tissue of the body politic. The wise, plain magistrate, who would have made for conservatism, prudence and public honor was stricken down. A great area of our country was inhabited solely by roving savages. The wounded and diseased remnant of our armies and the widow and the fatherless were to be cared for. The great American people proved equal to all these tasks, rising en masse to the emergency.

Public speculators, thieves and plunderers were subjected to merciless prosecution and social ostracism. The royal road to political advancement in the United States is no longer wealth, nor what was designated "a political pull." But it's pavement is of the sound rock of statesmanship and wisdom and honesty. Seats in the grave and reverend Senate are no longer the subject of purchase, cabal, intrigue and resort to the most disgraceful methods.

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Though a man be as poor as Cincinatus, if he possesses the same qualities of patriotism and high honor, the Senatorship is tendered him as a gift, the acceptance of which confers an honor upon the donor. A wise and discriminating course was therefore adopted in regard to the veterans of the war. Hospitals and homes were established for the shelter of those actually incapacitated. The self-respect of every veteran was recognized by furnishing him Government employ which would prevent him from being dishonored by becoming a public charge.

It was proposed at one time to make wholesale grants of pensions regardless of the actual requirements of the veterans. Certain Congressmen of the old degraded type conceived that support of such a law would add to their political strength, and the law was actually passed.

The response was quick and decisive. From every G. A. R. organization petitions, remonstrances, declarations of indignant disapproval poured upon their representatives.

To-day the law exists as a proud testimonial to the self-respect of the American citizen. Only those veterans who are in actual need avail themselves of its provisions. As one by one these unfortunate men fall from the ranks, the pension list decreases, and today it is the merest bagatelle.

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Under the old practice the Indians had been in many cases defrauded and driven into acts of rebellion by thieving agents. The entire control of the agencies was placed in the hands of the army, which at once proceeded to administer strict justice. A mounted police, after the Canadian form, was organized. The Apaches and other natural murdering and thieving tribes were of necessity annihilated; but the great mass of the Indians, under a rule that interferes as little as possible

with the details of their life, are insensibly taking upon themselves civilization. Their nomadic taste is gratified by the lives they lead as herdsmen, and to-day the supply of stock cattle of the United States is largely maintained by them. Schools were established for them, but were discontinued when it was found that upon confinement the Indian is the victim of consumption, and that the Indian schools of Carlisle and Chewawa were houses for the germination of disease. No teacher or superintendent could be found, in fact. Ministers of the gospel were chosen as a rule, and each immediately resigned rather than sanction the delivery to lingering death of so many innocent prisoners. Teachers could not bear the misery and suffering entailed.

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The negro proposition was attacked with American incisiveness. In the first flush of enthusiasm it was proposed to invest the negro with the right of suffrage. Instead, however, the whole of the slave States were districted. Robert E. Lee was placed in control of all the districts and invested with quasi-military power. He immediately, as far as possible, put every negro back upon his own plantation.

A scale of wages was fixed. The negro's expenditure was regulated, his children were educated. Waste lands or bankrupt plantations, purchased by the Government, were subdivided and sold to individual negroes. Responsibilities of petty sorts were put upon them, and local self-government was intrusted to them. Their emigration to other States was encouraged. They became the railroad builders of the great network of American railways, and as they were advanced they were granted the right of suffrage. The old planters entered most heartily into the project. The positions of trust they were given salved their wounded pride, and they enthusiastically performed the patriotic labors thrust upon them. No outrage has ever been reported, nor a lynching, nor a negro burned at the stake in the whole of the Southern States. This gradual resurrection of a race is the brightest star today in the banner of America.

The United States then found herself at peace with her neighbors with a rapidly diminishing debt, and an almost clear financial sky, in which but one cloud floated. A cloud which, however, might have been pregnant with disaster, silver lined though it was and by creating distrust and uncertainty have precipitated a wholesale ruin of our industries and a downfall of our entire financila fabric. Three years of uncertainty, discontent, ruination might have followed, had not the Senate of the United States sturdily upheld its reputation for conservatism and far-sighted wisdom.

Silently, quickly, without a sign of vacillation, without an attempt upon the part of a single Senator to exploit himself at the expense of his country, the United States Senate gave the world to understand that the gold standard and with it public and private credit was to be forever maintained in this broad realm; silver should be protected, but not to the extent of endangering every existing financial and industrial institution. This prompt action enthroned forever in the hearts of the present generation the members of this particular Senate.

One sad event at this time cast a gloom over the country, In the disappointment and savagery of defeat an unprincipled wretch accused a Senator of having purchased stock in Wall street while the financial issue was pending. The Senator rose in his place in the Senate, and to a hushed and profoundly impressed audience solemnly protested his innocence of the heinous offence. No investigation was demanded; the word of a United States Senator uttered on the floor of the Senate required no substantiation, but the unfortunate Senator died within a week of pure mortification, such being the sensitiveness of the members of this exalted body. Municipal control also received its share of attention; the system founded upon bossism and ward politics was annihilated at once and immediately by the strong force of public sentiment.

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The tenements of the great cities were condemned; broad avenues were

extended; disease, mental and moral, was overcome by the flood of pure air and of sunshine let in upon the congested quarters. Strikes and lockouts, murderous assaults by strikers upon unarmed employes were unheard of. Sharp retaliation by the authorities was uncalled for. Co-operation between the employer and employe had advanced to such an extent that the interests of both were rapidly becoming identical.

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Prosperity had filled our bins, factories were seeking markets, and the American genius was turned to the problem of exploiting our goods in the foreign marts. Schools were at once established for the sole purpose of instructing consuls and agents in such duties. Political preferment was no longer considered in the selection of our foreign representatives.

Education, captivating manners and special fitness for the positions dominated the appointments. Slowly, but with a resistless force, our nursed trade made its way against the supremacy of England, the ambition of Germany, the alluring polish of France. The beginning of the year 1897 heard the hum of factories, the roar of freight trains pressing to the seaboard, and saw all our harbors filled with the masts of our newly constructed and fostered merchant marine.

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Unfortunately the year 1898 brought with it a serious problem. Of all the great possessions on this continent once owned by Spain there remained to her only the Gem of the Antilles.

"A land more bright
Never did mortal eye behold.
Who could have thought, that saw that night,
Those valleys, and their fruits of gold.
Basking in heaven's serenest light,
* * * * * * *
Who could have thought that there, even there,
Amid those scenes so still and fair
The demon of the plague had cast
From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
More mortal, far, than ever came
From the red desert's sands of flame."

The demon of the plague that had invaded Cuba was born of the corruption and political rottenness which had threatened the United States, but which the latter, through the strength of its stalwart youth had overcome. The scepter of Spain trembled in the hands of a puny boy, guarded only by his mother's love from death at the hands of a dangerous and scheming pretender. The native Cubans had kindled again the fires of a revolution, which but a few short years ago had been quenched in their people's blood. Little bands of ragged, desperate, starving men were battling for liberty. Inch by inch they had fought their way; inch by inch they had curtailed the limits of the Spanish army. A brutal bloody butcher had devastated the country till not even the crows could find subsistence, but came with vultures to the cities where they battened upon the bodies of the starved reconcentradoes. It was a spectacle that could be borne no longer. It was too close to our own doors; the cries of the tortured people assailed our ears. In a critical moment one of our warships was blown up in Havana harbor. It was the shock that kindled the volcano. Congress acted at once. The more pacific McKinley would have accomplished the same results that a war promised, it is true. But Congress would have none of that. The imputation, however, that any Congressman allowed himself to be influenced by revenge, by greed, by the hope of personal gain, political or pecuniary, is quite unfounded. Such an imputation is entirely refuted by the fact that in no single instance did any Congressman attempt to secure the appointment of any friend, or relative, or favorite. The administration was left entirely free to select the best qualified men to command, clothe, transport and feed a hastily improvised army of raw militia, which course the administration pursued. Veterans, experienced and skillful men, were summoned to its assistance. No callow youths, no sons of once prominent sires, no political favorites were entrusted with the lives, the health and the fortunes of our army. The conflict was short, decisive and the result predetermined. Spanish gallantry was too far handicapped by corruption and malfeaseance to do more than maintain its honor.

The young, vigorous and puissant republic triumphed over the little boy king and his aged and crumbling kingdom.

The surrender of the Spanish was haughty, not in the best grace, but the envoys of the United States had been chosen from persons experienced in diplomatic circles, and long renowned for their charming suavity and thorough familiarity with the language and manners of the French and Spanish courts. The iron hand was encased in the softest velvet. For a moment there had been a hesitation in the minds of the American people. Not as to the possible advantages which they might derive from their victory, however. No American wished that another John G. Saxe might write—

"A neighboring nation, rich in landed spoils,
But weak through ignorance and domestic broils,
With all the vapor of the Spanish sire,
But not one sparkle of Castillian fire,
A race like this, oh tell it not in Gath,
Invites our avarice and provokes our wrath;
And so we loose the fiendish dogs of war,
And ply our stripes to gain another star."

Such sarcasm was too cutting, such an attitude in the eyes of the world too disgraceful to be assumed. But the situation was, as we have seen, an unprecedented one. A great mass of people had shown its ability to maintain within wide extended borders, law, freedom and prosperity; had taken up and assimilated into their political organization large bodies of ignorant untamed people, besides the pouring tide of immigration from other shores. They had exhibited to an admiring world an absolute purity of political life, a perfection of political government. They had demonstrated their ability to control the markets of every world, and to win their way against all odds in the marts of every people. At the moment when their labors seemed ended, and as if they had been given leisure to felicitate themselves upon and enjoy the splendid fabric they had created, Divine Providence in its unerring wisdom, opened for them new paths, cast upon them new burdens, and enjoined upon them a new succession of duties towards the advancement of races separated from them by color, by religion, by civilization, language and the wide expanse of ocean.

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By a common charitable impulse, generous as the charity of heaven, unselfish as the life of the Savior, Jesus Christ, this great nation, without a thought of the vast expense necessary to be incurred, of the sacrifice of lives in trenches, in hospitals, by fevers and plagues, assumed the tremendous burdens and responsibilities involved. In an exhibition of unparalleled generosity they removed from the yet unbowed shoulders of the little boy king his terribly onerous burden. It was a sublime act. The most envious of nations could not but join in the applause and admiration that followed, and the Americo-Spanish war will stand for all time upon the pages of history as the one instance where the victor re-imbursed the vanquished, and, through motives of pure, un-alloyed humanitarianism of the noblest sort, struck from the defeated fetters which for centuries had impeded their advancement, and prosperity. The future historian who attempts to chronicle the details of the war with Spain will be embarrassed by lack of available reference to authorities. The people of the United States entered into the war as upon the performance of a solemn duty. The journals treated it in a dignified unimpassioned manner. A universal sentiment that a great nation was pitted against a pitifully weak one, robbed us of "That stern joy which warriors feel in foeman worthy of their steel." At the close a generous pity forbade exultation.

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This review could not be closed without a glowing tribute to the agency of our great modern newspapers. During the period of our advancement strong hands had held the cross in front of the advancing column. From pulpit and rostrum had poured eloquent exhortation, entreaty, encouragement, admonition. The periodicals had labored nobly; but all of these combined, hardly overweighted the influence of the daily journals. Great and small they turned the piercing search-light of truth into every dark corner. No political torpedo boat

bound upon nefarious mission eluded their vigilance. To them was due the exposure and consequent ostracism of every rogue, of every pretender, every montebank that infested our system. Social scandals, filthy crimes, prurient details were tabooed in their columns. The trained reporters were an aid to justice, but only by information privately supplied. The court room alone knew the grewsome details of such things as the Durant trial.

In the exploitation of our trade and in the elevation of the standard of moral and civic virtue lay their chiefest pride.

To be detected, today, in the publication as a fact of a simple rumor would be deemed by any leading jounal as a lasting disgrace.

When war was declared, as has been explained upon the most holy grounds, the high honor of the craft burned at its brightest refulgence.

Competition was severe: the community was clamorous for news. Cevera's squardon was magnified into a swift potent engine of destruction. The Atlantic sea-board was defenseless. Boston was trembling, yet urging that her safety might be ignored for the general welfare.

Sampson and his ill assorted squadron was on the Southern Coast. Schley and his leashed grey-hounds at Hampton Roads. Troops were massing. All was anxiety, doubt and desire to know.

But secrecy as to our movements was necessary. The press were absolutely trusted. They were the scouts of the administration. In their breasts were serets, the publication of which would have meant hundreds of thousands of dollars profit. But these same secrets were preserved in obedience to Patriotism until when published, they were simply history.

After the war, President McKinley, at a public press dinner, extolled in earnest language this self-abnegation which had characterized the Press, closing with a brilliant tribute to the purity and high tone of our wonderful American Journalism.

Tillamook, Oregon, April, 27, 1899.

The Wind's Story.

The wind was out with new found power;
  It lingered on a grassy bank,
Touching a fragrant, snow white flower,
  Bending a weed that grew too rank.

It swept through towns, as free winds sweep,
  Shaking the curtains in its glee;
And then with one untrammeled leap,
  Went wimpling o'er the summer sea.

It found a perfect isle of flowers;
  Fairer than those on Eden's plain;
But left it for a few short hours,
  And ne'er could find the spot again.

It moaned among the gloomy pines,
  Where shy, sweet wood nymphs find their graves,
Where the glad sunlight never shines,
  But funeral firs and cyprus waves.

At last it reached a land untilled,
  Flowerless, but all unvexed by strife;
And there the restless wind was stilled.
  The story of the wind is, Life.

Adonen.

The Unsatisfying Draught.

By WILLIAM H. SHELOR.

I.

MILLDS yawned, leisurely stretched his arms behind his head, tipped back his chair, and surveyed the ceiling in a satisfied manner. Now and then a smile crossed his face.

"In love with a name," he said to himself, "absurd—who ever heard of such a thing?"

Millds was a man of striking personality. There was something about his face that attracted attention, something that made people, with whom he had no acquaintance whatever, feel that they had met him somewhere. The chief thing about him, however, was his indomnitable pride, and from his earliest recollection it had controlled his actions. He recognized that his pride was a barrier to success in social and business relations, and yet he could not divest himself of it. He could not but feel that he was made of better clay than most humanity, and this feeling made him aggressively independent It led him to scorn popularity as synonymous with mediocrity and vulgarity.

"In love with a name," he repeated, this time a trifle impatiently "mere foolishness." He closed his desk, locked the office door and started for his club. Clayton, Stevenson, and Blake, three intimate friends of his, were coming down the steps.

"Hello, Millds," shouted Blake, "where have you been keeping yourself for the last week?"

"Hard at work," answered Millds, "too busy to think of the Club."

"Well," said Clayton, "Dewitt's reception comes off next week, and you must not miss it. The girl that's turning all our heads will be there. Of course you have heard of Marion Courtney." Millds flushed slightly and said,

"Yes, I've heard her name mentioned a few times."

"She's a stunning girl," said Clayton.

"But like all the rest of them, now-a-days,—unnatural and living only for social ambition," added Stevenson.

"You haven't a very high opinion of the girls to-day," said Millds.

"Well, no," answered Stevenson, "I compare them with the standard of forty or fifty years ago when simpler and more sensible ideals existed among women. I should be sorry for the fellow who should really fall in love with Marion Courtney, unless he happened to have a social pull and a big sack."

"Stevenson, you are a woman-hater," Blake impatiently replied. "Marion Courtney is up to date in a good many ways, but she is not what you make her out to be. Ah! Speak of angels! here she comes now."

A smart carriage drove up the street. As it passed the Club a young woman leaned forward and bowed to the assembled quartette.

"So that was Marion Courtney," Millds mused, "that was Marion Courtney," as he wended his way home in a fit of abstraction.

During the last few weeks he had found himself thinking about her more than was reasonable for one who had never seen her, and the only explanation of this interest was that some subtle influence, perhaps that indescribable feeling of affinity that often precedes cases of true love, was drawing them together.

The next day Millds sought out Blake.

"How about this reception of Dewitt's, Blake," he said. "I am thinking of going, but will it be worth the trouble?"

"Yes, it will be a swell affair, Millds," drawled Blake, "and you ought to take it in. Marion Courtney is sure to be the centre of attraction. One might think that she would tire of this everlasting game, but it goes merrily on. I could point to half a dozen fellows who

have been in love with her, and every one of them has been turned down."

"You think about the same as Stevenson, after all," said Millds.

"Oh, no," he replied quickly, "we are animated by different motives. I recognize her as she is. Stevenson's standpoint is not wholly unprejudiced. He was in love with her himself, and was turned down, as he thought, because he didn't fill the bill financially."

"I should like to meet her at any rate," said Millds. "She must be a very interesting person to have created such a sensation among you in the short time she has been here."

"Oh, she's interesting enough," replied Blake. "What you want to guard against is that she does not become too interesting."

The effect of this conversation was to make Millds apprehensive. Yet he felt himself drawn to her in spite of what had been said.

The reception was, in a way, a disappointment. The introduction to which he had looked forward so eagerly, and which had settled once for all any doubts of his love, was simply a passing incident to her. She made some commonplace remark about being pleased to meet him, that she had often heard others speak of him, and was immediately concerned with something else. Millds was piqued. And stung by her seeming indifference, he made a firm resolution that he would win her love in spite of her.

He endeavored, however, during the following days, to bury himself in work with the hope that he would be able to get Marion Courtney out of his thoughts, but met with little success. Not only did he think of her, but he constantly had before him a mental picture of her laughing eyes as they had met his for an instant; he saw her beautiful brown hair that shone like silk and hung over her temples in waves; he saw the deep, rich color in her cheeks, and the perfect profile that confronted him as she turned her head to hear what someone was saying to her. All this acted as the strongest stimulant to his feelings.

The middle of summer had come, and the town was being depopulated by the rush to the summer resorts. Millds so far had not yielded to an intense desire to follow Marion Courtney, who had gone to the beach some weeks before.

"Well," he thought at last, "I have procrastinated long enough in this matter. I shall settle it one way or the other." The next afternoon found him strolling on the beach, having just joined a merry party of which Marion Courtney was a member.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Millds," said one of the ladies, "we had about given you up for this year."

"How could I resist all this," he said with a smile.

"Millds is like the rest of us after all," said Clayton. "The city has no attractions when beauty is not there—not even for a recluse."

"That's about it," Millds replied with a laugh.

"Ah, then you are a recluse, Mr. Millds," said Miss Courtney.

"Oh, no, I assure you Miss Courtney," he replied, "I am far from it. That is only Clayton's way of saying that I do not spend all my time at the Club."

The conversation became more limited, and Millds dexteriously managed to accompany Miss Courtney. They walked slowly along, somewhat in the rear of the others. Millds was thinking rapidly. "I'll first storm the castle," he said to himself, "and then prepare for a long siege."

"Do you know why I came here, Miss Courtney?" he asked.

"Why, no, Mr. Millds, unless it was to get some relief from the cares of business."

"I came to see—"

"Oh, I say, Millds," shouted Wood, "here's a youngster with a telegram for you," and the whole party came toward them with a merry clatter that shut out all hope of further conversation.

He did not have an opportunity to again be alone with Miss Courtney until that evening at the ball.

They were dancing together.

"Shall we go out on the veranda," said Millds when the dance was half through.

"Yes, a splendid idea," she replied.

"It is beautiful there."

As they came out the full splendor of the evening burst upon them, and the air seemed to be laden with enchantment. They went to the railing and looked out upon the sea, glittering from the rays of the full moon. A quietness came over them as they gazed upon the scene, which was only broken when Miss Courtney said,

"What a perfect evening!"

"Yes," replied Millds, "and I never enjoyed one more."

Miss Courtney laughed merrily.

"Is that a compliment to me or to the evening?" she said archly.

"To you first and to the evening next," replied Millds.

"Why, you are getting on gloriously for a cold-hearted business man. I did not suppose that you were given to compliments."

Millds hesitated for a moment, and then spoke calmly and with a depth of sincerity that could not be misunderstood.

"I am not as a rule, Miss Courtney, but there are times when a compliment is but the unvarnished truth that ought to be spoken, and when I say that I have never enjoyed an evening more because I have been with you, it is a compliment of that kind." He lowered his voice, and continued more earnestly, "I started to tell you this afternoon why I had come to the beach, and was interrupted. I came, Miss Courtney, to see—you."

She arose hastily, as if frightened at this sudden avowal, and said,

"We must go in now—and I—I should warn you in time that we can be only friends."

Millds, unwilling to let it be understood that this was the final answer, replied,

"Then let us be good friends, and as for other relations I shall try to be patient and let the future take care of itself."

II.

Nevertheless Millds returned to the city in a very depressed state of mind. The note of warning that Stevenson had sounded came to him again and again in spite of all his efforts to put it aside as unworthy of her. Her hasty answer to the avowed object of his visit could be constructed only according to Stevenson's interpretation of her character, and while this had the tendency to make him think less of her from that standpoint, it was not calculated to stem the current of his love. Strange as it may seem, it rather had the effect of increasing it. As for the effect of his avowal upon Miss Courtney, it at least had the result of making her interested in him, for however favorably or unfavorably a woman may regard the declaration of a man's love, from the moment that it is made he becomes an object of interest in her eyes, and, if he is at all worthy of it, of considerable thought. It was in this light that Miss Courtney regarded the avowal of Millds; it made her think of him, and although she would not allow herself to consider him as a distinct possibility as her husband, her interest was heightened by his impetuosity and frankness.

Millds stay in the city was of short duration, as the business on which he had returned was soon transacted, and an unquenchable desire to see and talk with Miss Courtney urged him to the beach. But, whether owing to prearrangement on her part, or to the force of unkind circumstances, for the first week after he returned he saw very little of her alone. As the time, however, was spent in walking, driving, and dancing, they were gradually thrown together more and more, and as they became better acquainted it seemed to him that her nature was the sweetest and gentlest that he had ever known. They had not yet had time to sound the profounder depths of each other's being. They were content with present knowledge, and each thought only of the beautiful side of the other's character, and they were consequently in a position to be happy. For a comparatively long time he did not disturb this tranquil state of affairs by prematurely speaking of his feelings toward her, for he knew that she did not love him; and besides, he knew as well what she would say to any further declarations on his part as if she had already said it,—so he remained silent. They

took long strolls on the beach, and she became sufficiently interested in them and in him—though she would not admit this to herself—to look forward to their tramps with pleasure. The intensity of his love, however, urged him to speak on the subject that was constantly in his mind. On one of these walks he took her hand in his, and to his surprise she let it remain there for some time before drawing it away.

He turned to her and looked her full in the eyes.

"Marion," he said, "you know that I love you, and why should I remain silent longer?"

She looked down, and answered gently,

"Did we not have a tacit understanding, Mr. Millds, that you had better not talk about it?"

"Yes, but—"

"Then it will be best for us both if you will not," she continued slowly and kindly. "I hope that we shall always be Platonic friends, and why not be satisfied with that?"

"To me, Platonic friendship is a delusion and a snare," he replied, and I think some day you will come to think of it in that light. But," his mood here quickly changed, and he continued, with a smile, "I must try harder to keep in mind that I am to be content with the present, and let the future take care of itself."

She looked up as if a little disappointed.

The end of the season was at hand, and the movement to the cities had already begun. Millds returned with nothing settled in regard to his relations with Miss Courtney. He had indeed secured permission to call upon her, but this was only a little more than poor comfort. He wanted—craved her love in the same manner that he loved her, and her failure to accord him this made him unreasonable at times. The result of this, however, was that when she returned he decided upon a policy of indifference, which he maintained with considerable success. She began to worry about his loving her when she did not love him, and he smiled in triumph. One evening they were sitting on the veranda of her home, and she was plainly disturbed about something. After a short silence she looked slyly at him and said,

"Lewis, do you—do you—still—love me?"

A thrill of happiness shot through him.

"Doubt thou the stars are fire—" he commenced.

"But I am not going to love you."

"Oh, that's all right," he answered with a laugh, though his heart fell to the bottom of his shoes.

"Yes; but I don't want you to love me if I am never going to love you. You will be unhappy, and— and— I— I really think too much of you to— to—" here she became a little embarassed— "to want to be the cause of your unhappiness" she concluded with a sly smile.

"I am very glad that you think that much of my happiness," he said.

"But you must not love me," she insisted faintly, her tones belying her words.

"All right," he answered.

She looked away to hide the expression on her face.

Millds recognized that she was beginning to love him, but he was wise enough not to press his suit except in the most cautious way. Now and then, as time went on, she would remind him playfully and yet seriously that he must not love her, and he would smile with happiness, knowing that she did not in her heart mean what she said. So gradually there came to be a tacit understanding that she loved him, although she would not admit it to herself or to him in so many words.

Millds was willing to bide his time, but there were occasions when he chafed under the uncertainty of the future, forgetting not only,—what he realized in his calmer moments,—that her love for him was growing day by day, but even that she had begun to love him at all. As she became more amiable and delightful, and he more and more in love, he could stand it no longer.

"Marion," he said one evening, "are we to have no more definite understanding than the one that now exists? You know that I love you; am I to hope that

you will ever come to love me?"

She laughed musically and with evident happiness.

"I thought that you were going to let the future take care of itself," she said.

The quiet reproach and the full meaning of this reply came upon him like a flash, and his heart beat like a triphammer. The battle was won.

"I was," he answered, and arose as if to go. She came and stood before him with a queer expression in her eyes.

"You are very persistent, Lewis," she said.

"Persistency is a good quality," he replied with a smile, "but what makes you think that?"

"You seem to have determined to win my love in spite of me, and— and— I— I— don't seem to be able to resist you."

"Then you love me," he cried, and threw his arms about her, but she glided out of them like a nymph, and all that was left was a tingling of joy.

"No; not yet; wait until I am sure."

She was standing over by a chair.

"Marion," he said, "come here."

She moved as if she had not the power to resist, and came and stood near him.

"What is it?" she said.

He looked at her for a while and said nothing.

"What is it?" she repeated.

"I love you."

She wavered a moment, and then came nearer.

"And—I—love you," she said and her head fell upon his shoulder.

He took her in his arms, and they stood there for some time too amazed at the sudden happiness for speech. Then she slowly turned her brown eyes to his, and he read the love in them, and saw the answer to the question that his heart was asking. Yet neither realized the strength of their love until he bent down and kissed her. Then she put her arms around his neck and wept.

III.

Millds laughed when he thought of what Stevenson had said. Could any woman be more perfect than Marion? If she had a single fault he did not see it, and for three months he was in a state of unalloyed happiness. Gradually, however, little, undermining doubts began to rise in his mind, and he began to grow dissatisfied with the relations that existed between them. He felt more and more that she had not given him her heart unreservedly, and this increased his dissatisfaction and whetted his jealousy. However, he kept these feelings ot himself as much as possible, and tried to put the doubts and worries aside, thankful that she loved nim at all; but he was hot very successful. For, although he had not expressed to her in so many words the state of his feelings, he felt instinctively that she realized it, and her failure to even endeavor to straighten matters out added fuel to the flame. In subtle and indefinable ways she made him feel (what he realized was perfectly true, for no one, he thought, could possibly realize it more than he did) that he was not worthy of her; but consciously or unconsciously, she seemed to wish to impress it upon his mind, and this aroused all the pride in his being. Both felt that a cloud had come between them, and their relations were becoming more and more strained.

"Lewis," she said at last, "I want to have a serious talk with you."

A feeling of relief came over him, and he quickly answered,

"I am glad that you do, Marion. I have also wanted to talk seriously with you in regard to our feelings."

She pondered a moment as if making up her mind.

"Then perhaps you will understand me," she said, "and will not get offended when I tell you that I have been thinking about us for some time, and— I feel that I should tell you that my love for you is not the kind that you may perhaps think it is.—Of course, I love you, Lewis, but I—I am not in love with you, if you know what I mean by that. I am in love with being loved."

"Then I have simply been flattering a girl's vanity," he said as calmly as he could, though his blood was boiling and he was bristling with resentment.

"You know better than that," she said, "but I want to be frank with you. I told you from the start that you loved me at your own risk, and I ought to tell

you now that I met someone a few weeks ago that—well, that I could feel towards as I never could towards you."

"You refer to Stanfield, I suppose," he said in a disinterested manner.

"Yes," faintly.

"He certainly has more to commend him to you," he replied half seriously and half ironically, for Stanfield was known as a great society man whose time was his own, and who had money and everything that would attract a woman that was socially ambitious.

"You make me care less for you when you talk that way."

"I can't help it."

"You impress me in a strange way, Lewis; I feel that if you saw that you were making me suffer you would turn the screws on all the harder. If you were angry at me you would be pitiless."

"You greatly misjudge me," he replied, "for if what you say were true, I could not have any love for you."

"But you are making me miserable, and you are enjoying it," and she turned her head away and the next minute was weeping.

"Why, Marion," he cried and fell at her feet, "I love you, I adore you, I would give my very life for you. You ought to know that I could not delight in your unhappiness."

"But—you do," she said.

"Oh, no I don't, Marion; no, I don't. It is simply that I am very miserable myself because I feel that you do not love me."

Thus their attempt at a serious conversation ended. But in spite of the change of affairs, which from the nature of the case could be but temporary, they parted with an inexplicable and unsatisfactory feeling. They did not recognize then that it was pride and ambition struggling for the mastery over love.

Summer was now at hand, and they were soon at the beach again. Their walks were renewed, but with a half smothered feeling of discontent with their relations. She had referred in no way to Stanfield, and he thought it unwise on his part to bring up the subject.

Stanfield's appearance on the scene, however, changed matters greatly. Millds felt that his coming was due to Marion, and the feeling of jealousy that this produced made his attitude towards her more reserved. She noticed this, and whether intentionally or not, kindled his jealousy by her actions, until his pride asserted itself in all its strength and his love grew cold.

A week after Stanfield's arrival they were walking on the beach as usual. There was a strained feeling in the atmosphere. He felt uneasy, and turning around saw Stanfield on horse-back coming towards them. She saw him too and turned a little pale. This angered Millds but he said nothing. She began to look this way and that as if for some place to escape, and he almost hated her.

"Come, let us go over there," she said, and turned abruptly to the right and quickened her steps.

They walked in silence until they came to a log and sat down. He was trembling with suppressed anger, love, jealousy, and a thousands conflicting emotions. She was breathing excitedly. He could stand it no longer, so turning to her with his face white with determination, he said,

"Why didn't you want that man to see me with you?"

She was silent, and her silence tortured him beyond endurance. She neither moved nor looked at him, and he stirred in an uneasy manner.

"You thought that if he saw you with me he might not think so much of you. You were ashamed of his meeting us together. Was that it?"

She could not lie. That was it. For an instant a great wave of love and pity swept over him, and his fury subsided, and he said,

"O Marion, Marion, to think, to think that of you!"

She was still silent and then his pride lashed him until his heart was as cold and hard as steel.

"Well, why do we stay here?" he said in an irritated manner.

She moved hastily, and her face was very pale. They had gone some distance before she said a word.

"We could never be happy together,"

she said.

He laughed in a husky, sarcastic way.

"Are you going to come to see me again," she said.

"No."

She went into the house without a word, and he dragged his feet away.

The next morning Millds took the first train for the city. He had resolved to put her out of his life, but from the moment that he arrived in the City it took all his strength to keep from going to her and imploring her forgivness. He felt that he was to blame. He cursed himself. He cursed his pride that kept him away, and lived in constant torture. Two weeks of this passed by and left him a physical wreck. He could stand it no longer. Pride was forgotten—nothing remained but the fact that he loved her with all his heart and soul. The day that he had thought to leave to go to her, he picked up the morning paper and carelessly glanced at the news. Something impelled him to look for the society notes, and there, standing out as in letters of fire, he read

The engagement of Miss Marion Courtney and Mr. James H. Stanfield is announced.

He grasped his throat to keep from strangling, and as the realization dawned upon him that she was lost, lost to him forever he thought that he should go mad. Engaged to be married—married! Great God! He fell with his arms upon the table and wept like a child. He had lost all in life that made it worth living.

The End.

Women and Wages.

By GUSTAV ANDERSON.

IN discussing a question of this nature it would be unprofitable to enter into details of particular cases, and I will therefore confine myself to general principles fitting general conditions, keeping in view the maxim upon which most of our institutions and laws are founded: "The greatest good for the greatest number."

I consider it useless to discuss such a question as the equality of the sexes. The elements may as well quarrel as to which is the more important. As the breezes fill the sails and the water, true to its trust, bears its burden, so men and women, when each shall have understood the true dignity of place and mission, may sail the ship of human affairs into the harbor of God's eternal purpose.

Wherever we miss the presence of woman life is robbed of its harmony, inspiration and noblest achievements; and it is true that whatever woman is, or has been, so, in great measure, is, or will be, the condition of the race, not only because or her influence over the mind and heart of man, but it is woman who leaves the very impress of personality upon the youthful mind.

I have intimated my belief in the equality of the sexes, but pray keep in mind the fact that "equal" does not mean "duplicate." To equal an other is not to fill his place. Observing the distinctive traits of the two we find a similarity yet a difference—a difference the more striking because of the similarity. They are alike only to such extent as to render possible a perfect harmony — a divine plan for an infinite purpose. An analysis of the minds of men and women together with their physical endowments will disclose a difference in development, fitness and adaptabilities, marking out the general spheres of the two as distinct, and each to itself peculiar.

The word sphere has become obnoxious to many who have grown to look upon the term in the light of past abuses, but we use the word in its broader sense and apply it with due consistency to both men and women. "Male and female created He them," and He who created man and woman with natures differing made such distinction for a purpose, and with this in view, to scorn the idea of sphere is frowning upon the Creator's wisdom.

"And he who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against the Eternal Cause."

The highest dignity in the one is to be womanly—to fill woman's place; in the other to be manly, to fill a man's position.

The end and purpose of life is evidently not money-making or wealth producing, the ability to earn money or produce wealth is given us that we may sustain life in comfort, that in turn we may best fulfill the purpose for which the Creator gave us life and attributes in his own likeness. It follows then that could life be sustained in comfort and its mission here be wrought without money-making, it would be a misuse of the time and talents entrusted to us to spend them in producing wealth. Money-making or wage-earing, then, is a mere necessity, and, bearing in mind that our Maker is absolutely just and wise, it is plain that had He intended woman for industrial and wealth-producing purposes as He did man, He would not have fitted man so unmistakably for these lines while He placed upon woman obvious hinderances.

For a simple example among many, woman, to best fill the most holy office before God and man, that of maternity, has been hedged about with fortifying barriers which restrict her from entering the turmoil and anxiety of industrial pursuits. She has also been endowed with a mind, nature and inclination, which fit her for her sacred duty.

It is true society has not reached to the ideal state at which I hint, but as to nature's plans, can there be any room for question? Shall we antagonize our Maker's laws and purpose, or shall we favor customs that will co-operate? Nature's unerring finger has pointed out a sphere for woman, and one for man, fitting in beautiful harmony one with the other. It follows then that the highest and best civilization can only be reached as social custom conforms to Divine arrangement.

Man, following the line hinted at above, may grow to full stature of true manhood, while woman, fitting herself for, and following the same pursuits, must miss the field of her greatest usefulness. Following the line nature indicates, she can there, without risk to her womanliness, find limitless room for bestowal of her choicest talents, while she retains, nay, builds and beautifies those atributes in which truly are found woman's widest influence for good and her greatest power. On a general proposition therefore, any design, even though with the noblest intent, which tends, either directly or indirectly, to eliminate this distinction in sphere must be at variance with nature's laws.

As we have already observed, woman, by nature shrinks form the ordinary tumults of the busy world; but there is that in human nature, a weakness when submitted to temptation or misdirected, which grasps for immediate pecuniary gain. It then becomes clear, in view of what has already been said and what I shall say later touching upon home and other relationships, that a social custom which holds out superior inducements in public life and turmoil to men in general is in direct harmony with natural laws and just requirements of society, while a different rule places their violation at a premium.

Here the answer may suggest itself that as some women are inclined, and mentally and physically as well equipped as men, for such pursuits as require sterner qualities, nature intended them for such activities.

Shall exceptions govern and custom be established regardless of the welfare of society as a whole, to fit peculiar cases that are mostly, by force of circumstances, out of natural harmony? "Bad cases make bad laws," and, indeed, such doctrines, carried into practice, multiply the unfortunate and unprovided-for, and turn young women and children out early in life to help their natural supporter to struggle for existence. Society is greater than the individual. I advocate no extremes, no arbitrary rules, and I am aware that there are multitudes of women who labor for much less than is right, but while there is in this line much room for reform, the greater financial burden does and ought to fall upon men. Equality of wages is not reform, is not the remedy, but has proved a positive evil, tending to undermine the best and purest social life.

Many young women may, with propriety under present conditions, follow some of the vocations which men also must pursue, but the cases in which women do the same work as men in wealth-producing must be the exception, not the rule; and it is self-evident that, since men predominate in all vocations involving great hazard and endurance, a theory which asserts men should follow such pursuits only would be mischievous and unjust. The inevitable necessity of society requires that men also follow the more peaceful, congenial vocations. Hence, as women are by nature hindered from the vocations first referred to, it follows that in other lines there must ensue what we term a double competition. It is evident this would by law of supply and demand reduce the remuneration of labor, but that is not all. Many of the women thus employed receive help (and properly so) from sources outside of their own labor. And many — I should say most women — after a few years, enter into new relationships, and the responsibility in pecuniary matters shifts upon another—a man—the husband. The conclusion here is too evident to require further pointing out. We have heard those enthusiastic in the belief that there should be no distinction of sex in business, labor, or any pursuits, say: "We want justice, not gallantry, and only ask for free and equal competition." A moment's sober thought will show the fallacy of this seemingly reasonable statement. We believe in justice and insist upon it, but alas for justice, alas for woman, her influence and all that makes her lovely, if the thought thus expressed be in practice carried to its full and logical conclusion.

For obvious reasons man is the natural supporter in pecuniary matters of the home. Most men support, or contemplate supporting, a wife, and no one will question that social custom should be such as to render this requirement of society just. The agitation for so-called equality (a misnomer, by the way, since, while we believe in equality, this agitation contends simply for duplicate of position) shows its result in a degrading, not healthy, competition, with increase of women and children in industries, and a comparative decrease of men in these lines.

Defenders of this doctrine have proposed as a remedy (admitting thereby that danger is in view) absolute equality of pay and place which would (they claim) prevent women from underbidding men, and thus bar many women from such fierce competition with men, resulting in decreased wages and enforced idleness, to the needy. Has the result of the agitation not already proved the contrary? Were such arbitrary rule for a moment possible, what women would be barred, if not, in most cases, the most needy? Teach young women that it is popular and best for them to follow industrial and commercial careers, and that they will receive as much in wages as men, and just so long will young women, for mercenary reasons, prepare and flock to the labor market. Legislation cannot control a question of this kind any more than it can supply and demand, but custom has regulated and does control it. Indeed, not long since we were at the other extreme when it was difficult for women to apply herself to anything. Happily that time has passed, but let us not commit another and as great a folly.

I have already referred to the home, and without comments upon its sanctity. I take it that all fair-minded persons will agree that the home is the unit, upon which the government and social structure rests. Pure and comfortable homes mean a healthy and ideal society, while a decrease of home life, or a tendency thereto, means inevitable decay and final fall of any people suffering such conditions to exist. The home shapes the destiny of the nation and with it stands or falls every institution we love and honor. Any social custom, then, which tends to secure, encourage and build up the home a patriotic people will cherish.

The mutual attraction of man to woman and woman to man is natural. "Each sex desires alike till two are one." This attraction leads to that sweetest and noblest companionship in life, husband and wife.

Rather than competitors the two are

companions in tastes and talents; rather than challenge each other to industrial combat let them reason together, and rather than seeking to adjust woman to industrial pursuits, seek to snatch her from its thraldom, for such it must become to her, and reinstate her in the place for which nature has so lovingly and well equipped her—in the social and domestic realms where she renders to mankind her most blessed service. Let man develop in strength and manliness, and let woman exult in her native graces—that she may ever be and grow in the altitude in which our Maker placed her—the guardian angel of the race, the glory of God's own handiwork.

The Indian "Arabian Nights."

By H. S. LYMAN.

THE STORY OF KONAPEE.

I.

THE earliest real personage of whom anything is known, was Kobaiway's father, but what was the name of this chief is not known."

"How long ago would that be?" I asked.

"When the father lived? Perhaps a hundred and fifty years. I know but one significant fact about him, and that is, he had twenty wives; which indicates he was a man of much wealth and very extensive acquaintance and intercourse with other tribes. He brought his wives from a great distance, as far from the north as Tsehalis, or Quenaiulth. Handsome presents were made when a wife was married, and it was a rich man who could afford two or three. But twenty! That would mark one as perhaps the greatest and richest chief for a distance of 500 miles along the coast.

"At the time this rich and powerful chief lived, tribal life alone was known. We call him, therefore, by the name of the tribe; that is, Tlah-Tsops. Perhaps under him the tribe was at its highest. No doubt at this time all the names and places of their country were well established. The names serve at least to mark localities; they are odd, and may at some time have had significance.

"The village of Tlah-Tsops himself was just inside the mouth of the river, a broad, powerful volume of water that ran with a current of almost immeasurable violence into the ocean; going out as the tides fell sometimes in vast vortices, which, meeting the sea swells, were broken up into whirling combers, making multiplied Niagaras, heaving up against the bars. From accounts given of this entrance in oldest times, and from what we know, it must have been, if narrowed as it then was—say to three miles—a place not undeserving the terrors with which is was afterwards invested.

"Following southwest, on the river side, came Konapee, where Konapee lived. The Indian names of the other localities are shown on a map which I have here. You will notice that many of them begin with "Ne," which may mean 'of,' or 'place of,' as for instance, Ocklipatli means a certain kind of lilies. Ne-Ahklipatli is is the place of lilies. 'Enil' means hill. What 'Ahk,' or 'Ock' means, which occur in at least five of the above names, Ne-Ockston, Ne-Ahkowin Neacoxie, Ne-Ahkltounalthi and Ne-Ahklipatli, I do not know.

"The shore southward, curving up into the stream that enters the bay, was called Ne-Tul, and from Ne-Tul, as indeed from many points along the shore, may be had a most superb view of the mysterious mountain—Swolalachast, a three-clefted peak several days' journey inland, but towering so high as to overlook all the range. The crest of this peak was a gathering-place for thunder storms. In the conception of the people it was the nest of the thunder bird, which

spanned the sky with its out-spread wings, and in flapping them caused the thunder peals. The glow of its eyes was a lightning flash.

II.

"These things occurred in the mellow days of the chief who had twenty wives, the father of Kobaiway, the Tlah-Tsops. Perhaps this explains why he rose to such great wealth and distinction.

"The season seems to have been summer, as the tribe was living at the summer home, at Tlah-Tsops point. Those were the days when the women went out to gather strawberries on the plains, or the dunes that overlooked the sea, while the men were seining for salmon on shore.

"Some of the women went up on the hill of Ewiltsilhulth, and looked far out over the waste of waters. The sun was well to the west, and the falling rays showered the breast of the sea with silver, that gleamed upon the moving waves.

" 'Why do you look at the sea,' asked one of the women.

" 'When Tallapus next appears he will come up out of the water,' replied the other, who was a young woman.

" 'Tallapus will never come again,' said the older.

" 'You do not know that.'

" 'Ah, but it has been many winters, and longer than my grandfather remembers, since Tallapus was seen.'

" 'But if he came once, why can he not come again?' insisted the girl.

" 'That was when the world was new and many things had yet to be done,' replied the woman, 'but now all is done, and we live on, from day to day, and Tallapus comes no more.'

"The younger one made no reply, but still looked off upon the glittering sea. Perhaps if she had been disposed to frame an answer she would have said that all things have not yet been done, not, at least, to her satisfaction, for youth is ever seeking for change, and finds it hard to accept the world as it is. To Tsealth, the girl, the world in its youth, when many wonderful things were done, and the benevolent but shrewd Tallapus was around straightening it out, would have been a much nicer place than it was now, grown old and stiff and commonplace.

"Perhaps this is why she remained on the sea-knoll long after the crowd was gone, and watched the sun set, setting as it had always done ever since she had seen the sun. But she also saw, or imagined she saw, a tiny speck of curious outlines, that seemed to melt far off into the golden colors of the horizon, yet reappeared after sunset as a faint, pale shadow. There was something dreamy and fascinating about this pale shadow, and she said, 'Surely Tallapus will come up out of the sea, when he comes again. All has been done upon the land, but not on the ocean. So Tallapus will come with some wonder out of the ocean.' Then she fell to picturing Tallapus when he came again, not as a fox, or coyote, but as a prince, unusually tall and fair. Indeed she was so deep in her day-dream, or evening reverie, that as she went down the knoll and over the grassy wolds toward the village of the Tlah-Tsops, she failed entirely to notice that Chewumps had come to meet her at the grove.

"When at length he glided out of the shadow and stood before her she started, but not in fright, for here young women had every liberty, and were physically about equal to the men, but with a certain repulsion to the low-built, square-shouldered fellow, with flattened head and protruding nose and lips.

" 'What do you want, Chewumps,' she said, sharply.

" 'I will buy you!' he said.

" 'I belong to Tlah-Tsops,' she answered. 'I am a slave, my head is not shaped. I come from a far home.'

" 'I will buy you and make you free!' said Chewumps, with great earnestness. 'I will give two horses, the same as for a chief's daughter.'

" No, no, Chewumps, you will not be a fool. You will not marry a round-head. Everybody would laugh and say 'Chewumps married a slave!'

" 'I will buy you for a slave, then!' he cried out.

" 'You would be a bigger fool than ever then,' she answered, 'for I would

kill you.'

"'Ah,' he replied, gloomily, 'you love nobody.'

"'Yes,' she answered, 'I love nobody except my father of the tribe, Tlah-Tsops. He is a good old man and does as I tell him; but, slave girl that I am, none of you young men are good enough for me, and I am pure as the daughter of the sky.'

She turned her head back, from which the long black hair fell over her shoulders, around which was thrown a robe of sea-otter fur. Her trim figure was tightly clad in a bodice of tanned doe-skin, reaching to the knee; and her ankles and feet were clad in leggings and moccasins.

"At the end of the path under the pine trees, stood old Tlah-Tsops. He was laughing.

"'Chewumps likes the little slave,' he said. 'Chewumps will give me three otter furs, and three haiquas; but old Tlah-Tsops has many otters and haiquas, and but one little Tsealth; and when old Tlah-Tsops is dead the little Tsealth may have as many otter furs and haiqua shells as Chewumps and all the young men would give for her; for Tsealth is dear as a daughter to me; and she may go to her own land.

As he said this Tsealth became as gentle as she was disdainful, and taking the hand of the gray old man, went with him down to the lodge.

Next morning the lodge of Tlah-Tsops was roused early by a distant cry, or shriek, that some of the slumberers took to be a panther skirting the village, or the more superstitious declared, no doubt, was a Skookum passing at daybreak to the hills; but which the warriors judged to be a cry of alarm of runners from Neahkowin, bringing tidings, perhaps, that the Killimucks had attacked the southern border.

"The whole town was out in the streets or alley-ways between the houses, the men with their clubs and spears, and the women with the children upon their backs. But no more alarming object appeared than the old crone who stood with Tsealth on the sea-knoll the evening before. She, however, was in a state of utmost fright, and almost exhausted by running.

"As soon as she could recover her breath she began to tell what had happened.

(To be continued next month.)

THE WRECK OF THE JONATHAN.

By SAM. L. SIMPSON.

[The steamship "Brother Jonathan," from San Francisco to Astoria, ran on a sunken rock off Crescent City, July 30, 1865, and sunk in 45 minutes, 171 out of 190 souls on board were drowned, among them Brigadier General Wright, U. S. A., and wife. When last seen the noble officer was standing on the deck of the doomed ship, his right arm clasping his wife in last embrace, calmly waiting death. The loss of the Jonathan brought loss to all Oregon.]

And so they found the ship at last,
Long shrined in our woe and pity,
Just as she sunk in days long past
Near the cliffs of Crescent City!

Serene, in the dusk of her ocean tomb,
The wind and the waves unheeding,
Little she recks of the gleam of gloom
On the paths where the ships are speeding.

In the solemn hush of that sepulchre,
And the dim, strained light pervading,
Its mythic chamber comes to her
Neither plaudits nor upbraiding.

And what of her dead? They come not back
To the yearning hearts that waited,
Do their souls still haunt the wreck, alack,
Till the wrath of the sea is sated—

Till the wrath of the sea is sated, then
To finish the voyage broken,
And come to a strange changed world again,
Pale guests that were best unspoken?

In the web of fate each severed thread,
With its kindred threads is woven,
And the lights and shadows of the dead
Survive them when life is cloven.

The waves that sob on the rugged shore,
By the crags with horrow haunted,
Not only the fate of the drowned deplore
In the years with the tale enchanted.

But sorrows the world was not to know,
Save here, in the wreathed waves' moaning,
Went down with the ship and darkly flow
In the kneeling surf's intoning.

Ah, who shall say what might have been,
But for this tragic ending,
The good or the evil woven in
Life's woof of mystic blending!

The kisses and tears and swift last words,
Were wrought in the mad sea's singing,
And are sung today where the bleak-eyed birds
On the rythmic swells are swinging.

And mists, like the shapeless, sheeted dead,
On the lonesome beach are trailing,
And the sad stars linger overhead,
And the sea is wan with wailing.

Though our lost are sown in the furrowed main,
Or the turf with the daisies braided,
God knoweth the harvest, or in vain
Were the life that our fears have shaded.

And so, as the sea-tides rise and fall,
On the rocks at Crescent City,
Let the old ship sleep in her gleaming pall,
And the shrine of our grief and pity.

But still through the mists of years are seen
Two forms on her lost decks standing—
A wife in her love and faith serene,
And a soldier, calm, commanding;

His white locks wet with flying spray
And his arm around the dear one twining—
How well on his shoulders broad that day
The stars of his rank were shining.

Oh! thus to yield to death's decree
Is enwreathing death with glory,
A brave heart's golden legacy,
To the wrecks' pathetic story.

AN ETCHING.

MAN found himself upon a world, having dominion over the animals,—a reasonable, thinking being. He established laws, explored the universe, and invented ingenious arrangements of every conceivable nature; in a word, he made the most marvelous progress, and became almost a god. Indeed, had his soul kept pace with his advances in all lines of human endeavor, he would have been more than "the paragon of animals;" he would have shone out like a star in the inky firmament. But man was selfish.

Through centuries and centuries man nurtured selfishness until it grew and waxed strong. And lo, he was in misery, and did not understand the cause thereof. Yet as years and years rolled on, there came to man a great desire. He would make himself better. He would uplift humanity. But he was still blind, blind, and in the anguish of his heart he cried out: "Oh what am I here for, what am I here for?" Yet again selfishness crossed his vision, blurred his sight, dulled his sensibilities, and he said: "I am here to help myself. 'God helps those who help themselves.'" And he went about his work, but his face was still sad. Yet the feeling of unrest grew stronger as the years rolled on. The inward struggle of man towards man,—the unsolved problem—vexed his soul. Therefore he labored and toiled for centuries, but his efforts were almost in vain. And almost in despair he dropped with his head on his arms, and sighed so deeply and pitifully that the angels were brought to tears: "Life is not worth the struggle. It is empty—empty and meaningless."

But from a source that he did not fully recognize, hope was kept up in his heart, and so he struggled on and on. And as he struggled the burden grew lighter, for his desire to help humanity increased. And when many more centuries had gone by, and he had made vast strides in all that his hands undertok to do, and was still unsatisfied, behold at last his selfishness had dropped away. He saw the answer to the great question of human existence—an answer that came to him only through trials and tribulations, and though his face bore marks of these, there shone on it a light that was not of this earth.

From that time on, no more did man ask himself, 'What am I here for?" He read the answer in his fellowmen's needs, and they in his. And there came a marvelous change upon the face of the earth, and men were not as they had been.

W. H. Shelor.

Our Point of View

The article of Dr. Geo. Whitaker, President of Portland University, on "Some Suggestions on Domestic Economy," which was to have appeared in this number, has been unavoidably delayed. It will, however, appear in November. Dr. Whitaker writes from a richness of observation and experience, and his article will be unusually practical and interesting.

♣ ♣ ♣

The unjust and disgraceful action of France in condemning Dreyfus is bringing the world to a realization that it has in the character of the Jew the greatest puzzle in history. Judged by the ordinary course of human laws and events the Jew should have become extinct centuries ago. But though scattered upon the face of the earth, buffeted about from country to country, misused and abused in every conceivable way for centuries, he has nevertheless maintained a certain unity, a tenacity of purpose, and a power among the nations that compels the wonder and admiration of the world. Who and what is this Jew, we may well ask, that puts to scorn the march of time, that in being oppressed is strengthened, that in being defeated conquers—this apparent anomaly that stands out so signally unique in the world's history? The English sometimes boast of their lineage, the French point back with pride to Charlemagne, the Italians think of Caesar, of Romulus and Remus, the Greeks of Homer, Herodotus, Plato, Socrates—but the Jew! What has he to boast of? Ah! had we better not have mentioned any other nation in the same breath! No lineage, no antiquity, no names in ages past can compare to those of the Jewish race. In these at least the Jew remains supreme. But what of art, of literature, of science, of politics? Has he Jew done anything in these? Halevi and Heine, whom Matthew Arnold calls the "most important German successor and continuator of Goethe, in poetry; Disraeli and Dumas in the novel; Ludovic Halevy and a host of others in the drama; Rachel Felix, Sonnenthal and Sarah Bernhardt on the stage; Borne and Karl Blind as essayists; Strauss, Arthur Sullivan, Damrosch, Rubinstein, Rosenthal, Joachim, Jules Levy, Meyerbeer, Offenbach and Mendelssohn in music; Millais in painting; Ricardo in political economy; Rothschild, Beaconsfield, Sol. Hirsch, Benjamin, Joseph Simon, and Lord Herschell in politics—these are but a few of the names that answer the question; and Admiral Dewey answered it, though unconsciously, when he said recently:

As I look at the history of the world—of individual historical characters as well as of nations—it seems to me that hardly anyone who has ever amounted to anything has been without a trace of Jewish blood somewhere in his descent. The Jews are a wonderful people.

Wonderful indeed! And yet the living Sphinx. For in spite of antiquity, in spite of all the world holds up as worthy to be attained,—for all that has been attained by the Jew,—in spite of his worthiness as a citizen, his patriotism and his manifold abilities—there exists among the ignorant and narrow-minded an unreasoning prejudice against him. And here, perhaps, more than in anything else, the Jew shows his superiority, for he rises above prejudice and puts it to shame. If the Jew, therefore, has had, in some countries, a thorny path to travel, the times point to a brilliant future—to a time when every Jew can feel as did the great Beaconsfield, when, standing erect and proud in the House of Commons, he replied to an insulting taunt with an exultation that must have had in it something of that splendid and brilliant past of his race and a vision of the great future: "I can well afford to be called a Jew."

♣ ♣ ♣

When the history of the last few years in this century comes to be written from a sufficiently good historical perspective,

doubtless these years will assume an importance that we hardly recognize today. We think of the present as an age of invention. Liquid air, X-rays, and wireless telegraphy are but a few of the reasons which justify such a belief. But we venture the prediction that it will not be for science or invention that these years will be chiefly known in the future. They will, of course, stand out prominently in this regard, but the social movement as represented in trusts, municipal reform, political upheavals, and wars—a distinct social advancement that can be properly called and put under the head of a single movement—will be the chief characteristic of the latter part of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth.

♣ ♣ ♣

"Senatorial courtesy" is what Quay depends upon to secure him his old seat next winter, upon the appointment of Governor Stone, according to his colleague and creature, Senator Penrose. Mr. Penrose was in Washington the other day and "talked freely" on the subject, manifesting the greatest confidence in Quay's success. Ex-State Senator Andrews, a devoted follower of Quay, professes even greater confidence than Penrose, declaring that "from personal knowledge" he is positive that the senate will seat Quay. It is evident that the friends of the Pennsylvania boss have been making a canvass of the senate, and that the results encourage them.—New York Evening Post.

It is difficult to see how, without stultifying itself, the Senate can reverse the precedent it established in the Corbett case, and seat Quay, who has been appointed by Governor Stone, of Pennsylvania, under identical conditions as those which brought about the appointment of Mr. Corbett. The Senate has established a precedent, and the only dignified and self-respecting course it can pursue is to follow what it decided was right when no "political pressure" or "influence" was used. Otherwise it disgraces itself in its own eyes and in the eyes of the Country, and establishes a precedent by breaking one that makes its actions and decisions of even less weight and dignity than they are now admitted to have. At the time Mr. Corbett's case was up for consideration, one of the strongest arguments that was urged against seating him was the dangerous precedent that it would establish. In the face of this fact, is it possible for the Senate to be inconsistent, and, hounded by "influence," destroy the barrier that it had builded around a possible den of corruption. Can it now say that such a precedent would not be dangerous? The Senate is made the butt of too much abuse and ridicule already without its putting into the hands of the press and people such a stinging weapon as the reversal of this precedent would make, and loosing what respect there remains for what should be our most august and revered Body.

♣ ♣ ♣

One cannot but be struck by the apparent inconsistency of the present anti-trust movement, recently pointed out by a prominent Portland divine. Only a few years ago everybody seemed to favor trusts and combinations. Now nearly everybody is against them. Who is right?

♣ ♣ ♣

The Interior, of Chicago, says that if what we have under our own flag, in the West, were in Europe, Americans would spend a hundred millions a year to go and see it. Leave out of consideration the new territory that we have recently gained in the Pacific, and it would still be true. Those who have seen both, say that the scenery of the Columbia river far surpasses that of the Rhine, and there is nothing in Europe that can compare with Yellowstone Park or Yosemite Valley. Unfortunately, however, people do not spend millions to go to Europe to see scenery. They go because the older civilization is there, and they wish to experience something of what that means. Scenery is only incidental.

♣ ♣ ♣

The key-note of the present trouble with society has been sounded by a recent writer who says: "Two saddest secrets of the disease which troubles the age we live in: the envious hatred of him who suffers want, and the selfish forgetfulness of him who lives in affluence."

The Month

IN POLITICS—

Dreyfus has been declared guilty, and France has been condemned in the eyes of the world. In a word this has been the result of the Dreyfus trial. Disgust with French "justice" increased as facts were brought to light proving that the court must have been convinced of the innocence of the prisoner.

M. Clemenceau said Colonel Jouanste's object was to save the general staff, and that between Dreyfus and Mercier he selected Mercier. The affair, declares M. Clemenceau, was scandalously conducted. He also says he pities the men, who, by their sentence, inflicted an outrage, and showed the most culpable weakness. Members of the tribunal, M. Clemenceau asserts, were convinced that Dreyfus was innocent, but were anxious to extend extenuating circumstances to Mercier and to the other generals.

M. Corneilly has held that when Colonel Jouanste refused to hear Colonel Schwarzkoppen, ex-German military attache in Paris, and Colonel Panizzardi, the Italian military attache, the president of the court was certain of Dreyfus' innocence. If Dreyfus is guilty, he should have received a penalty for the aggravating offense, instead of leniency of extenuating circumstances.

Outside of France, criticism of the decision has been exceedingly severe, and the pardon of Dreyfus, forced upon France by public opinion, has not abated the storm of indignation. Following are a few comments made shortly after the decision was announced:

Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, the well-known Wesleyan divine: "Five unhappy judges have already taken their places in the judgment of the human race, beside Judas, Pilate, Judge Jeffries and other creatures. They have sentenced their victim to a decade of imprisonment, but they have decreed themselves forever to the scorn and derision and execration of the human race. Unless France shakes off this infamy she will be left without an ally or friend."

The Daily Mail: "Rennes is France's moral Sedan."

The Daily Graphic: "The Rennes verdict will live forever as the supreme effort of human wrongheadedness."

The Daily News remarks: "It is no longer Dreyfus, but France herself that is on trial."

The Daily Telegraph: "This infamous judgment disgraces France, dishonors her army, insults the kaiser and offends the best principles of humanity. There seems nothing left for France but a revolution, and a war will reduce her to the level of Spain."

The Standard says: "We are watching by the sick bed of a great nation, none knowing what new and deadly form the malady may assume."

The Times observes: "We do not hesitate to pronounce it the greatest and most appalling prostitution of justice the world has witnessed in modern times. All the outrageous scandals which marked the course of the trials pale into insignificance beside the crowning scandal of the verdict."

The Cologne Gazette says: "It is a cowardly verdict, in the barbarous spirit of the Middle Ages. By this crime the judges have imposed a line of demarcation between France and the rest of the world, which, although it will not prevent diplomatic intercourse and stay the common exchanges of products, will, according to all the notions of right, justice, honor, tolerance and ethics which the civilized world bears with it in the 20th century, form a barrier only to be removed by time and laborious efforts."

♣ ♣ ♣

President Kruger will be forced either to accept the suzeranity of England or go to war. At present writing it looks as if war were inevitable.

♣ ♣ ♣

Friendly relations between the United States and England have prevented the Alaska boundary dispute from attaining the seriousness it otherwise would. It is reported that a tentative agreement will probably be reached whereby Canada will have free ports at Lynn canal and Pyramid harbor. In return for these concessions it is reported that the United States will be granted some exceptional fishing privileges on the Newfoundland coast. Premier Laurier, of Canada, said in a recent speech concerning the Alaska dispute:

There is one question, the Alaskan boundary, which has proved a stumbling block to the success of the joint high commission. We have stood by our rights and have not obtained the success which we might have expected, but, gentlemen, there is no one, I am sure, in this audience, who will regret it, or would express any regret upon it.

We want to be on the very best terms with our neighbors to the south; we want to trade with them; but if they will not trade with us, our hearts will not be broken by the fact.

But if the price is to be paid by the sacrifice of Canadian honor, we will have none of that price and we will continue to do as we are doing now, paddle our own canoe. We want to have the very best relations with our neighbors, but while that is our aim, our aim above all things is Cadana first, Canada last and Canada always.

♣ ♣ ♣

Senator Joseph Simon, while in Washington recently, is reported to have given the following opinion as to the condition of politics in Oregon:

Free silver is dead in Oregon, and the Republicans are unanimous on the Philippine question. This being the case, we will have an easy victory in the next election. The Republican party strongly upholds the president's policy in the Philippines, while the Democrats are badly divided. Oregon was the first state to declare permanently for the gold standard. It is more inclined that way than ever before.

♣ ♣ ♣

In answer to the New York Journal's inquiry as to the best means for unifying the Democracy, John P. Altgeld replied in part:

The Democrats of America are not going to admit that they were wrong in 1896, and they are going to insist that the Chicago platform be readopted. They have no desire to offend anybody, but they feel they cannot honorably pursue any other course, and they also recognize the fact that other great issues have arisen which must be solved, if they are solved at all, by the Democratic party, because the Republican party has become utterly disqualified from properly protecting republican institutions. The question of trusts must be dealt with, the question of a standing army must be dealt with, the question of imperialism and the ultimate overthrow of our institutions must be dealt with; government by injunction; trial by jury is an issue, in fact, the Declaration of Independence, adopted by the fathers, is an issue, for we have recently been told by the adherents of the McKinley administration that that great charter of human rights was a fraud. The Democratic party must deal with these great questions. In order to deal with them it must be a positive party, it must be an aggressive and a progressive party, it must stand for definite things. A compromise party is always a neutral party, and is incapable of doing any great things. I believe we are going to win next year; thousands of men who fought us in 1896 are going to rally to our standard in 1900, and they are not asking to be bought, they are not asking for concessions. Some of them tell us that they do not agree with everything we proclaim, but that they are in accord with enough of what we stand for to give us their best efforts, and this spirit is going to win. We do not want to rule anybody out, we do not want to dictate to anybody; we simply say that we are making a great fight for mighty principles, and we ask all men who have the best interests of their country at heart to join us.

John M. Palmer replied:

No party can be successful before the American people which would require our armies to abandon Cuba, Porto Rico or the Philippines. It would be regarded as a humiliation of American arms to abandon either. Dewey, by his destruction of the Spanish fleet in Manila bay, involved the country in unexpected strife, and the treaty of peace which followed it imposed upon the country responsibilities which it cannot avoid.

I answer, let the next National Democratic convention nominate a conservative man for the presidency, for example, Senator Gorman, Justice Van Wyck, or ex-Senator Vilas, of Wisconsin; re-adopt the platform of 1892; insist upon a vigorous prosecution of the war against the Filipinos, denounce combinations and trusts, and insist upon the independence of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines when capable of self-government. Insist upon reform in the collection of the revenues, and appeal to the country.

♣ ♣ ♣

Two trust conferences have been held during the month—one at Chicago and the other at St. Louis. The remedies proposed have been along the lines of changes in the state corporation laws, making it difficult, if not impossible, for so large a corporation as a trust to exist. One of the resolutions adopted in St. Louis is as follows:

By recognizingthat trusts are usually composed of corporations, and that corporations are but creatures of the law, and can only exist in the place of their creation, and cannot migrate to another sovereignty without the consent of that sovereignty, and that this consent may be withheld when desired, we recommend as the sense of this conference that each state pass laws providing that no corporation which is a member of any pool or trust in that state or elsewhere can do business in that state.

IN SCIENCE—

A California inventor has perfected a buoyant coat which seems to fulfill all requirements necessary for the preservation of life from accidents on the water, and the New York Journal had it tested by a trained corps of government life-

savers. These men pronounce it a success. It supports the wearer in any position he cares to assume, and panic-stricken people who may grasp the wearer in the water cannot endanger his life. Supplies of food and water for five days can be carried in the apparatus, as well as a supply of signal rockets for use at night. The coat covers only the upper part of the body, and does not hamper a swimmer. It weighs four pounds and can be put on in twenty-two seconds. Soldiers wearing it could cross rivers and use their rifles in mid stream.

♣ ♣ ♣

It is reported that diamond fields have been discovered in Wisconsin.

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Great Salt Lake, according to James E. Talmage, professor of geology in the University of Utah, is slowly disappearing. He says in the New York Journal:

Irrigation, by diverting the volume of its four tributary rivers, has sealed the fate of Great Salt Lake. Each year its waters are growing more acrid. Every year it grows perceptibly smaller. Thirty years ago the lake was eighty miles long. Today it is barely seventy miles in length. There are geological evidences on the rocks that the lake has within the last two decades had a width of forty miles. Now that width is only twenty-five miles. At some points the shore line has receded five miles in less than five years. In the natural course of geological events it may be expected that in another hundred years there will be but a glistening bed of salt where Great Salt Lake has been.

♣ ♣ ♣

It has been announced by the Queen & Crescent railroad of Ohio, that it has secured a locomotive which makes no smoke. If so it will add greatly to the comfort of traveling.

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It has been discovered by the astronomers of Lick Observatory that Polaris, the North star, is in reality three stars. Polaris itself is in reality a great sun.

IN LITERATURE—

The Atlantic Monthly is to have a new editor, Professor Bliss Perry, of Princeton University, who is promoted from the chair of English literature in that institution to succeed Mr. Walter H. Page. The latter resigns the editorship of the Atlantic to accept a place as literary adviser in the New York office of Harper & Brothers. Professor Perry is the author of several books, among others two novels, "The Broughton House" and "The Plated City." James Russell Lowell, Thomas Bailey Aldrich and William Dean Howells, with others distinguished, have served the Atlantic in the capacity of editor during the its forty-two years of existence as a magazine.

♣ ♣ ♣

A recent issue of the Literary Digest contains some interesting notes concerning Chief Pokagon and his just published book, "The Queen of the Woods." "The noble red-man as an author is a unique character in literature. This volume is a biographical romance. The heroine is the Indian maiden Ionidaw, who afterwards became the bride of the chief, who said, "It is a true story." He further expressed the modest hope that it would be instructive and "do some good." Mr. Flower says of Pokagon that "he possesses the poets soul." But this is true of the majority of the Indians of the North and Northwest.

♣ ♣ ♣

Swinburne's forthcoming tragedy has undergone a change of title. It is now announced as "Rosamund," and deals with the fortunes of that Rosamund who was Queen of the Lombards.

♣ ♣ ♣

The New York Times Saturday Review has been advising its public to "read the old books," and its public is expressing itself gratefully, and appreciatingly acting upon the advice.

♣ ♣ ♣

Lafcadio Hearn, that greatest of modern word painters, has become a subject of the Japanese empire, taking the name of Y. Koisumi.

♣ ♣ ♣

Gibson illustrations for Mrs. Burton Harrison's "Anglomaniacs," which appeared in the Century when the story was published serially, grace the new edition of the book, which is announced this month.

♣ ♣ ♣

One of the interesting literary discussions of the month is the similarity of "Baldoon," H. Roy Hooker's new book, to "David Harum." Mr. Hooker has been

very widely accused of intentionally imitating the latter story. And now Rand, McNally & Co., Mr. Hooker's publishers, have given him a written statement to the effect that the manuscript was in their possession for more than a year before "David Harum" was introduced to the public.

♣ ♣ ♣

Among the announcements this month the most important are Marion Crawford's "Life of the Pope," and Prince Kropotkin's autobiography. The translations of continental fiction are Count Tolstoy's "Resurrection," Jokai's "The Poor Plutocrats," and "Fruitfulness," by M. Zola.

IN ART—

According to John B. Cauldwell, director of fine arts for the American exhibit at the Paris Exposition, the relative standing of our cities as producers of art is as follows: New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis.

♣ ♣ ♣

Walter Crane designed the cover for C. L. Eastlake's publication, "Pictures in the National Gallery." This work, Eastlake's, is pronounced "superb" by the Athenaeum. It is accompanied by descriptive and critical notes in which the author proves very clearly that he knows what, and what not, to touch, and he lets Neo-Platonism, as embodied in the designs of the great masters of the Renaissae, such as Botticelli and Leonardo, severely alone.

♣ ♣ ♣

The reproductions from the drawings of H. Scott Rankin take up considerable space in the Art Journal for September. They are used to illustrate an article descriptive of Loch Tay by Rev. Hugh MacMillan.

♣ ♣ ♣

The Art Amatuer for this month shows a beautiful pencil drawing of loves and graces by Simeon Solomon.

♣ ♣ ♣

John A. Sargent is at work upon a decorative composition to stand opposite his "Moses and the Prophets," in the Boston library. It is suggested that his conception, though original, is too mystical to be understood by most Americans.

♣ ♣ ♣

"The choice of Burne — Jones Memorial Committee, has fallen upon Earl Warncliff's "Cophetna and the Beggar Maid." This choice meets with opposition in England. It is claimed that the artist would be better represented in the National Gallery by one of his earlier and more primitive works. King Cophetna is conceded to be one of the best products of the brush of the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

♣ ♣ ♣

That the next art season will be a busy one is evidenced by the fact that more than one society has been utterly unable to secure any gallery for its annual exhibition. The water colorists, for instance, will probably have to hold their show in the Waldorf-Astoria, and if the miniature painters decide to have an exhibition, they may be also obliged to go to a hotel.

IN EDUCATION—

Of the thirty new public school building for New York City recently arranged for, eight have been completed, and the superintendent of the New York schools announces that there will be accommodation for every child that wishes to study. The facilities have been so limited that heretofore a very large number of students could not be provided for. It is only justice to say that the New York Journal is largely responsible for the improved condition.

♣ ♣ ♣

M. Bernard, the distinguished French architect, has been announced as winner of the Phebe A. Hearst competition for plans for new buildings at Berkeley, the home of the University of California. The plans are extensive, and the buildings will be of a most magnificent character.

♣ ♣ ♣

By a recent decision concerning the California inheritance tax law, the Stanford University estate will be forced to pay $300,000.00 a year into the common school fund of that state.

IN RELIGIOUS THOUGHT—

Dr. Waldron's circular letter to the

bishops of his province on the occasion of the Queen's birthday suggesting special services, and asking that other religious bodies in India, whether Christian or non-Christian, might unite with the Church of England in the "manifestation of loyalty" to the Queen, has resulted in bringing to light a very un-Christian-like spirit. It was a beautiful idea to illustrate religius unity in India by prayers that should ascend simultaneously for the Empress from mosques, synagogues, churches and temples. The opposition to this happy plan came from the clergy of Calcutta, and proves how very un-Christ-like Christians can sometimes appear.

♣ ♣ ♣

Kipling's influence as a "religious teacher" is still a matter of interesting discussion. If, as it is "frequently claimed," his work is making any sort of an impress upon the religious mind of the day, it is of a healthful, vigorous nature. Mr. Sunderland thinks that "Aside from a dozen or so of his poems, one would hardly know from his books that such a thing as religion existed in the world." He admits that Kipling brings into the thought of our time a strong force," but holds that, morally, it is an "uneven" force, and that he is not harmonious or consistent in his "religious influence. Kipling's religious consistency is perhaps only to be weighed in that eternal hour when

"——— only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of working, and each in his separate star,
Shall draw the thing as he sees it for the God of Things as They Are."

♣ ♣ ♣

A London journal goes to some trouble to prove that ministers live longer than other people. And the Christian Advocate thinks this longevity is due to their immunity from accidental death, and to their general habits of "temperance, moderation and regularity as compared with most workers." They have, too, a happy combination of mental and physical exercise, indoor and outdoor recreation.

LEADING EVENTS—

August 26—At Kansas City William Jennings Bryan declares his loyalty to silver.

August 27—Secretary Root visits the army at Camp Meade to inspect new regiments of volunteer infantry.

August 28—The Tenth Pennsylvania volunteers are welcomed home from the war by the President at Pittsburg.

August 29—An oil company is formed with a capitalization of $100,000 in which Mrs. Phebe Hearst is the principal stockholder.

August 30—Professor Strong, President of the University of Oregon, arrives in Eugene ....McLean is nominated by the Democratic State Convention at Zanesville for Governor of Ohio.

August 31—President Figuero, of San Domingo, resigns in favor of Jimenes.

September 1—England demands that all Transvaal disputes be settled.

September 2—The Orange Free State is reported to be in a state of panic.

September 4—The Boers, of South Africa, are reported to have made their final reply to England....General Jimenes arrives at Porto Plata, Santo Domingo, and is hailed as the country's deliverer.

September 6—A revolution is reported as pending in Venezuela.

September 7—At Rennes the evidence in the Dreyfus case is all in.

September 8—At the cabinet meeting in Washington the question of a local government for the Filipinos on the cessation of hostilities was discussed.

Sept. 9—A verdict of "guilty" is rendered by the Dreyfus court martial.

September 10—The condemnation of Dreyfus is received without demonstration in France, but with indignant protest by the rest of the world.

September 11—The Judges who condemned Dreyfus petition Loubet in his behalf.

September 12—At Madrid the Queen Regent has signed a decree proclaiming martial law in the province of Viscaya.

September 13—The Civic Federation meets in Chicago to confer regarding trusts.

September 15—Hon. W. J. Bryan refuses to meet Bourke Cochran in a debate on trusts.

September 17—Transvaal reported to be on the "Brink of War."

September 18—Germany refuses to assist President Kruger in the event of war with England.

September 20—Through efforts of Senator Joseph Simon two transports will outfit at Portland for the Philippines.

September 21—At Omaha the Republican State convention endorses President McKinley.

September 22—The First Montana volunteers return from Manila.

September 23—At Akron, Ohio, Governor Roosevelt, of New York, opens the Republican campaign.

Questions of the Day

This Department is for the use of our readers, and expressions limited to six hundred words, are solicited on subjects relating to any social, religious or political question. All manuscript sent in must bear the author's name, though a nom de plume will be printed, if so desired. The publishers will not, of course, be understood as necessarily endorsing any of the views expressed.

EQUAL RIGHTS FOR THE SEXES.

The movement for the enfranchisement of women, which has attained such extensive proportions as to command the attention of the entire nation, sprang spontaneously into public notice in the Pacific Northwest, about thirty years ago. Twenty years prior to that time it had arisen in the Eastern states, where though ably managed by many of the most brilliant minds of both sexes for over half a century, it has never made progress rapidly, as it has done on the Pacific side of the continent.

All great movements for securing the extension of freedom to any class of people have their origin in new countries. If at any time prior to the settlement of our Atlantic border any man had dared to proclaim the fundamental truths upon which this nation is founded, he would have paid the price of his temerity with his head. When first the cry went out from across the seas that "all men are created equal," it startled kings upon their thrones; and the demand of the masses for representation as a just accompaniment of taxation convulsed emperors with laughter. But that cry, born on new soil, flourished in spite of adverse circumstances, and long ere a century of American liberty had been an accepted fact among the older nations of the earth, our new empire had crossed the continent and planted its banners on the western slopes of the Rocky mountains and over beside the Pacific seas.

And yet the enfranchisement of women was not a new thought, even in the formation of the United States government. It is recorded in the archives of the famous Adams family, that on the 2d day of April, 1787, Abigail Adams, wife of one president and mother of another, went before the Continental Congress and made a plea for the recognition of equal rights for her sex. If her husband, John Adams, who as her husband, was the only man who would have dared to take the liberty, and who was secretary of that Congress, had not expunged this patriotic plea of his noble wife from the records, by a conjugal prerogative at that time deemed infallible, and thus prevented further consideration of this great fundamental question, there would now be no need of the pending state constitutional amendment in Oregon, nor would Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho be enjoying the proud distinction that is theirs today of being the only states in the American Union in which governments may "derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

The government, having begun wrong with the negro, and the women, was compelled to struggle along for two-thirds of a century with the negro question, which still menaces it in many ways; and it is still struggling with the woman question which will never cease to embarrass it until it has been settled in full and due conformity with the Declaration of Independence and Constitution of the United States.

It is impossible, in the brief space at my command, to offer arguments in support of my contention; and, further than to cite the opinions of a few eminent men instates where women vote, I shall not attempt it.

A letter from Boise, Idaho, received by the writer for use at the last Woman's Congress in Portland, Oregon, signed by I. N. Sullivan, chief justice of the supreme court and his associates, J. Waldo Huston and Ralph P. Quarles, says: "None of the evils predicted of equal suffrage by its opponents have come to

pass, and as a measure of justice it has gained much in popularity since its adoption by our people."

Wm. Balderston, editor of the Boise Statesman, says: "Women constitute a great reserve force, exerting itself on the right side at the ballot-box whenever important issues are to be decided."

Every governor of Wyoming since 1869 declares equal suffrage has been a benefit to the state. Women have voted in Wyoming for 30 years, and the present governor, Wm. A. Richards, says: "In my judgment the influence of women upon elections is good. In order to secure their vote at the polls it is necessary to nominate good men."

The legislature of Colorado adopted resolutions at its last assembly indorsing equal suffrage by a practically unanimous vote and cordially recommended its adoption by every state in the Union.

The Woman's Club movement in the newly-enfranchised states is considered a potent factor in creating the hearty indorsement of equal suffrage by politicians, press, pulpit and people. The leading club women of Denver, Cheyenne and Boise are all leading suffragists, although most of them were not widely known as such till a short time before the vote was taken, when, with true patriotic purpose they united in a social organization for the equal suffrage campaign, as will be done in Oregon, later on.

The public-spirited men of Oregon need no arguments in support of the pending amendment to enfranchise women. All know that equal suffrage is coming, that its advent is inevitable; and they are not disposed to allow any other state to lead our cause to victory in the dawn of the new century and leave Oregon to bring up the rear.

Ours is not a sectarian, nor is it a political question. It stands before the people on its own merits. It is the representative of nobody's fad, the exponent of nobody's ism. In each of the states where women vote the fad and the ism have alike lost footing and no longer flourish. Liberty has proved an unfailing antidote for the sentimental politics of woman, as well as men, wherever it has been given the proper scope.

"Taxation without representation is tyranny." "Women pay taxes; women should vote." These are our principles, the embodiment of our bill or rights.

Abigail Scott Duniway.

POEMS OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

Spinning.

I

A spider was singing herself in glee
From a moss-covered swaying bough,
A breeze came rollicking up from the sea,
And fanned her beautiful brow.
She hung, it is true, with her pretty head down,
But her brain was cool as you please,
The fashion quite suited the cut of her gown,
And she could look up in the trees.

II

She saw where a humming bird lighted down,
At his throat a bright ruby gleamed,
On his head was a gold and emerald crown,
And he sat on a bough and dreamed.
The spider ran up on her silver thread
And looked in the little king's face.
"If I may sit at your feet," she said,
"I'll spin you some beautiful lace."

III

The humming bird looked in her shining eyes,
And then at her nimble feet,
And he said to himself, "I have found a prize,
She is useful as well as neat."
"You may sit at my side, if it please you well,"
Said he, "The summer time through;
And since you spin on a noiseless wheel,
I'll do the humming for you."

Belle W. Cooke.

Men and Women

WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?

The struggle for existence and the affairs of this busy world occupy the attention of men to such a degree that some of the great and momentous questions of life are thrust aside or given a hasty and superficial consideration. As a rule, the little things of life occupy our attention, not the great. We are more concerned with the "play," the day's pleasure, the immediate present than we are with questions which affect our destiny. It is "The man in the moon" that attracts our interest and attention more than it is the great fact that we are rushing through space—this world of ours and the whole universe—at an inconceivable rate of speed, taking us we know not whither, and knowing not from whence we came! It is the selfish, the small, the present at which man looks with eager eyes, and grasps with nervous, outstretched hands, unmindful or ignorant of the fact that by considering his future, his destiny, and acting with reference thereto he can most wisely spend the present.

♣ ♣ ♣

Yet there comes at some time a pause in the life of every man. The cares of business, happiness, temporary or permanent, misery, death, success or failure, or any influence, abstract or concrete—none of them can prevent it. Man must realize that he is here upon this earth, and he must ask himself, "What for?" He must pause to think. If he be a toiler, of the tenements, a poor, wasted being, wearing his life away in weary, unprofitable labor, and the wretchedness and hopelessness of his lot causes him to cry out from the depths of his soul, "What is all this weary, weary, unprofitable struggle for? Why am I here to suffer?"—he often sees no answer.

If he be one engrossed in business life, a slave to work, rushing through his time like a meteor across the sky, or one surfeited with pleasure, sometime, somewhere, something,—perhaps death, perhaps fruitless endeavor, perhaps a sense of the uselessness of it all will arrest him, and he will ask himself: "What are we here for? What means this life of ours? Fourscore years! To think? To do? To make a name? To please one's self? To die?"

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We are here on this world—a living fact. It was not chance that put man here. That it was for some purpose is too evident to be denied. Man is master of the world. The elements bow to his supremacy. The animals do his will. And yet if man tills the soil—if he raises corn or potatoes or wheat—from year to year, can he feel that he has accomplished his mission? Was he put here simply to dig the earth? Something within him scouts the idea. What then? For pleasure or self-gratification? "To eat, drink, and be merry?" One has lived such a life. He comes to die; he reviews the years, and says: "I have accomplished my mission. I have realized what I was placed on earth for, and have nobly performed my part. I go to the Great Unknown satisfied." Could a greater incongruity or impossibility be imagined? He would, cry, in reality, as did young Marlowe on his death-bed: "Oh that a year were granted me to live, but I must die, of every man abhorred! Time, loosely spent, will not again be won! My time is loosely spent—and I undone."

♣ ♣ ♣

Our mission on this earth is plain to those who believe in a future life—clearly it is to prepare for it. Those who do not believe in a future existence can give no satisfactory answer to the problem. To desire to uplift humanity and to make the world better for our passing a few on it are indeed noble, but is that all? To better others, to make ourselves a little better—this reward is not sufficient. It does not justify the trials and sorrows

of living. The years spent here had better have never been. The answer to "What are we here for?" must, therefore, involve our faith in a future life, and each individual answer to the question must determine the attitude of the person towards an eternity, and whether or not he can say with Paul: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

The Minister.

THE MAGAZINES.

FOR OCTOBER.

Scribner's—

"In the Small Hours," by Brander Mathews, records the thoughts of a young man between sleeping and waking, the reflections that come to him in that still night season which precedes the dawn. It is hardly a story, an impression rather, that the man himself will remember only as a dream.

"The Royal intent" is another chapter from the lives of "Mr. Cutting" and his Irish friends by William Maynadier Browne, and deals with the advent of the "Heir Apparent." The "Autobiographical Sketch of Mrs. John Drew" is prefaced with an introduction by her son, and is not quite so intensely interesting as was the antobiography of Joseph Jefferson, given to the world a few years since.

The Century—

Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler brings his 'Alexander the Great" to a conclusion in the October number. This history, with its beautiful illustrations has been one of the greatest attractions of the year.

The cruise of Captain Slocum in the "Spray" is akin to Conrad's "Children of the Sea," and Frank Bullen's idyls in interest. In this second chapter of his adventures the gallant Captain tells of how he run ashore on the coast of Uruguay —and how, after much toil and a narrow escape from drowning, he managed to get his staunch craft again afloat. Later he had an encounter with the natives of Tierra del Fuego wherein carpet tacks instead of firearms were the weapons he employed in vanquishing the foe.

"As drowsiness came on I first sprinkled the deck with the carpet tacks that my old friend Samblich had given me, and then I turned in. I saw to it that not a few of them stood 'business end' up; for when the spray passed Thieves' Bay two canoes had put out and followed in her wake, and there was no disguising the fact any longer that I was alone.

"Now, it is well known that one cannot step on a tack without saying something about it. A pretty good Christian will whistle when he steps on the 'commercial end' of a carpet tack; a savage will howl and claw the air, and that was just what happened that night about twelve o'clock, while I was asleep in the cabin, where the savages thought they 'had me,' sloop and all. They changed their minds, however, when they stepped on deck, for then they thought that I or somebody else had them."

McClure's—

Admiral Dewey's portrait honors the cover of McClure's for October. And Admiral Dewey full length, sitting, standing, side view and dauntless front; Admiral Dewey with "Bob" and Admiral Dewey at dinner, graces many of the pages of the magazine, the first half of which is occupied by Governor Roosevelt's tribute to the hero of Manila Bay, and of Joseph L. Stickney's "With Dewey in the Mediterranean."

The Cosmopolitan—

Charlotte Perkins Stetson, whose name is appearing in the magazines with increasing frequency, writes regarding "Work" in this number of the Cosmopolitan. Her article is excellent and at the same time somewhat disappointing, because you feel that in spite of all she says upon this very practical subject, she might say so much more.

The Idler

CONDUCTED BY CATHARINE COGSWELL.

There is nothing more interesting to the ordinary mortal who disdains to fritter away his time with pen and ink and paper, than to hear authors criticize each other. They do it so charitably, you know. For an instance, just listen to what one of them has to say in an article which he calls a treatise upon "The Decay of Lying." He begins with Rider Haggard. "As for Mr. Haggard," he remarks, "who has, or had once the makings of a perfectly magnificent liar, he is now so afraid of being suspected of genius that when he does tell us anything marvelous, he feels bound to invent a personal reminiscence, and to put in a foot-note as a kind of cowardly corroboration. Nor are our other novelists much better. Mr. Henry James writes fiction as if it were a painful duty." If you, dear reader, do not quite understand or believe this, pray attempt the perusal of tha late producion of the author of "Daisy Miller," entitled "The Awkward Age," and you will believe it. But to return to the critic who is interesting in his dissertation upon lying mainly because he tells the truth. He says: "Mr. Hall Caine aims at the grandiose, but then he writes at the top of his voice. He is so loud that one cannot hear what he says." Was the "Manxman" ever more tersely summed up? And who but another author would dare to do it? There seems to be but two modern novelists whom this caustic story-teller forbears to impale upon the points of his sharp steel pen. They are Balzac and Meredith. This is what he has to say of Meredith. Now that I reconsider it I am not so sure that it is not indited with a gray goose quill.

"Ah, Meredith!" he exclaimed, "who can define him? His style is chaos illumined by flashes of lightning. As a writer he has mastered everything except language. As a novelist, he can do everything, except tell a story; as an artist he is everything except articulate. But whatever he is, he is not a realist. Or rather I would say that he is a child of realism who is not on speaking terms with his father."

It is human nature to enjoy reading a writer who expresses ones own ideas and opinions. This is exactly what I think of George Meredith. I thank the critic for so aptly expressing my own thought. I should never have had the temerity to do it myself, and if I had no one would have listened, inasmuch as I am not an author. I quite agree with him, too, when he says that "Meredith is a prose Browning," and also, that "Browning used poetry as a means of writing prose."

♣ ♣ ♣

"No great artist," it has been said, "ever sees things as they really are. If he did he would cease to be an artist." I am not quite sure that this is true. Rather, I think the artist is only he who does see the real and so recognizes that only the ideal is reality.

"To look at a thing is very different from seeing a thing. One does not see anything until one sees beauty." And the man who sees beauty must possess the artist soul, though the artist hand be denied him. All men who daub color upon canvas are not artists and the great majority of artists do not know a water color from an oil painting. For the artist is he who sees the beauty in a flower, a leaf, in the mist that hangs above the river, in the swelling breast of a green hill, or in the splendor of a sunset, and you will find him just as often in a lonely cabin in the primeval forest, in a hut in a little clearing in the woods, or herding his cattle on the vast plateau a thousand miles from art and picture galleries and studios as in the busy haunts of men, the marts of trade or the stately homes of wealth and culture..

Books

JUSTICE TO THE JEW.

Madison C. Peters—F. Tennyson Neely, New York.

A book that will sell because of its title, a book that will be read because just now the whole civilized world is united in sympathy for the Jew; and a book that will carry influence because it states facts—startling and unremembered facts.

The author, Reverend Madison C. Peters, has divided his work into thirteen chapters. He writes of the Jew in finance, in science, in art and politics. He defines the attitude of "Modern Judaism toward Christianity," and quotes Rabbi Alexander Kohut who said, "Not theory, but practice, deed not creed, should be the watchword of modern races stamped with blazing characters of rational equity and useful brotherhood." And from Dr. Gottheil's sermon preached from the text: "Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us all?" To the end that a "better understanding and a more friendly disposition between the various creeds and churches" be established, he takes the following: "Judaism and Christianity originally were of one faith. They are children of the same household, and their division has been of no advantage to either side." It was Macaulay who said, "The Jew is what we made him." To which Leroy Beaulieu forcibly adds, "'His virtues are his own, his vices are our making."

Who does not recall Disraeli's reply when taunted in the house of Lords for his Jewish extractions? "I can well afford to be called a Jew."

The work is prefaced by Edward Sydney Tyler's burning "Lines to an Anti-Semite, a fierce arraignment of the Spanish cruelty—merciless, horrible, yet true, too true. It is not pleasant to recall the deeds of Spain, or to look on the while.

"Unmoved she sees her pearls depart,
And smiles with alien eyes;
For heavy on her palsied heart
The curse of Israel lies."

And this—may not France read and ponder? For she too, shall come to realize the truth of it, when—

"Before one dread, impartial bar,
Her sons shall find ere long,
How terrible the helpless are,
The feeble ones how strong!"

♣ ♣ ♣

Notes.

Longfellow's Boston friends claimed for him that "he was the only American citizen born since the Declaration of Independence who positively could not make a speech upon any subject."

Benjamim Ide Wheeler's "Alexander the Great" has been added to G. P. Putnam's Son's series, entitled "Heroes of the Nations."

The Frederick A. Stokes Company is bringing out Stephen Crane's new work, "Active Series," now running as a newspaper serial.

New editions of two of Maurus Jokai's books are to be issued by the Doubleday & McClure Company.

Winston Churchill's Novel, "Richard Carvel" is now in its fifteenth edition and is selling at the rate of one thousand copies a day.

It is pleasant to know that Rudyard Kipling and Mark Twain admire each other so heartily. Kipling who recently read and re-read "Tom Sawyer,' 'said he would rather have written that book "than any that has been published during its lifetime—and Mark Twain would willingly exchange its authorship for that of the Jungle Books.

The Financial World

CONDUCTED BY DOWNING, HOPKINS & CO.

The financial outlook cannot be regarded as clear, pending the settlement of the critical situation in South Africa, or until the current comparative stringency in the money market relaxes. The importance of the first-named is largely contingent upon the question as to whether the Boers will adopt retaliatory measures upon their enemies, as, for example, the destruction of the Rand gold mines. In the event of hostilities in South Africa, there would, of course, be involved a more or less prolonged interruption of the gold exports from that quarter, but on the other hand it is improbable that the war itself would be of long duration. Besides this, hostilities between the countries concerned would not imply any interruption to the world's trade, and, indeed, its significance is altogether localized in the noted question. In addition to the two points cited, there may be mentioned the state elections sixty days hence, which, while wanting in elements of direct national political significance, will still in their issue be construed as foreshadowing the upshot of the national election of next year. These matters appear to comprise about all there is that can be foreseen in the outlook of a restraining or unfavorable character. Apart from them, the situation possesses all of the many strong constructive elements that have been engaging attention for so many months.

The uncertainty attending the outcome of the situation in South Africa is likely very soon to be removed, which will deprive that question of much of its baneful influence. The money market situation and outlook is more dubious. The banking reserves of New York have been cut down to a point which curtails the ability of local lenders of money to extend further accommodation to borrows upon securities, who are, as always, the users of unemployed capital and upon whom always falls the demand for the repayment of funds borrowed when they are needed elsewhere, for the reason that they pay the least for their accommodation. Explanations of the current monetary stringency are manifold. The prolonged heavy speculation in securities and the industrial combinations of the year have contributed their full part towards the existing conditions.

A good deal of loose thinking and loose writing are constantly being noted just now in regard to the relations that exist between the New York banks and the extra clearing house financial institutions and the banks of the interior. It may not be generally known that the great trust companies of New York, for example, with general deposit accounts, which extend in several cases to $50,000,000 and over, keep no more actual cash on hand than is necessary for the conduct of the petty details of their business; indeed, according to the report furnished by the trust companies, in their statement as of June 30, only three of these institutions had any considerable amount on hand, and their total holdings were not in excess of $10,000,000. On the other hand, the trust companies keep very heavy balances on deposit with the banks, four of the largest companies having, on the day named, upon deposit with the banks over $30,000,000. The trust companies are also exceedingly heavy lenders of money on collateral. The position of the New York banks will again be restored to a safe point when the trust companies and other extra clearing-house lenders of money and the out-of-town banks assume the loans on call now held by the associated banks. The ultimate effect of this will be to reduce the banks' loan and deposit accounts permitting their cash holdings to rise to a stronger ratio to their liabilities. Through some such general process, as is outlined above, it is to be expected that the New York money market will be restored to a stronger position, and this, seemingly, is the only way to that end.

Chess

CONDUCTED BY E. C. PROTZMAN.

Solution to Chess Problem Given n July.

No correct solutions were sent in to the Chess problen given in July. The problem is a "beauty," and is given below with the solutions by the composer, Jos. Ney Babson:

White—King, Q. 8; Queen, K. Kt. Sq.; Rooks, Q. B. 2 and Q. Kt. 7; Bishops, Q. R. 3 and 8; Knights, Q. 7 and Q. R. 7; Pawns, K. R. 7, K. B. 4, K. B. 2 and 6, K 3, and Q. R. 2. Fourteen pieces.

Black—King, Q. 4; Rooks, Q. Kt. 5; Knights, K. R. 5 and K. 8; Bishops, Q. Kt. and Q. B. 6; Pawns, K. Kt. 2, K. B. 6 and Q. R. 3 and 4. Ten pieces.

White to mate in three moves.

A Game Between Steinitz and Showalter.

A chess expert says the game shows "how an ordinary champion will fare sometimes when he falls into the hands of an extraordinary champion." The notes are taken from the New York Clipper:

White. Steinitz.	Showalter. Black.
1. P—Q 4	1. P—Q 4
2. P— Q B 4	2. P—K 3
3. Q Kt—B 3	3. K Kt—B 3
4. Q B—Kt 5 (f)	4. K B—K 2
5. P—K 3	5. Q Kt—Q 2
6. Q R—B sq	6. Castles
7. K Kt—B 3	7. P—Q B 3
8. K B— Q3	8. P—K R 3 (g)
9. Q B—R 4	9. Q P x P
10. K B x P	10. K Kt—Q 4
11. Q B—Kt 3	11. Q Kt—his 3 (h)
12. K B—Q 3	12. Kt x Kt ?
13. Kt P x Kt	13. K B—R 6 (i)
14. Q R—B 2	14. Q B—Q 4
15. K Kt—K 5	15. B—K sq
16. Q—K B 3	16. P—K B 4 ?
17. Castles	17. Kt—Q 4
18. K R—Kt sq	18. P—Q Kt 4
19. P—Q B 4	19. Kt—his 5
20. K R x Kt (j)	20. K B x R
21. K Kt x P	21. Q B x Kt
22. Q x Q B	22. Q—Kt 3
23. B P x P	23. Q x Q
24. Kt P x Q	24. P—Q R 3
25. P—Q B 7	25. K R—B sq
26. Q R—B 6	26. K B—R 4
27. K B—B 4	27. K—B sq
28. B x K P	28. K—his 2

29. B x P and Mr. Showalter resigns—a thing he very rarely does before the thirtieth move!

(f) A strong continuation occasionally adopted. It is by no means easy to dislodge the Bishop satisfactorily.

(g) This weakening step might perhaps have been dispensed with.

(h) Nor do we approve the judgment of this rather remote move. Kt to B 3 might be better. Black's next move is unfathonable, merely strengthening the opponent's Pawn centre.

(i) Apprehending, perhaps, the manouvre of B to Kt sq, with Q to her 3.

(j) Having got his opponent's Pawn demoralized, White, by this beautiful sacrifice, is enabled to pick them off one by one. From 18 . . . to the end White plays exceedingly fine chess.

♣ ♣ ♣

A grand display of Chess with living pieces was made recently at Prague. The field of battle was a large square 200 meters in length and breadth. The pieces represented two armies of no less than 256 persons, with horses and chariots. The game, composed by the celebrated problemist, M. Dubrosky, was a mimic reproduction of the defeat of the Hungarian King Corvinus by the Bohemian King Podjebrad. The Hungarian King surrendered his sword after the thirty-second move.—Literary Digest.

♣ ♣ ♣

William Steinitz, at sixty-one years of age, was one of the greatest Chess-masters in the world. He has a record which has never been equaled in the history of Chess: for twenty-six years he was the champion of the world. Besides this fact, Mr. Steinitz was one of the most distinguished Chess-analysts of the age, and has done as much, possibly more, than any other man to further the interest in the royal game.—Literary Digest.

♣ ♣ ♣

A Little Beauty.

"Dr Hamilton gives Mrs. W. J. Baird (the Chess Queen) the odds of K Kt, and she gives him a fillip that he will not soon forget."—Leeds Mercury.

Dr. H. White.	Mrs. B. Black.
1. P—K 4	1. P—K 4
2. B—B 4	2. Kt—K B 3
3. P—Q 3	3. B—K 2
4. P—K R 3	4. Castles
5. Castles	5 P—Q B 3
6. P—B 4	6. P x P
7. B x P	7. P—Q 4 !
8. P x P	8. Kt x P
9. B—Q 2	9. B—K 3
10. Q—K 2	10. Q—Q 2
11. B—Kt 3	11. B—B 4 ch
12. K—R sq	12. B x P
13. P x B	

And Black mates in three moves.

Drift

The Oregon Industrial Exposition.

The Oregon Industrial Exposition at Portland has one of the best bands on the coast, which gives grand concerts day and evening, from September 28 to October 28. Bennett's full military band renders music that inspires and pleases all, and its array of soloists have a fame that is world-wide.

The amateur photographers of the world are invited to compete for prizes at the Exposition that is held at Portland, September 28 to October 28, and $200 in cash prizes will be awarded.

The immense Exposition building at Portland has been vastly improved in every part of its interior, and is gay with flags and bunting, and at night presents a scene of splendor rarely equalled. It has 3500 electric lights, and presents a picture to be long remembered. The opening night will be September 28, and the fair will be a series of surprises up to October 28.

Gen. O. Summers, Col. D. M. Dunne and Capt. E. S. Edwards have arranged at the Oregon Industrial Exposition a splendid collection of war trophies and curios from the Philippines, which will be especially exhibited for the benefit of the monument fund. Many of the veteran volunteers of the Second Oregon are taking an active interest in this war museum. It will be one of the features of the great fair.

The reproduction of Multnomah Falls at the Oregon Industrial Exposition is a grand feature. The real water, with the whole of Bull Run river behind it, falls 80 feet; and the rustic bridge is for people to cross, and the sylvan pools, and ferns and mosses and big, live fir trees. The falls will attract great crowds from the opening of the fair.

Portland is a very attractive city to visit, and it has such a splendid street car system that the stranger can see the business section, the attractive homes and the splendid suburbs all on a single 5 cent fare, while comfortably seated in open electric cars.

All the products of the great northwest are on exhibition at Portland. The mines, farms, fields, factories, forests and fisheries all make a grand showing, and there are grains and grasses that any part of the world may well be proud of. The big fair runs from September 28 to October 28.

Besides the very best band music, the Oregon Industrial Exposition has secured at great expense the services of the wonderful Florenz troupe and the Macarte Sisters, world-renowned aerial and acrobatic artists, and they will give performances every evening, and there will be Major Ganz, the smallest man in the world, and many other attractions.

♣ ♣ ♣

The London Telegraph tells the following story: "When Emerson visited Carlyle in London he expressed doubts to the latter of the personality of the devil. Carlyle took him to see many of the 'shows' of the metropolis, asking him, as they issued from each reeking lane filled with the shouts of intoxicated men and women, whether he had not changed his opinion. At last they arrived in the House of Commons, and, as they sat in the strangers' gallery listening to some orator's rigamarole, Carlyle punched his friend in the ribs and asked, 'Do you believe in a deevil noo?'"

♣ ♣ ♣

At the Telephone.—A business house of Aberdeen, Scotland, recently engaged as office boy a raw country youth. It was part of his duties to attend the telephone in his master's absence. When first called upon to answer the bell, in reply to the usual query "Are you there?" he nodded assent. Again the question came, and still again, and each time the boy gave an answering nod. When the question came for the fourth time, however, the boy, losing his temper, roared through the telephone:

"Man, a' ye blin'? I've been noddin' me haid aff for t' last hauf 'oor!"

♣ ♣ ♣

Superlative.—One hot summer's day a gentleman who was waiting for his train at one of our country stations asked a porter, who was lying on one of the seats, where the station master lived, and the porter lazily pointed to the house with his foot. The gentleman, very much struck at the man's laziness, said:

"If you can show me a lazier action than that, my good man, I'll give you two and six pencce."

The porter, not moving an inch, replied:

"Put it in my pocket, guv'nor."

♣ ♣ ♣

"I see by the dictionary," said the foreigner who was struggling with the English language, "that 'unbend' means to 'relax,' and 'unbending' means 'unyielding.'"

"Don't blame me!" replied his American friend, cheerfully. "I didn't write the dictionary."

♣ ♣ ♣

Attorney (sternly)—The witness will please state if the prisoner was in the habit of whistling when alone.

Witness—I don't know; I was never with the prisoner when he was alone.



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All trains leaving Astoria for Seaside or returning from Seaside run on the Flavel Branch.

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resent Conditions in the Yukon Gold Fields

By A. A. LINDSLEY.



THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

VOLUME III NOVEMBER 1899 NUMBER 1

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PUBLISHERS PORTLAND, OREGON

THE CHRISTMAS number of The Pacific Monthly will be of unusual interest. A new and attractive cover design is being prepared, and a heavy enameled-book cover paper will be used. The contents will be interesting and varied. The new department, "The Home," will contain Dr. Whitaker's "Some Suggestions on Domestic Economy"; Captain Harry L. Wells will have a story about "The Oregon Trail"; there will be a sketch by Ella Higginson, several short stories, "A Twentieth Century Problem," a study in social conditions, and short, crisp treatments of questions of the day. In addition to these, other articles by prominent local and Coast writers are being prepared for this number.

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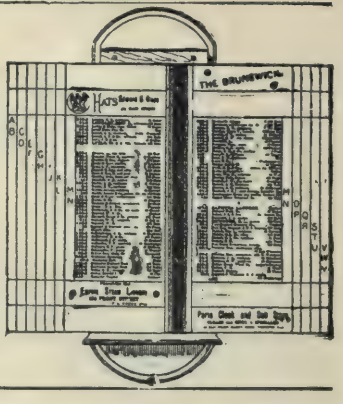
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The Boy with the Hoe.

ALFRED PETERSON, Photo.

(See Page 10.)

The Pacific Monthly.

Vol. III. *NOVEMBER, 1899.* *No. 1.*

Present Conditions in the Yukon Gold Fields.

By A. A. LINDSLEY.

WHEN one realizes that the wonderful deposits of gold in the frigid and inhospitable region of the Klondike are covered with many feet of frozen muck and earth and gravel, it is a never-ending cause of surprise that they should ever have been discovered, and is so even to him who has personally known the ferment produced in humanity by the sacri auri fames.

In the richer creek claims the depth to bedrock averages less than thirty feet, but shafts have been sunk through more than one hundred feet of earth frozen to that great depth. Inasmuch as in the coldest of modern winters the ground freezes for no more than six feet, and since throughout the Yukon watershed generally the frost reaches no greater depth than this, the only reasonable explanation of conditions as they exist on the Klondike and in other limited areas of the Yukon basin is that the ground has remained frozen ever since the glacial age in which the gold was deposited where it is now found.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THAWING.

To reach pay gravel and the still richer bedrock the ground must all be thawed. In the past this has been done by the direct application of fires built upon (or in the drifts, against) the frozen muck or soil or gravel, a slow and tedious process expensive of labor and wasteful of fuel. In winter the danger of asphyxiation entails additional cost of sinking an air shaft if the work is rushed, and in summer the added risk of carbonic acid gas so intensifies the danger that there has been almost no summer work except where the shallow depth to bedrock permits of summer sluicing, a condition seldom existent in creek claims, but found in many "bench" claims.

Many and costly experiments have been conducted looking to the saving of labor and fuel, and now these efforts have been crowned with success through the application of steam conducted by pipes from boilers on the surface down the shafts along the drifts, and allowed to escape through steel points driven several feet into the frozen earth. The new process has worked a complete revolution in many respects. Less labor is required at one dollar or more per hour. There is a great saving in fuel, which is a very important consideration in a sparsely settled region in some parts of which wood already costs $30 per cord.

One of the greatest gains is in the adaptability of the new process to summer work. It is then that men labor more advantageously through twenty-four hours of arctic daylight, returns are immediate, and ten per centum or more is saved by depositing pay dirt directly in the sluice boxes, as against rehandling the winter's dumps the following spring. On many claims there will also be a great gain by use of steam power for hoisting, sawing and pumping. Another distinct gain to the mining interests of the Klondike through the use of steam is found in the fact that the

greatly reduced cost of operation will enable owners to work many claims at a profit which must otherwise have remained unworked. Many steam plants are already at work, and almost all the available spare boilers on the Pacific coast (with some that are not suitable) have started for Dawson, but many will not reach their destination until navigation opens in 1900.

SUBSEQUENT METHODS—OWNERSHIP OF CLAIMS.

The primitive method of thawing by fire has had its day; that of steam has now come, and by it individual owners will continue to operate for years with satisfactory results. Then the ground, reverting to the Crown, will be turned over to concessionaries, who by hydraulic process will extract at least as much of the precious metal as has previously been secured by individual effort.

Under the mining laws and regulations of Yukon territory, individuals cannot acquire title to placer mines, but receive annual grants which are renewed as long as the requirements are complied with as to licenses, royalty, and work performed. Creek claims are limited to five hundred feet in length, and although individuals and corporations may acquire by purchase as many as they pay for, questions of water rights and dumping ground make it almost impossible to operate on the large scale demanded for successful hydraulic work until the time comes when, private rights having expired, concessions of miles in length may be handled as single propositions. Then will all the valleys and hillsides be scoured clean to bedrock, and the gold secured which has escaped the individual because of inefficient facilities, cost of handling waste, accidents and the obstructive forces of nature generally and particularly. None can, therefore, predict the length of life of the Dawson mining district (as it is now officially designated), but it is safe to prophecy, in view of the wonderfully rich deposits and for the reasons already outlined, that it will continue for a great many years to furnish a very considerable portion of the world's supply of gold.

CAPE NOME.

The Klondike episode has so stimulated the search for gold in Alaska that discoveries already made promise to rival the Klondike in extent and total returns, if not in richness. Of the many gold-bearing fields the first that can pose successfully as a rival to the Klondike is Cape Nome, which, although generally regarded down to as late a date as August of this year as having occasioned an unwarranted excitement, has already produced gold running into the millions.

The gold is secured with far less effort than on the Klondike, the ground not being frozen to unknown depths, nor is bedrock so far below the eager search of the prospector. Though their great value has been established, but little work has yet been done on the gold-bearing creeks of the new district, the time since discovery having been too brief; but on many miles of ocean beach hundreds of miners with rockers each limited to a strip sixty feet in width, close down to the heavy surf, have saved from $10 to $100 of the precious dust during each working day of the later summer of 1899. As on other gold beaches, the dust found in the sand is very fine, but this beach is unique in having a cement bedrock bearing a thin stratum which carries coarse gold.

Except in regard to the mining laws and regulations, conditions have thus far been more trying than on the Klondike, owing to the worse climate, the lack of all timber except driftwood, and the lack of the creature comforts that will come later. But lumber, fuel and supplies are easily accessible from the lower coast, and next season will witness great activity at Cape Nome. As far as is known all the rick creek claims are appropriated, and the beach diggings will not last forever, from which it would appear that men should not go there unless to trade or work for wages. But the limits of the district do not seem to be yet defined, and the hope of new discoveries there or elswhere in Alaska promise to occasion a rush to the district next spring of many thousands who are prejudiced against prospecting on Canadian soil by mining experiences in

the Yukon and Atlin districts.

AGRICULTURAL RESOURCES.

Although a few hardy vegetables can be raised on the Yukon, it is preposterous to talk seriously of any agricultural development of the region, nor will it ever come to the front as a stock-raising country until some genius shall domesticate the caribou or evolve a profit from rearing the hybrid malemoot. Whatever settlements may become permanent on the Yukon will be resultant upon the development of other than agricultural resources, some of which will yet astonish the world.

DAWSON.

Dawson itself has seen great improvements in many respects within a twelvemonth. The water front is now used for legitimate purposes, for wharves and warehouses. Better buildings have replaced those destroyed by fires of last winter, and sanitary regulations are so well enforced that it is really a healthy city. Law and order have always been enforced by the Northwest Mounted Police in a manner to win the hearty admiration of the most critical of foreigners. The population of the district has been reduced to one-half of that of 1898 by the exodus of prospectors to the American side of the line and of the quitters who have not yet learned why they took the tiresome northern journey. As a direct result, wages have materially advanced. Provisions are plentiful at reasonable prices.

THE PROSPECTS.

For the quarter ending September 13, 1899, the purchases of gold by the United States assay office at Seattle exceeded eight and one-quarter millions of gold, which breaks the record. Practically all of this came from the Klondike and from Alaska, the latter a vast region the exploitation of whose mineral resources has hardly begun. Rich deposits of placer gold have been found widely distributed, nor is it unreasonable to expect that the ceaseless energy of the prospector will yet lay bare many others. The gold-bearing quartz veins already located are almost innumerable, on one of which 840 stamps are crushing ore with a never-ceasing iteration. The swift advance of gold production of this northern region indicates that it may soon lead the world in its output. Its other resources as yet undeveloped, but partly known to the explorer, and practically unknown to the world, offer wonderful promise to commercial enterprise, and bid fair to furnish for a century to come the most profitable market of all that are naturally tributary to the Pacific Coast.

To a Chrysanthemum.

With rain-clouds scudding o'er the skies,
When blooming-time with summer dies;
When winter's chill fore-running breeze
Has snatched their robes from shiv'ring trees;
When earth a brooding silence keeps,
Like mother when her baby sleeps;
With bird-songs hushed in Nature's calm,
Before the deep Thanksgiving psalm,—
The heart were sad, the lips were dumb,
But for thy face, Chrysanthemum!
October's winds nor frosts offend,
For thou art no fair-weather friend.
Thou hardy, stalwart, high-born knight,
With shield of gold or plume of white!

Ella Josephine Kraal.

The Fish's Eye.

By HERBERT V. PERRY.

THE rain had been pouring down for hours. We had long since given up trying to ride, and now it was with the utmost difficulty that we could even push our wheels before us as we walked. Every few minutes we came to a halt, and I turned my light on the doctor's wheel, while he scraped off the sticky, red clay from the sprocket and forks; and when he had cleared it sufficiently to allow the wheels to revolve, he turned his light upon mine, while I performed the same operation. It was as dark as pitch, and as we proceeded the road grew worse and worse, and the rain came down in torrents.

"You are sure we are on the right road?" queried the doctor, as we stopped to puff a bit, after slipping and sliding across a rocky ravine.

"Oh, yes, there can be no doubt about it, for old Pete told us to take the first road to the left, which, he said, would lead us to the trail down to the river. This shower will be over by morning, and the fishing is always better after a rain," said I encouragingly, but, to tell the truth, in my own mind I was beginning to have my doubts about the road.

These doubts grew into certainties before we had gone much farther, for the road was crossed here and there by fallen trees, and low underbrush barred our progress. At last, realizing that it was useless to try to go any further, I stopped, and had the mortification of owning up to the doctor that I had led him astray. He was better-natured about it than I had hoped for, and, leaning our mud-clogged wheels against a tree, we sat down, dripping and dismal, on an old log that lay across the road.

"Well Doctor," said I, taking a comforting puff at my pipe, "the question is, What shall we do, turn back, go forward, or camp?" I tried to say "or camp" as cheerfully as possible, for, privately, I thought that that was the only thing we could do; but what a camp! The rain was pouring down in a steady, determined manner, as though with the fixed intention of driving us back, and the trees dripped tearfully about us. To make a fire was out of the question, for everything was literally soaked.

The doctor remained silent for some time, and then he said slowly: "If we return to the main road we will be no better off than we are now, and if this is not the road we were directed to follow, it will lead us to the river anyway, so that it won't matter much; and as I do not feel inclined to sit here till I am chilled through, I say, let's go ahead."

I had made up my mind to abide by the doctor's decision, so, without a word, I knocked the ashes out of my pipe, put it in my pocket, lifted my wheel over the log, and went slipping and sliding on as before.

Thicker and thicker the brush, and dimmer and dimmer the road. At last, when almost worn out with hauling ourselves over logs, I discovered a narrow path leading off to the right of us, and as the path was well-worn and free from brush, we came to the wise conclusion that it must lead somewhere, and straightway turned aside to follow it.

We had not gone far before we caught the sound of the river, roaring and rushing, below us; thus encouraged, we quickened our pace, now turning to the right and now to the left, until suddenly we both stopped and uttered an exclamation of delight. Far down through the dismal, dripping trees a little light twinkled cheerfully.

We hurried on, our wheels bumping over the sticks and stones, and the pedals occasionally clipping us on the shins as we dragged them through the tangled vines that now and then obstructed our way. At last we reached the light, which

we found to be the rays of a lamp straggling through the small, half-curtained, solitary window of a rude cabin.

Leaning our wheels against the wall, we stood on the steps and knocked loudly. After waiting for some time and receiving no response, we again knocked somewhat louder than before, and then remained silent, listening.

We could now hear some one moving about in the cabin, and we called out to know if we could have shelter for the night. We received no response, but the rustling about continued, and after waiting patiently for some time we were at last rewarded by the sound of clanking chains and bolts, and finally the door opened and a quick, snappy voice said sharply: "Come in, come in; don't keep the door open so long."

We did not wait for a second invitation, but stepped inside, and walked up to the fire, which was burning brightly in a rude fireplace at the end of the cabin, while the person that admitted us bolted and barred the door again, and then silently walked over and sat down in the corner, where the shadow partially concealed him from us.

I confess that I began to feel a little queer, and I think the doctor did too, for he edged the box, upon which he was sitting, around closer to me; and when the figure in the corner picked up an axe and began toying with it, I think we both wished that we were out in the cold, pelting rain again. But there was no help for it. We were in and the door was fastened, so we must make the best of it.

"Would you mind opening the door again, so that we might bring our wheels in out of the rain?" asked the doctor.

"Thank your stars that you are in," snapped the figure, again picking up the axe which he had dropped at the first sound of the doctor's voice.

"We do thank our stars and you also," said the doctor, persuasively, "but our provisions are strapped to our wheels, and if they remain out all night in this drenching rain, we will have to further encroach upon your hospitality by breakfasting with you."

"Breakfast or no breakfast," interrupted the figure, "I've already taken a great risk by opening that door to let you in, and I'm not going to open it again to let you out. You need not be afraid of me or the axe. I won't harm a hair of your heads, but I tell you for the last time, I won't open that door again tonight, so you might as well roll yourselves up before the fire and go to sleep."

It is needless to say that neither of us were inclined to "roll up and go to sleep," so there we sat blinking at each other and casting furtive glances at our host. He paid no further attention to us, and made no movement, except now and then to throw more fuel on the fire, which he kept blazing brightly. We remained silent, neither of us having anything particularly interesting to talk about; in fact, I think we both felt pretty dismal. The warm fire, however, soon dried our clothes, and, worn out as we were by our recent exertions, we began to nod and doze, now and then rousing up, trying to look wise and wide awake. But nature asserted her rights, and we were both soon fast asleep. How long we slept I do not know, but we were rudely awakened by a terrrible racket, and, half frightened out of our wits, we jumped to our feet.

Rushing about the cabin, his long arms brandishing the axe, cutting and hacking at the scant, rough furniture, and striking wickedly at the wall, was our strange host. The doctor grabbed the box and I seized the stout three-legged stool upon which I had been sitting. With firmly set lips and bated breath we silently waited the attack which we thought was inevitable, and a great sigh of relief escaped us when, apparently worn out with his frenzy, the madman dropped his axe and sank to the floor exhausted.

Glancing over to where we stood, he said faintly: "Sit down, boys, sit down. I told you that I would'nt hurt you. I had to chase it out, curse it! I knew it would get in. Keep the fire burning, boys, keep the fire blazing; it don't like the light."

Here he fell to muttering, so low that we could not make out what he was saying, but all the while piling dry fuel on the fire, till every corner in the cabin was lighted up with its ruddy glow. Our

nerves were pretty well shaken up, and while I was thinking the doctor acted. Reaching into his inside coat pocket, he brought out a bottle. We each took a good long pull at it and the doctor was just going to replace it, when, with the first sign of interest displayed in our actions, our host motioned for the bottle. Glad to get into the good graces of so strange a companion, he readily handed it over to him; then we looked at each other with a sickly grin as we saw him throw back his head, open his capacious mouth and heard the soft gurgle-gurgle as the amber liquid flowed downward. With a smack of satisfaction he wiped his lips with the back of his hands and corked and returned the half empty flask. Feeling somewhat easier now, we again seated ourselves before the fire, drew forth our pipes, lighted them, and puffed away in silence. The clouds of smoke floated over our heads and permeated the cabin with their fragrance.

"If you boys don't mind, I'd like to have a pipe of that," said our host, drawing nearer to us. "It's a long time since I have had a pipe of real tobacco, for I've had to use mostly dried leaves that I gather on the mountain side. After I've had a fight with that thing my nerves are all unstrung and a smoke generally does me good."

He brought forth an old black pipe and filled it, and then sat in silent satisfaction for a long time, his features relaxing, and altogether assuming a different appearance than that previous to his insane outburst. Finally he said in a slow, confiding manner:

"Boys, what do you think of me? Think I'm crazy, of course; everybody does. But you see they don't know anything about it; I used to tell them, but they only laughed at me; but you seem like good sensible chaps, and, besides, you have seen it; you saw me drive it out with the axe, so I'm going to tell you all about it."

This was better than to have him sit silent and gloomy with the axe in his hands, so we urged him to go on with his story.

"You see, it happened so long ago that I have forgotten the year, but no matter, it all came about through my love of fishing. I have fished all the trout streams of the Northwest, but nowhere have I had better sport than in the stream which flows below; and it was here, not a stone's throw over the bluff, that it happened. Season and after season I fished here, and always when a certain great, boiling, seething pool was reached, I met with a misfortune and disappointment; no sooner would my hook touch the water than— zip!—and it was gone. Try as I would, I could not capture that fish; all kinds of lines, all kinds of hooks were used; all were broken.

"Season after season passed with the same result, until I began to worry and brood over it night and day. One day, after a new line had been broken and half of it carried away, I left the river swearing that I would return and never leave till the day of doom if I did not catch that fish. So worked up was I that I never closed my eyes that night, and at the break of day was at the pool. My preparations were carefully made and with set teeth and grim determination not to fail, I cast in. No sooner had my bait touched the water than he struck it, and I was nearly pulled off my feet. To my great joy I had him fast. Away he went, lashing and leaping, now through the seething, rushing waters, now lashing the still, green water into a mass of foam. But I held him. Up and down the rocks I ran, now pulling him in and now letting him have it, until I was afraid that with all my precaution he would take all my line, when I kn
he would snap it off like so much yarn; but still I held him and shouted for joy.

"It seemed like hours had passed by before he began to give up, but at last he grew weary with his wild lashing and plunging, and I was able to tow him about at will; and now I thought that it would be safe to attempt to land him, so I jumped over the boulders, intending to bring him up in the shallow water, but just as I was pulling him in my foot slipped and I fell, striking my head as I did so a terrrible blow on the rocks, and with a half fearful look at the conquered fish my senses left me.

"When I came to I was lying in the shadow of a great boulder and my head

was throbbing as though it would burst. I tried to rise, and as I did so, my eyes fell upon the fish, which was safe by my side. Then, closing my eyes, I fell back with satisfaction. I will not tell you what a monster it was; you would not believe it if I did.

"For a long time I remained quiet, when gradually a strange, disagreeable feeling came over me. Half rising, the glassy eye of the fish met my gaze and I shivered from head to foot.

"I managed to crawl on the other side of it, but could not resist looking back, when, to my horror, I saw that the eye was still upon me. Crawl where I would, no matter which side of it, that eye followed me about, nor could I keep from turning to look at it.

"At last frenzy and terror gave me strength, and I sprang to my feet. Jumping up and down on that cursed thing, I gouged out the frightful eye and threw it into the river; then, weak and dizzy, I fell back to the ground.

"But my rest was short, for soon I felt it again, and, rising up, I saw the cursed thing floating round and round the pool, but ever turned towards me. This was more than human flesh and blood could stand, and I got to my feet and scrambled up the trail.

"All day I had been at the pool and the gloom of night was now falling over the canyon. Darker and darker it grew as I toiled upward, till nothing but the far-off twinkle of the stars through the fir trees relieved the inky blackness.

"And then I knew that it was behind me. I could feel its glassy gaze. I could not help it. I turned about, and there it was, almost upon me. I ran until my legs refused to carry me any further. Then, through sheer desperation, I again faced it and fought with it like a demon, tearing the clothes from my body in my fury. I don't remember what happened after that. I think I must have fallen and struck my head again. It throbbed so terribly while they were carrying me in. Then I heard them say that I was crazy, and they clamped chains about my wrists and put me in a little room and locked me up. I begged them to take the thing out, but they would not listen to me. The man that brought my food to me laughed at me when I told him about it and I hated him.

"One day, when his back was turned, I struck him over the head with a stone that I had worked loose from the wall; then I took his keys away and slipped out. I came near going back once to hear what they said when they found him, but I changed my mind and came here to this cabin. Nobody knows about it, and here, watching day and night, I can keep out that cursed eye."

Here he ceased speaking and looked longingly at the doctor's pocket. The doctor glanced at me, and we both looked out the little window. The first streaks of grey had begun to appear, to our unutterable relief.

Then the doctor said: "If you will be good enough to unlock the door, I think I can find another flask in our pack; see! the day is breaking, and you will have nothing to fear."

After cautiously peering out the window, he drew the key from his bosom and unlocked the door, and with a feeling of intense relief, we stepped outside. The doctor lost no time in getting out the promised flask, which he handed to the strange figure, and, telling him that he was welcome to it all, we bade him farewell and walked rapidly down the trail.

To a Marie van Houtle.

When the fair goddess Flora first painted
your petals,
She wielded her brushes at even I known,
For the light in your heart is the pale, gold
of sunset,
Your pretty pink blush is its warm after-
glow.

Mary S. Guyles.

The Boy With the Hoe.

By MARION PATTON.

See how he stands beneath the work-tool's weight,
Erect and eager, with the fire of truth
And youth's high courage in his fearless eyes;
Impetuous to take up the worker's task
And lessen toil for God's great common herd.

A flower-soul gathered from beside the Throne
In God's broad meadows of the sun-filled skies,
Smiled into life, brain-gifted, then dropped down,
(Its perfume subtle, as the senses deep—
Far deeper—as the self and centre-soul),
A guerdon for past pain and tears that flowed,
While worn upon the heart a few glad hours.

Then taking up the heavier task to come,
The brain begins to quicken and he leaps
From out the clinging arms that hold him back,
Into the world's arena, where the strife
Makes hard the muscles and makes firm the will;
Not for himself to struggle, but the weak,
The ignorant and oppressed; to gain the strength
To lift as high as to God's Mercy-Seat
Those who lie fallen, their souls' God-spark quenched.

O, Masters, Lords and Rulers in all lands,
The child today of generations past
Is part and parcel; yet he has cast off
From memory, as one discards old clothes,
The wounds and battle-scars of ancestors,
To stretch his young limbs in the sun of hope
And grow to stature of a God-like man.

O, Masters, Lords and Rulers in all lands,
Here is thy hope of progress yet to come;
The prowess of this young, new race enfolds
All promise for the power of future ones.

Wyeth's Expeditions to Oregon.

By F. G. YOUNG, of the University of Oregon.

A Chapter in the History of the Occupation of Oregon. Concluding Paper.

THE preceding installment of this series of articles in the August number closed with a reference to the mutual respect and good feeling cherished between Captain Wyeth and Doctor John McLaughlin.

The following expressions of esteem among others are found in Wyeth's papers: "I find Doctor McLaughlin a fine old gentleman, truly philanthropic in his ideas." "Arrived at Fort Vancouver, where I found Doctor McLaughlin in charge, who received us in his usual manner. He has here power and uses it as a man should to make those about him and those who come in contact with him comfortable and happy."

Wyeth was on good terms with all of the leading representatives of the British interests in this Northwest country. But these were purely personal relations. He fully realized at the time, or at least as soon as he had had leisure to reflect on the significance of his experiences during his expeditions, that in his business relations the Hudson's Bay Company through its congenial representatives was pursuing a policy of cut-throat competition toward him. For in his views on the Oregon question, submitted to a congressional committee in 1839, three years after his return from his second expedition, he says: "Experience has satisfied me that the entire weight of this company will be made to bear on any trader who shall attempt to prosecute his business within its reach. * * * There has never been any successful trade in this country by the Americans, and it is only by trapping that they have been able to make any use of it; and in this they are much annoyed by the English traders, who follow them with goods, and do not scruple to trade furs from hired men, who they are well aware do not own them."

Wyeth established two posts to serve as centers for his operations west of the Rocky mountains. Fort Hall was a base for his fur-trading expeditions. It was located near the present site of Pocatello in Southeastern Idaho. Fort William, on Sauvie's island, at the mouth of the Willamette, was designed mainly for facilities for salmon packing. He naturally had occasion to send parties back and forth between these two places. In the fall of 1834 such a party was going from Fort William to Fort Hall, taking with it twelve Kanakas whom the vessel, the May Dacre, had brought from the Hawaiian Islands. When the party had gotten a little beyond Walla Walla the Kanakas deserted. Captain Wyeth was coming up a few days behind the main party. On hearing of the desertion and finding traces to indicate that the Kanakas had set out for California, Wyeth, with a small party started in pursuit of them up the Deschutes river.

It is the month of December. Their only dependence for food is their guns. They press on until about the middle of January. Wyeth's journal entry on January 11th, 1835, gives one a faint conception of his experiences and frame of mind:

"Last night grew cold and set in for a hard snow storm with a gale of wind from the W. S. W. which continued without intermission until sunset today. so we did not move camp. The cracking of the falling trees and the howling of the blast was more grand than comfortable."

"It makes two individuals (the party had divided) feel their insignificance in the creation to be seated under a blanket with a fire in front and three and one-

half feet of snow about them and more coming, and no telling when it will stop. Tonight 'tis calm and nearly full moon. it seems to shine with as much indifference as the storms blow, and whether for weal or woe, we two poor wretches seem to be little considered in the matter. The thoughts that have run through my brain while I have been lying here in the snow would fill a volume and of such matter as was never put into one—my infancy, my youth and its friends and faults, my manhood's troubled stream, its vagaries, its aloes mixed with the gall of bitterness and its results, viz.: Under a blanket, hundreds, perhaps thousands of miles from a friend, the blast howling about, and smothered in snow, poor, in debt, doing nothing to get out of it, despised for a visionary, nearly naked, but there is one good thing—plenty to eat, health and heart."

I shall rely on extracts from Wyeth's letters to depict the progress of their author to defeat and gloom in his Oregon ventures. These letters were written in September, 1835, from Fort William:

"My last was dated Oct. 6th, 1834, from this place, since which time there has been the Devil's own work in this country. Fourteen of our people drowned and killed and much property lost. Personally, I am still happy-go-lucky, with only a broken toe and two or three upsettings in cold water. This, you know, I am used to. I expect to come to Boston about Nov. 1st, 1836, perhaps to stop."

To another he writes: "I am too busy and too unwell to write much even to you. It sometimes appears to me that the nearer a person is to whom I write the less competent is the mood to the ideas I could wish to express. However this may be, one thing I know. That to my best friends I always write the shortest letters—in fact I had nearly written to you as short a letter as Caesar's to the senate, viz.: 'I am sick, dead and buried,' and yet * * * and yet the last principle of human life is not extinct. Hope still maintains her throne and throws the mists of futurity over the deformities and misfortunes that she cannot hide.

"Our salmon fishing has not succeeded. Half a cargo only obtained. Our people are sick and dying off like rotten sheep of bilious disorders. I shall be off by the first of next month to the mountains and winter at Fort Hall. In the spring I shall return here, then again to Fort Hall, and start about June to see all in the States, lucky if I get through all this without accident."

A still deeper insight into the abysm of his miseries is revealed by the following:

"I am now a little better from a severe attack of bilious fever. I did not expect to recover, and am still a wreck. Our sick list has been this summer usually about one-third of the whole number, and the rest much frightened. Thirteen deaths have occurred besides some in the interior killed by the Indians. I leave this in a few days for the interior to winter at Fort Hall. I intend in the spring to return to this place and take up goods. Then I shall turn my face toward the rising sun, and hope to have the pleasure of seeing you about the last of October, 1836. I some think of taking the route by Santa Fe and New Orleans, but hostilitiles of the Indians render it uncertain what route I may be obliged to take. But without serious accident I shall not be far from that time. I am surrounded by difficulties beyond any former period of my life and without health and spirit requisite to support them. In this situation you can judge if memory brings to me the warnings of those (wiser and older) who advised a course which must at least have resulted in quietness. Yes, memory lends its powers for torment. A few days ago she told me a tale which carried me back to early life, led me through the varying shades of days and years while at every step the trail grew darker and at last delivered me to the horrors of the present time. What at that moment they were you may imagine —a business scattered over half the deserts of the earth, and myself a powerless lump of matter in the extremity of mortal pain, with little hope of surviving a day, and, if it could have been said 'he never existed,' glad to go down with that sun. But with coming health comes also a sense of obligations that we are under and say to us 'Up and be doing!' "

This heroic spirit and an iron constitution brought him back to Boston. There he lived, twenty years longer, the same strenuous life, but turned from exploration and hazardous venture to lines of invention and general management in the ice industry, having associations withal with such men as James Russell Lowell and referred to by all interested in Oregon. The Boston Transcript, in its notice of his death, August, 1856, said: "It is not, perhaps, too much to say that there is not a single tool or machine of real value now employed in the ice harvesting that was not originally invented by Mr. Wyeth. They all look to Fresh Pond as the place of their origin. As one who laid open a new field of honorable industry," he was held "entitled to the rank of a public benefactor," and he was regarded as "one of the remarkable men of New England."

Agnes.

Where the Coliseum's ruins
Rise to a majestic height,
And the Forum's laureled arches
Mark proud Rome's triumphal site;
'Neath Italy's sunny skies
Lived a maid so pure and fair
That her name in golden letters
Angels guard with loving care.

II.

'Twas the time when Pagan tyrants
Christian persecution waged,
Tried to crush the faith of Jesus,
Spared then neither young nor ag'd.
Oft had one of Rome's proud scions
Sought that pure young heart to gain,
Naught of wealth nor pomp could tempt her,
Pleadings, promises were vain.

III.

"Hear me, Agnes," spoke the noble,
"I will give thee wealth untold,
Richest robes from farthest India,
Wrought in threads of brightest gold.
Gems, too, of the purest water,
Bliss, unclouded, shall be thine
And a wreath of rarest jewels
Shall thy queenly brow entwine.

IV.

"Listen, Prefect," answered Agnes,
"Already have I paid my vows
Tho' I still remain a virgin
Wedded to a heavenly spouse.
One whose glory far surpasses
That of any Earthly King,
And before whose throne, in rapture,
Virgin choirs ever sing."

V.

Love then turned to bitter hatred,
Baffled passions writhed with pain
As the Prefect filled with anger,
Turned to Agnes once again.
"Go, thou wretched unbeliever!
Go, and meet the Christian's doom!
Ere the night its mantle lowers,
Thou shall see the phantom groom!"

VI.

Why does now the Forum's Pathway
Ring with clamoring anxious life?
Is some fearless, surging army
Marching to victorious strife?
See! above the careless rabble
Stands our noble Agnes there
Shrouded in a golden garment,
A miraculous wealth of hair.

VII.

Soon the burning flames leap round her,
Firm she stands without a fear
Thinking only of her bridegroom,
Longing for his presence dear.
Lo! a miracle of wonder!
When the flames have ceased their glare
Stands our noble Roman maiden
Like a spotless lily there.

VIII.

But, ere night its mantle lowered,
One more saint in Heaven there shone,
One more spouse of Christ was seated
On an everlasting throne.

Elizabeth M. Leland.

Maya, The Medicine Girl.

A Story of Fort Yamhill, in Sheridan's Time.

By SAM L. SIMPSON.

One of the few manuscripts left by the late Sam L. Simpson, Oregon's greatest Poet. Now for the first time published. Begun in October. Concluded in December.

Chapter II.

I READILY assented to Buckstone's proposal, and we were soon on the road. We had not gone many steps when, glancing backward over my shoulder, I called Buckstone's attention to the attractive picture made by the garrison buildings and grounds behind us. We both turned and looked.

Not a vestige of old Fort Yamhill now remains with the exception of the long, barrack-like structure formerly occupied by the post sutler, which now expiates its ante-bellum gaiety and folly by doing duty as a dingy country store. All the other buildings were removed long ago, and the parade ground on which the trim, soldierly figure of Sheridan was so often seen in full uniform, is now a ploughed field.

But the scene at which Buckstone and I turned to gaze was different. The fort occupied the sloping top of a great hill which, standing at the gateway of the Grande Ronde valley, was naturally adapted for military occupation. The crest of the hill made a semi-circular sweep on the east and south, the ground falling away abruptly from its clear-cut rim to the winding course of the Yamhill river, far below. On the east, too, a phalanx of firs, scaling the rugged heights, waved their green plumes over the row of neat white cottages occupied by the officers and threw their morning shadows across the smooth plateau of the parade ground. The other buildings of the post, soldiers' quarters, mess-room, hospital, commissary, guard-room, etc., occupied the remaining sides of the quadrangle, all marvelously white in their constantly-refreshed coats of whitewash. On the western side of the quadrangle, with fine oaks flanking it on the north, stood the regulation block-house, strong, dark, menacing. A stately flagstaff, supported by two gleaming brass field pieces, stood in the center of the parade ground. This, under the purple sky, radiant with constellations of almost Syrian lustre, and idealized by the silvery splendor of the summer moon, was what we saw.

To enhance the effect, a group of soldiers, out on the crest of the hill, were singing plaintive, sentimental songs of love and home in the moonlight. The flash of the sentry's musket, as he marched and wheeled on his beat near the guard-house, gave further touch of martial romance to the scene.

We took the road leading downward and westward around the long slope of the hill for about three-quarters of a mile, until we came to the banks of a clear and sparkling stream which, emerging from a heavily-wooded gorge, wound its way with idyllic grace among the skirting alders and willows northwesterly through the newly-reclaimed fields and pastures of the Indian reservation.

In the edge of the woods near the debouchure of the stream, stood a cluster of white tents, with many others, further down, half-hidden among the alders and willows. It was the custom of the wilder tribes on the reservation to desert the smoky little cabins the government had built for them, and live in tents picturesquely pitched along the banks of the Yamhill river and its tributaries, in the summertime, and it was a beautiful and healthful change.

This was a Shasta encampment. At some distance from the other tents,

under the spreading branches of a bowery, magnificent maple, stood one which was conspicuous for its better appearance and the general neatness of its surroundings.

Thither Buckstone led the way, cautioning me to make as little noise as possible. The door of the tent was opposite the direction from which we approached, and when we had moved stealthily around so as to get a view of the front, Buckstone paused, and, with a flush of admiration on his face, pointed toward the foot of the maple tree.

I moved up beside him. There, at a little distance from the tree, on a bright-hued blanket spread out for a carpet, sat Maya, the Medicine Girl. To my young imagination she was, in her sylvan setting, more beautiful than an Ovidian nymph, an enchanting picture of barbarian romance.

A red silk shawl was thrown gracefully over her shoulders, and the light lawn dress which draped her girlish form, flowed about her in fleecy waves and ripples almost as soft as the moonlight which played over her exquisite features. Two glossy braids of black hair, caught with a bow of white ribbon, hung down her back. Several strands of beads circled her slender neck and lay gleaming on the wave-like swell of her bosom, and she wore a chaplet of odorous vanila leaves and dreamy wood-flowers, poetically suggestive of the Oreads of Greek mythology.

She was gazing pensively toward the western sky and singing to herself in a low sweet voice, as if in accompaniment to the weird, murmurous rune of the waters down among the willows.

"Maya!" called Buckstone, softly.

She rose, somewhat startled, but, with a rapturous glow of welcome in her face, was about to fly to his arms, I think, when, seeing that he was not alone, she stopped abashed, murmuring:

"You come late, Edmund, and you bring somebody with you."

Stepping forward, Buckstone laid his hand softly and caressingly on her shoulder. "It is only Hank, Maya—your friend and mine," he said; "are you not going to welcome him?"

She looked up, with an embarrassed expression in her gentle, dark eyes, and said simply:

"I am glad to see him," and then, with a quiver of amusement about her lips, "But I jealous, too, you talk so much of him."

Buckstone laughed lightly. "How is the child?" he asked.

"She sleep nice now; my mother watch her," the girl answered.

We went into the tent then, which was divided by a calico curtain into two apartments. Putting the curtain gently aside Buckstone led the way into the inner and smaller room, where, on a clean and comfortable pallet, lay the little patient.

It was still sleeping, its soft, regular breathing indicating that it was doing well. An old but dignified Indian woman, the mother of Maya, sat near the child, and by the screened light of a candle, was braiding and beading a tiny pair of moccasins. She bent her head with a kind, motherly smile, toward us as we entered, and I was constrained to admire the grave majesty of her features. The Shastas were a noble-looking tribe, however, and this old woman came of a patrician strains of chiefs and warriors.

"The child is doing finely now," said Buckstone, when we returned to the front room, "and will certainly get well if the family to whom it belongs does not interfere and take it away, just at the time when the least exposure would be fatal. I try to keep them away from it as much as possible. It is like this, you see: the child is the daughter of a Shasta family which has, for more than a generation, been in rivalry with the family to which Maya belongs with respect to the chieftainship of the tribe. For this reason they hate her with all the strength of their savage natures, and I am fully aware that they were incited to give the child up to my doctoring and Maya's nursing with the expectation that it would not recover. This would give them a chance to slay Maya, according to their old, bloody code. In a few days, however, all danger will be past and our duty will have been fulfilled."

When we had lingered a little while

longer in the tent, we all three went outside and sat together in the moonlight. After considerable persuasion from Buckstone, Maya was induced to sing a love-song in her native language. It was a low, thrilling, mystical chant, such as the sirens, floating their golden tresses in the wind, must have sung to Ulysses and his comrades in the Homeric story, and the effect was indescribably wild and touching—the dark-haired singer crowned with flowers, and the ceaseless murmur of the stream down among the willows.

All next day I was haunted by the remembrance of the Shasta camp in the moonlight, and the strange refrain of Maya's song. There was a scent of ambrosia in it for me, for I, too, had strayed within the roseate nimbus of love's young dream and my mind was in a singularly receptive mood for the lights and shadows that weave such fateful mysteries in the myrtle groves of Venus.

A few weeks before, while attending a Friday night spelling contest at the little country school house on the Willamnia, about seven miles from the post, I had met my fate.

She was the school teacher. I had never met anybody like Miss Alma Rutledge before and my surrender was complete and unconditional. She was a blonde, and, in my eyes, beautiful beyond the wildest dreams of the countless hosts of young men who had, in all ages, worshipped at other shrines.

In addition to her personal charms Miss Rutledge was an accomplished musician and linguist, a rara avis, indeed, for that rude frontier neighborhood. She was from the East and, a total stranger, had come into the Willamnia district with a good recommendation from a well-known minister residing at the county seat, and easily got the school, as teachers were scarce in those days in the outlying counties of Oregon.

Notwithstanding the usual prejudice in country sections against "stuck-up" people, that is, people who show good breeding in their manners and conversation, and pay some attention to fitness and elegance of dress, Miss Rutledge, who was an admirable tactician, as well as brilliantly attractive, soon became a favorite.

She seemed to single me out for special favor, and in my supreme self-conceit I fancied it was because I was wholly different from the awkward "yahoos" who worked on the ranches and herded cattle on spotted cayuse ponies in the hills—was better looking, better dressed and better educated.

Her power over me was immediately established, and, although it was plainly evident to everyone besides myself that she was my superior in years as well as everything else, I was not greatly troubled by any misgivings on that score.

Our acquaintance ripened wonderfully in the ensuing weeks. It was the summer vacation for her, and she rode in from the residence of the family with whom she was domiciled as much as two or three times during the week, more for the outing, I thought, than for the purchases she made, to say nothing of other attractions, nameless now forevermore.

I was always on the lookout for her on these occasions, and would gallantly assist her from her horse and convey her into the backroom of the store, where she could rest and refresh herself with a glass of lemonade or light wine.

I was charmingly innocent, withal, and hopelessly enamored. The soft rustling of her robe, the music of her voice, the radiance of her hair, the sweetness of her smile, the magic splendor of her eyes and the ineffable faint fragrance that hung about her always—ah, me! after all the years that have come and gone they haunt me yet, like the wistful yearning of a summer twilight—

The consecration of a poet's dream!

Without disclosing anything of her own history, she continually provoked me to babble incontinently about myself and my friends. She seemed to take a great interest in the course of life at the post, and, strange as it may seem, induced me to talk about the relation of Buckstone and Maya—a treacherous betrayal of confidence of which I could not have been guilty under other circumstances.

When I was led, unconsciously, to discourse on this subject I observed even then, pitifully infatuated as I was, that she seemed at times to be strangely interested, almost agitated; but I laid this to the effect of an outre revelation on the mind of a pure and refined maiden, to whom, however, even the wildest romance of the grand passion must have a significant and vivid interest.

On one occasion she asked carelessly: "This Sergeant Buckstone is, after all, only a common type of soldier, I presume?"

As Buckstone was my hero this interrogatory incited me to enter upon a glowing description and fulsome eulogium of the man, to which she listened in absorbed silence.

She seemed to have a horror of coming in contact with any of the officers or enlisted men, and for this reason never entered the main store when any of them were about, having me bring to her in the back room samples of such articles as she wished to buy. Both the sutler and his clerk, at her intimation, I think, yielded to me this pleasant duty, with many side glances and grimaces.

I told Buckstone about my incomparable inamorata, but, much to my astonishment and relief, he did not seem to be affected by the confidence further than to twit me about it occasionally when he felt in the humor.

In the afternoon of the day succeeding the visit to the Shasta camp I fully expected Miss Rutledge at the store again and made special arrangements for her reception by brushing up the backroom and placing a cool bouquet of ferns, mosses and starry wood-flowers—a present from Maya—on the card-table for the further embellishment of that modest bower.

About 3 o'clock she came. Buckstone and two or three other non-commissioned officers were standing on the high front porch of the store at the time, and she cast a swift, instant look at them as I assisted her from her horse, regarding them, I thought, as lawless, brutal brigands, in whose presence no lady could be safe. She stayed but a comparatively short time on this occasion, and never even put aside her veil, which was always worn when riding, she said, to protect her face from the sun and dust.

I noticed, too, that her usual, kindly, vivacious manner was wholly wanting and she seemed to be preoccupied. "I am not at all well today," she said in explanation, "and really should not have ventured out, the heat is so oppressive."

Then, with a deep sigh, she fell silent, sipping the lemonade I had brought her, her fair hand visibly trembling as she lifted the glass. In half an hour, having made a few purchases, she announced that she was ready to go, and I brought her horse to the side door and assisted her to the saddle.

She leaned over and took my hand at parting, and I shall never forget that close, clinging clasp. After all these years, with the best part of my life behind me, and the lengthening shadows of my declining day wheeling solemnly toward the East, I still feel its lingering thrill, when my thoughts recur to those happy, bygone days.

I stood thoughtfully gazing after her as she rode away up the lane toward the high reservation gate, where a blue-clad sentry paced to and fro in eternal vigilance over the comings and goings of the treacherous wards of Uncle Sam. The reddish dust of the road, and the white picket fence and buildings of the garrison shimmered almost painfully in the brilliant sunlight, and from the tall flagstaff on the parade-ground the lovely folds of the national ensign hung listlessly in the breathless air.

I returned to the store by way of the back room and there, on the floor, near the chair my goddess had recently occupied lay an exquisite little linen and lace handkerchief, as white and delicate as the frailest and fairest flower. I took it up tenderly and held it in my hand a moment and its faint, delicious odor filled my soul with infinite longing. I then thrust it in my bosom hurriedly, as some one called me from the outer room, and treasured it for many a year thereafter as a token of my first and sweetest love.

Events then began to move rapidly. The bombardment of Fort Sumpter had

already sounded the tocsin of war and its fateful reverberations had not died away before the stormy rising of the North had begun. Its effects were soon visible in this remote post in Western Oregon. It was certain that the whole body of our little regular army, now scattered in small detachments over the new States and Territories of the West, to hold the numerous tribes of hostile Indians in check, would be immediately pushed to the front, and Captain David A. Russell, commander of the garrison at Fort Yamhill, had been advised to hold his company ready for removal.

Company K, Fourth Infantry, had been stationed at the post for nearly three years then and had become as thoroughly domiciled as the nature of the service would permit. Some of the enlisted men had formed quasi-matrimonial relations with Indian women, who bore their names and were at least partially supported by them. Captain Russell and Lieutenant Sheridan had purchased certain grazing lands near the fort and stocked them with cattle. The post garden had become the wonder and admiration of the rude ranchers in the vicinity. The garrison and its grounds had, by continuous care and labor, reached a state of almost elegant refinment. It was ideal soldiering, and a stranger within the gates for the first time, charmed by the prettiness of the picture, would naturally expect to see the brazen mouths of the glimmering field pieces on the parade ground curtained by the silvery tissues of the spider's web and the muskets of the sentries garnished with woodland wreaths.

But the war-note had sounded and Pan put up his pipes, there was an angry whir in the rattle of the drum and a shriller call in the notes of the fife. Good-bye to Arcadia! In the bosom of every individual of the command the war-spirit was lighted. Fort Yamhill and all its pleasent accessions, material and sentimental, would soon become a dream of the past and Company K would be swallowed up in the smoking vortex of a tumultuous war.

(To be concluded next month.)

POEMS OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

Violets.

By BELLE W. COOKE.

I.

One night as the dews were falling,
I sat with head bent low,
And I heard the violets calling,
While the west was all aglow;
They called to the sweet-eyed daisies,
With piping voices shrill,
"The beautiful spring is coming,
We've seen her smile, on the hill."

II.

Her voice has waked the wild flowers,
The buttercup has heard,
And the wood prepares her bowers
With the buds for the early bird;
Then wake, and call your neighbors,
Snow-Drop and Daffodil,
For the garden flowers should equal
The wild ones on the hill.

III.

But March, the gruff old lion,
Was playing saint, at first,
And the breeze he feigned to sigh on,
In sudden fury burst,
And the daffodils and daisies
Stood trembling and afraid,
And shivered 'neath the snow-wreaths
That on their heads were laid.

IV.

But the violets true hearted,
With faces bright and brave,
Till the terrible storm departed,
Bowed low in a snowy grave,
Then lifting heads of beauty,
They sung in chorus, all—
"'Twere better to bloom too early,
Than never to bloom at all."

Salem, March 13, 1870.

Where Lies the Blame?

By GEORGE MELVIN.

ONE of the saddest spectacles to contemplate of this, or any age, for bread riots are not a product of the nineteenth century—is the armed opposition of Labor and Capital. Everybody feels the futility of it, and everybody comprehends, too, in some vague fashion, that it is all a needless and gigantic mistake—a hopeless, unnecessary blunder growing out of human shortsightedness and human helplessness, and appalling, often, in results.

Who is to blame for the conditions that make these mistakes possible and frequent? Everybody in general and no one in particular. They are the consequences of social misconceptions, combined with a misinterpretation of corporative and individual rights. The laborer toiling for his daily bread and the capitalist or corporation which employs him look at the same object from totally opposite points of view. The man who earns by the exercise of brawn and muscle a bare subsistence for himself and family blames the company or the corporation which profits by his work for the hopelessness of his lot and the hardships which he endures. He sees too clearly the unequal distribution of wealth and opportunity, but when it comes to causes therefor his vision is blurred and distorted by the unfortunate medium through which he is compelled to look. The employer, on the other hand, is no less blinded by what he fondly believes to be his self-interest. He, too, sees but one side of the vexing problem. To him, however, reaping as he does the fruit of his brothers' toil and possessing life's luxuries, the outlook is not so tragic.

These two forces, interdependent though they are, and drawing existence from each other, are yet opposed in bitter enmity. A sorry sight, truly—and one that deepens too often into tragedy—cruel, useless and desperate as that which was enacted but a few months since in fastnesses of the Coeur d'Alenes, the final chapter of which has not yet closed.

The anonymous pamphlet entitled "A Report on the Labor Unions of the Coeur d'Alene County, With Reference to the Crimes Committed by Members of the Organizations" is so obviously unfair and so prejudiced in its statements of facts and incidents that it defeats its own purpose and excites an active sympathy for the men who, driven to desperation by wrongs, real or fancied, rushed blindly and destructively upon the foe that should have been a friend.

To the onlooker there is always and inevitably one ending to these labor riots—the discomfiture of the laborer who has, in his frenzied rage, destroyed his sole chance of earning an honest livelihood and become a criminal because he was not content to be a slave.

Twelve hundred workingmen banded together, and bent upon the destruction of the lives and property of those who employ them is a sight so awful and so tragic in its significance that society shudders and recoils at the mere thought of it.

Lying in the quiet canyon, whose rugged walls are rich with hidden ore, the little town of Wardner felt a premonition of impending evil. The air was troubled—disturbed by rumors of coming disaster. Like a human tornado the maddened horde of miners swept down upon the busy place, spreading terror and desolation, and leaving in its track the wreckage of a storm whose fury, even yet, is hardly stilled.

Arms, ammunition and dynamite in the irresponsible hands of a mob over a thousand strong! No wonder the terrified citizens of Wardner cried to the Federal Government for protection! There was, apparently, nothing left to do. Helpless to protect themselves, with life and property both in danger, panic-stricken, knowing not what further out-

rage to expect, they saw no other course to pursue. Their petition was heard and granted. General Merriam, in command of United States troops, hastened to the scene of the riot and Northern Idaho was placed under military censorship and so remains.

Of course from all this terror and confusion it necessarily follows that much seeming cruelty and injustice is evolved in the name of law and order. But life and property must be protected, and perhaps it is not too much to hope that out of it all some lasting grain of good may result. For if the poet voices the truth, and who dares doubt it—

"From evil some good always springs."

Here and there the dark pages of that fearful record are illumined by individual acts of heroism. Instances of courage, self-forgetfulness and tenderness are set like stars in the midnight sky of a month that will not soon be forgotten. To the intrepid coolness, the dauntless bravery and decisive action of one man in particular during the troubled season that intervened between the twenty-ninth of April and the arrival of General Merriam, the people of the terror-stricken region owe much more than can be lightly expressed. Dr. France was the man for the emergency, eminently qualified to meet the exigencies of the hour. He acted in the dual role of sheriff and physician, fearlessly facing danger, forgetting it in the presence of duty, and by force of his own powerful personality sternly and resolutely assuming command and controlling the perilous situation.

It is chronicled that one hundred and thirty arrests followed in a single day the advent of the United States troops in Wardner. Every suspect was seized and thrown into prison, and in no case was bail accepted, though it was admitted that the ringleaders in the strike escaped before the troops took the matter in hand.

At Burke, the headquarters of the dynamite conspiracy, every man in the town was captured. It is by no means pleasant reading—the account of that human "round-up," when it is recorded two hundred and thirteen persons "were herded into a train of box-cars and so conveyed to Wardner to await a hearing." Men are not cattle, and there is little permanent gain in curing a disease by drastic measures, while the cause of it remains untouched.

"And we are brothers! Man and man,
All fashioned from the self same clay
There mounts not any soul so high,
Since that vague hour when time began,
There falls not any flesh so low
But lifts us up, or drags us down.
The tramp may clutch the monarch's crown,
The monarch fling his sceptre by—
A human life—'tis but a span
An empire flourishes a day.
When Ninives stately towers uprose
The vicious prickly cactus grows
The hot winds of the desert blow—
But human love and brotherhood,
Lo these endure for aye and aye,
And these alone, God counteth good."

When Two Souls Meet.

When two souls meet, and part, but for a season,
The looked-for joy of meeting once again,
And mem'ries sweet with calm serene unreason,
Fill the slow days till there is naught of pain.

When two souls meet and part, to part forever,
Is there in life a tragedy more vast?
The empty years in grim array arising,
Seem deserts wide, through which the feet must pass.

Cora J. Snyder.

The Indian "Arabian Nights."

Being a Series of Indian Stories and Legends relating to the region around the mouth of the Columbia River, Oregon.

By H. S. LYMAN.

THE STORY OF KONAPEE.—Concluded.

"VERY early this morning," she began, "I awoke and said: 'I will go to the Tlah-tsops.' I was at the Neahkowin. I arose. It was yet dark, though the stars were disappearing. I came and overlooked the sea at the foot of Ewilsilhulth. But oh, wonder!" and here she shut her eyes and began to scream until the tomaniwan man began to say "Na, Na, Nakahni," and then she resumed: "I saw the strangest thing—a black canoe, with white wings, big as ten thousand pelicans, and it rose up from the sea with the waves breaking about it. I was afraid, and saw no more but have run hither. It was such a sight as has never been seen since the day of Tallapus."

The old dreamer, Soatlesullthi, waved his hands and the people began to shrink bank; but the chief, Tlah-tsops, stood forth sternly and said: "We will go to Ewiltsilhulth and see this wonder."

Tsealth was already by his side, her long hair waving and her lithe figure, with the whitened doe-skin suit, forming a strong contrast to the shapes of the men.

It took no very long time to reach the sea-ridge, and from its crest to look down upon the beach, and the ship—for such it was—lying in the surf with the waves breaking all around it. All were awed and silent, but long before any other noticed them, Tsealth had drawn her eyes from the wonder of the ship to a spot on the shore where two men were bending over a fire. "There!" she whispered softly to Tlah-tsops. Then he looked and saw the men. The fire over which they bent began to grow brighter as it was fed with pieces of drift-wood. As the coals fell the two castaways began to prepare their morning meal, watched by Tlah-tsops, and now by the whole tribe with absorbing interest. But most of all were the people of the tribe, who stood concealed in the tall grass of the hill, astonished when the kernels that the two cast upon their fire began to pop open and turn white; but it was with satisfaction they saw them eat of the snowy flakes.

Old Tlah-tsops presently led the way down to the wreck and with his people surrounded the castaways. The thing that troubled him was just what these might be who had come up out of the sea to his land. Were they animals, or gods, or men.

Chewumps approached and said "Let us kill them."

Tsealth whispered to the old chief: "Speak with them, or find out what they are."

"How shall I find, my daughter?" he answered.

"Bring them here and let us see," she answered.

Commanding all to be silent, the chief beckoned them to come near. After looking an instant into the face of Tsealth, who seemed to assume an air of kindness, the stronger of the two obeyed and his companion followed.

"Their white skins and the hair upon their faces are not like men," said the chief; "and they have not the skin of men, nor yet of animals upon their bodies."

"Let us kill them," said Chewumps, and he began to raise a long howl.

"But see!" whispered Tsealth, "they have neither claws like beasts, nor fins like fishes, nor wings like birds. They have hands like men, and such hands may work well and serve great Tlah-tsops." And here, approaching, with a little blush deepening the color of her already ruddy face, she took the hand of the captive and held it up to the view of

her chief.

"Aye," he said, with a loud voice, "these have the hands of men; they can work like men, and shall be my slaves. Let no one harm them!"

Tsealth had dropped her eyes, but for an instant they sought those of the white. She laid her hand upon her lips and looked away, then she said to the old chief: "Bring them to the village and let them eat."

It naturally happened after this that Tsealth had much to do to direct these two white castaways and to prompt her old chief, and, indeed, to protect them from Chewumps and some of the other young men who desired to club them to death. She fed them, and as they were anxious to learn to talk, she taught them the language, counting on her fingers, pointing to the men and animals, the trees, land and sea and common objects, and the sun and moon. She made them understand that they were slaves and that she was also a slave, and great was her joy to see that their heads were not flattened, as hers also was not. But, though kind to both, there was a shade of difference in her manner toward them. It was to the stronger and the handsomer of the two strangers to whom she spoke oftenest—to him whose hand she had held up to the chief on that first morning. At length he asked her name.

"Tsealth," she answered.

"Soto," he replied, "a good name."

Then she asked his.

"Juan," he said.

"Ah," she replied, "Kon."

"Juan de Fuca," he said, completing the name.

"Kon a pee," she said with much satisfaction.

"Donna Soto," he said.

"Konapee," she returned.

In course of time Konapee led the old chief to the wrecked ship, and to show what he could do took out some of the irons, and heating them in a fire of hemlock bark coals, beat out from the red hot metal some knives and tempered them well. To the chief and to all the men of the tribe this was a wonder, and the value of such magic in their midst was fully appreciated. Konapee and his companion were kept busy day after day hammering out knives. The demand seemed unlimited, for as soon as all the men of the tribe had knives they began trading them to others and coming back to Konapee for more. Even the ship was burned to get the nails and other iron to make over into knives.

But always at his task Konapee was cheered by the little slave, Tsealth, who brought him cool water and roasted fish and berries, and pitied his hard work—for the tribe in their covetousness for knives had little regard for the men who made them.

But at last as a year passed by, Tsealth whispered to old Tlah-tsops: "See, has not Konapee made you many knives, and have not your people been made great by this wonderful slave? Let him build his own house now and rest and be as one of your sons."

"Tsealth has a merciful heart and is gentle as a mother bird," said the chief. So she ran and told Konapee that the chief would speak with him. The promises were confirmed in the midst of the company, and as the autumn of the year approached Konapee went up the shore a little distance from Tlah-tsops and built his home, and there lived. He still hammered out knives, but no longer was treated as a slave, but was much honored and was allowed to sell his knives to acquire property of his own.

Tsealth often came, and as they could now understand each other well, they talked of many things. She told of Tallapus and his wonders; of subduing giants, changing foolish or bad people into rocks, and making the world beautiful. And she would always end: "They said Tallapus would never come again; but I knew that he would come up out of the sea, and when he came he would be a beautiful man, who made wonderful things."

Then he would smile and say: "But you must not think I am Tallapus; for he was a god, and I am only a man."

"Ah," she would say, "but is not every man that is good like a god? And when the real Tallapus comes what will he be more than a wonderful man? I do not like wonderful bears or beavers or

even coyotes or talking birds and trees. I like wonderful men—if you are nothing but a man."

"I am but a man," he would say.

"And I am but a slave," she would answer. "See, my head is as round as yours."

No doubt but the long days of Konapee's captivity were much brightened by the presence of Tsealth, but not even to her the name of his native land was known.

As another summer approached he said to the chief: "I have served you long; I have made many knives; I have caused you no trouble. Now let me go to my own land, which is far toward the sunrise. I would see my own land once more before I die."

Tlah-tsops was silent long; he had many counsellors about him but turned to Tsealth.

"Little slave," he said, "is it good? Shall Konapee go to his own land far away to the sunrise, that he may see it once more before he shall die?"

The girl looked very sad and her face had lost all its glow. "Let it be as Konapee wishes," she whispered. "Let the slave be free."

"Let Konapee depart to his own land," said Tlah-tsops. "Let him go far away to the sunrise, and as he has enriched our tribe send him not away empty. Send my greatest canoe with food for his journey, and let each give him a present of so much as he will take of otter skins and beaver skins, and the arrow points and of his own best knives; and let each give a haiqui shell. The slave is free; the Tlah-tsops is just."

For many days had Konapee looked from his lodge on the shore far up the river, where in the distance, during clear weather, he could see a mountain peak that had never lost its snow. Up the great river, explorer that he was, with one of the greatest secrets that the world had ever known, he would now point his canoe. Before him lay the river, the sunrise, a journey half way around the world, and perhaps at the end fame like that of Columbus or Cortez!

Bidding all good-by, he sailed. Old Tlah-tsops and his dusky people, some low and square, some lithe, many old with the wintry snow on their heads, were all ranged along the shore. Tsealth was not there. This was a regret to Konapee. Most of all he would like to bid her good-by and thank her for her kindness; and most of all, he thought, should she wish to wish him well. But, though he listened and whistled as he made final preparations, many little bird notes that they knew between them, or perhaps in giving his order spoke in a voice so strong that it echoed on the trees like a bell, or, perhaps, as to let her know that he was off, still she did not appear.

At last he said to the old chief: "Where is the little slave?"

The old man made no answer, but bowed his head and covered his face, while his body shook. All the people were deathly still, except Chewumps, who came slowly and placed in Konapee's hand ten splendid haiqui shells, each worth a slave. Not fully understanding, Konapee ordered his rowers to move. The head boatman struck the time on the side of the canoe. It rang out over the water, and a low wailing chant, the farewell to the slave was taken up and the voyage to the sunrise was begun.

But where was the little slave? So it is said and rocks themselves whisper it is true, that some day's journey up the stream, where is the great tum-tum, or waterfall, and there are wonderful cliffs, a little canoe shot out from the shore, which had just one occupant. That was a girl, but dressed like a princess. It was Tsealth, and she said: "I am no more a slave. I, too, am free. This is my own country. Yonder great rock is my castle, and see, I have many haiqui shells strung on my arm! You will die if you go farther, for the people up yonder in the mountains are fierce and cruel, and are now at war. I came here before you. I came to welcome you to my own country."

And Konapee knew that it was true that the tribes above were fierce and at war, and though he had made the greatest discovery of the century, he was well content to stay with his little slave and live with her at the rocky castle.

(To be continued.)

An Incident.

By LISCHEN M. MILLER.

I.

IT was bitterly cold to the two men up there on the bleak headland. A grey fog drifted in with the darkness and wrapped them in its chilling folds. They were thinly clad and unaccustomed to the raw coast wind. Their hurried flight had left them neither time nor opportunity to provide themselves with proper clothing. In the summer heat of the valley inland they had not noticed the lack. Days, weeks, they had traveled; evading as far as possible the haunts of men, and treading with cautious foot and watchful eye the dim byways of the forest, the deathless solitude of rocks and hills; sleeping only when their tired limbs refused to carry them further, and eating anything that Nature, in her harvest time provided in the way of fruit and roots and berries. They waded creeks, swum rivers and crept through marshes. The long privation and exposure told terribly upon them; upon one of them, at least. The horror, the dread, the awful misery of those unnumbered days and nights to this man, no pen can portray. Sleeping or waking, there was ever present to his overwrought mind a fearful thing, a threatening shape, a ghastly horror, compared to which the innermost recesses of hell had nothing to reveal more terrible.

He was not afraid to die! He knew that in death alone could his tired body find rest; but the black cap, the rope, the fettered hands and feet! These, these he could not face. Call him coward, if you will, that is, if you dare judge him.

In the damp and dark that had settled down upon them his companion slunk away, seeking shelter from the heavy mist under some wind-beaten shrubs. It must have been near midnight when the solitary watcher on the cliff roused himself from the bitter revery into which he had fallen and moved forward in the darkness. In the course of a few steps he stumbled against something; stooping down he felt about among the wet leaves of the dwarfed salal and found his companion, sleeping. Mechanically he took off his tattered coat and spread it carefully over the recumbent figure; then rose and went forward again in the darkness.

II.

A short distance south of Cape Perpetua is the bold promontory known as Heceta Heads. In the summer when the trade winds prevail, there is a strong current running south along the base of the Heads and setting inshore where they recede to make room for a smooth stretch of beach. Just here, in a sheltered nook is a tiny cabin built of driftwood, and redolent with the mingled fragrance of cedar and pine and the salt breath of the sea. It is so small, its eaves are so low, and it nestles so closely in its little hollow there under the hills that, coming up the beach, or down the winding path from the grassy heights above, you would scarcely notice it at all, unless you saw the curling column of smoke ascending from its wooden chimney, or heard the echoing music of young voices from within.

It was early morning. There was a warm glow in the eastern sky above the Heads, and the crested waves of the incoming tide flushed under the sun's first kiss. On the door-step of the cabin, two girls stood looking wistfully out upon the wide expanse of sea and sky.

"Another long day begun. I suppose it will be just like yesterday and the day before and——"

"Tomorrow and next day, Lean. How dissatisfied you are!"

"And you, Neja, I believe you are always satisfied."

Neja gave a little gasp under her breath, as of pain. "The ocean keeps one from loneliness," she said evasively. "And this life is such a change, you know, from the crowded city and the ceaseless round of lessons."

"Yes, I suppose so; but you see I have never tried the city, and I know this life by heart. It is monotony. Oh, if something would happen once in a while! For instance, if we could see a wreck drifting in down there on the beach, or if those escaped convicts for whom the sheriff is searching would come down the trail this morning and frighten us half out of our wits—or anything for a sensation, you know."

"Don't, Lean, please. I cannot bear to hear you go on so. They may come, and it would prove anything but a jest."

"Well, if they did come, Neja, just supposing, you know, what would you do? Capture them and claim the reward?"

"What! accept the price of a human life? Have you forgotten that capture means death, the most shameful death to one of them?"

"Dear me, how tragic you are! I will tell you what I would do if he turned out to be handsome. I'd hide him away in the cave down there, and send the sheriff and his young man off on a wild goose chase if they came prowling around asking questions. And perhaps, in course of time, he might fall in love with me, and I might marry him, and we would sail the seas a la Captain Kidd."

"Marry whom? the sheriff, or his young man?" asked Neja, amused in spite of herself.

"The sheriff, indeed! Have you no romance in your nature? Why, marry the lieutenant, of course. The papers all agree that he is striking and attractive in appearance."

"Lean, Lean, how can you utter such wicked nonsense? The man is a murderer! His hands are red with human blood." There was such a look of horror and alarm on Neja's face that Lean laughed out gleefully.

"There, you dear, I have shocked you enough for this time. Now forgive me, and I will promise to be good."

They walked leisurely out to the edge of the bank that rose steeply several feet above the soft sand lying between them and the hard, smooth beach. They were as unlike in personal appearance as in nature and disposition, these two, thrown together so strangely in this wild place. Lean was short and inclined to fullness of figure. Her pretty expressive face had a peachy bloom which wind and sun alike were powerless to impair. Neja was tall and slight and dark; her eyes were often full of gloomy shadows, though when the mood seized her she could be as gay as the gayest.

The awakening wind, blowing up from the sea, caught the folds of their dresses and puffed them out airly and toyed with their curls. Both girls enjoyed the crisp kisses of the morning upon cheek and brow. To Lean the pleasure was purely physical; to Neja it was something more; for the moment her face lighted into positive beauty.

"Oh, look there!" Lean pointed as she spoke to an object upborne on the crest of a great green wave.

"Yes, I have been watching it."

"What can it be?" But this time Neja did not answer. She was already down upon the sand and half way across the beach. Breathless with expectation, thrilled, too, with a vague half-dread, Lean followed. The huge wave had curled over and broken in a seething line of foam, and for a moment that seemed an age to the eager watchers upon the beach, the burden that it bore was lost to sight.

"There it is," cried Lean, as something dark showed through the foam and was caught and lifted in another billow. "Oh, my God!" and she covered her face with her hands; for there in the green transparency of the wave before it broke, they beheld a pallid human face.

If exclamation escaped Neja's lips at the ghastly vision it was lost in the roar of the surf. She remembered afterwards the deep unspoken prayer in her heart.

When Lean looked again it was to see her friend struggling in the breakers; managing somehow to keep afloat, to work toward, and after repeated efforts, to reach and grasp a helpless tossing hand. And then, heaven help her! must she, too, drown? Must she give up and sink in that mad swirl of waters and be swept to sea? She felt the undertow dragging at her feet.

"Neja, Neja! Let him go and save yourself! Oh, come back! Come back before it is too late!" cried Lean from the shore where the rising tide broke about her knees.

But when Neja felt her strength going, when hope had all but left her, and she was conscious of naught save a great darkness everywhere, her feet suddenly touched the firm sand once more. Still the receding waters would have torn the precious burden from her benumbed grasp but that Lean, seeing her chance to help, dashed bravely to the rescue.

Together they bore the lifeless form through the shoaling surf to the dry sands out of reach of the tide, and there Neja sank beside it, weak, cold, almost fainting.

"He is dead. O, Neja, what shall we do? And you—why, you are half drowned, too." Lean took her hands and tried to pull her upon her feet. She herself was in a glow. The dash of salt water had only exhilerated her. "Come," she cried, "come up to the cabin and let me help you to get off these wet things. We can do nothing till some one comes to bury him. The man is dead."

"Yes," answered Neja; but she did not rise. The thought of death had always been horrible to her. She had never touched a dead body. A corpse!—something to fear, to shrink from in repulsion and terror!

"Help me," she said; and Lean, lending a hand, they turned the white face up to the morning light and wiped away the clinging sand and wet; and the sun, peeping over the Heads. touched tenderly the closed eyes and the colorless lips and brow.

"I thought," said Lean, lifting one of the slender hands to lay it across his breast, "I thought the dead were always rigid. See how pliant these fingers are. Perhaps there is life here yet." But Neja did not wait to make reply; she was frantically tearing away the ragged covering from the hollow chest.

"Quick, Lean, put your hand here, mine is so numb. Does the heart beat? Does it? Oh, thank God! thank God!"

What need to tell how those two brave girls worked that morning, fighting a fearful battle with death; praying for help, for someone to come, casting hurried glances down the beach fading away in the distance southward, lifting eager anxious eyes to the trail winding about the Heads. But they watched in vain. Ten miles from other human habitation, what help could come? Sometimes a settler from up the coast, or a rare traveler passed that way; but there were often days, even weeks when they saw no one.

Somehow, they never quite knew how they did it; they managed to get their strange guest up to the cabin. But the sun was high in the heavens, when, faint still, and ghastly pale, though living and breathing naturally once more, the stranger rested upon their low, rude couch in front of the cheery cabin fire. He had spoken only once down on the sand and that was to implore them, in panting whispers to leave him, to let him die in peace. He lay now with closed eyes, his face as white as the pillow upon which it rested.

Neja, now that the strain was over, had thrown herself down upon the sea lion pelt in the corner by the fire, leaning her head against the foot of the couch. She was so tired, she told Lean, too tired to rest.

The day wore on. The level rays of sunset streamed across the misty water and through the open door. The fire smoldered on the hearth. Lean had gone down to the beach to gather driftwood to replenish it. The stranger seemed to be sleeping when she went out. He had slept through all the afternoon. When, however, Neja lifted her head, she met the gaze of a pair of eyes that seemed to burn in that pallid face like twin stars.

"It was you," he murmured. "I felt your hand close over mine down there in the surf. I know it was you. I should not have lived another minute but for you. Do you know whom you have risked your life to save?"

Neja shook her head. She felt the tears coming and dared not trust herself to speak. She was so tired and so over-wrought with the terrible strain of the morning, and it was such a relief to hear his voice, to be sure that he was really safe.

"Come here," he said. She obeyed him. "Lean down, I want to tell you what you have done," he spoke harshly. She thought it must be because the effort to speak cost him pain, and said, stooping to arrange his pillows: "Do not talk, I am afraid you are not strong enough yet."

"I must," he replied. "You should know whom you have saved, and for what fate."

She bent to catch the name he would not utter aloud and started when she heard it, and glanced fearfully around.

"You have heard, then," he said quietly, watching her intently.

"Yes," in a whisper. Then, as the full realization came upon her, she fell upon her knees beside his couch and, hiding her face in her hands, cried out in passionate pain and alarm: "Oh, the danger, the danger! You do not know! They may come at any moment—they were here yesterday. They have gone down to the village for supplies and may return!"

A sudden excitement gleamed in his eyes, a faint color fluttered in his wan cheeks, then fled and left them paler than before. He reached one thin hand and clutched her dress. "They willl return! Of whom do you speak?"

"The officers—the sheriff and his deputy. They have been watching—expecting you to come this way."

"And their names?" She gave them; but his interest had passed.

"You see," he said wearily, "you should have left me to drown. It would have been better."

She uncovered her face and, still kneeling there, looked at him. There are times when speech is unnecessary. Her eyes in that one glance told him more than any words could have done. He turned his head and gazed out over the level sea.

"It would have been better," he repeated sadly, and this time it was of her he thought.

The shadows deepened in the corners. The sun had gone down and night was coming on with a red glow in the western sky that would linger for hours yet.

"You have heard the story of my crime," he said, tossing restlessly upon his pillows. "I will not repeat it, or ask you to believe me less black than I have been painted. My victim, whether he deserved his fate or not, has been avenged. You have saved me from a coward's death, and I would thank you if I could. I go now to meet a felon's —you have given me courage to do this. I was mad to dream of escape."

When the stars came out and they heard Lean singing down on the beach, he rose. "I am going," he said. "It is the only thing to do. I must not risk the pain and annoyance my presence here might cause you were I to remain longer. Good-by." He turned to go. He was stilll very weak and staggered as he walked. She was at his side in an instant.

"Oh, do not go," she implored. "It is cold and you are ill, and you have no coat." Even as she spoke she caught up her own shawl and put it about his shoulders and passed out with him into the dusk of the clear summer night. What words were spoken as she helped him up the steep trail to the cliff Neja never fairly remembered. She only knew that to her, at least, each step of the way seemed one nearer to the scaffold; and yet, in spite of all the pain and the horror of it, there was a sweetness, an exaltation that lifted them both out of the damp and dark until they seemed very near to the gates where the stars stood guard.

Late in the afternoon of the day following there might have been seen a little cavalcade of armed men, winding slowly down the trail from the Heads. In their midst rode a man, muffled closely in a grey shawl, a man with a perfectly pallid face and great burning, dark eyes. His horse was without a bridle and under the concealing folds of the shawl the man's thin hands were securely chained to his saddle bow.

Our Point of View

It has been said that the first year of a magazine's existence, like the first year of married life, is so important that should it prove successful, a prosperous and happy future is assured. If this is the case the publishers of the Pacific Monthly have good reason to felicitate themselves. The magazine begins, with this number, its third volume, and the past year has been unusually successful and satisfactory. For this result the publishers are very largely indebted to the local advertisers who have so generously patronized the magazine. There has also been a general spirit of helpfulness among the literary workers of this section, and we wish to express our indebtedness to them. Every effort the circumstances allowed has been made to make the magazine genuinely valuable to the reader and advertiser, and while the magazine has fallen far short of our aims, "Rome was not built in a day." The publishers, however, realize the short-comings of the magazine, and during the next few months it will be materially improved. That there is a field for a magazine here has been demonstrated; that the Pacific Monthly will meet that demand in a satisfactory way we are determined.

From an American standpoint the result of the international yacht races was a pleasant and unexpected surprise. The Shamrock had shown up so remarkably well during the trials when the boats failed to finish in time, that so astute and experienced an observer as Hank Haff, who captained the defender in the preceeding races, announced that the Shamrock was the superior boat and that only an accident would prevent her from winning the series. The races themselves, however, proved the very opposite of this to be true. The Columbia showed herself not only better designed and better constructed, but to have been more skillfully handled. The victory was decisive. As a result of the races there has been considerable speculation as to the factors which gave the victory to America. Seamanship, undoubtedly, had much to do with it, but the best sailors in the world cannot make a poor boat a good one. The chief honor of the victory must, therefore, be placed with Herreshoff. America has in him the best yacht designer in the world today.

Many attempts have been made to establish a socialistic community, but a record of failure has so inevitably followed each attempt that we have come to look upon such undertakings as dreams of fanatics that are impossible of realization. All have recognized, however, the desirability of the movement and what its successful organization would mean for mankind. That there has been an unbroken record of failure has been due as much, probably, to the lack of good business management as to the Quixotic nature of the undertaking. This does not argue, however, that all such schemes are bad or impracticable. We might as well maintain that a Democracy is an impossibility because the early attempts at it were failures. After all, it is only by experience that lessons are really learned, and experience has been necessary in this movement for the betterment of social conditions. The pioneers in the field have suffered. They have lost much in time and money, and have been rewarded by a goodly amount of ridicule. But thought has been crystalizing all this time, and doubtless, some day, some genius will evolve a plan that the world will sieze upon and make its own. Of one thing there is no doubt: The world will see wiser and more Christ-like adjustments of its social conditions during the next quarter of a century than it has seen in any previous periods of its history.

The Month

IN POLITICS—

The declaration of war and the beginning of hostilities in the Transvaal are the result, according to the London Spectator, of a determination on the part of President Kruger to fight because he wants to fight. He might have had peace at any time by making "simple and reasonable concessions." So much depends upon the point of view, however. Possibly the "concessions" did not look so "simple" and "reasonable" to President Kruger as they appeared to the English. "The Boers are determined," continues the Spectator, "that they have a right to do what they will with their own."

Leading English journals are kind enough to hope that before the new year dawns the American forces in the Philippines will be commanded by a general who understands that capturing villages and retiring from them is rather worry than war."

The crisis in Austrian state affairs is not passed. No one seems anxious to accept the premiership and there is an avowed intention to make the German language the official tongue.

The proposition for a temporary adjustment of the Alaska boundary line has been accepted by the Canadian government. Th divisional line is so drawn as to shut Canada out of a sea port, and Canadians are not permitted the free transportation of goods across Alaskan territory save in case of miner's outfits. The modus vivendi follows the precedent established by Secretary Evarts, in 1879, in the agreement upon a temporary boundary on the Stickeen river, in Alaska, by the exchange of notes. The line on Chilkat river is 22½ statute miles from the head of navigation on Chilkat inlet, on Lynn canal, and the Klohinie river, 12 miles further inland, and the whole valley of the Porcupine is included within American lines. As to White and Chilkoot passes, the line is fixed at the summit of the watershed, being the points which for some time past have been observed by customs authorities of the two countries.

Senator Hoar declares in favor of Quay, and thinks he is entitled to a seat in the United States Senate. He bases his belief in the right of the governor to appoint a senator to fill a vacancy upon "the contention that it was the purpose of the framers of the constitution that the senate should always be full."

IN SCIENCE—

Dr. Georg Steindorff, of Leipsic University, is about to undertake a journey into the heart of Africa in the interest of science.

Plain soda water, it has been satisfactorily demonstrated, is a palliative for hunger.

The automobile exchange and training school is a necessity that has arisen to meet a present demand.

A process has been recently patented in Germany by Dr. Gustave Pum, of Graz, far the manufacture of artificial sponges.

Paper tiles for roofing are a new, hard, cheap and durable. They are glazed and made in any shape, color or size to suit the purpose.

IN LITERATURE—

Olive Schreiner has taken up the woman question in the Cosmopolitan and treats it far more clearly and comprehensively than any one else has yet done. She goes in to the subject in the most exhaustive manner, and sees in changed conditions consequent upon the advent

of steam, electricity and mechanical devices for the lightening of labor, the cause for the unrest that characterizes the woman of today. In other words, woman, like Othello, finds her natural occupation gone and clamors to be given something to do in place of it.

Lippincott's, last month, published another of Paul Laurence Dunbar's entitled "The Strength of Gideon." It is a chronicle of slavery days, and is superior to "Called" in many ways.

An edition in five small volumes of Dean Plumptre's translation of Dante, is one of the desirable things of the month issued by D. C. Heath & Co., of Boston. This translation is considered one of the best, the most poetic and scholarly, and has until now been published only in cumbersome and expensive form.

Clara Barton is arranging and writing an autobiography .

The title of Frank T. Bullen's next book is "The Way They Have In the Navy." If it is half as interesting as his preceding volumes, "The Cruise of the Cachelot" and Idylls of the Sea," it will be well worth reading.

Richard Henry Stoddard's recent review of "The Man With the Hoe" is, according to Literary Life, "quite the most remarkable thing of the kind known in American letters." It is not a criticism, it is an unjust and unwarrantable abuse.

The second volume of Lady Randolph Churchill's magazine was published in October by John Lane of the Bodly Head, and bound after a design by Derome le Jeune, 1770-80.

An addition to the great Variorum edition of Shakespeare's plays has just been completed by Dr. Horace Howard Furness and will be shortly presented by the J. B. Lippincott Company. The new volume is "Much Ado About Nothing." Dr. Furness has just returned to this country from England, where his literary abilities and pre-eminence as a Shakespearean authority obtained recognition at Cambridge University, which conferred upon him the degree of D.Lit., an honor that has been shared by only two other American scholars, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Charles Eliot Norten.

Yone Noguchi, the Japanese poet, whose writings a year or two ago attracted much attention in the literary world, is the guest of Joaquin Miller, at the latter's home on Oakland Heights. Since the abandonment last fall of a paper Noguchi started here, he has written nothing for publication, but it is understood that his pen is not idle, and that something up to the standard of his "The Voice of the Valley" and "Seen and Unseen" may be expected soon.

IN ART—

The young artist who furnishes the decorative covers for McClure's, Harper's and the Book-Buyer is a pupil of the matchless illustrator, William H. Low, and his name is Charles Louis Hinton. He lives in New York and he is a sculptor as well as an artist. His father, Louis J. Hinton, is a decorator and wood-carver and has done some really notable work along these lines.

Two note books, once the property of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and filled with pencil drawings, pen-and-ink sketches and character studies by that wonderful artist, have recently been purchcased by an American, Mr. J. W. Bouton.

Sir Alma Tadema's paintings are on exhibition at the Holland Fine Art Gallery in London, together with the work of notable Dutch artists.

The Sketch Club of Portland will hold an exhibition in the club rooms in the Worcester Block in November. There will be some new and excellent work exhibited by the members who have been painting in silence and solitude for a whole year and over.

Zolnay's bust of Poe was unveiled at the University of Virginia. It occupies an alcove in the new library building in the rotunda. The poet is represented in a reflective mood, his head bent and one hand grasping the lappel of his coat. The features shown are those of an intellectual man in a state of dejection, with something of pathos in the impression one receives. It is not the Poe of Griswold, but the man more truly drawn for our instruction by Mr. Woodberry. The bust bears a fac simile of the poet's signature and the inscription, "Edgar Allan Poe, 1809-1849. Student of the University of Virginia, February to December, 1826."

At the forty-fourth annual exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society, in London, two Americans, Messrs. Alfred Stieglitz and Dudley Hoyt, each received the much-coveted Royal Medal, the highest honor to be won in the photographic world.

The annual exhibition of the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburg occurs this month. Jean Francois Raffaelli, the French impressionistic illustrator and painter, and William Stot, of Oldham, England, are members of the artists' jury together with leading artists from New York, Philadelphia and Boston.

IN EDUCATION—

S. T. Dutton, superintendent of schools in Brookline, Mass., has published a book in which he sets forth his idea of public schools as they should be, not as they are. He believes that the public school should "prorvide effective training for body, mind and heart." Its mission is to develop the individual and to this end it must become less a machine. It can be made a cure for crime by the building up of character.

Professorr Benjamin Ide Wheeler, the new president of the University of California, has entered upon his duties and is warmly welcomed to the Pacific Coast as one worthy to stand at the head of a great institution of learning like that at Berkeley, and as a man whose place in the world of literature has been forever nobly fixed by his splendid story of Alexander the Great.

A "Liberal University" has been opened in Silverton, Oregon. Its articles of incorporation provides that all of its "courses of education, instruction, art and culture shall be conducted and kept forever free from, and uninfluenced by any kind or form of theology, sectarian religion or supernaturalism, Christian or other, and that no religious creeds, catechisms, dogmas, public prayers, masses, sacraments, incantations or religious exercises shall ever be allowed upon its property or premises under its control, or be used or connected in any way with any of its discipline, courses of study or functions of any kind except for the purpose of historical exposition or illustration; but the main purpose shall be in regard to religious matters and culture, to replace all of the said past phases of religion by the universal religion of Liberty, Science, and Humanity."

IN RELIGIOUS THOUGHT—

The Bishop of Winchester has declared most strongly against the confessional. He holds that it is forbidden by the Church of England. "The wisest human counsellor is he who leads the sinner to need human counsel least," is the way in which he expresses the truth of the matter as it appears to him.

"Reincarnation is the key to the seem-injustice of life," said Mrs. Katherine Tingley, the Theosophist leader, in a recent interview, "and the greatest force for good, for the soul is inspired by it to believe that what it sows in one life it reaps in the next."

The "Communion Hymn," the first two stanzas of which are given below, is by Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, the author of "In His Steps."

Oh Prince of Life Eternal,
Shine forth o'er all the earth!
The stars of all the ages
Has glowed above thy birth;
Through every coming empire
Thy kingdom shall extend,
And over all the nations
Its sway shall never end.

Thou are the first in heaven,
The first in earth art thou;
Before thy matchless beauty
Both men and angels bow;
We hail thee as our Savior,
We crown thee as our King,
And out of all our treasures
The best we have we bring.

George D. Herron, "Professor of Applied Christianity," in Dow College, in a recent issue of the New York Journal, says: "We all believe in a God of the dim past and in a God of the remote future, but how many believe in an actual living God of this present month?" His idea of a religion that will meet the needs of the day and satisfy man's nature in all ways, is indicative of the new thought that is taking hold upon the world. He further says: "Evil is, only because we think that it is. It has no reality beyond our belief in it; no power save such as our belief invests it with. Evil exacts tribute because we are stupid enough to come to terms with it. The devil exists because we unconsciously worship him as the real power, when we think that we are worshipping God. We have strife, competition and struggle. We have the palace beside the sweat-shop, the wretched tenement behind the church; the monstrous lobby in the legislative hall, the swarms of political and commercial parasites on the social body, becauses we believe in all this hideousness and tyrany as real and potent; as having always been, and as therefore always to be. But there is no evil except our belief in evil."

A Plea.

My home, my sunny, Southern home,
The friends my childhood knew,
I left, mid foes and frost to roam,
That I might follow you;
The laurel wreath I won from Fame
Beneath your feet lies low,
Your white hand stained my honored name;
And, since you will it so,
I die; nor beg your pitying sighs;
And yet—I ask this dole
Oh, turn away your glorious eyes,
And let me keep my soul.

Adonen.

LEADING EVENTS—

September 24—Julia Dent Grant is married to Prince Michel Cantacuzene at Newport, Rhode Island.

September 25—The Battleship Kearsarge makes a successful trial trip over the Cape Ann course from Boston.

September 25.—Idaho and North Dakota volunteers are mustered out at San Francisco.

September 26.—Admiral Dewey arrives in New York.

October 1.—At Manila General Otis refuses to recognize Aguinaldo as "president of the republic."

October 2.—General Otis rejects a letter presented to him by Filipino envoys.

October 3.—The first race between the Columbia and the Shamrock is declared off for lack of wind.

October 4.—Admiral Dewey advises the president to send the Brooklyn and other warships to reinforce the squadron in the Philippines.

October 5.—Indo-British troops fight with Arab forces on the Somali coast near Berbera.

October 6.—President McKinley is endorsed by the Massachusetts republican convention.

October 7.—President McKinley is entertained by the Marquette Club of Chicago.

October 8.—American troops are advancing from Bacoor along Cavite peninsula.

October 9.—The American army occupies the Filipino stronghold.

October 10.—The Boers send an ultimatum to England. They demand the withdrawal of British troops from the border.

October 11.—President Kruger answers a cablegram from the Chicago Tribune and declares that South Africa must be free.

October 12.—Martial law is proclaimed at Pretoria in the Transvaal.

October 14.—Sir Redvers Buller is given supreme control of the English forces in South Africa.

October 15.—A revolution threatens in Venezuela.

October 16.—General Shafter in his report advises that the Presidio recruiting station be continued.

October 17.—In South Africa the Boers attack the British at Mafeking and are repulsed.

October 18.—President McKinley declares himself upon the question of the Philippines.

October 19.—In the house of commons Joseph Chamberlain defines the policy of England in Africa.

October 20.—The Columbia wins in the final race with the Shamrock.

October 21.—The Boers suffer defeat at Elands Iaagto.

October 31.—Report from London says that the Boers captured two regiments of infantry and ten field pieces.

Questions of the Day

This Department is for the use of our readers, and expressions limited to six hundred words, are solicited on subjects relating to any social, religious or political question. All manuscript sent in must bear the author's name, though a nom de plume will be printed if so desired. The publishers will not, of course, be understood as necessarily endorsing any of the views expressed.

ANNEXATION AND EXPANSION.

The question of expansion raises the question of the power of congress, under the constitution, to legislate for and control its colonies and dependent territories. This power, if derived at all, must be derived from Section 3, Article IV, of the Constitution, which provides that congress shall have power to dispose of, and make all needful rules and regulations respecting, the territory or other property of the United States. At all events the only authority or right that congress has, under the constitution, or otherwise, to deal with the acquired territory is to foster and encourage its development, so that the same may become a state as speedily as possible, and the right of congress to legislate for it must be strictly confined to the accomplishment of that purpose, and only those laws can be enacted that are necessary to preserve the territory and hasten that end.

To undertake to do otherwise would be a dangerous and unprecedented experiment, without sanction or authority under the constitution, or psage—an indirect violation of the spirit and intent of the constitution, and against precedent and tendencies of the drift of public opinion. This is clearly shown from an examination of the history of our country—as well as from the views of the earlier law writers and commentators.

Take, for example, the language of Chancellor Kent, in the first volume of his Commentaries on American Law. On page 386, he says: "If, therefore, the government of the United States should carry into execution the project of colonizing the great valley of the Columbia or Oregon River to the west of the Rocky mountains it would afford a subject of grave consideration. What would be the future political and civil destiny of that country? It would be a long time before it would be populous enough to be created into one or more independent states, and in the meantime, upon the doctrine taught by the acts of congress and even by the judicial decisions of the supreme court, the colonists would be in a state of most complete subordination, and as dependent upon the will of congress as the people of this country would have been upon the king and parliament of Great Britain, if they could have sustained their claim to bind us in all cases whatsoever. Such a state of absolute sovereignity on the one hand, and of absolute dependency on the other, is not congenial with the free and independent spirit of our native institutions, and the establishment of distant territorial government ruled according to will and pleasure, would have a very natural tendency, as all pro-consular governments have had, to abuse and oppression."

It is an innovation upon our American ideas and institutions, and would require a complete change. While our constitution is and has been very elastic, and has been made to fit new and strange conditions, unthought of at the time of its adoption, I am satisfied it could never be stretched so as to meet the necessities of the new proposed conditions. Expansion beyond the limits of this continent, and an attempt to acquire and control other territory is a theory tending directly to imperialism, a condition which a republic, formed and maintained as ours is, can never conform to. It is entirely destructive of that patriotism which is the foundation of our government.

It is imposible for a conquered peo-

ple, after a long and bloody strife, to readily adopt the views and ideas of the conquerer. Patriotism is a tender plant; it cannot be forced; it cannot be made. It comes from natural causes; it is inherent, and a republic without patriotism in the hearts of the people, from whom all just power is derived, cannot live.

In reading the masterly and interesting discussion of the constitution as contained in the "Federalist," one is impressed with the fact that it was this power of acquiring and governing dependent colonies that filled the minds of the authors of that remarkable document with the greatest alarm. They were too conversant with the history of the great republics of the past not to feel that this power could not be too closely guarded.

The description of the gross abuses and oppressions of which the Roman magistrates who governed with despotic sway the distant provinces of that great nation, as pictured in the glowing rhetoric of Cicero, affords a warning which modern nations would do well to heed.

From the time of the first acquisition of territory by the Louisiana purchase through the session of Florida, to the Oregon treaty and the Mexican treaty, in no instance, except in Alaska, has congress failed to leave the inhabitants of the acquired territory the right of making its own laws, reserving only a general supervision which in no case has been unreasonably exercised. Alaska being the only exception, and the shameful disregard with which this district has been treated by congress requires no condemnation at my hand for the reason that it is universally conceded. Imagine the result had this district been populated by Filipinos instead of patriotic, intelligent American citizens, who love their country.

Can we not see that something more must necessarily be done for them if annexed than has been done for us; and it is from the application of these wise principles of self-government and careful recognition of the privileges and immunities so dear to the American citizens that this peaceful and successful result has been obtained. But how can those islands be brought up under the tutelage of this republic? How could they receive the benign influence and enjoy the freedom and appreciate the blessings of such a government as ours? They must, of necessity, be governed as colonies, and such is not the policy of our government, nor ever can be. Such was not the intention of the framers of the constitution; such has not been the spirit of its interpretation. The intention and interpretation of the constitution has always been to guard against every exercise of despotic power—to grant to the people the largest liberty consistent with safety.

W. C. Crews.

Juneau, Alaska.

Past.

We met, once more the summer wave
  Of pleasure caught us in it's net;
So tossed, we took what pleasure gave,
    We met.
But passion faded to regret,
  Blooms never more in colors brave;
Nor can she ever quite forget,
Or give again the hope she gave.
  Youth's earliest sun is scarcely set—
But love is dead, and by his grave
    We met.

Florence May Wright.

Men and Women

"WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?"

A Reply to "The Minister," in the October number.

"The Minister" heads his sermon with this query, in the October number of the Pacific Monthly. I wish I knew who the minister is; whether he is young or old, male or female. Then I could better judge him. I should say, from the sermon, that he is one who knows more of the theory of existence than the practical workings of it. I should say that he sits in his office and writes sermons, but does not go out among God's people, reading them. Young Minister, let me ask you, what is the saddest thing in all the world? Is it loss of friends, death, disgrace, poverty, disappointment, wrecked hopes, shallowness, love of 'play,' lack of seriousness, —is it any of these things? Unless you are very young, you will say, "it is not." You will agree with me that the deepest tragedy of human existence comes when a man has passed through the usual programme of hopes and fears, stands on the threshold of a future, which holds out no allurements and looks back on a past that is barren, and asks that most fatal of all queries, "What is it all for?" And yet you would have him ask it. You would condemn his interest in the "day's pleasures," the "play" and put this awful unanswerable outcry of the great human heart on his lips.

A thousand times, I protest. Leave man to enjoy as long as he can enjoy; to fill his days and years with honest toil, brightened by the natural, healthy pleasures that every nature must have for its entire development. Let him be as childlike as nature would have him, and then if his life is not full, if a pause must come when he wearily asks, "What is it all for?" pity him. Do not tell him we are here to "prepare for the next life" any more than that Monday is merely a preparation for Tuesday. Monday is just as important, every whit, as Tuesday. It is the beginning of the week. True, the successful passing of the week may hinge on the start made on Monday; but Monday is primarily important for its own lessons, not for a preparation day for all that is to come after.

So in life. We begin here, and it is well to begin aright, but this life is just as important as the one to follow. More so to us, for this is in our hands to mould as we will. We know nothing of the future. It is God's. Let us not trespass. Let us live out our lives nobly seeing so many duties and pleasures, on every side, that we have no time to ask, "What is it all for?"

Make much of the little things that fill up the day. See the funny side of the puzzling tangles. Laugh more and question less, and when your time comes to die, die bravely, with no misgivings about the future. Trust the God who created you.

Anne Shannon Monroe,
704 North Second street,
Tacoma Wash.

THE POWER OF A WORD.

Who shall measure the power of a word? Written or spoken it is difficult to estimate its importance, or to limit its influence for good or for evil, and yet there is nothing, absolutely nothing, which we use with such recklessness and extravagance as we use words.

There is that old couplet about "A man of words and not of deeds—" etc. What child in this land of the free ever escapes having its meaning duly impressed upon his mind? One of the aphorisms we are taught by our pastors and masters in our early youth is to the effect that "actions speak louder than words," and we go through life laboring under the mistaken ida that it makes lit-

tle difference what we say as long as we do the right thing. It is an idea, too, which we do not outgrow, but which rather assumes greater importance as we look upon it from the vantage ground of middle age.

"As the twig is bent the tree is inclined," and it is not to be wondered at that in our eagerness to pay deference to the act we form the habit of underestimating the value of the word. We, all of us, daily disregard the wisdom of the wisest of kings who wrote in the days of prophecy:

"He that ruleth his own tongue is greater than he that taketh a city."

A word! a mere sound breathed out upon the air. Heard, perhaps, by one alone, and vanishing on the instant, yet in effect far-reaching as space, and outlasting time itself. Ah, the word! Consider that first verse of the Gospel According to St. John: "In the beginning was the Word. And the Word was with God." Out of the Spoken Thought came all created things, for "The Word was God." And yet we go on saying that words do not count, that the action is all in all. And we are wrong.

An action may be forgiven, no matter how cruel or how productive of pain, of loss, of anguish of mind and body—an action may be forgotten, no matter how kind or generous, or great, but a word will be remembered forever and ever. Its sting is as sharp at the end of the years as on the day when it first cut the heart with its scorpion lash, or gladdened the ear with its tender music.

"Somewhere there waiteth in this world of ours,
For one lone soul another lonely soul,
Each chasing each through all the lonely hours,
And meeting strangely at one sudden goal.
Then blend they like green leaves with golden flowers,
Into one beautiful and perfect whole;
And life's long night is ended, and the way
Lies open onward to eternal day."

"So long as a woman loves she loves right on, steadily. A man has to do something between whiles."—Jean Paul Richter.

It was de Maupassant who said that in order to render women comprehensible one must appeal to their intelligence through their feminine nature, for they see all things through sentiment.

Love's Questioning.

How do I love thee, Love, my love?
I find no words to say;
For oh, the love words can portray,
It passeth in a day.

Why do I love thee, Love, my love?
When Eros goes before,
He carries in his hand the key
To Fate's mysterious door.

When do I love thee, Love, my love?
Why every day and night
And hour, and golden minute,
Marked by heart-beats in its flight.

How do I love thee, Love, my love?
I cannot tell thee how;
I only know that ev'n in death—
I'll love as I love now.

Lischen M. Miller.

The Idler

CONDUCTED BY CATHERINE COGGSWELL.

As a Theosophist might say, the drama moves in cycles. In the last fifteen years this has been demonstrated clearly. Shakespeare—or the legitimate—fell almost into the absolute silence of non-production, the lurid melodrama became obsolete, and comic opera reigned supreme. Bright, tuneful music prevaded the atmosphere theatrical—only to be succeeded by the society play. These in turn were relegated to oblivion by the ever-to-be-wooed public, and a wave of erotic, unhealthy pieces lived their little day. Then vaudeville became popular and, to some extent, still is the fad of the hour, but the theatres of New York show that the dramatized novel is what draws best at present.

The praised-to-an-early-death "Trilby" was the first to set foot on the ladder of fame. Then followed the romantic "Prisoner of Zenda." These instances are by no means meant to imply that there were not many other plays founded on books, but these were the outposts of the standing army of novelized dramas, or dramatized novels. There was comment of all kinds on "The Christian," but the people flocked to see it, and today Thackeray's "Becky Sharp," produced and played most cleverly by Minnie Madern Fiske, is the most-talked-of production. Zangwill's "Ghetto," the Jewish contribution, "Phroso," still another, and last tho' by no means least, Stuart Robson in "The Gadfly," throng the metropolitan theatres. It is a difficult matetr to imagine Robson as a morbid young priest, with no hint of comedy in his composition, centred solely on revenge. Yet the press and the public acknowledge the success of this, one of the latest of the book plays.

Anthony Hope's stories, it would seem, lend themselves readily to dramatic adaptation. "Rupert of Hentzau," the sequel of the ever-charming "Prisoner of Zenda," as a novel, though not lacking in dramatic incident, is in some ways not so satisfactory. As a play it is not inferior to its exquisite predecessor. To my mind it is the pure romance, the tender love-making, the fine thread of humor that characterizes Anthony Hope's books that makes them so perfectly enjoyable and gives them their hold upon the public both as novels and as plays. It remains to be seen how long the original authors of dramatic efforts will allow their field to be usurped by the novelist.

❦ ❦ ❦

Scene—A Dramatic Agent's office.

Dramatis Personae—A Leading Lady, A Spanish Clown. Both waiting to see managers.

Leading Lady (wishing to be agreeable)—Ah, Mr. ——, looking for an engagement?

Clown (airily)—I expect to sign contracts this morning for a turn at the best vaudeville houses.

L. L.—Indeed! You are fortunate. I really think I'll have to go into the Variety myself, the days of the Legit. seem to be in the sear and yellow—"

Clown (positively)—Oh, but, Miss—you have to be really clever to do anything in Vaudeville.

A Day of Hope.

Into a narrow life one day there came
A hope that warmed and brightened it like flame,
And tho' at night-fall cold and dead it lay,
It lived not all in vain, that one sweet day!

Florence May Wright.

The Home

HOUSEKEEPING AND HOMEKEEPING.

Something more goes to the making of a home than the careful ordering of a house. A good house-keeper is not always a successful home-keeper, and of the two the latter is the more necessary to domestic comfort. There are houses so exquisitely kept, so severely clean and neat that it seems almost a sacrilege to invade their immaculate precincts with shod feet. One instinctively pauses upon the threshold, for there is always a faint chill in the atmosphere in these temples of purity that is disconcerting to the ordinary mortal, who loves warmth and light and freedom, three essentials of the home.

Neatness and order in the home are not to be disregarded, but they must be unobtrusive, subservient to comfort, and not permitted to interfere with the freedom of the members of the household. Home means so much more than mere shelter from the elements, a place in which to eat and sleep. It is the garden of life, wherein blossom the fairest human flowers, and flowers to bloom in full perfection must have unstinted sunshine. The warm light of love and sympathy must pervade the home, whatever else is lacking, and it is one of the evidences we have of tne Divine ordering of human affairs that these, the first essentials, are within the reach of all who aspire to make a home. Every couple who can afford a roof over their heads may, if they really desire it, possess a home, that is, if they understand the basic principles of home-building. In two or three rooms, in one even, it is possible to live the ideal life. And many a man who is born and brought up in the midst of luxury goes to his grave without ever having breathed the atmosphere of that beautiful place which James Howard Payne immortalized in tender verse.

The home instinct is inherent in the race. It is particularly emphasized in woman kind, though not always developed. Indeed the fashion of the day, in spite of the prevalence of cooking schools, science in the household, hygenic housekeeping, etc., tends to discourage home life. Girls are educated with the mistaken notion that they must enter some profession, that they must compete with men in the marts of trade, that, in short, the first duty of women is to earn her own living by selling the efforts of her hand and brain for dollars and cents. The boasted equality of the sexes, the independence of woman, the unnatural craving for recognition outside of the home and social circle, stimulated by so-called reformers, must be held to answer for this present state of things.

There was once a woman in this great Northwest who went about lecturing upon the proper care and scientific upbringing of children, and it is common report that her own child, left meanwhile to look after himself, died from lack of attention.

This woman and others of her kind are the unfortunate products of mistaken methods of education. Scientific child-culture is a poor substitute for mother-love, and the girl who is brought up to believe that she can best deliver her message to humanity from the platform, and fulfil her mission to mankind in a public career is erroneously and injuriously instructed. She wields a wider influence when she lets the light of her loving wisdom illuminate her own home circle, and the word that goes out from her own hearthstone may be heard around the world and echo for all time down the vista of the coming ages.



SYSTEM.

During the past few years a great deal has been written about the education of women. In nearly every case it has eith-

er been urged or taken for granted that woman's work lies in the home, and the suggestions for her education have been made with that condition in mind. In all that has been said, however, there has been a very general disregard of emphasizing the important elements which determine the success or failure in the management of a home. The most important of these is unquestionably "system." Yet very little is done toward inculcating this very desirable quality in the minds of those who are to be mothers and rulers of homes. In the practical affairs of life with young men the condition is very different. A young man must go through a prolonged training of apprenticeship in nearly every business, and a disregard of system, he is soon taught, would mean confusion and failure. Is the management of a home a less practical or serious undertaking than a commercial pursuit? Certainly it is not. All the ingenuity and skill in systematizing that are so necessary in business, are equally, if indeed not more, necessary in the management of a home. This question is of too serious a nature, it touches the well-being of humanity too closely for it to be left to the slip-shod, chance settlement that has characterized it in the past. There must be some reform along the lines of home management and duties, and woman must either settle the question herself in a practical, sensible way, or admit that it is too much for her and turn it over to man. If we may dare to suggest it, this question is of greater import than woman suffrage, prohibition, and the discussions that generally occupy the attention of women's clubs.

THE INFLUENCE OF ENVIRONMENT.

In a recent address, Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie called attention to the fact that Scotland, a little country far to the north, under dolesome skies, and swept by depressing mists and chilling winds, has been very fertile in men of genius. Every one of its generations during the last five centuries has produced a Scotchman to give literary expression to the emotions and imaginations of English-speaking peoples.

Mr. Mabie's explanation of this fertility is that there is something rich and grand in the race, something deep in its heart, which even the Scotch peasant has the insight to see and the power to express.

"Last summer," says Mr. Mabie, "I was talking with one of the foremost contemporary Scotch writers, and I said to him: 'Is there not a great deal of poetry among the commonest and most uneducated people in Scotland?'

"Said he: 'They are saturated with it.'

"One day in the early spring he was walking along the side of a mountain in Skye, when he came to a hut in which lived an old man he had known a great many years. He saw the old man with his head bowed and his bonnet in his hand. My friend came up and said to him after a bit:

"'I did not speak to you, Sandy, because I thought you might be at your prayers.'

"'Well, not exactly that,' said the old man; 'but I tell you what I was doing. Every morning for forty years I have taken off my bonnet here to the beauty of the world!'

"Where untrained farming folk go out and take off their hats to the beauty of the world, it is there that we may expect to find poets.

"Peasants do not use the language of poets unless they have the souls of poets in them."

But whence comes the peasants' sentiment and power of expression? "Is it my belief," answers Mr. Mabie, "that the Scotch people have derived their inspiration from their knowledge of the great poetry of the Old and New Testaments. Nobody can know the Psalms of David or the prophecies of Isaiah or that sublime Book of Job, without being imbued with a keen imagination. So, I believe that it is largely because of this that a little people so far to the north, so out of the reach of balmy skies and tropical influences, are so rich in the greater elements of thought and knowledge and art and life."—Youth's Companion.

Books

WISDOM AND DESTINY.

Maeterlinck—Dodd, Meade & Company, New York.

Maurice Maeterlinck—a name, yes, but name that embodies "the music of the spheres," a title that stands for divine harmony, a heavenly measure from some celestial chorus, chanted by angelic hosts.

Maurice Maeterlinck! a man as other men, perhaps, but a human soul to whom God has spoken, a medium through whom Eternal Truth and Wisdom find expression.

Clear and sweet and strong, vibrant with the melody and the meaning of life, his words give voice to the hidden good in the heart of man, and he who reads must heed and understand.

A mystic, would you call him, this dreamer of beautiful dreams that are true? a transcendentalist? a Neo-Platonist? Very well. Until the speech of man is enriched by some new word, some heavenly phrase down-dropped from the stars to tell what he is, we must be content to call him mystic. But is this mysticism, this simple sentence which even a child can comprehend?

"Ah yes—I declare that the joy of a perfect, abiding love is the greatest this world contains; and yet if you find not this love, naught will be lost of all you have done to deserve it, for this will go to deepen the peace of your heart, and render still braver and purer the calm of your days."

Longfellow said much the same thing in his story of "Evangeline" though in less beautiful and impressive fashion:

"Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters returning
Back to their spring, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment,
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain."

This speech from the lips of the gentle Acadian maiden's "Father Confessor," lacks the directness and the simplicity that characterize Maeterlinck's words.

"Wisdom and Destiny" is a book, its translator would have us believe, that is "truly a faithful mirror" of the author's own "thoughts and feelings and actions." If, then, you would know Maurice Maeterlinck, gaze into this "mirror." You will be startled to find reflected there many of your own half-thoughts. You will see your own faint perceptions of the truth taking form and your convictions regarding the unseen, which you have never had the courage to acknowledge, even to yourself, will confront you, demanding recognition. He has gone forward, this poet of the ideal, into that vast uplifted place where the soul expands, where the air is the breath of heaven and the wind blows out of the gates of eternal dawn. Most of us turn aside when we have come to the borderland of this lofty region. We are afraid to go on, because we are in love with our own delusions, and something whispers to us that we must lose them there. But this mystic, this dreamer knows nothing of fear. In the high altitude in which he walks, there is no room for doubt, or dread. With calm eyes and lifted brow he fronts the Unknown and writes in living words the meaning of the thing he sees. "Beauty" he declares to be "the only language of the soul." Beauty is to him the all in all, but it is not mere beauty of form and color that he worships. It is rather the spirit of the Divine that breathes through and animates every living thing.

He is like Jean Paul, if Jean Paul could be stripped of the bewildering fancies, the voluminous, rainbow-tinted and rose-misted draperies in which he enveloped and strove to conceal his luminour thoughts. He is like Le Gallienne, that "young moon in a pine wood," but goes far beyond and above him in that he beholds not alone beauty, but the soul of beauty.

"Ennoblement comes to a man in the degree that his consciousness quickens," writes the author of "The Treasure of

the Humble," and you feel instinctively that he knows what he is talking about.

Of that chapter "The Invisible Goodness," I will not speak. It is too deep, too strongly moving in its effect upon the reader. It must be read, not discussed.

"Silence" is treated in a manner that arrests the attention by reason of its originality and holds it by reason of its truth. Have you not felt the force of this without knowing it really? "There is an instinct of the superhuman truths within us which warns us that it is dangerous to be silent with one whom we do not wish to know, or do not love; for words may pass between men, but let silence have had its instant of activity, and it will never efface itself, and indeed the true life, the only life that leaves a trace behind, is made up of silence alone."

The following sentence is from "The Deeper Life," one of the chapters in "The Treasure of the Humble," "To love one's neighbor in the immovable depths," Maeterlinck says, "Means to love in others, that which is eternal; for one's neighbor in the truest sense of the term, is that which approaches the nearest to God; in other words, all that is best and purest in man." And again he tells us that "Nothing responds more infallibly to the secret cry of goodness than the goodness that is near.

Ah, yes, it is easy to believe that "Something divine has happened," and we know that "Somewhere our God must have smiled," when Maurice Maeterlinck was born.

* * *

George W. Cable's new novel is called "The Cavalier."

Jokai has written over three hundred novels.

M. Rostand thinks that to adequately describe the life of Sarah Bernhardt "would need a new Homer built up of Theophile Gautier, Jules Verne and Rudyard Kipling." And he says as much to Jules Huret, who is the author of the monograph on the celebrated actress.

Paul Lawrence Dunbar's second volume of short stories entitled "Stories of Cabin and Cottonfield," will appear some time this fall. He is writing another novel which will not be completed before next winter.

Phaon.

You came into my life unsought,
  You called yourself my friend.
You made your friendship dear to me,
  And now—is this the end?

You claimed my kindest thoughts and words,
  Nay more—you asked for more.
And love's unselfish hand flung wide
  My heart's long-bolted door.

Your presence brightened all my days,
  And made my life complete.
I would have died to give you joy,
And counted death most sweet.

And you—how brief a dream may be!
  Life is of dreams built up.
Who lives must dream, and dreaming drain
  Love's sweet and bitter cup.

Oraaro.

The Financial World

CONDUCTED BY DOWNING, HOPKINS & CO.

The speculative month has been replete with incidents that have been confusing to the speculative public and have been somewhat puzzling to those who have sought to follow the probable course of events in the immediate future. Chief among the recent developments is, of course, the British-Boer war and its influence on the money markets of the world. The Boer ultimatum, which proved, in effect, to be a declaration of war, was without demoralizing influence and appeared to have been pretty well discounted in the money markets of the world, dspite the fact that the Transvaal has been contributing something like $60, 000,000 a year to the available supply of gold. Views of the outlook in that direction were unanimous in that there could be but one result to such a conflict, namely, decisive victory by the British. Therefore it was contended that the future was bright, in that the present and recent suspense caused by the Transvaal as a disturbing factor in the financial situation, would be forever removed. A war of two, three, or a half dozen months was held to be preferable to a continued state of anxiety induced by the South African situation. The trouble there, as affecting the financial situation, had become chronic; and while the time for settlement was inopportume from the financial view point, yet the Boer ultimatum evoked a feeling of relief, and the monetary system at London at once reflected an improved tone. Consuls advanced, discount rates became easier and for the last week the Bank of England statement exhibited an improvement in the reserve as compared with its predecessor.

At this point the money market has experienced rapid changes in sentiment. Rates for call loans this week have been very generally at or below the legal rate, and, in the market for time money, lenders have shown a disposition to be more

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liberal than they were a week ago. The most important incident in this quarter was the action of the Treasury Department in determining to prepay the interest due November 1, and also anticipate the interest on all bonds for the fiscal year ending July 1, 1890, at a discount of two-tenths of 1 per cent a month. This step was responsible for a temporarrily improved speculative feeling, and a more cheerful tone throughout the financial community. Second thought, however, was not disposed to regard the benefits to be derirved with any great amount of satisfaction. The offer of relief led to the direction of attention to the cause of the present stringency, and the fact that so little could be done by the Department and its unfortunately awkward system. Estimates of the total interest payments, if all bond-holders took advantage of the prepayment offer, were about $30,000,000.

Wheat market conditions continue without notable change, the month closing with prices at Chicago at practically the same position as a month ago, there having been no unusual fluctuations during this period. The government crop report which at this time is expected to indicate the preliminary estimate of yield of wheat per acre, gives no light on the question, pending a fuller investigation than yet practicable. Until the indications heretofore evident are disturbed by new evidence it will probably be fair to regard the extent of the crop as approximately 525,000,000 bushels. There are estimates considerably higher, but the future course of events only can determine as to whether the higher or lower calculations more nearly reflect the extent ot production.

The indications as presented by English statisticians are that European wants will call for practically all of the supposed exportable surplus of wheat in this country and Canada for the current year, but the plentifulness of stocks now in sight and available for a considerable time to come operates to modify speculative sentiment and to interfere with expectations of a rise in prices.

John H. Mitchell Albert H. Tanner

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Chess

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The Gentleman's Game.

"It is a singular fact," says a writer in The American Chess Magazine, "that while all other games of chance or skill have at one time or another been denounced by the clergy of every faith, Chess alone has received their approbation, and among the best players of every land have been clergymen, priests, and bishops."

We know at least one clerical club where Chess is played, and it is not an unusual thing to see clergymen in the Chess-clubs of the large cities. There are several reasons for this "singular fact:" Chess is an intellectual game. It demands concentration of thought, and is really a deep and complicated study. The objectionable features of many other games are not found in it. It is preeminently the gentleman's game, and the Code among Chess-players prohibits everything that looks like trickery or even suggests the gamester. Those persons who object to Chess are simply ignorant of its high character. Because it is a game, they class it with games of chance, and condemn it as fostering the desire to win something, or, in other words, the gambler's spirit. Not only clergymen, but professional men everywhere, are interested in the game. This is especially the fact in reference to physicians, lawyers, and professors in institutions of learning. Chess is, indeed ,the Royal Game, in every sense in which we can contemplate it.

"Janowski's Great Game."

Queen's Gambit Declined.

	Steinitz. White.	Janowski. Black.
1.	P—Q 4	P—Q 4
2.	P—Q B 4	P—K 3
3.	Kt—Q B 3	Kt—K B 3
4.	Kt—B 3	B—K 2
5.	Q—B 2	Castles
6.	P—K 4	P x P
7.	Kt x P	Kt—B 3
8.	B—K 3	Kt x Kt
9.	Q x Kt	P—B 4 (a)
10.	Q—Q 3	P—B 5
11.	B—Q 2	P—K 4
12.	P x P	P—K Kt 5
13.	Q—Kt 3 (b)	Kt—Q 5
14.	Q—Q sq	B x Kt (c)
15.	P x B	R—B 4
16.	B—Q 3	R x P ch
17.	B—K 4	Q—Q 2
18.	B—B 3	P—B 4
19.	Q—Q 3	R—K sq

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20.	Castles Q R	20. Q—R 5
21.	K—Kt sq	21. B—B 3
22	B x P (d)	22. R—K 2
23.	B—K 4	23. R—Q Kt sq
24.	K R—K sq	24. K—R sq
25.	B—Q 5	25. R—Q 2
26.	R—K 4	26. R—Q 3
27.	Q R—K sq	27. R (Q3)—Kt 3
28.	K—B sq (e)	28. P—Q R 3
29.	P—R 4	29. P—Q R 4
30.	P—R 5	30. R—K B sq
31.	P—R 6	31. Q x P
32.	R x P	32. R (B)—Q Kt sq
33.	P x P ch	33. B x P
34.	R (B4)—K 4	34. Q—R 8 ch
35.	K—Q 2	35. R x P ch
36.	K—K 3	36. R—K B sq
37.	P—B 4	37. Q—R 7
38.	B x R	38. Q x B
39.	R—K R sq	39. P—R 3
40.	R—K 5	40. R (B)—Q Kt sq
41.	B—K 4	41. B x R
42.	R x P ch	42. K—Kt 2
43.	Resigns (f)	

Notes from the Field, London.

(a) A fine move in conjunction with the subsequent P—K 4. Janowski plays with wonderful lucidity.

(b) If 13 B—B 3, then 13 . , Kt—Kt 5; 14 Q—K 4, B—K B 4, and wins. Janowski must have foreseen all these variations, which shows him to be a player of great depth of calculation.

(c) This hasty move spoils the combination. 14 . . , R—B 4 would have given him a decisive advantage.

(d) White having had such a lucky escape (as it appears), should not have tempted fortune by the capture of a Pawn that opens Q Kt file. If he wanted a Pawn, why not B x P ch?

(e) The following beautiful variation shows how far Steinitz looks into a game: Supposing he had played the tempting 28 . . , B—B 7, the continuation might have been: 28 . . , R x P ch; 29 B x R, R x B ch; 30 K x R, Kt—K 7 dis. ch, and mate must follow in a few moves.

(f) A grand game, which is equally creditable to winner and loser.

Emanuel Lasker in his first lecture on Chess established four propositions concerning openings: "(1) Don't move any piece twice, but put it at once on the right square, line, or file. (2) Don't move any Pawns except the Q and K P. (3) Don't play your Q B before you have brought out your two Knights. (4) Don't pin the adverse K Kt before your opponent has Castled."—Literary Digest.

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Drift

British yachtsmen for the past fifty years —since the old America won the cup—have striven to capture the prize so zealously guarded by Americans. Sir Thomas Lipton is the eighth British challenger, and the 1899 series represents the tenth effort made to retake the cup.

The following British yachtsmen have come here with their yachts and have returned sadder but wiser:

1870—James Ashbury, Cambria.
1871—James Ashbury, Livonia.
1876—Major Charles Gifford, Countess of Dufferin.
1881—Capt. Alexander Cuthbert, Atalanta.
1885—Sir Richard Sutton, Genesta.
1886—Lieut. William Henn, R. N., Galatea.
1887—James Bell, Thistle.
1893—Earl of Dunraven, Valkyrie II.
1895—Earl of Dunraven, Valkyrie III.
1899—Sir Thomas Lipton, Shamrock.

Next?

"What salary would you expect?" asked the theatrical manager.

"In the dinner scene," demanded the gifted but gaunt tragedian who had applied for a job, "is the meal served a real one?"

"It is."

"Then we will waive all discussion as to salary," replied the tragedian.

Don't worry.

Don't hurry. "Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

"Simplify! Simplify! Simplify!"

Don't overeat. Don't starve. "Let your moderation be known to all men."

Court the fresh air day and night. "Oh, if you knew what was in the air."

Sleep and rest abundantly. Sleep is nature's benediction.

Spend less nervous energy each day than you make.

Be cheerful. "A light heart lives long."

Think only healthful thoughts. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

"Seek peace and pursue it.

"Work like a man; but don't be worked to death."

Avoid passion and excitement. A moment's anger may be fatal.

Associate with healthy people. Health is contagious as well as disease.

Don't carry the whole world on your shoulders, far less the universe. Trust the Eternal.

Never despair. "Lost hope is a fatal disease."

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PHONES—
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Residence, Black 691.
Office, 318-319 Marquam Bldg

Some people can hold a conversation in pantomime, and some cannot. Of the latter class is an army nurse, recently returned from Cuba, who vows that she will never again go to a country whose language she does not understand.

It was before hostilities had come to a definite end that she was startled one day by the unexpected visit of her Cuban laundress. The woman was intensely excited. Anxiety sat on her brow, and sorrow dwelt in her eyes. She gesticulated and she talked.

The nurse knew not a word of what she said, but the pantomime filled her with terror. The Cuban's hands seemed to speak of an attack on the hospital—of wounded men butchered and nurses cut to ribbons. The nurse was frantic. She must know the worst.

In the hospital was an officer very ill with typhoid fever. She knew he understood Spanish. Only in a matter of life or death would she disturb him, but this was obviously a matter of life or death.

She led the Cuban woman to his bedside, and there the story was repeated. The officer listened intently. The nurse held her breath. The Cuban ceased. The sick man turned his head on the pillows.

"She says, he whispered, feebly, "she says that stripes in your pink shirtwaist have run, and she doesn't know what to do with it."

"It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows along with a song;
But the man worth while,
Is the man who will smile,
When everything goes dead wrong."
P. S.—This applies to women also.

Drink less, breath more,—
Eat less, chew more—
Ride less, walk more—
Worry less, work more—
Write less, read more—
Waste less, give more—
Preach less, practice more.—

Queen Victoria, it is reported, has sent to Emperor William a prized copy of her family tree, showing King David at the top. A pet idea entertained by the queen is that she is descended from the Psalmist through Zedekiah's eldest daughter, and it is said that Emperor William's conviction of his divine origin is greatly due to his grandmother's foible.

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The Library Association will gladly pay all charges of postage or express upon material forwarded, and welcomes correspondence on this most interesting subject. Letters addressed to the librarian will receive prompt and grateful attention.

Ackers—Well, how am I today, doctor?

Dr. Healy—You are doing very well; very well, indeed. You may sit up for a while today.

Ackers—Thank you, doctor; that is good news. By the way, may I enquire what your bill is?

Dr. Healy—Presently, presently! You are not so strong as you think.

Bliss Ahead.

"Von fare for the rroundt trip?" asked the gentleman with the long coat and nose to match. "That's what," said the ticket agent, with the easy courtesy of one accustomed to accommodating the public. "Andt vill you tell me vich halluf off der ride iss der free halluf, so I can enchoy it?"

Pat and his friend mike had killed a snake in the fields. As the tail continued to oscilate, Pat remarked to his friend: "And is he dead, Mike, div ye think?" "Oh. yis, sure," said Mike, "he's dead, but he ain't conscious of it yit."

Didn't Know.

Guest—(Attempting to carve)—What kind of a chicken is this, anyhow?

Waiter—Dat's a genuine Plymouth Rock, sah.

Guest (Throwing up both hands)—That explains it, I knew she was an old timer, but I had no idea she dated back to the Mayflower.

A Record Breaker.

Miles—There is a man over in that museum who has lived for forty days on water.

Giles—Pshaw! That's nothing. I have an uncle who has lived for forty years on water.

Miles—Impossible!

Giles—Not at all. He's a sea captain.

"If," said the young lover, "love is mortal, then I do not wish for immortality."

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Train No. 22 leaves Portland at 8:00 a. m., arrives at Astoria at 11:30 a. m.

Train No. 24 leaves Portland at 7:00 p. m., arrives at Astoria at 10:30 p. m.

Return

Train No. 21 leaves Astoria at 7:45 a m., arrives in Portland at 11:15 a m.

Train No. 23 leaves Astoria at 6:10 p. m., and arrives in Portland at 9:40 p. m.

Train No. 22 runs through to Seaside, leaving Seaside on the return at 2:30 p. m.

All trains leaving Astoria for Seaside or returning from Seaside run on the Flavel Branch.

The Astoria and Columbia River R. R Winter Schedule is now in effect. Trains leave Union Depot, Portland, daily at 8:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m., arriving at Astoria at 11:30 a. m. and 11:10 p. m. Leaving for Seaside at 11:35 a. m.

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Daily except Sunday.	Via Woodburn for Mt. Angel, Silverton, West Scio, Brownsville, Springfield and Natron.	Daily except Sunday.
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Spokane Flyer 2:10 p. m.	Walla Walla, Spokane, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago and East.	Spokane Flyer 8:30 a. m.
6:00 p. m.	*Ocean Steamships.* All sailing dates subject to change. For San Francisco—Sail every five days.	4:00 p. m.
8:00 p. m. Ex.Sunday Saturday 10:00 p. m.	*Columbia River Steamers.* To Astoria and Way Landings.	4:00 p. m. Ex.Sunday
6:00 a. m. Ex.Sunday	*Willamette River.* Oregon City, Newberg, Salem & Way Landings	4:30 p. m. Ex.Sunday
7:00 a. m. Tues, Thur and Sat.	*Willamette and Yamhill Rivers.* Oregon City, Dayton and Way Landings.	3:30 p. m. Mon. Wed. and Fri.
6:00 a. m. Tues, Thur and Sat.	*Willamette River.* Portland to Corvallis and Way Landings.	4:30 p. m. Tues, Thur and Sat.
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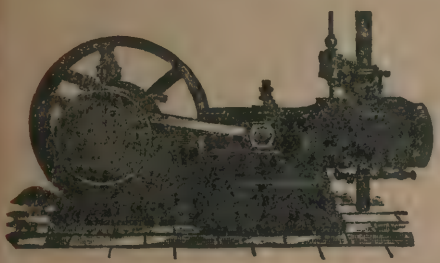
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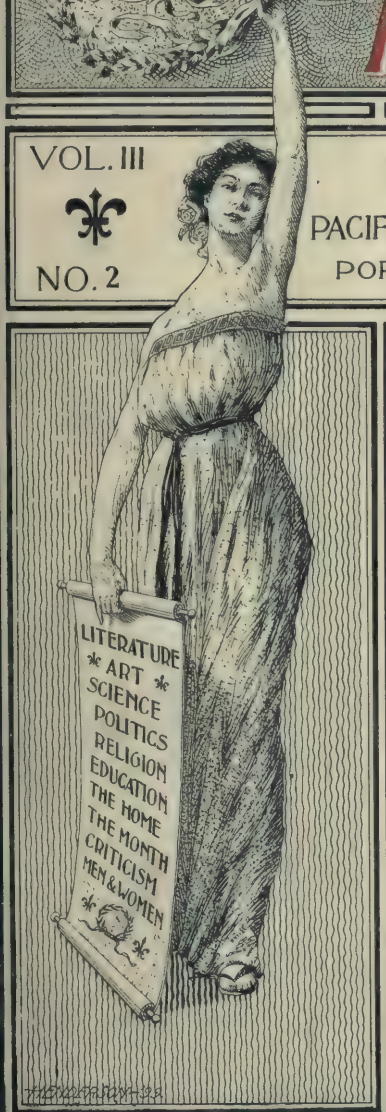
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VOL. III
NO. 2

DECEMBER 1899

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The Pacific Monthly.

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Read "OUR TALKS WITH THE PUBLIC" on next page.

Our Talks with the Public

READ, PONDER AND CONSIDER

I.

The Pacific Monthly begins this month a series of twelve talks with the public on "Advertising." The publishers have been led to adopt this course because they believe that advertising is an art that is appreciated by the advertiser himself, but, as a rule, given too little thought or consideration by the general public. This condition of affairs, however, has been undergoing a rapid change during the past few years. The Pacific Monthly wishes, in relation to itself at least, to hasten the process—hence these talks. The first one is on

THE MEANING OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisers do not, in the first place, advertise for the fun of the thing. A firm's announcements are printed with a definite purpose—a purpose that, when rightfully considered, is just as important as the purpose of the publishers themselves in bringing before the public THEIR wares or productions as represented in the body of the magazine.

Which may lay claim to the most serious consideration is a question, though the unthoughtful may hastily pass by the "ads." There is no greater mistake, however, than this, that can be made in relation to magazine reading and buying.

Just as one who should neglect to keep in touch with the thought and feeling of the day as represented in the magazines would soon find himself woefully behind the times, and unable to take part in a fairly enlightened conversation, so the housewife who is on the alert for economical and advantageous purchases; the business man, the farmer who wishes to be up-to-date in his methods and means of production; the lawyer, the physician, the minister, all, in fact, who aim to keep in touch with business, its progress and possibilities, and who have an eye to economic conditions and commercial possibilities —must either read the announcements of the commercial world as represented in the advertising pages of a magazine or find themselves very often "at sea."

So thoroughly was Gladstone impressed with this fact that he gave it as his opinion that it is more important to read the advertisements than it is to read the body of the magazine.

The advertisement has a distinct message to every reader that he cannot afford to pass by. Take the advertisements in this number of The Pacific Monthly—they have a message to every class, but especially to the homemaker and business man. A careful investigation will convince you that this is true. Read them. Notice the expressions used. the ideas put forth, and you will find that you have spent your time in an interesting and profitable way. If you find something that you want, get it—and mention The Pacific Monthly.

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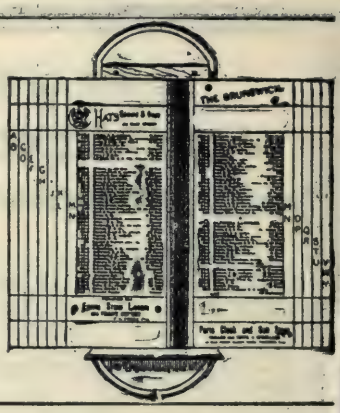
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The Pacific Monthly.

Vol. III. *DECEMBER, 1899.* *No. 2.*

A Trip to Mount Hood.

By JUDGE A. H. TANNER.

WITH the warm breezes of the opening summer days there comes a desire for a change of scene, a yearning for that abandon which can only be found in nature's more secluded haunts.

What a blessed comfort it is, when this feeling takes hold of one, to shake off the dust and dirt of the city, to leave behind its hot pavements and gloomy walls, and hurry off to some cool, breezy nook, among the mountains beside the many streams and lakes, which like jewels deck our Western slope! Man, after all, is a child of nature. He builds cities and palatial residences and all that, but when he wants peace, rest, rejuvenating he hies himself to the mountains, or the ocean, away from life's foibles and conventionalities, back to its real simplicity.

It is the purpose of this article to describe such an outing last summer at Mount Hood, and give our readers an opportunity to live it over again with us.

The trip to Mt. Hood has been so often written about and described from so many different standpoints that it seems impossible to say anything new, and yet each party making the ascent of the mountain has experiences and gets impressions of its grandeur worth relating.

We had talked about and planned for the trip for a whole year and when, on July 10th, 1899, we started, a merrier or more determined party never set out for the land of perpetual snow.

It was "Mt. Hood or bust" with us. We had our own teams with all necessary equipage, and went leisurely, camping wherever night overtook us. Our route was along the section line road to Gresham by way of Pleasant Home, and on to Sandy postoffice, thence to Revenues on Salmon River, thence to the toll gate, and thence to Government Camp. A mile this side of the toll gate we struck camp by a beautiful stream, and enjoyed some fairly good fishing. From the toll gate on the road is rough and hilly with the hills all one way, leading to higher and higher elevations. The scene is one of grand confusion. Rocks and boulders, huge and ragged, lie strewn over the surface on every hand; deep, yawning ravines lie in the shadow of mountains thousands of feet high, bearing upon their brows trees beaten out of symmetry by the violence of the winds. The forest and vegetation becomes thinner and more scattered, and the trees more scrubby as if the brimstone from old Hood had withered their energies. Sometimes our eyes rested on a great white scar of broken calcorious rock, on which the moss cannot grow and the lizzards dare not creep. Then we see a cliff beetling far aloft, its crest streaked with snow. The streams, particularly the Zig-Zag and Still Creek, come leaping through the gorges with tremendous velocity, carrying everything before them. As we sat beside the Zig-Zag at our luncheon, we could hear the great boulders chink their heads together as they were being carried down by the waters of that

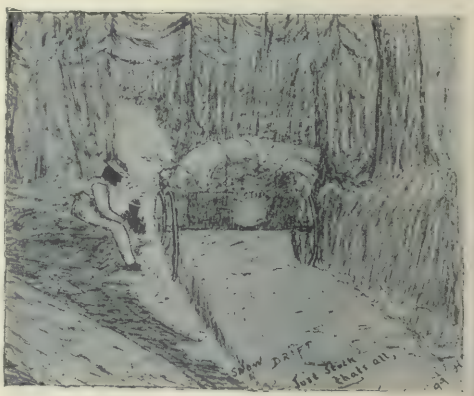
swift and turbulent stream. The Zig-Zag and Still creeks parallel each other for several miles, and finally empty into the Sandy River. At several places they come very near together, so much so that at one point one might stand on the ridge between them and cast a fly into either stream. The roaring of their swift waters is almost deafening. The occasional screech of the bluejay or the loud hammering of the woodpecker on some dead tree is all one hears indicative of life in the vast solitude.

After leaving Revenues, Mt. Hood was shut out from our view for a long distance by intervening mountains until we reached a sort of backbone several miles beyond the toll gate, when suddenly the peak stood revealed to us again in all his grandeur, apparently so near that we could see the rifts in the snow on his sides and feel the cool breeze which he seemed to waft us in welcome. The greeting we gave him in return made the welkin ring.

Another surprise equally pleasant occurred as we were toiling up a long hill in the heat of a July day, when some one suddenly exclaimed, "Goodness! whose flower garden is this?" The answer came immediately, "the Lord's." We were in the midst of a perfect garden of large and brilliant flowers, standing from one to ten feet from the ground, in great clusters as far as the eye could reach. They were the far-famed rhododendrons filling the forest with a blaze of glorious color, and a perfume as sweet as that of the heliotrope. Nestling beneath them and scattered here and there we found the celebrated Washingtonian lilies, sometimes called Mt. Hood lilies. We were much interested in the flora of this region and noticed one peculiarity, that as we got nearer the mountain, while the flowers were of different shades and colors and of different arrangement on the stem, they all had the conformation of snap-dragons.

Traveling along in the midst of these exhilarating summer scenes, we were soon reminded that old Boreas has something to do with these flower gardens, for much to our consternation we found, for the next two miles, from one to ten feet of snow on the road. A change from summer to winter scenes could not have been more sudden or complete. It was necessary to drive our teams over the snow for this two miles or turn back, and we had no thought of turning back. Our first attempt to scale one of these snow banks resulted in such a general mix-up of the horses, wagon and driver that it took some time and profanity to extricate them. Fortunately the ladies had gone on ahead and will probably never know what a blasphemous pair of men were trying to control the destinies of the party. Notwithstanding this excusable lapse, our general course was such as would have pleased the most enthusiastic exhorter, for it was ever upward and onward.

Our subsequent navigation over this stretch of snow was exciting in the extreme, not to say dangerous. The hurricane deck of a spring wagon, with first



one wheel and then another breaking through and going up to the hub in the snow, and first one horse and then the other floundering out of an apparently bottomless pit into which he had dropped, was enough to try the nerve of a veteran stage driver. It can easily be imagined how it would suffice to make each particular hair of a novice to stand on end. We shall not soon forget what a satisfied and devout feeling took possession of our inner consciousness as we slid and floundered down off of the last one of those treacherous snow drifts

and stood once again on solid earth. Our vehicles had stood the ordeal, our horses were still alive, but looked as though they had swum the Willamette River, and as for ourselves, we wondered, after having recovered from threatened heart-failure, what we would have to encounter next. We were not long in finding out, for we were soon attacked in a most unmerciful manner by an enemy as numerous as the sands of the sea—mountain mosquitoes. Most people have had occasion to feel how affectionate and insinuating those creatures are. They approached first in battalions, then in whole armies and finally by the million. Having heard reports of the meddlesome disposition of these creatures, we had provided ourselves with plenty of mosquito netting, which served, to some extent, as a protection, but they would find their way in even through that. A snap shot of one of our party with about three yards of netting wound around his head and face would make a fine curio in photographic art, but he declined absolutely to allow it to be reproduced. However, we fought our way through to Government Camp.

Government Camp, it should be stated, is the stopping place for parties intending to make the ascent of Mount Hood, and they usually start from there on their long climb. It is located about four miles from the timber line and eight miles from the summit. One gets a fine view of the mountain from there, and can feel the cool air that is wafted from its everlasting snows. Barring the mosquitoes it is a delightful spot.

We rested here a day and made arrangements for the ascent. Our guide, Mr. O. C. Yocum, who is also the proprietor of Government Camp, busied himself during the day in putting spikes in the soles of our shoes, getting the alpenstocks in readiness, for ours was the first party of the season, and in telling us how easy it was to climb the mountain if we only just made up our minds to do it. He advised us to go as far as the timber line that evening, camp there over night and start at four o'clock the next morning. We decided to do this and set out in the afternoon for the timber line. We placed our camping outfit on a sled, hitched a horse to it, and one of us led the horse while the others brought up the rear in regular Klondike style. After going about a mile over rocks and bowlders, we reached the snow, and from there on we traveled over snow sometimes a hundred feet in depth, judging from the fact that the tops of large fir trees in places were only just protruding above the surface. At other places the snow reached half way or more up the trunks of the trees. This half-submerged evergreen forest presented a rare scene, to which a Kodak cannot do justice. It was impossible to follow the road, for there was a road somewhere beneath us, leading to the timber line, but the guide picked out the way among the trees, chopping off limbs here and there to enable us to get through with the horse and sled. We intended to spend the night at Camp George, named in honor of Judge M. C. George, but found it under fifteen or twenty feet of snow, so we made a detour to the south about a mile where he found a bare place large enough for our tent and. a campfire. Here, surrounded on all sides by oceans of snow, we pitched our camp, made a fire, and prepared to spend the night. We were not far from White River Glacier, but the moraines and the glacier itself were still deep under the snow. We anticipated a beautiful sunset, for even at this point we were far above the surrounding mountains, but a storm had been raging all day to the south and west of us, its distant thunders making us fearful lest it should reach us and compel us to turn back, but though it passed us by, the dark ominous clouds obscured the setting sun. That evening we took the sled up the mountain side and had a regular toboggan, the bracing winds making it seem like winter instead of the middle of July. About 10 o'clock the clouds disappeared and the stars came out, seemingly very near us, and shining with great brilliancy, reminding us of Poe's lines:

> While the stars that oversprinkle,
> All the heavens seem to twinkle,
> with a crystaline delight.

An incident now occurred that we

men folks at least ascribe to the "miraculous." While the ladies were in the tent preparing to retire for the night, a large snow ball, apparently several inches in diameter, of a loose quality, indicating that it had only traveled through space a short distance, fell into the front entrance of the tent, and onto the ladies like unto a shower bath, greatly to their disgust. They at once began accusing us of the deed, and declared they would get even with us "in the morning," but we explained that we had been sitting quietly by the fire and finally convinced them that we were near the abode of Jove, and that the unexpected fall of the snow ball was simply one of his many atmospheric phenomena. Notwithstanding we were all made to realize by this "miracle" that we were in the domain of the mighty Jupiter, where he makes the meteors to shoot; clouds to form; lightnings to flash; stars to come and go and snow balls to fall in unexpected places, we were not made afraid, but laid down on the bosom of the mighty monarch of the Cascades and were soon in the land of dreams.

We had not been there long though as it seemed to us, when the guide



A SCENE NEAR THE TIMBER LINE MT. HOOD

called us to prepare for breakfast. It was half past three in the morning, a villainous hour to get up, but we obeyed like soldiers, and by four o'clock had breakfast and were ready to be off. We marched out into the snowfields and began a most ardous day's work — a steady climb, like going up flights of stairs for four miles. We wore goggles to prevent snow blindness and kept our faces covered with muslin to prevent blistering. Notwithstanding this precaution several of the party were badly burned. The rays of the sun were just beginning to shoot athwart the eastern skies, and brighten the gray dawn into the full light of a glorious day. As we swung away to the left the mountain was between us and the sun so we did not see the great luminary rise, but as compensation we were presented with a very perfect mirage off to the south, standing well up in the heavens, and presenting, in perfect outline, the shadow of Mount Hood.

Our general course was up the long slope stretching off to the south and plainly visible from Portland on a clear day. Nothing here could be more deceiving than distances. For instance, a place on the side of the mountain, known as the "Triangle Moraine" looked to us not more than two or three hundred yards ahead, but the guide told us it was more than a mile, and when we had walked it, we would have sworn it was three.

We trudged along up this wind-swept stretch without incident of note, our alpinestocks making a measured scrape, scrape, as they rose and fell in the snow, until we reached the "Triangle Moraine," one mile from our starting point. Here we "cached" our coats and skirts, the ladies making their appearance in bloomers, and began the more difficult part of our journey. The snow, newly fallen to the depth of several inches, was soft, and the walking difficult. We would sometimes break through the crust, beneath the layer of soft snow, and go in up to our knees; the steps made by those ahead would slip or slide out from under the next one in line, giving him or her a fall in the snow. From the "Triangle Moraine" we went in single file, the guide in the lead, who made steps for us to follow in, either by tramping the snow down, or, if the surface was frozen, chopping through it with his hatchet.

Our next point to reach was Crater Rock, which we kept steadily in view, the way becoming more precipitous all the while. We were allowed now to stop

every few minutes, as the guide told us to "catch" our "breaths;" as we did so we would be taking in the immense panorama stretching out around us as far as the eye could reach.

About half way to Crater Rock one of ladies called a halt, the first signal of distress; her husband immediately rushed to her assistance and the rest of us soon gathered around, when she said in a broken voice: "I am going to cry, but it don't mean anything; I am going on up." So she sat down on the snow and had a good cry. Her heart was beating very fast and she was having trouble to breathe. We had given the guide, for he would not permit us to have charge of it, a flask of whisky, which was now brought into requisition for the first time. After a rest of a few minutes and a "dose" of the stimulant, the lady was able to resume the upward climb, and had no more trouble. She remarked afterwards that when she "got her second wind" she was all right.

We tried frequently after this to persuade the guide that what we most needed under such circumstances was more of that stimulant, but he doled it out with a parsimonious hand, his excuse being that he wanted "none but clear heads at such dizzy heights." We were now well up under Crater Rock, which rose a hundred feet or more almost perpendicular in front of us. The guide warned us of the danger from loose rock bounding down upon us, and instructed us as a means of avoiding this danger to walk about six feet apart, so that when we heard or saw rocks coming we could step to one side or the other and let them pass. We made a long detour towards the south, out near the edge of the Great Crevasse, leaving Crater Rock to the left; thence north up a very steep place to a sort of bench on the Rock where we were to take luncheon. This we found the hardest part of our long climb. Slowly, foot by foot, sometimes almost pulling ourselves over the snow by means of our alpinstocks, we got over this precipitous pass and safely upon the solid rock. The fumes of sulphur were now plainly "visible," so much so as to be almost nauseating. The guide procurred from a point a few feet below rock steaming hot, against which the ladies warmed their feet. While standing there gazing at the wondrous scenes around us, we were startled by a terrific crash above and saw bounding towards us from the topmost terrace of Crater Rock an avalanche of loose boulders. We huddled together, expecting to be struck the next minute, but fortunately the avalanche fell away to our left several feet. We escaped the rock but we did not escape a severe reproval from the guide, by whom we were reminded that he had instructed us to keep well apart in such an emergency, and we had rushed together like a lot of sheep. In order to make our offending seem as light as possible, we told him that we were intending to separate if the rocks had come any nearer.

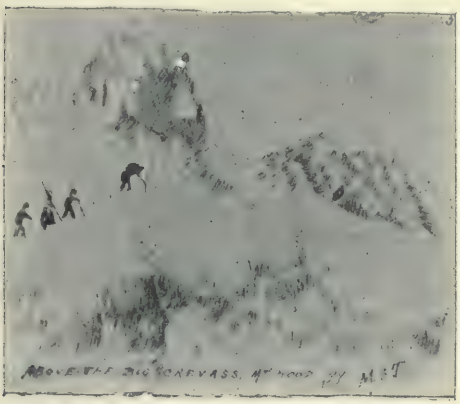
It was now noon and we had been eight hours coming two miles. The sun was beating down upon the mountain with an intense heat, which was melting and loosening the snow and ice, so that great slides from the cliffs above were moving down. From Steel Cliff, across the crevasse from where we were lunching, great avalanches of ice and rock would break loose with a terrific roar and go thundering down into the ravine to be finally carried into the glacier below. One seeing these processes at work—of avalanche slide and glacier—all tearing away from the mountain would naturally conclude that Mt. Hood will finally become what Joe Meek used to say it was when he first came to the country, "a hole in the ground." Pursuant to preconcerted arrangement we here signaled to Mrs. Yocum at Government Camp by means of a heliograph, that "all is well with us," and almost immediately received an answer from her to the same effect, which reminded us that we still bore some relation to the earth below us.

We now resumed our journey working our way back off of the rocks into the pass leading up to the Arete which extends from Crater Rock to the Great Crevasse. The Arete is a narrow ridge about three feet wide on the top, along which we had to walk. The sides of this ridge drop away almost perpendic-

ularly for hundreds of feet below. On the north side near the top we could see a rent in the snow, indicating a crevasse paralleling the Arete.

We heard from Mr. Yocum that since we were up there, he had gone into the cave near the base of Crater Rock and discovered a lake of considerable dimensions, overhung with icicles and presenting a very beautiful appearance. Judging from this the Arete is a sort of natural bridge across a subterranean lake.

We followed up this narrow path, looking neither to the right nor to the left (for the guide instructed us not to



look anywhere except at our feet), until we reached the edge of the Great Crevasse. Turning then abruptly to the north we followed the edge of the crevasse until we found a suitable place to cross it, when the guide went ahead feeling his way cautiously over unmeasured depths of snow and ice, to the cliffs beyond. We soon followed and proceeded thence in a southeasterly course under cliffs and overhanging rocks up a very steep and trying pass to the summit. Here we stood at last on the topmost peak, 12,225 feet above the sea. Some one was mean enough to suggest that we were probably nearer heaven than we should ever be again. A biting wind and the lateness of the hour admonished us not to tarry. We had no time to take in the details of the glorious picture. To use a slang expression, we could only "hit the high places." To the north we could see Mt. Rainier, Mt. St. Helens and Mt. Adams, looming up magnificently to the view. South of us stood Mt. Jefferson and the Three Sisters, and far away in the distance, lording it above them all like a giant, Mt. Shasta reared his snow - crowned crest. To the east the wheat fields of Eastern Oregon stretched out before us like a great plateau. We could see the Willamette and Columbia Rivers looking like threads of silver winding their way through mountain gorge and hill and valley. As we looked down on the great range surrounding us we were impressed with its apparent insignificance; its countless summits seemed like mere hills, not heights, as they overtower thousands of feet above the sea. The rise and fall of the vision first to the tops of these mountains and then into the valleys beyond, reminded us of looking out upon the ocean when the great swells are rolling mountain high.

A strange weird feeling comes over one at such a height. The heavens seem to settle down, and the air to thicken into an intense blue, not a "darkness visible," exactly, but a something akin to that, as though the elements were conspiring to shut out some choicer view beyond. The acoustics of the place are marvelous. The lowest tone of voice could be heard hundreds of feet. Such was our feeling of awe and of reverence that we dared not yell for we knew not what it might bring forth. There is no place on this earth where one feels more keenly the presence, the power, and the majesty of God than on these Alpine heights. We could appreciate the full meaning and beauty of Coleridge's "Hymn in the Vale Chamonix."

"Ye ice falls! Ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain;
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddened plunge!
Motionless torrents! Silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven,
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbow? Who with living flowers

Of loveliest blue spread garlands at your feet?
God! Let the torrents like a shout of nations
Answer, and let the ice plains echo, God."

The spell was broken by the stern command of the guide, "we must start back." Slowly, as if awakening from a trance, we turned away from the majestic spectacle to begin the descent. We soon found that going down was quite a different process from going up. We had to set our alpinstocks on the lower side, step against them carefully, breaking the snow down until we found solid footing; then reset the alpinstocks another step ahead, and break down the snow beside them as before, and so on, repeating this with every step. In addition to these precautions, the guide furnished us a long rope which each took hold of, with instructions to hold onto it like grim death, in case of a slip or fall. In this manner we worked our way back down across the Great Crevasse, down past Crater Rock to the snow fields below. We now felt that all danger was



past and we could congratulate each other on our achievement. We prepared here for a grand glissade, and sitting down on the snow, guiding ourselves with our alpinstocks, we went down the mountain side for about a mile as though we had been shot out of one of the battleship Oregon's 14-inch guns. After that we were satisfied to walk the rest of the way, gradually cooling and drying off as we went along. The guide took the ladies in charge and made a "bee-line" for Government Camp, while the rest of us had to go to the camp where we had stayed the night before and bring the horse and outfit.

The only difficulty we had in this was to prevent the sled from running over the horse on the down grade. Sometimes, on very steep places, in the effort to hold the sled back we would be thrown heels over head in the snow, and the horse and sled end up in a confused mass at the bottom of the drift and we would have to untangle them as best we could.

Many times the sled would turn completely over and be on top of the baggage as it slid over the snow. Sometimes they would both be on the horse, and sometimes the horse would be on them. When we reached Government Camp one runner of the sled was gone, the axe and coffee pot had disappeared, and the baggage looked as though it might have participated in the attempt of Pharaoh's army to cross the Red Sea. The only presentable thing in the outfit was the faithful animal that had dragged our load to the timber-line and back.

We now began to realize that we were tired. Oh, so tired! The mosquitoes had their own way with us, for we did not have energy enough left to resist them. Even Mrs. Yocum's sumptous dinner, which was all in readiness for us, with wild blackberry pie for desert, could not tempt our appetites. We were too tired, even, to eat. All we wanted, all we cared for, was a place where we could lay our weary bones down for a good night's rest.

We were greatly refreshed by morning, and delighted our landlady by doing ample justice to a fine breakfast. After resting at Government Camp a couple of days we went on twelve miles further, following the old Barlow Road over the summit, to Clear Lake, a beautiful lake nestling under the shadow of Mt. Hood and covering with its placid waters about 1200 acres. The only feature detracting from its picturesqueness is the fact that the lake is full of high grass, standing very thick and tall. Strange as it may seem, the water of the lake is quite warm. Trout are plentiful, the average size being from 10 to 12 inches, and

they rise beautifully to the fly when the waters of the lake are stirred by a good stiff breeze. The high grass interferes somewhat with casting and makes one wish it was not there. Our principal pastime while here was "poling" a raft around over the lake and fishing. As the season advances the waters of the lake gradually recede, leaving hundreds of acres of green grass on the borders standing as high as timothy. Looking from the lake north over the green border of grass and the high fir trees to the snows of Mount Hood only just beyond, one is presented with a fascinating picture. After spending several days in this cosy retreat we returned home, having been fifteen days in making the trip. Its hardships and perils were soon forgotten, but we recall its many pleasant incidents and revelations with ever-increasing satisfaction.

"Peace on Earth?"

You bid me echo the music
Of that first glad Christmas morn,
When angels sang to the listening world the
joy of Christ new-born.

But how can I sing of gladness,
When the moan of human pain
Proclaimeth the crucifixion of the Christ
again and again.

"Peace on earth," from heaven chorused
The shining host, "Peace on earth
And good will to man," and behold it is
strife from the hour of birth.

Two thousand years! And the lesson
His life and his death unrolled
Is still unlearned. And unheeding man
throttles his brother for gold.

And shall I echo the chorus
Of angels who sang in vain,
When the banners of battle proclaim it not
"peace on earth," but pain?

When the name of Christ is a by-word,
And freedom is smothered by greed;
And love is become a passion of earth, subject to jest and screed.

Oh, the pity and pain of living!
The children that cry for bread—
The weak that go down in the gutter—the
leaders whose hands are red!

From the mines and mills and sweatshops
A sound like the surf on the shore,
The moan of the toiling millions—God hear
it, and help us once more!

Lischen M. Miller.

The Oregon Trail.

By CAPTAIN HARRY L. WELLS.

A PIONEER episode that was the cause of much bitter feeling and contention for many years in Oregon was the opening of the Southern immigrant trail through Northern Nevada, the Modoc country, Rogue River and the Umpqua Canyon to the upper Willamette valley.

The general nature of Oregon's early settlement is well known. Regular immigration across the plains to Oregon and California may be said to have begun in 1841. In that year a company of one hundred and eleven persons arrived. They had made no effort to bring wagons because of the supposed impossibility of getting them through the mountains. In 1842 a train consisting of one hundred and nine persons, guided by Stephen H. Meek and Thomas Fitzpatrick, reached Fort Hall on Snake River, then a station of the Hudson Bay Company, having abandoned half their wagons at Green River. The other half they left at Fort Hall and finished the journey on foot, their effects packed upon the backs of their cattle and horses. How the eight hundred immigrants of 1843 were piloted by Dr. Marcus Whitman, demonstrating the fact that wagons could be brought through from Fort Hall to the Willamette, is an oft-told tale. The great and final obstacle that confronted immigrants, however, was the Cascade Range. There was no wagon route through the Columbia gorge, and but an Indian trail across the mountains. Wagons and other effects were loaded upon batteaux at The Dalles and brought down the river at peril of life and property.

In 1845 some three thousand persons started across the plains bound for the Pacific Coast. One thousand of these turned southward at Fort Hall and followed the Humbolt River route to California. The remainder, in half a dozen separate trains, continued on the Hudson Bay trail to Oregon. When some of the trains reacher Fort Boise, a dispute arose as to the advisability of following the old trail or seeking a new. The discussion was precipitated by the offer of Stephen H. Meek to pilot them by a route free from the difficulties well known to await them on the old. Meek, as before stated, had been one of the guides conducting the small train in 1842. He was an old trapper, a brother of the noted Joe Meek, and had been a member of Bonneville's party when that energetic officer invaded Oregon a second time in 1834, in an unsuccessful attempt to convert theoretical joint occupation into an accomplished fact, and had afterwards been engaged in this region for several years as a trapper for the great fur company. These facts were all known to the immigrants, and when he declared his ability to conduct them across the Blue Mountains and the Cascades by a route south of the old one, and shorter and easier to travel, many believed he could do so. The credulous ones, therefore, branched off under the guidance of the trapper.

Meek had never passed through the country he was now entering. His knowledge of it was gained from the descriptions given him by Indians and trappers in the service of the company. The route had never, in fact, been traversed, even by these. But it was generally known that the region of Southeastern Oregon was less mountainous than that further north, and Meek counted upon this and luck to find a good pass through the Cascades. In this he failed, and as soon as the immigrants became satisfied that he was traveling by guess he found it convenient to decamp unceremoniously, to avoid unpleasant consequences. The party then turned down the John Day River, and after many hardships and privations, reached the Columbia in a deplorable and desti-

tute condition. Referring to this adventure Hon. Stephen Stoats, one of the train, said:

"It was but a few days after we left Fort Boise that Meek became hopelessly lost, and had it not been for the good judgment and determination of the immigrants themselves, many would have perished."

It has been persistently asserted that while Meek was wandering in the mountains after parting with the immigrants without the formality of saying goodbye, he suffered so extremely from thirst that he was forced to open a vein in the neck of his faithful mule and drink the blood.

At Fort Hall, Boise and Walla Walla, the Hudson Bay Company did a thriving trade with the immigrants, selling them supplies and buying, for a mere song, their worn-out cattle, or giving in exchange for them an order on the chief factor at Vancouver for a like number. These exchanges were unsatisfactory to the newcomers, for they invariably proved to be, when delivered, long-horned, untamable Spaniards. This, coupled with other causes, real or imagined, led to a very bitter feeling against the Company, and the discovery of a new route into the valley would have been hailed with joy.

A number of men who had settled in the southern part of the Willamette Valley, taking these things into consideration, set out to explore for another and easier route, one that would miss the Company posts and be feasible for wagons. They believed that Meek's idea of the previous year was a correct one, and that he could have brought his party through without difficulty if he had kept more to the south.

This exporing expedition consisted of Hon. Lindsay Applegate, Levi Scott, Captain Jesse Applegate, John Jones, John Owens, Henry Boggus, Samuel Goodhue, William Sportsman, Robert Smith, Moses Harris, John Scott, William G. Parker, David Goff and Benjamin F. Bureh. They kept to the old Oregon and California trail through the Umpqua and Rogue River valleys, and turned eastward from the trail at the north base of the Siskiyou Mountains. Just ahead of them was a party of about eighty French Canadians, half-breeds, Columbia River Indians, and a few white men, on their way to California. They had been skirmishing with the Rogue River Indians for several days and as the exploring party left the trail they heard the sound of warfare just in advance.

On the Fourth of July the expedition reached the Klamath river, not far from its source in Klamath Lake. A few miles further they came upon the scene of Fremont's unfortunate night battle with the Modocs two months before, in which three of his men were killed. On every hand, as darkness fell, they saw the signal fires of the hostile Indians, but were unaware of the tragedy that had been enacted here so recently. With the utmost caution they proceeded along the shore of the lake and came to a little stream, Hot Creek, where they found pieces of newspaper and other evidences of white men having camped there but a short time before. There was also a place where the willows and turf had been cut away and much trampled by the feet of horses. Though they did not then know it, they had discovered the graves of Fremont's men. But all these things served to warn them of danger at hand, and they were consequently watchful and on guard continually, and passed entirely through the Modoc country without being once attacked.

Crossing Lost River by the natural bridge, they skirted Tule Lake and the south end of Goose Lake and passed through Northern Nevada by way of Black Rock and Rabbit Hole Springs to Humbolt River, then northward to Fort Hall, which they reached in August.

At Fort Hall they had no little difficulty in persuading immigrants to leave the old trail and follow them, but being men of a personality to inspire confidence they prevailed upon one hundred and fifty persons with forty-two wagons to try the new route. The majority, however, continued on down the Snake River and reached the valley safely and without mishaps, while the smaller train wearily journeyed into the untried south. Among the latter were a number bound for California, and who left the

main party on the Humbolt. This was the ill-fated Donner party whose sufferings, a few months later on the shores of Donner Lake, constitutes one of the saddest tragedies of California's pioneer period.

All might have gone well with the Oregon-bound train if the self-constituted guides had remained with it. But they, having left careful directions as to the route, hastened back to the valley. Being mounted and unencumbered they traveled much faster than the immigrants and arriving home sent horses and supplies out to meet the coming train.

Left without guides, the immigrants began to have trouble at once. They found the grass and water insufficient. Traveling slowly of necessity, on account of the reduced condition of their cattle and horses, they were unable to make the camping places as the mounted road party had done, and were often compelled to camp without food or drink for their weary animals. From the Humbolt to Goose Lake the people themselves suffered from thirst, and the heat and the alkali dust of the deserts were something terrible to experience. The cattle became so weak that they could with difficulty drag the now almost empty wagons along the rugged way. Many of them lay down in that endless sea of sagebrush and burning sand to rise no more, and the wagons they had pulled over such countless miles were abandoned. From Goose Lake through the Modoc country, where one straggler fell a victim to the Indians, and even into the Umpqua Canyon, the grass was abundant, and there was no lack of water, but the season was so far advanced and their previous progress had been so slow that they dared not camp to recuperate their worn-out cattle, and they reached the canyon in a sadly crippled condition. Such of the cattle as were still alive had not the strength to draw the wagons through the defile. Without provisions, haggard and worn, they found themselves at the threshold of the promised land, yet helpless to enter and take possession. Some, it is true, abandoning everything, pushed through and reached the valley in a desperate condition, but the most of them waited in a state of semi-starvation till help came.

That the Goose Lake route was a practical one, however, was demonstrated the following year, four trains passing safely over it. The first of these was piloted by Captain Levi Scott, the leader of the road party, who went to Fort Hall for that purpose, and made such changes in the route as the unfortunate experiences of the year before rendered advisable. Not having been exhausted by previous hardships, these trains reached the Umpqua Canyon in good condition, and passed through with little difficulty. This successful journey relieved the road party of any charge of intentional misrepresentation, except on the part of the few whose sufferings had embittered them too strongly. Others came over the trail in 1848, though many who originally started for Oregon changed their destination to California by the Humbolt route when they learned at Fort Hall of the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill. The next two years California received most of the immigrants, those coming to Oregon taking the old trail. In 1851, gold having been discovered in the Klamath region, and in the Siskiyou Mountains, immigrants began again to use the Goose Lake route, and for several years poured into California and Oregon over that trail by the thousands.

Over the chimney the night wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
But the Poet listened and smiled, for he
Was Man and Woman and Child, all three,
And said, "It is God's own harmony,
This wind we hear in the chimney."

The Weaver.

By ELLA HIGGINSON.

A WEAVER stood at his loom weaving. The fabric lengthening beneath his patient hands was coarse and gray. It was strong and good of its kind—for he wove with care—but it was all gray. He glanced often, with a great wonder in his heart, at the other looms, where fine and beautiful threads flashed all day long; but he did not ask for other weaving than the coarse stuff which had fallen to his lot.

Those who were judges of that kind of thing came and looked at his work and marveled among themselves at the weaver. "It is so well done," they cried, "but so ugly! Why don't you use colors?"

Answer he made not, but went on weaving, as if he had not heard.

Months passed. He wove on patiently and silently. He asked no questions and answered none. But they gave him no peace. They kept crying out for him to put in color, color!

At last, after a long, long time, he sent them one day a fabric of such brilliant and exquisite color that they could have fallen down and worshipped him for its ravishing beauty. And they ran to his overseer and cried out: "Give us more of this weaver's stuff—more, more! Give him any price. We must have it. There never was such a color on earth."

"But he is dead," said the overseer.

"Dead! Dead? When he has just learned the secret of his marvelous color? Why, what killed him?"

"The secret," said the overseer. "It is this way. They come in here by hundreds and want work. Usually they want color at once and we give it to them, and a great mess they make of it; and they weary soon and drop out. But a few come who ask only to work. 'To weave! To weave!'—that is their cry. We try them on the coarse gray stuffs. As soon as you discover that they are doing such work well, you cry out for 'Color, color!' We do not give it to them—for we know that they are the kind to get it for themselves in good time. And we don't keep any color like theirs."

"Why, where do they get it?" they cried, wonderingly.

"Oh, if I told you it wouldn't be a secret," said the overseer; and he went away sighing.

Christmas Tyde in Merrie England.

Ye yule-log burns for Christmas-tyde,
Ye grassy green is hidden,
And to each hearthstone farre and wyde,
Ye Christmas guest is bidden.
Ye hall is dight with evergreene,
Mixt with ye mistletoe,
And holly berries blaze betweene,
With redde coquettish glowe.
Last midnight chimes awoke ye lande,
To mad forgetful myrth,
As if a Prince of pleasure planned,
Ye poetry of earth.
For high and lowly, weak and wyse,
Have caught contagious joy,
And blythesome hearts and merrie eyes,
Playe on without annoy.
Peal out Ye bells, ye carrols chime,
For Christmas rules belowe,
Ye eye, ye fire of winter-tyme,
Mid-sommer in ye snowe.

Eva Emery Dye.

Maya, the Medicine Girl.

A Story of Fort Yamhill, in Sheridan's Time.

By SAM L. SIMPSON.

Chapter III.

Buckstone became silent and moody. His partriotism would compel him to sacrifice everything, even life itself, for his country, but Maya, sweet, loving, faithful Maya, what would become of her? Just about sunset, three days after Buckstone and I had visited the camp, Maya herself, her glossy hair floating in disorder over her shapely neck and shoulders and her eyes flaming with excitement, rushed into the store. I was standing behind the counter, near the door.

"The baby is lost!" she cried. breathlessly. "Somebody steal the baby, and Edmund must know!"

I was trying to calm the girl and find out what had actually occurred, when, fortunately, Sergeant Buckstone walked in. Then Maya managed to tell her story.

In the afternoon she had gone to the Agency on a matter of business, leaving her mother in charge of the patient. Along towards evening her mother had gone out for some firewood, and it was during her absence that the child had been taken. It was plain to all that the child's own people were concerned in the abduction. Buckstone did not appear to be much alarmed at the incident.

"Of course they have taken the child," he said, after a moment's musing, "but it is so nearly well that there is comparatively no danger of a relapse."

"Maybe they make the baby sick again, and she die," said Maya; "then," with a frightened, tender look at Buckstone, "you know what they do with me."

Buckstone took her hand gently, "There is little danger of that, Maya," he said; "they are mad and disappointed because we have saved the child's life, that is all. At any rate Hank and I will go over to their camp tonight and see about it, that is," he said, turning to me, "if you are willing."

"I will be glad to accompany you," I said.

While we stood there talking for several minutes longer, I was more than ever struck by the Naiad beauty of the Shasta girl, and the look of utter, absorbing devotion, veiled by a gentle bashfulness, with which she regarded Buckstone. "The whole soul of this flower of the Shastas," I thought, "is possessed by her pure, yet passionate love for this man, and either the loss of his affection or separation will kill her."

About 8 o'clock Buckstone and I set out for the upper Shasta camp, about three miles away. We were accompanied by the old woman, Maya's mother, thinking it advisable to take her along as an interpreter. For a portion of the distance the trail lay through the woods and we were over an hour in reaching our destination.

At the camp we were pleasantly received by all save the savage old mother of the child, who boldly acknowledged that she had stolen it, and violently protested that it was a miracle that the soldier-doctor and the false medicine girl had not killed her offspring. After some persuasion Buckstone was allowed to see the child.

"It is all right," he said, as he came back from the inner portion of the tent, "and I am inclined to think that they have done us a great favor in relieving us of all further trouble in the matter. I, at least, have more serious things to consider."

Then, having waited a while for Maya's mother to gossip with other old women of the tribe, we sent out to return, The moonlight was glorious, silvering wood and vale and stream with glamour and enchantment. On the way Buckstone more than once alluded to Maya, and deplored the fate which forced him to choose between love of country and love of her.

"She cannot understand," he moaned, "how I would be utterly unworthy of her, savage as she is, according to the false classification of our pretentious, pale-faced race, if I should desert my colors

now. Outside of my duty to the nation, she is all I have to make life worth living. If I survive, I shall return to her after the war, and then—" his voice died away in a broken murmur. For some distance our trail wound along the river, now close to its limpid waters, quivering and sparkling in the moonlight and arabesqued, here and there, with the waving shadows of the trees, regal with midsummer foliage, and again rising over the crest of some rocky bluff, whither the tumult of the waters below rose like the sound of human voices, wierd with laughter, song and shouting.

When Buckstone broke silence again he was repeating Poe's matchless love-song, "Annabel Lee," and never had I so fully realized the wild, unearthly charm of its mystical sentiment and thrilling melody. Even now, as I lift my pen for a moment and pause in reverie, that strange scene comes back to me—the beautiful moonlight, the voices of the waters, the shadows and the trees, and again I hear, as if it were the golden interpretation of the spiritual mystery of the scene, that wonderful song:

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

As we crossed the creek and turned in the direction of Maya's tent, Buckstone stopped. "Why," he exclaimed, "this is strange! There is no light in the tent. Maya must have grown nervous at our protracted absence and sought refuge with some of her people."

When we reached the tent Buckstone halted again at the entrance and called the Indian girl by the name, once, twice, thrice. There was no answer. The waters of the stream murmured softly down among the willows and the silent tents shone white and spectral in the moonlight. The old woman, muttering something in her own language, stepped forward quickly and threw back the canvas flap which formed the door of the tent. There, on a low couch, in the white stream of the moonlight, still dressed as we had last seen her, lay Maya, fair as a gold-tinted lily in her graceful attitude of repose, as though, busy with the wreath of wild flowers that lay close to her limp little right hand, she had suddenly fallen asleep.

Rushing forward, Buckstone called her name again, in quick, sharp, startled tones. Still there was no answer. Then, with a low, sobbing, awful cry, he flung himself on the couch and took her drooping head on his breast. She was dead. As yet her poor old mother did not realize what had occurred. I was kneeling at Buckstone's side when something on one of the little hands he was pressing to his heart, attracted his attention. He held the hand out for a closer look. On one of the slender fingers a jeweled ring sparkled in the light.

"My God! What mystery is this?" he cried: "Adrienne Wainwright won that ring from me on a wager—how did it come here—on her hand?"

No one could answer him. When we came later to question some of the people in the neighboring tents, only one young woman knew anything that had the slightest bearing toward a solution of the mystery. In passing the tent about ten o'clock this young woman had heard some one talking inside. It was a woman's voice, she thought, but not Maya's, the flap of the tent was down and she had seen no one. That was all.

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About one year after the war, while engaged on the reporting staff of a Portland, Oregon, newspaper, I chanced one day to pick up a New York City exchange. I found among the society news a detailed report of the marriage of Col. Edmund Buckman and Miss Adrienne Wainwright. You may judge my astonishment when I recognized in the portraits given of the happy pair, my old friend Sergeant Buckstone, of Fort Yamhill and—Alma Rutlege!

Had she secretly visited Maya in her tent, told her own story and given the ring to Maya in renouncement of her claim? Had the shock of discovery killed Maya?

The End.

A Twentieth Century Problem.

By LAURA ADELE DUTRO.

THERE is no country where pleasant social intercourse between people of culture and refinement, without regard to birth or position, is so possible as in America, and likewise no other country where a greater number of persons so qualified are hungering in vain for just such association. Why is this true, and where is the remedy?

To deal with the subject intelligently it is necessary that we discover the limitations as well as the advantages of our present social system, and a comparison, therefore, of our class distinctions with those of an European nation might be profitable.

We see the evils of caste in England, for instance, and rightly criticise customs which make it possible for the vulgar to have the entre of the highest set which excludes from it those fitted in every way to adorn it, for no better reasons than that the former happen to be of an old and aristocratic house while the latter have the misfortune to be without title or family, and are, perhaps, engaged in trade. And yet this system is not without its compensations, for when stata are not continually shifting there is much less danger of social upheavals and the confusions resulting therefrom. The inexorableness of the situation alleviates its misery, so that while one may not be content with his lot, he must of necessity be contented in it, because he cannot change it. A man is born in a certain station and that determines his social position. He may resent the fact that he belongs to the laboring class, but he does not dream of assuming to himself the rights and privileges of the aristocracy. If he is sensible as well as ambitious he strives to dignify his calling by becoming a superior laborer, and, having succeeded in acquiring more than the usual amount of education, is finally recognized as a power among his fellows for good or evil; still there is no misapprehension in his own mind, or in the minds of others, as to where he belongs in the social world.

On the other hand, it is said that in our great Republic birth counts for very little, and whether this is true or not, the fact remains that here, more than anywhere else, a man has the freedom of deciding what his social status shall be, and has greater opportunities for attaining his ideal standard. In other words, it takes nothing but quality to make a gentleman in America, and a man may possess this distinguishing qualification, so easy to recognize but so hard to define, without title, or family, or wealth, or even education (in its most technical sense). As our wise Autocrat expresses it, "Our social arrangement has this great beauty, that its strata shifts up and down, as they change specific gravity, without being clogged by layers of prescription."

Our democratic institutions, therefore, while admitting of no social classification of the people, have offered to the masses a sacred privilege which other nations guard with jealous care, and our European critics are only too ready to characterize the result as chaos. Nor is this criticism wholly unjust. Exulting in our freedom from the restraints imposed by an arbitrary classification of the people, we are too apt to forget that this very advantage over other nations robs us of a safeguard possessed by them.

One of our greatest stumbling blocks is that grand old sentiment first uttered by the founder of democracy in this country and immortalized by him through the Declaration of Independence, "All men are created free and equal." It is an axiom, a self-evident truth, to every loyal American. But does it imply social as well as political equality? Our cook who considers "servant" a term of approbrium and resents the application of the expression to herself, seems to think so and consequently

calls herself a lady, thereby confirming the statement of the wit who said, "There are no servants in America, 'scrub-ladies' clean our houses and 'gentlemen' drive our carriages."

This false idea colors the vision of the American girl to such an extent that she prefers any situation rather than that of cook or house-maid in a private family. A position in store or factory with wages barely sufficient for boarding her in a cheap lodging house, with undesirable people as associates, is preferable, in her eyes, to living in a pleasant home where she has at least wholesome food, and, in most cases, a cheerful room and the opportunity of saving her wages. She is a servant, to be sure, but there is nothing degrading in the position. It is the way in which it is filled that determines whether it shall be one of dignity or abasement.

It is this mad struggle for social equality that is overcrowding our cities and leaving our farms deserted. If a country boy is a little above the average he imagines himself a Lincoln and dreams of becoming a future President. Of course a farm is too narrow a sphere for the embryo statesman, and forthwith he leaves it behind and sets out for the nearest city where he begins the study of law. Then one of two things usually happens; either he succeeds in getting a sufficient smattering of legal knowledge to admit him to the bar, thereby becoming an inferior member of that tribe whom Shakespeare has characterized as

> Windy attorneys of their clients woes,
> Airy succeeders to intestate joys;
> Poor breathing orators of miseries.

or, he fails in his attempt and returns to the farm utterly unfitted for its simple duties and cares, feeling that he is an eagle whose wings were cruelly clipped. If only he had realized his limitations he might have been a posperous farmer, and, by using his talents and superior abilities have become pre-eminent in his own line.

We need brains and first-class qualities in our kitchens and on our farms. Education should not unfit one for his station in life, but only enable him to fill it more nobly, more intelligently, more successfully. Great opportunities do not have to be sought; they come to the man who is capable of higher things.

We conclude, therefore, that Americans are born socially equal only in respect of privilege; that is, any man may scale the social ladder unhampered by the disadvantages of an obscure or humble origin. But only insofar as we prove to other nations that socially, as well as politically, the voice of the people insures the prestige of the best, the most select element, do we demonstrate the superiority of the rule of the many over the rule of the few.

What, then, are the qualities which should entitle one to social pre-eminence in America? Refinement, culture, and above all, that delicate preception which enables one to recognize these attributes in another, no matter what his environment may be; these, together with the generous qualities and the gentle manners which prompts him to accord to that other his proper position without the least suspicion of patronage. Without these fundamental qualifications no amount of ability or wealth or influence should enable a man to secure for himself admittance to the charmed circle of American patricians. The last expression, seemingly at variance with the spirit of our institutions, I have used intentionally, not to describe any exclusive and select set of newspaper notoriety, but as a brief characterization of those individuals who possess the true nobility which I have tried to define above.

Granting, then, that there is need of reform in this direction, where should the good work begin? I should answer with Mrs. Birney, "In the home lies the only solutions of the problems which confront the world today." For it is only after settling this point, as well as all others, as individuals and then as families, that we can decide for the world at large what is the best way to promote intelligent association among people of culture and refinement.

In pursuance of this thought I have decided to follow the fortunes of an American family through their experiences of social life, first in a large Eastern city, later in a village of the Midland states, and finally in a small city on the

Western coast. The practical knowledge gained by them through personal observation of the trials and difficulties to be met with in keeping their social circle ideal, may help others in dealing with the same problem.

The Trenants were often spoken of as exclusive people, which was probably accounted for through the fact that they never identified themselves with any particular set, though they had the entre of all. Their wealth alone would have secured their admission to the highest set, while the fact that they could trace their descent from one of the "first families of Virginia," entitled them to a prominent place in that more select circle whose members pride themselves upon their ancient lineage and affect family trees.

Mr. Trenant's birth and training had united to make him one of those unusual individuals in whom aristocratic feeling and democratic principles seem perfectly combined. His wife was a woman of rare personality whose force and beauty of character had made her a power in the home and a prominent factor in shaping the lives of her husband and children. During her early married life there was little time for social pleasures, but, believing as she did, that woman's loftiest sphere is the home, and her highest duties those of the wife and mother, she did not crave other associations than that afforded by her family and the small, but well chosen, circle in which she had moved as a girl. Between her husband and herself existed that mental and spiritual affinity which makes a perfect marriage, and their children grew up in an atmosphere of intellectual thought and refinement which is the highest culture.

It was the desire of their children for the society of congenial young people that first confronted them with the problem of how such association was to be brought about in these days, and at first sibht it seemed difficult of solution. The children of their own friends had been swept into the whirl of fashionable society whither, as yet, the young Trenants had not cared to follow, but now, at last, they were yearning for a larger social circle and their parents were filled with something like dismay.

They, themselves, had always gloried in "the right of social discrimination of all persons and things according to their merits, native or acquired," which is the peculiar privilege of every American, and should they deny this liberty to their children? After all, it is only the exercise of a power that can develop it, and unless in youth one acquires the ability to discern between persons and things that differ, he will lack the true judicial faculty which should crown mature age. So this wise father and mother decided to allow their sons and daughters to learn for themselves the limitations and possibilities of American society, trusting to the instincts with which they were born and the principles engendered by their early training to guide them in distinguishing the true from the false, the best element from that which is mediocre.

These young people exercised, therefore, the new and sacred "right of discrimination," not only in the great general world, but also in those special cliques whose chosen few were supposed to have run the gauntlet of society and to have come out unscathed at the end.

It mattered not, to them, that the B—'s were social leaders and immensely rich. They did not come up to the standards of the young Trenants intellectually or morally. Therefore the latter refused them recognition as equals. The C—'s were moral enough, but exceedingly vulgar and ostentatious. The M—'s were snobs whose affectations and pretentions marked them as mere parvenus. The W—'s had the advantage of education and travel, but were so fearfully conscious of their money and the influence and position it brought them that they were simply unsufferable. The L—'s, who were grasping madly for a culture they were incapable of acquiring, were almost worse than the others.

So these young people were deciding "that all is vanity and vexation of spirit" when Mrs. Trenant offered a new suggestion. Why not try that exclusive circle of old families who boast of the generations of blue blood that runs in their veins, and never allow upstarts among them?

They grasped the idea immediately.

Here, at least, where poverty was often a badge of honor, one would not meet with the vulgarity of the nonveau riche, and these enthusiasts rejoiced that they had the qualifications to enter the charmed circle. They were received with open arms by the colonial dames. When they had time to look around them carefully they realized that an American aristocracy, founded on birth alone, was not only the worst of all aristocracies, but supremely ridiculous. Not only did these people lack the enterprise that a new spirit imparts, but many of them were without the ability, brains and even education which had won for the persons they affected to despise a prominent place in more general society. They were allowing their pride of birth to become a mania which warped their judgment of people to such an extent that a man's ancestors could cover a multitude of sins in himself.

The result of this last experience was a family council in which it was concluded by all that they knew no class of people which, as a whole, possessed all the qualities necessary to congenial association. What, then, should they do? Forego social pleasures altogether and form of themselves a little exclusive circle where they could gain the mental and spiritual refreshments so necessary to all lives?

Better to be alone in a rare atmosphere than to be stifled by the pressure of false conditions. But they had to acknowledge that this plan would not be ideal in all respects, for, if they followed it, they would lack the advantages that only the contrast with other personalities can give. They might even grow as narrow and self-centered as the "old families," and that was not to be endured.

Here Mrs. Trenant again came to the rescue with the happy thought—why not constitute of themselves a nucleus around which all could gather who wanted just what they had been seeking, and, like themselves, had failed to find?

The idea was received with enthusiasm, but what special qualities should they require in persons who wished to join them? Mrs. Trenant was ready for this question and answered it promptly.

"Refinement and culture, of course, are essential qualifications, but these alone will not suffice. There are many, especially among the 'old families,' who would answer to that description exactly, but they would never be capable of acknowledging that the same qualities could exist in persons who are not as well born as themselves. Then, among new families of the fashionable set, are those in whom education and travel and their innate possiblities have developed these same characteristics; but these, while recognizing culture and refinement in obscure and unknown people, through selfishness and fear of criticism, would fail to accord to them their true position, and, forgetting that no real lady or gentleman could ever give or receive such patronage, might treat them with condescension. These two classes of individuals could not get along together and would exclude from our circle many other persons whom we want in it. It is clear that every one whom we admit ought to possess that measure of appreciation which will enable him or her to judge another for what he is, not for what he has."

Unanimous in praise of this plan, they were intensely eager to put their theories into practice, and so the circle was born. It was surprising how rapidly it grew, and how many charming people they found to increase their number. These were culled from all grades of society, but no one ever asked about another, "Who is he?" It was sufficient to know that every man was a gentleman and every woman a lady. "One never meets and other kind of person at the Trenants', who exercise wisely the right of selection and believe in the 'survival of the fitest' in the field of social life," said a friendly critic. Everyone seemed hungry for just such association, from the popular author—that lion of the day—to Miss Jones, the governess, who was a lady to the finger-tips, though so far she had met with little social recognition which was not patronizingly given.

From this time forth the teas, receptions and dinners at the Trenants' home were delightful affairs which were looked forward to with pleasure by all who were

fortunate enough to be invited to them. One was always eager to go and loth to come away from these interesting assemblies where obscure medical students, embryo artists, struggling young lawyers and poor journalists were as welcome as those who had already won fame and honor and wealth, where one came in contact with the best thought and intellect of the day with great minds and souls who were simple and spontaneously happy in manner.

In time this family scattered and its members had opportunities of trying in new communitites, under different conditions, the methods which had been crowned with such success in their old home.

The lot of one daughter, Mrs. S—, was cast in a small mining town in the Middle West, and many were the trials she met with in holding to her standards. Only in applying the motto "Better that the individual suffer than that the law perish," did she learn that true philanthropy does not obliterate distinctions. It was necessary to be as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove, for, in a place so small, selection is apt to be considered a personal affront by those who are without the pale. Therefore, it was only by exercising rare tact that she was able to keep her home inviolate, and to win, at the same time, the good will of everybody.

There was one public school in the place where the children of all classes trudged hand in hand along the paths of knowledge with never a thought that in later life some must be the servants of others, and here arose a complication. Mary Ann, the cook, was a farmer's daughter who had associated at school with the best people of the town, hence she expected to sit down with the family at meals on the plea that "she was as good as anybody." "The point," said Mrs. S—, kindly, but firmly, "is not whether you are good enough to eat at my table, but whether you are willing to conform to the customs of my household, one of which is that my servants eat in the kitchen." And Mary Ann conformed.

Just as skillfully did the little lady avoid being on terms of intimacy with her butcher's wife, or her gardener's family, but all of these people had substantial proof of her warm interest in their spiritual and temporal welfare, and were convinced that she was, without exception the lovliest lady in town. A comparison of her own position with that of some of her friends who had feared to adopt her theories, taught her the truth of the old adage, "familiarity breeds contempt." And thus she proved that the same fundamental principles with regard to the social problem apply in a mining town or in any village that hold good in a large Eastern city.

Perhaps the most discouraging experience of the Trenant family was met by the daughter whose home was in a small city on our Western coast. She discovered that just as it had taken years of brave and patient pioneer labor to develop the physical resources of this new country, so it would take years of the same kind of advance work on the part of some fine souls to evolve from the present social chaos any such ideal circle as she had left in her Eastern home. Here the greatest danger is that of losing one's ideals in a homesick longing for association of some sort, and so being swept into the general current. Only by holding aloof from this, and waiting, even for months and years, for congenial souls with whom affiliation does not mean deterioration, can one hope for right society eventually.

I have used this family as an illustration because I believe that their experiences, with slight variations, show the difficulties which beset people of intelligence and refinement who are trying today to bring about ideal social relations.

The Indian "Arabian Nights."

Being a Series of Indian Stories and Legends relating to the region around the mouth of the Columbia River, Oregon.

By H. S. LYMAN.

THE STORY OF KOBAIWAY.

"YOU will understand," said the judge, as we went back another day to Omopah, "that during the days of the old chief, called Tlah-Tsops, there must have been a large primitive population dwelling upon this peninsula. The old chief himself had twenty wives, and his own family may have numbered fifty people. The houses, or lodges, in which they lived were commodious and fixed abodes made of planks of split cedar, and roofed with poles and pieces of bark laid like tiles. The floor was sunk two or three feet in the ground, and up from the ground, about eighteen inches high, were laid all around the walls long planks serving as floor and seats and couches, while in the center the earth was left bare upon which to build the fire. Over the fire an opening was made in the roof near the ridgepole for the smoke to escape.

"Some of the houses were eighty feet in length, each one large enough to accommodate forty or fifty persons. As at Tlah-Tsops, there were ten or a dozen such houses; we may suppose there were four or five hundred members of the tribe. They had three main villages, which were occupied according to the season of the year. That at Tlah-Tsops was the summer home.

"Chieftainship was not necessarily bestowed upon the eldest son. It was not even hereditary, but went to the one who showed the most address and ability. The chief was a father to his people, directing all important affairs, guiding public policy, and even conducting trade.

"By the coming of Konapee, who made, and taught the art of making, iron knives, and still more by the coming of other ships, which gradually sought the Northwest coast for purposes of barter, the trade of the Tlah-Tsops and of their neighbors across the river, the Chinooks, began to assume considerable importance, and these two tribes rose in proportion in wealth and power among the natives of the whole coast region from which were gathered the waters of the river. They easily saw that it was much to their advantage to act as traders between the white men, who came with beads and blankets and scrap iron, and the Indians of the interior. From time immemorial, too, there had been a trade between the interior tribes and the coast or lower river natives. To make their seines for salmon fishing, which were dexterously woven out of wild flax, it was necessary for the Chinooks and Tlah-Tsops to trade with Indians of the upper river for the fibre. The flax grew better and stronger on the plateau inland. And for this flax fibre they exchanged the slender haiqui shells, a little volute no larger around than a lead pencil and slightly curved at the tip, like the end of a tiny horn. The value of these shells was reckoned by the length; one of a finger length was worth a horse.

"As white men began to come to the coast for barter, the articles of civilized manufacture were carried to the interior, for which not only the flax fibre, but also the furs and other native products were bought, and the Chinooks and Tlah-Tsops became the leading people of all the western shore. And their language, or the jargon founded upon it, mixed with some French and Spanish expressions, became the universal language of business.

"This vast increase of trade, and the consequent rise in importance of the

tribe, added greatly to the cares and labors of the chief, and Kobaiway, succeeding the old Tlah-Tsops, must have been a man of much ability to maintain his position.

"At some time, perhaps while he was still quite a young man, there came a severe test of his qualities. We may believe that it was when he was not far from beginning his career as chief, and the tribes with whom he had to do would be most likely to take advantage of his inexperience.

"At the Cascades, just above the rapids, in the bend or basin of quiet water, was the trading ground of all the tribes, of both the upper and lower river. It was neutral ground and under the sacred protection of the gods, who guaranteed safety to all. It was a wild and magnificent place, buttressed by mighty mountains. Up to the very gates of dawn the great river stretched, a shining silver highway, with here and there a rocky isle gemming its smooth surface. Below, the waters contracting, turned sharply and fell into roaring rapids.

"It was to this place, at the upper end of the Cascades, that Kobaiway came trading, having left, as was customary, his canoe at the foot of the rapids, and brought his boatmen with the luggage and barter by way of the path along the shore. He was well treated by the Cayuses, the people with whom he came to trade, but the fact that he was a new chief was probably known, and it was whispered by the crafty tribe that while he could not be molested at the trading ground, he would be unprotected on the pathway down the rocky shore when he returned toward his canoes.

"At all events, while Kobaiway and his party were passing along the narrow trail, winding in and out among the boulders and thickets, heavily cumbered with their recent purchases, they were suddenly attacked by the crafty Cayuses whose intention it was to let not one of the party escape. So swift and unexpected was the onslaught that the Tlah-Tsops had no chance to make a defense and all were cut down save Kobaiway who walked in advance of the rest. Kobaiway was unarmed, but carried in each hand a heavy drinking cup made of the horn of the Rocky Mountain sheep and richly and fantastically carved. They were recent purchases and were valued highly, but it is not likely they were ever designed to serve the purpose to which Kobaiway put them in his dire extremity. Two of the enemy set upon him fiercely, when, turning with sudden swiftness, he lifted the horn cups and brought them down with resistless force upon the heads of the foe, stretching them at his feet. In another instant he had disappeared in the woods.

"Then followed a long wandering for Kobaiway, alone and oppressed by the loss of his party. He dared not return to the river immediately, but struck deep into the mountains, following the track of wild animals, and avoiding all possible encounter with men. At last, however, he judged that he was safe from pursuit and turned his face again toward the river.

"Weary and half famished, he finally emerged from the forest and found himself upon a cliff overlooking the broad waterway that stretched westward toward his home. There was a thick haze over the river and he could see nothing, but, borne upon the wind came the regular throb of a club beating the side of a great canoe. Like a distant drum it sounded, and as he listened he knew that his own people were mourning the death of one of the tribe. As it drew nearer he could distinguish the wailing dirge and knew that they mourned the death of their chief, seeking to ease his wandering spirit on its way to the happy hunting ground by making their lament near the scene of the tragedy. Kobaiway speedily discovered himself to them and with them returned to his own land. But that was not the end of it for Kobaiway."

(To be Continued.)

While the Ship Sailed.

By F. von KETTLER.

"ALL aboard! All aboard!" shouted a voice from the big Atlantic liner, "Umbria," ready to leave the wharf for her regular trip to Liverpool. The ship bell sounded loud and clear, as a cab drove up close to the wharf, from which a tall, athletic man jumped quickly, and hurried towards the gang-plank.

"Just in time, by Jove!" he exclaimed, "that was a close shave! one minute later and I would have missed the boat."

He pushed his way through the throng of people hastily leaving the ship. The ropes were loosened and the big ocean greyhound slowly moved from the wharf.

Sidney Huntington found his state room, and, after arranging his belongings to his satisfaction, lit a cigar and went on deck to have a last look at the city of New York, which already was fading in the distance. Leaning on the starboard railing and indulging in an idle man's privilege, namely, dreaming of all kinds of possible and impossible things, he was roughly awakened out of his reverie by a hearty slap on the back and a cheerful voice crying:

"Hello, Sid, old man! What are you doing here? Going to honor Europe with your august presence, eh?"

Sidney turned and faced his old college chum, Jack Knowles, whom he had not seen since he left Yale, three years before.

They shook hands.

"I can't tell you how glad I am to see you, Jack! I thought I would have a rather lonely trip across, but now that is out of the question. Where are you going after our arrival in Liverpool?"

"I don't know yet," answered Jack. "Wherever fancy takes me. I have no distinct plans. Travel about Europe for awhile, taking in London, Paris, Vienna and Berlin, visiting some of the watering places, and, perhaps, Switzerland and Italy. And yourself? What are your intentions?"

"The same as yours," replied Sidney. "Very indistinct. Let us make the tour together, we'll be company to each other and we'll enjoy ourselves to our heart's content."

"All right," acquiesced Jack Knowles, heartily, "nothing would suit me better."

"I say, Sid," Jack continued, "have you seen our fascinating traveling companion yet? She is about the prettiest little thing I have seen for some time. I just got a glimpse of her when she came on board; but that one glimpse was sufficient to make my heart go pit-a-pat. Of course I went straight to the purser to find out her name. He told me that he believed her to be a young widow, trying to console herself for the loss of a much lamented husband. Her name, he said, is Mrs. Harvey."

"Hello," said Sidney, "at it again! Your easily influenced heart on fire as usual! Well, if she is a widow, I will not break a lance with you in her behalf. You know my aversion to widows, especially young widows."

The next moment Huntington and Knowles were on the after deck, idly waching the long, silvery trench plowed by the big steamship, when Jack, suddenly grasping Sidney's arm, excitedly whispered:

"Look, look! There she is!"

"Who? Where?"

"The widow, of course! you idiot! Don't you see her? There, that lady in grey; she is speaking to the captain now. By Jove, they are coming this way."

Mrs. Harvey was a very pretty woman, with lovely auburn hair, waving about a square, low brow; violet, liquid eyes that had a way of turning black under excitement, and lips as kissable as a baby's. She was talking gaily to her companion as they approached.

"What do you think of her?" whisp-

ered Jack.

"I'll tell you later about that," was the quiet reply.

"Lucky dog, that captain! I wish he would give us an introduction. I think it downright mean of him to keep her entirely to himself. He won't give a fellow a show," grumbled Jack. "Well I'll have to manage somehow to get acquainted with her."

The sun was shining brightly; the decks were crowded with people, brought up by the beautiful warm weather.

Mrs. Harvey, with an open book lying unread in her lap, was looking across the deep waters in an idle, listless fashion. Unknown to her Sidney Huntington was standing a few paces behind her chair, watching her intently, when suddenly a gust of wind swept across the deck, among other things taking Mrs. Harvey's book with it. Like a flash Sidney darted to the rescue.

"I am afraid that you will find your book somewhat the worse for its escapade, Madam," he said, as he gallantly returned it to its owner.

"Thank you, very much," said the widow, blushing. "I am sorry to have given you so much trouble. It was very careless of me."

"The wind sprang up rather suddenly," said Sidney, in response. "It would have taken anybody by surprise."

At that moment another violent gust shook Mrs. Harvey's chair.

"Oh!" she sighed regretfully, "it's too bad, I am afraid I will have to go inside; it is geting too breezy for me."

"Don't go yet," he begged. "Let me bring you some rugs and things."

Without awaiting her answer, Sidney dashed off and presently returned with an armful of steamer rugs.

"Here they are," he said, and arranging the things carefully around her. "This will be warm enough for you, I trust. I hope to induce you to remain on deck a little longer."

"Thank you very much," said Mrs. Harvey, gratefully. "This is what I call solid comfort. Most of the passengers have gone inside, I suppose. They are not as hardy as you and I."

"You seem to be a good sailor, Mrs. Harvey?" he said gallantly.

The widow looked up in surprise.

"You have the advantage of me," she said. "You know my name, while I am in ignorance of yours."

"I beg a thousand pardons," he hurriedly explained. "I heard Captain Seabrook address you as Mrs. Harvey and took advantage of my eavesdropping." And then, raising his cap, "my name is Huntington, Sidney Huntington, madam."

"I am very glad to have made your acquaintance," answered Mrs. Harvey, cordially offering her hand.

Around the corner of the companionway came the short, fat figure of Jack Knowles with bowed head, struggling against the strong breeze, and seeing Sidney, but not preceiving the latter's companion, who was hidden by the bulkhead, against which Sidney was leaning, cried out:

"What in the devil are you doing there the whole afternoon, and in this beastly weather, too?" Then coming closer, and seeing the lady, "Oh, beg pardon, beg pardon," he added confused.

"Mrs. Harvey," said Sidney, without taking notice of this tirade, "kindly allow me to present to you my friend, Mr. Jack Knowles."

Sidney soon became the fascinating widow's constant companion. They walked the deck together. Together they sat, always talking and laughing, and making pook Jack miserable. Together they watched passing ships through Sidney's field glass, and in the evenings were partners at whist.

"I believe I am in love," mused Sidney one day, "and with a widow! Who would have believed it! Sid, old man! this won't do! You must keep away from her. She is such a lovable little thing, though. If only she were not a widow! I wonder what kind of man her husband was? and who he was? and how he happened to come to his death? It's strange, she never mentions him; as a rule these interesting widows are very fond of speaking of the 'dear departed.'"

"Not dancing attendance, Sid? How is that?" questioned Jack Knowles, com-

ing into the stateroom and interrupting his friend's thoughts.

"I fail to understand you," answered Sidney, with a forbidding frown on his handsome face.

"I meant no offense, old man," hurriedly apologized Jack. "But nevertheless you are beastly selfish. You monopolize the pretty little widow and anybody can see that she has no eyes for any fellow but you."

"I wish you would refrain from drawing Mrs. Harvey's name into the conversation."

"Why, Sid, old man; what is the matter? We are not going to quarrel over a little thing like this, are we?"

"Certainly not, Jack, but you know it is out of place to make light of any lady's name in this fashion. Let's us go down and have a glass of sherry and a biscuit, or something."

"By Jove," muttered Jack to himself, "who would have thought it. He has got it bad, and with a widow! The eighth wonder, and no mistake."

Notwithstanding Sidney's good resolutions, he found himself in Mrs. Harvey's company as much as ever. One afternoon, as the voyage was nearing its end they stood together leaning over the rail.

"Mrs. Harvey," remarked Sidney, "in about thirty-six hours we will have arrived in Liverpool. Will you be glad or sorry to finish this part of your trip?"

"That question is difficult to answer," she replied musingly. "I certainly shall be glad to see terra firma again, although we have had an enjoyable trip."

"Mrs. Harvey," answered Sidney, "I shall remember this voyage as long as I live. To me it is a dream, a dream from which I never wish to be awakened."

"What! Are you so fond of the ocean?" asked she demurely, lowering her eyes.

He looked at her passionately.

"Yes," he said, "I adore the ocean, or any other place, where you are! Won't you let me tell you how much I love you, how in the short time I have known you I have learned to care for you with an undying love?"

He made a movement to approach her, but she drew away, whispering:

"We are not the only people on deck."

"I don't care who is on deck," said he, looking fondly at her. "I see only you; it seems to me we are floating alone on the ocean, and that there is no one else in the wide world but our two selves."

"But, listen to me, Mr. Huntington, "I have something to tell you, something you must hear before you go any farther. I am not what you think I am."

"Not what I think you are? I know that you are the dearest, lovliest woman in the world, and I know that life would be unendurable without you."

"Please listen to me," she pleaded. "Although I am afraid that you will not have such a good opinion of me after I have told you all."

"Whatever you tell me will not alter my love for you; that I am sure of."

"First of all, my name is not Mrs. Harvey."

"Not Mrs. Harvey?" he asked astonished, "then what is it?"

"Lewellyn is my name, Nellie Lewellyn."

"Mrs. Nellie Lewellyn?"

"No, Miss Nellie Lewellyn."

"Then you are not a widow? But why this incognito?"

"To relate my story properly," she commenced, "I want to go back five years, when my poor father died, leaving me an orphan, 17 years of age, my mother's death having occurred seven years previous to that. We had never been rich and I found myself alone in the world, with $300 as my all. I realized that I would have to earn my own living, consequently I went to Boston and there attended a good business college for one year, and applied myself diligently to my studies. At the expiration of that year I was able to secure a position in a large business house at a salary of $40 a month, which gradually increased to $75. During three years of hard work my one hope and longing was to see Europe, and by living carefully and attending steadily to my work and never taking a vacation, I have been able to save $500, with which I concluded to take a three months' vacation and see the Old World."

"But what has all this to do with Mrs.

Harvey? Where does she make her appearance?" asked Sidney, impatiently.

"Wait," answered Nellie, "you will soon hear from her. Knowing that it was not the correct thing in Europe for a girl to travel without a chaperone, I puzzled my brain to find a way out of the difficulty. In vain did I advertise in several papers for a married lady who intended to go to Europe and would care to travel in my society. Then a happy thought entered my mind. Why should not I go as a married woman, or a widow or something. Nobody would see through the disguise, and when I got back I could resume my own name. Was it very wrong of me?" she continued. "Do you think any less of me for it, Mr. Huntington?"

"My darling! If you only knew how glad you have made me with your recital?" he said happily. "But do you know that I also have a confession to make?"

"You have a confession to make? What! is not your name Sidney Huntington?"

"I am Sidney Huntington, all right," laughed he, "but when I first saw you I made up my mind not to like you."

"You need not do it if you don't want to," was Nellie's saucy answer.

"Oh, but I could not help it in spite of myself. Ever since my earliest boyhood I have had a hearty aversion for widows, young or old, pretty or otherwise, without any exception whatever. "And now, sweetheart," he continued, "you do care for me a little, don't you? Won't you let me take you to my dear old aunt, who resides in Liverpool, and won't you marry me as soon as possible, and let me accompany you on your three months' tramp and call it our honeymoon trip?"

"But, Mr. Huntington, you know so little of me."

"Please do not call me Mr. Huntington," he begged, "let it be Sidney. I can never know you better than I do now, sweetheart. You will promise to love and to marry me, won't you?"

"I suppose I must say 'yes,'" she answered, looking at him, the light of love shining out of her beautiful eyes.

"Now I am the happiest man in the world," cried Sidney. "Here comes Jack, I must tell him of my good fortune. Jack! Jack!" he called, and when Jack approached:

"Permit me to introduce you to my affianced bride, Miss Nellie Lewellyn."

"Miss Nellie Lewellyn?" said the astounded Jack, looking from one to the other, "affianced bride?"

And getting behind Sidney he looked questioningly at Nellie, rapping with a finger of one hand at his own temple, while with the other hand he pointed at Sidney.

"Poor fellow! The sea voyage must have done it!"

"Done what?" said Sidney, turning quickly, "what are you doing there, you ape? Oh, Jack does not know yet. Of course not. I'll tell you later all about it, old man. But now is the proper time for you to congratulate, because as soon as you arrive in Liverpool you will have to buy a pair of white gloves to assist me as best man at my wedding."

"I thought I might have had a chance at the pretty widow myself," said Jack. looking very crestfallen, "but as usual, I am left in the cold again."

"You can have all the widows in the land," interrupted Sidney, "but you can't have Nellie."

"But," continued Jack, "if you will accept the blessing of a bachelor, from now on a confirmed bachelor, you shall have it."

"If I took your hand and pledged you
In a beaker of old wine,
I would simply then have hedged you
In this narrow world of mine.
If I seize your heart and take it,
I shall weary by-and-by;
I should long to own—and break it,
Though I could not answer why."

Our Point of View

Every man, irrespective of political affiliations, who has the welfare of his country at heart, must view with alarm the growing practice of levying for campaign purposes upon office-holders and others who may be effected by a change of administration. While the necessity of using money in politics must be deprecated, we look with some degree of allowance upon it when the funds are used solely for educating the public in political issues. The end to which the money is put, however, while it may, in some rare instances, be good, though it is generally bad, cannot alter the fact that the means of collecting it, and often the causes or motives which prompt the giving, are corrupting and debasing. There are usually three classes that contribute to politics. The first, which consists of thousands upon thousands is forced each year to contribute to the political coffers of the parties through means that are little short of blackmail. They resent but have no recourse. If they refuse to contribute they are "blacklisted," and soon find themselves out of office and seemingly without "friends." Therefore they have found it the part of wisdom to submit to the inevitable with smothered protests of indignation. The great majority of this class, however, soon learns the way of politics, and a hardened conscience enables them to pass over such little things. The second class consists of those who must contribute or lose their political prestige, and the third of those whose individual or private interests are involved in maintaining this or that policy; but the man who contributes freely and willingly because he wishes in his heart to educate the masses in what he believes to be the true and right principles, one who helps because he places patriotism higher than party loyalty, whose motives are always pure and high, is indeed a 'rara avis." The money used, therefore, in political campaigns, leaving entirely out of consideration the effect of the end to which it is put, must be considered bad in its influence upon the individual and the state. When we consider, however, the corrupting use that is made of political money, it would seem that the people would rise in their indignation, and suppress what must be acknowledged the most dangerous and corrupting influence in American politics. For the line of demarcation between the necessary and legitimate and the most unwarrantable and corrupt use of political money is so dimly drawn that we pass it almost unknown and with but a step to reprehensible methods and dangerous expedients. And the public, accustomed to the use of money in politics, allows the matter to grow from bad to worse, until the entire fabric of our political organizations is rotten, warp and woof, while the storm of protest that such a state of affairs should call forth is hushed by a universal appeal to party loyalty. Unfortunately, in this respect, at least, the good is not all on one side and the bad on the other; for, were it so, we might keep all the good men in office and all the bad out. But the parties are equally culpable. The campaigns in Ohio and Kentucky are but recent exemplifications of this fact. It is difficult, if not impossible, to find a direct remedy for such conditions as these. A law forbidding office-holders from contributing to a political party would be manifestly ineffective. The only way, therefore, and indeed the only way to get at all the evils which threaten us through political corruption, is for our respectable and serious-minded men and women to consider politics and government great and serious things, demanding our highest thought and best energies, and that our offices are to be filled, not by political tricksters, but by the ablest and purest men we have. We must consider government a responsibility, a temporary charge of tremendous import, not merely a source of spoils nor the object of a

wild scramble for occupation. We should see to it that the men whom we put into office are such as will carry out our wishes. As has been said, "No one who is not at heart a good man can be trusted to execute the will of a good people." In casting our ballots, we must consider men as well as parties.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes is a believer in the theory that all young men should have an equal start in life. He does not limit himself, however, as most men do who take a similiar stand, to the matter of education. He goes much farther. He believes that a young man's interests are best subserved by his starting in life unhampered by an income, and proposes to practice what he preaches. Doubtless if sufficient data on the subject could be obtained, it would be found that Mr. Rhodes is very close to being on the right track. Of one thing we may be sure; there are more young men who are prevented from making the most of themselves and their oportunities because there is no occasion for exerting themselves, than there are of those who fail because of insufficient financial encouragement. Dr. Ross, of Stanford, has said that "A man is as lazy as he dare be; a wise man, therefore, puts himself where there will be necessity for work." This is true of all young men, and especially of those who are not troubled with the struggle for existence. Doubtless, then, the best thing for the nation would be to have our young men placed in such a condition that there would be a necessity for their exercising their mental and physical faculties to the greatest possible degree. This is one of the problems for the future.

In the days when Jean Paul Richter wrote and dreamed the world was in a spiritual mist—truth was received through a semi-obscuring haze, and much that the beautiful psychic philosopher said was considered mystical and even meaningless by the great majority who misunderstood or misinterpreted him. But stripped of its voluminous verbal drapery his thought, in sum and substance, stands out in the clearer sunlight of today definitely and unmistakably great. It was the living truth he voiced and the world is more willing to hear the truth now than it was fifty years ago, or even ten. There are few who fail to understand the following, for it is, I think, one of the tenets of the "New Religion": "There are a great many Christians who say that God is near or far off, that his wisdom and goodness appear quite specially in one age or another—truly that is an idle deception; is He not the unchangeable, eternal love, and does He not love and bless us at one hour just as much as at another?" And again: "As we ought properly, call the eclipse of the sun an eclipse of the earth, so it is man who is obscured, never the Infinite."

The movement against woman suffrage which is now being conducted in Oregon, is notable and interesting. The fact that there is an organization of women opposing the suffrage movement adds spice to the situation, and will not be without an important influence with the voters. The situation furnishes the most diverting proposition that has come up in the political arena for a long time.

The announcement made in England that the Boers have forfeited their right to independence, is, under the circumstances, the most pathetic incident of the closing years of this century. "Might, not right," is still England's motto.

The Rose of Day.

The day is opening like a rose—
  Petal on petal backward curled,
Till all its beauty burns and glows,
  And all its fragrance is unfurled.

The day is dying like a rose—
  Soft leaf on leaf dropped down the sky
To gulfs of beauty where repose
  The souls of exquisite things that die.

Ella Higginson.

Men and Women

"THE MEANING OF HUMAN EXISTENCE."

By DR. DAVID STARR JORDAN, President of Leland Stanford, Junior, University.

Third Article in this Series.

Thoreau says that "there is no hope for you unless this bit of sod under your feet is the sweetest to you in this world—in any world." Why not? Nowhere is the sky so blue, the grass so green, the sunshine so bright, the shade so welcome as right here, now, today. No other blue sky, nor bright sunshine nor welcome shade exists for you. Other skies are bright to other men. They have been bright in the past and so will they be again, but yours are here and now. To-day is your day and mine, the only day we have, the day in which we play our part. What our part may signify in the great whole we may not understand, but we are here to play it and now is the time. This we know, it is a part of action, not of whining. It is a part of love, not of cynicism. It is for us to express love in terms of human helpfulness. This we know, for we have learned from sad experience that any other course of life leads toward decay and waste.

What, then, are you doing under these blue skies? The thing you do should be for you the most important thing in the world. If you could do something better than you are doing now, everything considered, why are you not doing it?

If every one did the very best he knew, most of the problems of human life would be already settled. If each one did the best he knew he would be on the highway to greater knowledge and therefore still better action. The redemption of the world is waiting only for each man to "lend a hand."

It does not matter if the greatest thing for you to do be not in itself great. The best preparation for greatness comes in doing faithfully the little things that lie nearest. The nearest is the greatest in most human lives. Even washing one's own face may be the greatest present duty. The ascetics of the past who scorned cleanliness in the search for holiness became, for the most part, neither clean nor godly.

It was Agassiz's strength that he knew the value of today. Never were such bright skies as arched above him; nowhere else were such charming associates, such budding students, such secrets of nature fresh to his hand. His was the bouyant strength of the man who can look the stars in the face because he does his part in the Universe as well as they do theirs. It is the fresh, unspoiled confidence of the natural man, who finds the world a world of action and joy, and time all too short for the fullness of life which it demands. When Agassiz died, "the best friend that ever student had," the students of Harvard "laid a wreath of laurel on the bier and their manly voices sang a requiem, for he had been a student all his life long, and when he died he was younger than any of them."

Optimism in life is a good working hypothesis, if blindness and self-satisfaction be not its mainspring.

What if there are so many of us in the ranks of humanity? That the individual be lost in the mass as a pebble cast into the Seven Seas? Would you choose a world so small as to leave room for only you and your satellites? Would you ask for problems of life so tame that even you could grasp them? Would you choose a fibreless Universe to be "remoulded nearer to the heart's desire," in place of the wild, tough, virile, man-making environment to which the Attraction of Gravitation holds us all?

It is not that "I come like water and like wind I go." I am here today, and the moment and the place are real, and my will is, itself, one of the fates that make

and unmake all things. "Every meanest day is the conflux of two eternities" and in this center of all time and space, for the moment, it is I that stand. Great is Eternity, but it is made up of time. Could we blot out one day in the midst of time, Eternity could be no more. The power of man has its place within the Infinite Omnipotence.

It is to us not a question of hope or despair, but of truth; not of optimism nor of pessimism, but of wisdom. "Wisdom," as I have said elsewhere, "is knowing what to do next; Virtue is doing it." Religion the heart impulse that turns toward the best and highest course of action. What is our place? What have we to do next? Not in Infinity where we can do nothing, but here, today, the greatest day that ever was, for it alone is ours.

What matter is it that time does not end with us? Neither with us does history begin. An emperor of China once decreed that nothing should be before him, that all history should begin with him. But he could go no farther than his own decree. Who are you that would be emperor of China?

"The eternal Saki from that bowl hath poured,
Millions of bubbles like us and shall pour."

Why not? Should life stop with you? What have you done that you should mark the end of time? If you have played your part in the procession of bubbles, all is well, though the best you can do is to leave the world a little better for the next that follows.

If you have not made life a little richer and its conditions a little more just by your living, you have not touched the world. You are indeed a bubble. If some kind friend somewhere turn down an empty glass, it will be the best monument you deserve. But to have had a friend is to leave the glass not wholly empty, for life is justified in love, as well as in action.

When Edwardina Plays.

When Edwardina her guitar
Takes from its well-worn case to play,
Anticipation leaps afar
In wondering what it will say—
When Edwardina plays.

Her hands and fingers move like thought
Up and down the quivering strings,
And harmonies divine are wrought
Like dreamland songs on angel's wings,
When Edwardina plays.

The evening thrush and whipporwill
Are hushed to list to sweeter tones—
Such tones as only woodlands fill
When Memnon's music wakes the stones—
When Edwardina plays.

The camp-fire flickers dim and low,
And brooding night's fantastic shades
(Whose ghostly arms swing to and fro)
Wild dances weave in grass-grown glades,
While Edwardina plays.

Oh, rare the mystic, magic rune
When swiftly, softly touching strings
There fall, like showers of star-dust strewn
The gifts of Love's imaginings,
When Edwardina plays.

The trees their listless branches droop,
The night grows luminous and clear;
The crickets form a listening troop,
And e'en the stars come out to hear
When Edwardina plays.

C. H. Sholes.

The Home

SOME SUGGESTIONS ON DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

By GEORGE WHITAKER, Ph. D.

The problem in every family is how, with a given income, to secure larger results and to enjoy more home comforts. Any suggestion looking to this end will always be welcome.

A very helpful rule, and one which should be adopted in every household, is to live strictly within your income. A margin at the end of a year or a month is cheering and much to be desired. It gives you a feeling of independence and an ability to take advantage of the market in purchasing supplies. And though every wage-earner is tempted to spend more than he receives, he will find himself well repaid if he will rigidly deny himself in the matter of unnecessary expenditures, and resist the temptation to buy things that he desires, but can do without. The gratification of a desire is oftener than not an empty satisfaction. It is a common failing to spend money upon the impulse of the moment, carelessly and wastefully, which, with the exercise of a little thought and calculation, might be used to some good purpose. Indeed, it is a domestic duty to cultivate a spirit of self-sacrifice for the good of the home.

Care in providing and using material for consumption on the table, in the house, and on the farm adds to the appreciation of values. A little wisely used gives higher satisfaction than much wasted. A prudent thoughtfulness in purchasing and preparing food for the table or for the barn, contributes greatly to thrift and economy.

The first word in the lesson of self-denial which all must learn who would understand and practice domestic economy is "no." One little "no" in the right place is worth a thousand "yeses." As nothing is worse for good family government than to gratify every wish of the child, so nothing is more destructive to the building up and maintenance of a modest home life than self-indulgence in needless luxuries.

Of two articles which can be purchased at different prices select that which on the whole will give the largest returns for the amount invested. Shoes, for instance, that cost $3 per pair may have more than three times the wearing quality of those costing $1, and it would be economy to buy them. But if two pairs of shoes costing $2 per pair outwear one pair costing $4, it is better to buy the cheaper articles. If two cords of wood cost the price of one ton of coal and produce more heat, it is economy to burn wood. As a rule in making purchases a good article is cheaper than a poor one. But there are exceptions to this rule. Nothing is good if it is not needed. If it meets a real want it is cheap at almost any price.

In making purchases for home supplies advantage should be taken of the season. A prudent family, having a good cellar for storage, does well to lay in enough in the way of fruit, vegetables and so on in the fall when these things are selling at low prices. Then, too, it is always cheaper to buy in large quantities. Goods that do not deteriorate in keeping can thus be purchased at a heavy discount.

The matter of diet is an important one. More bread and less cake, more vegetables and less meat, more mush and less pie would be of incalculable benefit to mankind. Laboring men whose duties drain the physical forces need richer food. It is economy to adjust the supply to the tax upon the vital functions of the toiler.

The garden is a powerful factor in the economics of the family, and many a poor man has largely lived on a cow. Even a goat has been known to render

valuable assistance. Work has much to do with the question before us. Domestics cost more than wages and board. In many families this expense might be saved to the immeasurable advantage of the growing daughters if the boon of industry were conferred upon them. No matter what her other accomplishments, that girl is a beggar in heart and home who is lacking in domestic knowledge and skill. Forty domestics are no substitute for one domesticated daughter. Cooking is an art, and in this line every young woman should be an artist.

There are scores of texts upon which the young wife will do well to heed exortation —keeping herself beautiful and young and her household cheerful, orderly and exquisitely clean; studying deeply the right selection of human foods; adapting herself to her relations-in-law; liberally tolerating, if not subscribing to, her husband's politics and religion; bravely defending him against the adverse criticism of others, and never, never censuring his weaknesses to relations or friends.

Her Voice.

I.

The poets praise in glowing terms,
Her eyes and face and hair,
And each one vies to clearly prove
Her fairest of the fair.

II.

And yet it is reserved for me,—
A lucky mortal I,—
As no one else to understand
Wherein her virtues lie.

III.

It is not form nor hair nor eyes,
Nor ways so debonair,
Though these would more than win
the gods
And hold them to her lair.

IV.

It is not blushing rosy cheeks,
Nor lips like cherries red;
It is not Love's own winning ways,
Nor honeyed word that's said.

V.

No! None of these could hold my heart
'Gainst Time's relentless tread;
They fade and die and are no more,
And love might then be dead.

VI.

But O! the charm that holds my heart,
Complete, a perfect whole,
Is the loving music of a voice
That fills my inmost soul.

VII.

'Tis soft and tender, sweet and low,
And thrills me through and through;
And when I hear it at the 'phone
I know that she is true.

VIII.

And when I hear it by my side,
It fills me with such bliss
That I am tempted oft again
To steal a hurried kiss.

IX.

No! 'tis not blushing rosy cheeks,
Nor lips like cherries red;
It is not Love's own winning ways,
Nor honeyed word that's said—

X.

But when her lips do form the words,
That speak her feelings true,
The sweetest, sweetest sounds combine,
For she coyly says,
"I love you,
I love you."

W. B. W.

Books

BLIX
By Frank Norris.
Doubleday & McClure, New York.

A famous physician of New York is said to have introduced a lecture on nervous diseases with the remark, "Gentlemen, this world is full of four things: Sin and sorrow and books and neurasthenia." A reading of Frank Norris' latest novel will easily convince one that it is a book that does not belong to the calamity class.

In marked contrast to his earlier work, "McTeague," its tone is hopeful and the ethical purpose is predominant—to show the latent possibilities in the average man, when developed by the love of a good woman. Mr. Norris is a realist and paints his characters as he sees them, actual flesh and blood people. The hero, Condy, is a young journalist with no special purpose in life until "Blix" Bessamer comes into it. "Blix" is a sensible girl, sisterly and resourceful, who discovers when circumstances would part them, that Condy is necessary to her happiness. Her efforts to cure him from gambling are both novel and interesting, and might serve as a model for reformers who realize the almost hopeless task of fighting this evil. The other characters are well drawn. Mr. Bessamer, with his twin fads, homeopathy and mechanism of clocks, and Captain Jack Hoskins, with the true sailors' penchant for spinning 'yarns." The captain's wife is as unique, in her way, as Stockton's "Pomona." She is a queer mixture of sentimentality and common sense, with a wonderful fund of knowledge, only limited by the slow issues of the "Encyclopedia" in installments, to which she subscribed. The work is a fine bit of character sketching. The author is a genuine lover of nature, and his descriptions of points of interest in and about San Francisco, where the scene of the story is laid, will appeal to all readers familiar with that cosmopolitan town. This romance lacks the exciting events of "McTeague," and may be considered weak in comparison, but coarseness and brutality do not necessarily constitute strength. D.

No matter how well told and clever a story may be, we never forgive the author who, having the power to do so, fails to make his heroine beautiful. Therefore, we, the readers of that entertaining little book entitled "Blix," naturally bear malice toward Mr. Frank Norris. Compared to the horrible realism of "McTeague," this story is almost ideal. It would be admirable but for one glaring and wholly unnecessary fault that continually stares us in the face, or, to be more literal, blinks at us from every other page. If Mr. Norris had, in delineating the physical charms of his leading character, casually mentioned that her eyes were not of the usual size and then forever after held his peace regarding them, he might have been pardoned. However, he neglects no opportunity to remind us that her eyes are small. He even goes out of his way to call attention to the fact that they are little and twinkling. He makes a noble, sensible, lovable, physically perfect creature, and then deliberately ruins his creation with a pair of tiny orbs that twinkle. If she had to have a defect, why not have given her a moral one? Or, if the exigencies of the case called for a physical blemish, she might have walked on crutches, worn a wig, or blondined her hair. She might have been totally blind—no eyes at all are preferable to eyes that suggest rodents. The character of the heroine does not harmonize with her eyes. I refuse, therefore, to consider her seriously. She is incongruous. Let her creator confess that he has no sense of the fitness of things and then stop writing books. M.

ADVENTURES OF A TENDERFOOT.

By H. H. Sauber.

The Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco.

The adventures are related by the "Tenderfoot" himself and are very pleasant reading. The story deals with cattle herding and Indian raids in the earlier days of California. The "Tenderfoot" begins at the beginning of his experiences of frontier life and goes on in a simple, straightforward manner to the end of the story. Perhaps the highest praise one can bestow is to admit that the reader wishes the story were longer.

The following poem, entitled " What Is the News," written in commemoration of the death of Joseph Medill, editor of the Chicago Tribune, is from a volume of verse by Frank Carleton Teck, and is the gem of the collection:

"What is the news?"—he turned his head
And, waiting, innocent of dread,
    Looked forward to the mystic way
    Where on no eye of living day
Hath gazed since word of man was said;—

Aye, at the gateway of the dead,
Between the unread and the read,
    He breathes the query of the day:
        "What is the news?"

O Soul, here nobly tenanted,
From questioner to witness fled,
    Tell us the glorious news that may
    Else be denied a world for aye—
Tell us, O Soul, whence thou hast sped,
        "What is the news?"

In The Mind's Domain.

In a fair domain is an ocean wrought
  More fine than the woof of cloud or air,
And the mind will speed on the wings of thought,
  And sail on the lightsome billows there.

Like a lark which sings as it upward soars,
  The mind will carol a glad adieu,
And the notes which sound on the star flecked shores
  Are the echoes fair to the music new.

There the star flecked shores are a dream of pearl,
  Where the poet roams with the blithesome Hours;
There the sage, like a ship in port, will furl
  His wearied wings in the coral bowers.

There the artist finds a sweet delight
  In the mazy hues of the crisping seas,
And the dulcet waves of the star gleams bright
  From the great composer's harmonies.

Valentine Brown.

The Idler

CONDUCTED BY CATHERINE COGGSWELL.

One of the best atractions on the road one season, the most earnest of heavy Shakespearean stars, the all-around heavy legitimate company, touring the N. P., was once placed in an embarrassing position by an unforseen and unavoidable accident. Arriving in an Eastern city belated and very weary,to find the house sold out, the audience assembled and the "Standing Room Only" sign in full view. Without their supper, the "troupers" filed past the brilliantly-lighted front entrance to the grimy alley-way that inevitably leads to the stage door. Exactly why actors are shown so little consideration in regard to dressing rooms and stage entrances (their field of labor) never has been discovered. The evening referred to the property man met the manager and star as they ascended the steps, with woe written on his countenance. No luggage had arrived, nor could arrive before the following morning. There was a hasty consultation, ending in the resolve to give the advertised play, "Virginus," in travelling costume. Poor "Virginia" begged and implored for a sheet and a few pins, but was promptly suppressed by the stage manager, who is always a most disagreeable person, and the curtain rung up. Imagine that beautiful classical piece without accessories—picture Virginus in a fur-lined overcoat; Virginia, with a coquetish red toque that persisted, as she was handed from the arms of her father to her lover Icilius, in hanging rakishly over her eye-brow—and so on through the entire company of seven and twenty people, ordinarily well clad enough for hard winter travel, but certainly queerly garbed for noble Romans.

The audience seemed to enjoy the performance—which was more than the actors did—and kindly refrained from laughter, but the next morning's press notices added insult to injury by invidious references and comparisons.

My days were dull and dark. They dragged their weary length like an endless iron chain. The golden dreams of youth came to me no more. The enthusiam, the hope, the ambition that had fired me in my early prime had vanished, I believed, never to return. I no longer looked forward—the prospect was too dreary. I had ceased to recall the past—the light that had brightened my boyhood with promise for the future had forever faded and there were many things it was not well to remember. So here on the bleak hill-top of middle age I waited with unseeing eyes and deadened senses—wondering in a vague, dull fashion if it were worth while to be alive.

Then through a sudden rift in the clouds a woman's face looked out, a woman's smile flashed, like a ray of heaven's sunlight, and a woman's eyes, tender as love's own illuminated the world for me.

The touch of her hand set my pulses singing a song of joy and hope reborn. Out into the great wide wilderness of wrecked ambitions, broken dreams and lost desires God sent her to reclaim my tired soul. From the beginning I had loved her, and longed for her—and—I might have waited till the gates of eternity swung open before I found her. Ah! I catch my breath when I think of it. To have missed her here! Then I should have missed life itself for I lived not until I knew her.

Two Answers.

Why do I love thee? Ask the robin singing
Why he pours out his heart in melody;
And when he tells thee why, his answer bringing,
To me, I'll give it back as mine to thee.

When do I love thee? Ask the murmuring river
When it flows onward to its goal, the sea,
And when it answer, "Ever and forever,"
That answer take, oh love, as mine to thee.

Florence May Wright.

Questions of the Day

This Department is for the use of our readers, and expressions limited to six hundred words, are solicited on subjects relating to any social, religious or political question. All manuscript sent in must bear the author's name, though a nom de plume will be printed if so desired. The publishers will not, of course, be understood as necessarily endorsing any of the views expressed.

TWO REASONS WHY THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES ARE OUT OF TOUCH WITH THE CHURCH.

This fall, a few days before the Y. M. C. A. Night College opened, a man came to us and wanted to take a practical course of study such as he could get nowhere else in the city. He proved to be a Hungarian, thirty years old, with a family, and a shirt maker by trade. The terms and arrangements seemed satisfactory; still he hestitated, saying that he was a "free thinker." Under these conditions he questioned whether he could still have the privileges sought.

This man was one of a class of thousands who make a mistake in their

Lack of Knowledge of the Christian Church.

The larger part of our industrial class is foreign, and to them this country was to be the land of the free. In most European countries the government and the church are united. The tyranny of one was the tyranny of the other. Here the new comer was to be free from military service, and free from the burdens of a state church. Many of this class come from countries in Europe where the church has stood for repression, and in known opposition to free schools and free press. Again, many are infidel in their thought towards religious matters, and pride themselves that they are "free thinkers," imagining that those who are members of the churches in this country have given up individual freedom of thought, and accept the same system of ecclesiastical bondage with which they have been familiar in the old country. They fail to realize that nowhere has there developed such complete freedom of thought as in that institution in America known as the Christian Church.

Another reason that many of the intelligent Americans belonging to the industrial classes are out of sympathy with the church is that they

Know the Church Too Well;

know the perfect teachings of its founder; know the high standard of its profession; know the inconsistency of caste or class distinctions in the light of its creed; and despise the church's compromising attitude in its attempt to win the world.

Most of these are fully convinced that the church, with its weekly display of fashions, its conservative attitude towards all reform movements, is out of sympathy, not only with the industrial class to which they belong, but to the literal teachings of the Christ.

In the strike of '94 I became quite familiar with a number of labor leaders, and attended their meetings. I was surprised to find that most of these leaders were native Americans, and in their speeches continually appealed to the ethical righteousness of their position. In almost every speech more New Testament Scripture was quoted than one would hear in an ordinary Sunday morning sermon. Their authority seemed to be Christ and his teachings, yet not one of them had any use for the organized church.

In speaking on this subject Prof. Herron says: "The most significant fact of the hour is the appeal of the social conscience from Christianity to Christ. The rising faith of the people and the discernment of both scientific and economic prophets are alike turning to Jesus while turning from the church. To the Christian church and its official attitude there is the srongest antipathy and social distrust; for Jesus there is an increasing reverence and social loyalty."

H. W. Stone.

The Month

IN POLITICS—

Senator Morgan, of Alabama, in an interview after the recent elections, said:

"Two questions were settled by the result. McKinley will surely be the republican candidate on a gold-standard platform, backed up by the plea of general prosperity throughout the country and the demand from moneylenders and the beneficiaries of trusts to let well enough alone.

"The democrats will be obliged to make the fight over again on the Chicago platform, with Mr. Bryan as our candidate. The money question cannot be eliminated from the contest, and Mr. Bryan cannot be sidetracked. He has made the fight for the honor, and I do not know of any man in the party who can rob him of his laurels.

"To my mind the money question will be the predominating issue in the next campaign. It could not be otherwise after the recent elections. Even if the republicans desired it otherwise and tried to force some other issue to the front with Bryan at the head of the democratic ticket, the financial question will be forced upon them. There is no escape from it. We must fight out the next national contest on sustaining the Chicago platform and free silver at 16 to 1.

"I hardly look for either expansion, imperialism or trusts to cut any material figure in the next campaign. In my opinion, based on information derived from my connection with the subject of foreign relations, we will hear very little about expansion and imperialism a year hence. There is good reason to believe the Philippines will be disposed of, or practically so, before the next election occurs."

The Nation says, anent the presidential candidates, "The remarkable and unprecedented situation today is that half a year before the meeting of the national conventions the choice of each body is universally believed to be settled."

Independent voting the recent elections show to be on the increase.

Lord Roseberry likens the Boers to the Mormons, and says, "The Transvaal question is not such a very complicated one. It is," he thinks, "the effort of a nation or a community to put back the hands of the clock."

The New York Journal editorially advises the Democratic party to "face the truth," to "recognize, squarely, the fact that the nation is for expansion." And further says, "If the Democrats in congress, united under the advice of Mr. Bryan, will frankly accept expansion as a basis of action, and will work to have it carried out in a democratic and American way, * * * they can prepare the way for the adoption by the Democratic National Convention of a sound and popular plank on the new issues of which the people's minds are full." The suggested plank reads as follows:

"The democratic party is for expansion without imperialism. We believe in the growth of the United States; not in the creation of an American empire with subject dependencies. We believe that Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines should be given all the privileges of American territories; that they should have complete self-government in local affairs; that the American revenue laws should be extended to them, and that their welfare should be so studied that no great standing army would be required to keep them in subjection, but that the defence of our sovereignty would rest, as in all our other territories, upon the loyal affection of the people."

IN SCIENCE—

A man in Michigan claims to have invented a contrivance which dispenses with the services of a stenographer. He says that by connecting a phonograph with a typewriter through an ingenious electrical arrangement he can talk into the phonograph and the typewriter will reproduce what he says. His statements have not been substantiated.

Naval tests made on the warships New York and Massachusetts, of the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy, were successfully conducted over a distance of forty-five miles. Beyond this distance the experiments were not wholly satisfactory.

Trees and shrubs are being planted along the Suez canal to protect it from drifting sands. The experiment, thus far, is attended with good results.

A young Danish engineer has invented a contrivance for connecting a phonograph of special construction with the telephone. In the absence of the person for whom the telephonic communication is intended, the phonograph receives it and repeats it to him on his return.

Count Zepplin's new air ship is described as having a lifting capacity of ten tons, and it is all of aluminum. Its total cost is said to have been £70,000 and its plans were approved by a commission including many of the leading scientific experts in Germany.

IN LITERATURE—

Mrs. Humphrey Ward has completed her novel after a year's work upon it, and it is to appear in serial form in Harper's Magazine, beginning January, 1900. The title is "Eleanor," and the setting is Italian.

"David Harum" shows no falling off in sales; "Richard Carvel" is in its nineteenth edition, and "Janice Meredith" in its fifth.

Two books, "A History of Wireless Telegraphy" and "Telephotography," will appear shortly. Both of them will be illustrated.

Jacob A. Riis will publish a volume containing studies of various social problems. The title of tne book is "A Ten Years' War; Being the Fight Made for a Decent Living In the Tenement."

F. D. Millet, special correspondent for the London Times and Harper's Weekly, has put his observations of General Merritt's expedition to the Philippines into a book which is just coming out. The volume is profusely illustrated.

IN ART—

The Portland Sketch Club found its quarters in the Worcester block too small to accommodate the November exhibition, and accepted the offer of the Library Association to occupy the large west room of the library building. The exhibition comprises the club's work in oil, water color and charcoal for the year, and is by far the most creditable ever held in Portland. There are thirty members in the club and twenty-five exhibitors. Mr. John Gill shows a water color, a grey shore line with a grey sea rolling in under a grey sky. Miss Stephens has a number of pictures hung, both in water and oil. Her work is noticeable for originality of conception and treatment. Harry Wentz shows some striking woodland effects. The January issue of the Pacific Monthly will contain a history of the Sketch Club.

In the Youth's Companion's Amateur Photographic Competition last month, Edgar Felloes, of Portland, Oregon, won the grand prize—a silver vase, and also the first prize of forty dollars. His contribution is a set of five platinotypes. "A Highland Shepherd" is given highest rank as a portrait, and in creative art "The Marchioness" is considered his best work. In this competition, in which there were fourteen hundred competitors and thousands of pictures, Mrs. Wiggins, of Salem, Oregon, took the second prize in the woman's class. The first was awarded to Mrs. Emma Farnsworth, of Albany, New York.

The Ferry Museum, of Tacoma, has an art school in connection, and a corps of able instructors who have won recognition both here and abroad.

There will be a notable picture sale in February, 1900, in New York. The American Art Association will sell at auction Mr. William T. Evans' collection of American paintings.

Miss Cecilia Beaux, of Philadelphia, has been appointed a member of the art jury for the Paris Exposition. She is

the only woman on the jury, and is America's greatest woman painter of portraits.

Charles Dana Gibson's fifth annual exhibition of drawings opened at the Keppel Gallery, New York, November 16th.

The first large exhibition of the year opened last month in the American Fine Arts Gallery, in New York, and consisted of the work of the Water Color Club. This is the club's tenth annual exhibition. The place of honor was given to Albert Herter's "Patricia." John La Farge exhibited two sea canvases, and Mildred Howells, daughter of the novelist, had two charming studies.

The Rosa Bonheur Monument at Fontainebleau will be modeled under the direction of her brother, Isidore Bonheur. It will consist of a bull in bronze, enlarged from a model made by Rosa Bonheur herself. One side of the pedestal will bear a bronze bas relief of "The Horse Fair," and the panel on the other side will contain a group of cattle from another of her paintings. At the rear end of the pedestal an upright panel will exhibit the bas relief of a stag, and at the front end there will be a bronze medallion portrait of the artist and the inscription.

IN EDUCATION—

Mr. Edouard Rod, in a recent number of the North American Review, suggests that fewer lectures and better would be an improvement in American universities. He expresses surprise that professors and teachers in our colleges are compelled to work so hard.

The Board of Education of the Boroughs of Manhattan and Bronx has excluded all textbooks published by Henry Holt & Company because of a criticism of the President of the Board made in the Educational Review, which is one of the publications of Messrs. Holt & Company.

The interest which the Leland Stanford, Jr., University held in the Southern Pacific Company has been sold for $11,400,000 cash. This amount, together with previous endowments, make the university the richest in the world. Mrs. Stanford yet holds interests to the amount of over $10,000,000, and if turned over to the university, as it doubtless will be, will make the endowment of this institution in the neighborhood of $40,000,000.

IN RELIGIOUS THOUGHT—

Dr. Madison C. Peters, author of "Justice to the Jew," is delivering a series of lectures in New York on the heroines of the Bible.

Adeline Sergeant, the novelist, has become a communicant of the Church of Rome.

Mgr. Merry del Val, who was at one time Apostolic Delegate to Canada, has been appointed president of the Pontifical Academy for Noble Ecclesiastics.

Dr. Rainsford, in expressing in print his opinion of the present status of Christian faith, says: "The Spirit of Christ is more practically operative in the affairs of men today than at any time previously in human history." But he states that he believes, on the other hand, that "the churches are not holding their own" and that "it is much harder to get people to go to church than it used to be."

Edward Everett Hale, speaking of the "higher criticism," says: "He is guilty of high treason against the faith who fears the result of any investigation, whether philosophical or scientific or historical."

Dr. Charles Parkhurst gives it as his opinion that "Agnosticism is a good deal more of a fad than it is a philosophy, and is due not so much to the fact that people think as to the fact that they have never learned to think, and consequently are made tired by thinking and want some plausible excuse for quitting it."

LEADING EVENTS—

November 1.—The Philippine Commission reports at Washington, D. C.——General Young's cavalry forces are demoralizing the insurgents in Cabanatun, P. I.

November 2.—General White's operations in South Africa are criticized by London papers.

November 3.—General White is reported in danger of being cut off from his supplies.

November 4.—Ladysmith is reported to be completely invested by the Boers.

November 6.—Autonomous government for Filipinos is established on the Island of Nigros.

November 7.—Elections in Kentucky show the state republican.

November 8.—Emperor William and the Czar meet at Potsdam

November 10.—Russian troops march on Afghan.

November 11.—Relations between Japan and Russia are becoming strained to the point of breaking

November 12.—General Parades surrendered the city of Puerto Cabello, Venezuela, after a terrible battle.

November 13.—The French steamer Cordoba was stopped seventy miles out from Lorenzo Marquez, by British cruiser, and French journals demand an apology to the government and an indemnity.

November 14.—The United States cruiser Charleston grounded upon a coral reef near Camiguin Island, in the Philippines, and is reported a total loss.

November 15.—General Hughes occupies Cordova in Panay. In South Africa General Baden-Powell drives back the attacking Boers and raises the seige of Mafeking.

November 16.—General Young is advancing rapidly toward San Fabian in the Philippines.——British armored train meets with disaster between Estcourt and Ladysmith.

November 17.—Filipino insurgents adopt guerrilla mode of warfare.

November 18.—Chief Justice Chambers, of Samoa, resigns.

November 19.—The report of the commission of navigation shows that America has the greatest coasting tonnage of any of the nations

November 20.—A large force of Boers are reported to be moving southward.——In the Philippines. the insurgents are still being hard pushed by the Americans.

November 21.—Vice-President Hobart dies at his home in Paterson. New Jersey.

November 22.—Strenuous efforts are being made by General Lawton to capture Aguinaldo.

Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculation its endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous.—Carlyle.

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The Financial World

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The month's stock market has witnessed more general speculative liquidation than has been present for a very long time. This liquidation has unquestionably been incited by the fact that stock brokers, and certainly a considerable proportion of them, have notified their customers that they will not carry their stocks at the old interest rates, and with the prospect of their accounts showing an extra heavy charge for interest at the end of the month outside speculators have quite generally elected to liquidate. As a matter of fact, however, the stringent monetary situation does not appear to have forced any considerable liquidation of the higher class investment securities, the holders of which, as a rule, are not perturbed by the variations of the money market. The record of the month in the stock market has been one of fairly steady contraction in prices, in which market valuations have been substantially lowered. Notwithstanding the uncomfortable monetary situation, the dealings have been in fairly large volume.

Particularly every other consideration, apart from the money market, occupying attention, continues of an encouraging character, and there can be little doubt that the combined influence of the favored factors of the situation would quickly outweigh the adverse money market, were it not for the fact that the prospects of any relaxation of the tension in the latter quarter are seemingly remote.

As an evidence of the extent to which the monetary situation has monopolized attention, there need only be cited the almost utter indifference with which the gratifying results of the state elections were received by the markets. Notwithstanding, however, the absence of any resultant speculative effect on this account, the emphatic indorsement of the

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administration has been fully appreciated in high financial circles, where it is recognized that the general result of the elections is full of promise of political stability, with all which that implies, for many years to come. There can be no doubt but that the result of this election has deprived the forthcoming presidential campaign of much of the uneasiness and anxiety that might otherwise have been entertained regarding it. So, too, speculators have found no time to give to either the improving situation in in South Africa or to the more pacific European diplomatic outlook. The unparalleled state of activity prevailing in the country's trade, the magnificent traffic returns of the railways, and, indeed, all other routine features of the situation, whatever their bearings may be upon the future of the market for securities, have been submerged by the monetary situation. In view of these circumstances, it would appear that a detailed discussion of the stock market of the month is hardly necessary. It has been seemingly a record of more or less enforced liquidation of weakened holders of stocks on margins, who have, as already noted, given place to others of ampler resources. It cannot be denied that in the process the technical position of the market has been very much strengthened, as will doubtless be shown when more normal monetary conditions prevail. There should not, however, be omitted from a comprehensive consideration of the situation, the assertion that, beyond any reasonable question, the more extreme rates that have occasionally been quoted for money on call have resulted more from the manipulation by money lenders than from the fact that their resources were exhausted. There can be plainly detected a disposition on the part of banks, which is perhaps not wholly unreasonable, to make the most of the present conditions, particularlly so far as Wall Street borrowers are concerned. Bank officers appear to think that they have been treated ungenerously by Stock Exchange borrowers in the past, and it is certain that they are now employing every device to exact the most rigid terms from this class of borrowers.

John H. Mitchell Albert H. Tanner

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Chess

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THE PAWN.

By P. Fyfe.

I.

In hottest fight he's never shirky,
He never jumps wi' motion quirky
O'er the board;
But often wi' a sudden jerk he
Loups at an opposing birkie
Wi' his sword.

II.

Tae every coward he's a model,
Tae bolt ne'er comes into his noddle;
E'en the Queen,
When he gets a proper hand, he'll
Mak' wi' better shame tae toddie
Off the scene.

III.

On he gangs in gallant fashion
Knights and Rooks he lays the lash on
Wi' a swing;
Then tae crown he makes a dash on
And in regicidal passion
Slays the King.

—Glascow Herald.

The following game between the two masters, Tschigorin and Schlechter, is a good illustration of how formidable an attack this gambit is. Indeed, the analysts seem to have all agreed that the Bishop's gambit is the only one of the gambits that has proven thoroughly sound:

Tschigorin. White.		Schlechter. Black.	
1.	P—K 4	1.	P—K 4
2.	P—K B 4.	2.	P x P
3.	B—B 4	3.	Kt—K B 3
4.	Kt—Q B 3	4.	Kt—B 3
5.	Kt—B 3	5.	B—Kt 5
6.	Castles	6.	Castles
7.	P—K 5	7.	Kt—Kt 5
8.	P—Q 4	8.	P—Q 3
9.	P—K R 3	9.	Kt—K 6
10.	B x Kt	10.	P x B
11.	Kt—Q 5	11.	B—R 4
12.	P x P	12.	Q x P
13.	Kt—Kt 5	13.	Q—Kt 3
14.	Kt x K B P	14.	R x Kt
15.	Kt—K 7—chk	15.	Kt x Kt
16.	B x R—chk	16.	Q x B
17.	R x Q	17.	Resigns

Below we give the solution of Mr. Babson's wonderful three-mover published in our July number, also reproducing the position of the pieces, for the benefit of our new subscribers:

White — King, Q 8; Queen, K Kt sq; Rooks, Q B 2 and Q Kt 7; Bishops, Q R 3

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and 8; Knights, Q 7 and Q R 7; Pawns, K R 7, K Kt 4, K B 2 and 6, K 3 and Q R 2—14 pieces.

Black—King, Q 4; Rook, Q Kt 5; Knights, K R 5 and K 8; Bishops, Q Kt 6 and Q B 6; Pawns, K Kt 2, K B 6 and Q R 3 and 4—10 pieces.

Solution:

I.

White.	Black..
1. Q—K R 2	1. K—K 3
2. Q—Q 6—check	2. Any move
3. Q mates	

II.

1. Q—K R 2	1. K—K 5
2. R takes R—chk	2. K—Q 6
3. B—K 4—mates	

III.

1. Q—K R 2	1. K—B 5
2. R—B 7—chk	2. K—Q 6
3. R takes B mates	

IV.

1. Q—K R 2	1. B takes P—chk
2. Kt takes B—chk	2. K—K 3
3. R—B 6—mates	

V.

1. Q—K R 2	1. B takes R P
2. Q—K 5—chk	2. B takes Q
3. R—Kt 6—mates	

VI.

1. Q—K R 2	1. B takes R P
2. Q—K 5—chk	2. K—B 5
3. R takes B—mate	

VII.

1. Q—K R 2	1. B takes R
2. Q—Q 6—chk	2. K takes Q
3. R—Kt 6—mate	

VIII.

1. Q—K R 2	1. B takes R
2. Q—Q 6—chk	2. K—B 5
3. R—B 7—mate	

IX.

1. Q—K R 2	1. R—K B 5
2. R—Kt 6—chk	2. K—B 5
3. Kt—K 5—mate	

X.

1. Q—K R 2	1. R—Kt 4
2. R takes R—chk	2. K—K 3
3. B—Q 5—mate	

XI.

1. Q—K R 2	1. R takes Kt P
2. R—Kt 6—chk	2. K—B 5
3. Kt—K 5—mate	

XII.

1. Q—K R 2	1. B—Q R 5
2. Q—Q 6—chk	2. Any move
3. Q mates	

The exquisite beauty of this brilliant composition lies in the fact that while Black has twelve answers to the 2d and 3d moves of White, yet the latter meets each with a separate and conclusive answer, making this problem one of the most complex and perfect three-mover in existence.

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Drift

Mr. William Watson does not think very highly of either Kipling's or Swinburne's war poetry. He tries to account for their lack of power in this way: "Let us remember that the existence of a great theme, not less certainly than of a great poet, is one of the indispensable antecedent conditions of great poetry. The assassination of a state and the strangling of a people are not heroical themes, and never while this world endures shall they evoke one note of noble song. Moreover, in all combats between a giant and a stripling the Muse must of necessity be at a certain moral disadvantage in the somewhat ludicrous task of enheartening the giant. It is the valor of David with his sling and not the arrogant bulk of Goliath that kindles the imagination of poets and captures forever the sympathies of men."

"How do I know that Larry loves me,
How does he his love betray?
How do I know that Larry loves me?
Larry kisses the right way."

"An' how—an' how does Larry kiss thee—
Kiss by candle-light or day?
Only this my tongue can tell thee:
Larry kisses the right way."

When the mind, like a pure, calm lake, reflects back the light which is shed from heaven, the image of God is upon it, commensurate with its capacity; for the tiniest drop of dew images forth the truth, though not the full radiance of the sun.—Bethune.

The Largest Trees in the World.

The largest tree in the world is to be seen at Mascali, near the foot of Mount Etna, and is called "The Chestnut Tree of a Hundred Horses." Its name rose from the report that Queen Jane, of Aragon, with her principal nobility, took refuge from a violent storm under its branches. The trunk is two hundred and four feet in circumference. The largest tree in the United States, it is said, stands near Bear Creek, on the north fork of the Tule River, in California. It measures one hundred and forty feet in circumference. The giant redwood tree in Nevada is one hundred and nineteen feet in circumference.

Court Room Courtesies.—First Lawyer—"You are a shyster?"

His Opponent—"And you are a blackguard?"

The Court—"Now, gentlemen, let us take up the disputed points in the case."

MEIER & FRANK COMPANY

FINEST LINES
OF WINTER FOOTWEAR
IN THE NORTHWEST

HEAVY SOLED SHOES

In Black and Tan
for Men, Women and
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Low Prices and Good Values Guaranteed.

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Engraving in all its branches—Wedding and Visiting Cards done skillfully, tastefully and expeditiously . . . . . .

W. G. Smith & Co.,

22-23 Washington Bldg., over Litt's,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

N. B.—If you need anything in the above lines come and see samples of our work before placing your order. Our work is equal to the best Eastern.

Hubert Howard, the London Times correspondent killed in Omdurman, while a member of the Bar had to cross-examine his irate father, who pretended not to recognize him. The ordeal was severe, and when it was completed the son said, smilingly: "Thank you, father, that will do."

Woman.

Magistrate—Then your husband ill-treated you?

Wife (who wants to withdraw the complaint)—No, your Worship.

Magistrate—What? Didn't he bite one of your ears?

Wife—No, your Worship; I did it myself!

The Dean and the Lunatic.

Dean Stanley had great respect for presence of mind, and used with great delight to tell a story of presence of mind by which he liberated himself from a dangerous visitor. Since he was willing to see almost any one who asked for him, he once told his servant to usher into his study a gentleman who had called, and who happened to bear a name which was familiar to him.

When the gentleman appeared he proved to be an entire stranger. It was evident there had been some mistake. This became still more evident when, advancing with an air of great excitement, the gentleman exclaimed: "Sir, I have a message to the Queen from the Most High. I beg that you will deliver it instantly."

"In that case," said the dean, taking up his hat, "there is not a moment to be lost. Let us go at once." They went downstairs into the hall, and, opening the door, the dean requested his visitor to step out. No sooner had he done so than the dean shut the door behind the lunatic.

"Why, kitty," exclaimed a little girl, when her pet kitten had been naughty, "just think! Your grandmother was a Maltese!"

The most authentic witnesses of any man's character are those who know him in his own family, and see him without any restraint or rule but such as he voluntarily prescribes to himself.—Dr. Johnson.

Circumstances are the rules of the weak; they are but the instruments of the wise.—Lover.

Insulted the Court.—"That's too bad about Dobbins being sent to jail for contempt of court. What did he do?"

"He got off the word 'ratiocination,' and then started to explain to the Judge what it meant."

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They banish pain and prolong life.
One gives relief. Accept no substitute.
Note the word R·I·P·A·N·S on the packet.
Send 5 cents to Ripans Chemical Co., No. 10 Spruce St., New York, for 10 samples and 1000 testimonials.
THEY REGULATE THE BOWELS.
THEY CURE SICK HEADACHE.
A SINGLE ONE GIVES RELIEF.

In the Pacific Northwest alone
The Pacific Monthly has over 20,000 readers each month. Advertisers therefore find it a judicious advertising medium.

A Free Trip to Paris!
Reliable persons of a mechanical or inventive mind desiring a trip to the Paris Exposition, with good salary and expenses paid, should write
The PATENT RECORD, Baltimore, Md.

Fur Purtecshun.

A colored man was arraigned before a magistrate charged with carrying deadly weapons. A razor was found in the defendant's pocket, and so, when he was brought to the bar of justice, the case against him seemed pretty strong. To the surprise of the judge and everyone else in the courtroom he pleaded "not guilty."

"How can you account for the razor being found in your possession?

The defendant grinned and said: "I'll try an' splain dat jedge."

"I'd like to hear you," said the judge.

"Did anyone threaten your life?"

"No, sah; dey warn't nobody t'reat'nin' mah life, sah."

"Then why did you carry it?"

"I done toted hit 'roun', sah, fur purtecshun, sah."

"For protection eh? Why, you just admitted that your life was in no danger."

"Yo, doan' un'erstan' me, jedge; I'll try an' 'lucidate tings, sah. Down ter de house whar I'se a-boardin', sah, dey is a powahful lot of low-down coons, w'at jes' wouldn't stop at takin' tings w'at doan' b'long ter dem, so I jes' put hit in mah pocket fur purtecshun, sah, purtecshun ob de razah sah."

❦ ❦ ❦

The heaviest words in our language are the two briefest ones—yes and no. One stands for the surrender of the will, the other for denial; one for gratification, the other for character.—Theodore T. Munger.

❦ ❦ ❦

An actual saving of 60 per cent, whether in time, money or room, is a proposition which no business man can afford to disregard, and the neat and attractive little pamphlet which the Kilham Stationary Co. has recently issued bearing the legend: "We can save you 60 per cent—may we?" always gets the attention of the man of business, even in these rushing days. There is a distinct art in making a pamphlet attractive, and those who have gotten up this one seem to understand it well. The pamphlet calls attention to the Wabash Filing System, an entirely new and sensible process for filing safely every paper in an office, and one into whose hands it falls is sure to do some business thinking. As a matter of fact the Wabash Cabinet does save 60 per cent in that it holds 60 per cent more papers, and this means 60 per cent less expenditure for transfer cases and indexes during the year. The Kilham Stationary Co. are exclusive agents.

S. G. Skidmore & Co.

CUT-RATE DRUGGISTS

We give special attention to Prescriptions and the selection of High Grade Bristle Goods.

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CHRYSANTHEMUMS
CARNATIONS
ROSES and VIOLETS

Finest Quality
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CLARKE BROS.
289 Morrison St.

MENTION THE PACIFIC MONTHLY.



THE FILE That Saves 60 Per Cent.

An entirely new process of filing safely every paper in an office
We will take your old Filing Case of other makes in exchange

The Kilham Stationery Co.

267 MORRISON ST., PORTLAND, OR.

MENTION THE PACIFIC MONTLHY

Linguistic Mistakes.

An old resident of Stepford, who has gone to his reward, and left a pleasant memory behind him, was notorious for his laughable linguistic mistakes. He was amusing in his choice phrases especially when addressing a Sunday school or a convention.

He was once called on to make "a few brief remarks" at a Sunday school concert. The subject, illustrated by different texts of Scripture, was the weapons of Christian warfare. It was a topic suited to old M.'s temper, and, waxing eloquent over the panoply of the church militant, he closed with the following peroration:

"And so, children, when you go out to fight the devil, march right up to him boldly, with the sword in one hand, the shield in the other, and the breast-plate of righteousness on your foreheads!"

Even this was surpassed by a temperance speech he delivered at a meeting where an audience was dull, and the speakers uninteresting. M., seeing that there was no enthusiasm, rose with a strong purpose to stir the meeting up. Said he:

"Mr. Chairman and Fellow-Citizens. We seem to be lacking in enthusiasm at this meeting. We need more animation, sir, more zeal for the cause, more devotedness to the great question of saving drunkards. We need more earnestness, Mr. Chairman, more life, more—more—in short—more ardent spirits!"

That woke up the meeting, and there was no want of animation, certainly for the next few moments.

If you never wholly give yourself up to the chair you sit in, but always keep your leg- and body-muscles half contracted for a rise; if you breathe eighteen or nineteen instead of sixteen times a minute, and never quite breathe out at that; what mental mood can you be in but one of inner panting and expectancy, and how can the future and its worries possibly forsake your mind? On the other hand, how can they gain admission to your mind if your brow be unruffled, your respiration calm and complete, and your muscles all relaxed?

On October 15th the Southern Pacific Co. inaugurated a "Daylight Express," leaving Portland at 8:30 a. m., and reaching San Francisco at 7:45 next evening—only one night out. Both standard Pullmans and tourist sleepers are attached. This new train is in addition to the present 7 p. m. Shasta Overland, and will give many passengers the desired opportunity to see en route the great Willamette, Umpqua and Sacramento valleys without loss of time, and still arrive in Oakland and San Francisco at a

Amongst the minor ills of life

One of the very worst is laundry work that is badly done. It not only uses up the cloth rapidly, but it destroys the temper and gives one an unsatisfactory appearance where finish is most needed. Starched linen collars, shirts and cuffs must be unquestionably immaculate, done with no risk, a certainty as to result.

THE UNION LAUNDRY

has come to represent this to men who make any effort at all to dress well. Those who have not tried us will find that it will pay them to do so. Send a postal or telephone, and we will call.

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JACOB KAMM, Vice-President.
FRANK C. MILLER, Cashier.
JAMES NEWLANDS, Ass't Cashier.

Statement of the condition of

United States National Bank,

OF PORTLAND, OREGON.
Nov. 24, 1899.

ASSETS:

Loans	$395,976.69
Gold Coin	126,160.00
Demand Exchange	295,908.89
Silver Coin	3,296 35
Legal Tenders	8,155.00
U. S. Bonds and Premium	54,300.00
Real Estate, Furniture and Fix.	38,874.10
Redemption Fund	2,250.00
	$924,921.03

LIABILITIES:

Capital Stock	$250,000.00
Deposits	587,148.12
Circulation	45,000.00
Undivided Profits, Net	30,272.91
Surplus Fund	12,500.00
	$924,921.03

ATTEST:
TYLER WOODWARD,
President.
THE ABOVE STATEMENT CORRECT:
F. C. MILLER,
Cashier.

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seasonable hour. This double service supplies, to use a trite expression, "a long-felt want."

The Making of Man.

And the high gods took in hand
  Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
  From under the feet of the years,
And froth and drift of the sea;
  And dust of the laboring earth;
And bodies of things to be
  In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
  And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after
  And death beneath and above,
For a day and a night and a morrow,
  That his strength might endure for a span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
  The holy spirit of man.

—Swinburne.

The Age of Realism.

"Do you think," said the girl with the thoughtful countenance, "that novelists as a rule have experienced the sensations they describe?"

"Great goodness, no!" exclaimed her father. "What do you mean to do? Insinuate that half our literateurs ought to be in the penitentiary?"—Washington Star.

A son of Professor L. H. Marvel asked his father if a man could swear after his head was cut off. Mr. M. laughed at the boy, but the little fellow showed him this passage in his school history: "General Putnam, though a pious man, lost his head and swore roundly at his troops."

As is well known, the enterprising cities of England and Scotland are gradually adopting the plan of owning and operating their own material conveniences, as water works, gas works, electric light plants, telephone systems, street cars, etc. This, of course, is rude socialism, but it pays. It does not "strike at the very foundations of society" any more than our own socialistic postoffice and public schools do. The city of Glasgow made in the past year a profit of over $605,000 in the operation of her street cars, charging a very small fare and giving the workmen good salaries and requiring only a reasonable day's work. This enormous profit goes, not to some few magnates for their brilliant services as manipulators, but into the general fund to provide better training schools, better conveniences of all kinds and to reduce taxation. Some time we, too, may take some steps toward a better civilization.

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READ!

THEN

THINK!

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Where INVALIDS and SICK People can come with their friends if necessary, and receive the best of MEDICAL AID and ACCOMMODATION.

THE SANITARIUM is most beautifully located and occupies an entire block. Its **skillful Physicians** and **thoroughly trained** graduate lady and gentlemen nurses, and its scientific and modern appliances make it far different from the City Hospitals.

ALL DISEASES are SUCCESSFULLY TREATED, especially such as are **common to women, nervous prostration,** also diseases of the **Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat, Lung** and last but not least, **Stomach** troubles or **Dyspepsia** with the special attention given to **diet,** together with **water treatment** in all its forms; also **Electricity** in every conceivable way, and **quiet, home-like** buildings make the **Portland Sanitarium** the greatest blessing to suffering humanity in the Great Northwest.

Manufacturer of some 20 varieties of **Health Foods** such as **Granola, Granose, Caramel Cereal, Gluten or Diabetic Foods.** All kinds of Crackers, etc. Just the Food for those suffering with **Stomach Troubles,** and cannot be equalled for those enjoying good health. Ask your grocer for them. If he can't supply you we can.

If you are broken down and need medical advice, don't fail to make us a visit. **Tell your sick friends and relations** abont the **Sanitarium.** Hundreds visit us every year and go home restored to health, and shouting praises for the Portland Sanitarium. **TERMS MODERATE.**

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Manufacturers and Importers of

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EBONY BRUSHES, MIRRORS,
COMBS for Ladies and Gents,
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WE HAVE THE BEST "DYSPEPSIA CURE" EVER MADE.

DID YOU EVER THINK

that a man is known by the clothes he wears? It is true—HE IS. A man cannot afford then to dress shabbily, carelessly, or in poor taste—not when perfect fitting garments and perfect style and the best goods are at his command at a very reasonable price. If you want to take advantage of this fact come to our store and let us talk it over with you. We are sure to suit you.

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The Pacific Northwest is one of the best fields in the United States for judicious advertising. The country is rich and prosperous, crops never fail, and the population is steadily increasing, owing to the steady influx from less favored regions. Unquestionably a desirable field to reach.



THE FIELD IN WHITE IS THE FIELD OF THE PACIFIC MONTHLY.

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

Covers this field exclusively. Others may dabble in it. The Pacific Monthly covers it. As for circulation, the Pacific Monthly is one of the few magazines west of the Mississippi that guarantees circulation. Our sworn statement is as follows:

Average per month, during the last eight months	**5435 copies.**
Highest single issue	**6500 copies.**
Lowest single issue	**5000 copies.**

Our rates are unusually low. It will pay any advertiser wishing to reach this field and the entire Pacific Coast at one and the same time, to drop us a postal. Let us tell you more about it. We can make it worth your while. Address

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY,

Chamber of Commerce, *PORTLAND, OREGON.*

2 Overland Trains Daily 2

—THE—

YELLOWSTONE PARK AND DINING CAR LINE.

...When going to the...

BUFFALO HUMP MINING COUNTRY,

TAKE THE NORTHERN PACIFIC, THE ALL RAIL ROUTE.

Direct service to the **GOLD FIELDS** of British Columbia, via SPOKANE, WASH.

Tickets sold to all points in the United States and Canada.

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THE MAGNIFICENT SCENERY
—OF—
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The most beautiful in the world, can best be seen from the steamers "DALLES CITY" and "REGULATOR" of the

"REGULATOR LINE"

DO NOT MISS THIS.

Steamers leave Portland, Oak St. Dock, 7 a. m., daily, except Sunday, for THE DALLES, CASCADE LOCKS, HOOD RIVER AND way landings.

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Ore.—PHONES 734—Col.

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RIO GRANDE WESTERN RAILWAY.

THE ONLY LINE
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THREE Routes through Colorado.
FOUR Routes east thereof.

The Grandest Mountain Scenery in America by daylight.
Personally conducted tourist excursions through to the east without change of cars.
Free Reclining Chair Cars in all trains.
New and Elegant Equipment.
Perfect Dining Car Service.

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253 Washington St., Portland, Oregon.

When dealing with our advertisers kindly mention The Pacific Monthly.

WHITE COLLAR LINE

Columbia River & Puget Sound Navigation Co.

PORTLAND AND ASTORIA

Steamers Telephone or Bailey Gatzert leave foot Alder Street daily (except Sunday), 7 A. M.

Leave Astoria daily (except Sunday) 7 P. M.

U. B. SCOTT, President

Astoria and Columbia River R. R. Time Card

WINTER SCHEDULE—Daily.

Train No. 22 leaves Portland at 8:00 a. m., arrives at Astoria at 11:30 a. m.

Train No. 24 leaves Portland at 7:00 p. m., arrives at Astoria at 10:30 p. m.

Return

Train No. 21 leaves Astoria at 7:45 a m., arrives in Portland at 11:15 a m.

Train No. 23 leaves Astoria at 6:10 p. m., and arrives in Portland at 9:40 p. m.

Train No. 22 runs through to Seaside, leaving Seaside on the return at 2:30 p. m.

All trains leaving Astoria for Seaside or returning from Seaside run on the Flavel Branch.

The Astoria and Columbia River R. R. Winter Schedule is now in effect. Trains leave Union Depot, Portland, daily at 8:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m., arriving at Astoria at 11:30 a. m. and 11:10 p. m. Leaving for Seaside at 11:35 a. m.

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Affording choice of two routes, via the UNION PACIFIC Fast Mail Line or the RIO GRANDE Scenic Lines through Colorado.

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2½ DAYS TO DENVER
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4½ DAYS TO NEW YORK

Free Reclining Chair Cars, Upholstered Tourist Sleeping Cars, and Pullman Palace Sleepers operated on all trains.

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C. O. TERRY, Trav. Pass. Agt.

W. E. COMAN, Gen'l Agent.

124 Third St., Portland, Or.

EAST AND.... SOUTH * VIA * SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

LEAVE	Depot, Fifth and I Sts.	ARRIVE
* 7 00 p. m.	OVERLAND EXPRESS, for Salem, Roseburg, Ashland, Sacramento, Ogden, San Francisco, Mojave, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and the East.	* 9 15 a. m.
* 8 30 a. m.	Roseburg Passenger....	* 4 30 p. m.
Daily except Sunday.	Via Woodburn for Mt. Angel, Silverton, West Scio, Brownsville, Springfield and Natron.	Daily except Sunday.
‡ 7 30 a. m.	Corvallis Passenger.....	‡ 5 50 p. m.
‡ 4 50 p. m.	Indepe dence Pass'ng'r	‡ 8 25 a. m.

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday.

Direct connection at San Francisco with Occidental and Oriental and Pacific Mail steamship lines for JAPAN AND CHINA. Sailing dates on application.

Rates and tickets to eastern points and Europe, also JAPAN, CHINA, HONOLULU and AUSTRALIA, can be obtained from J. B. KIRKLAND, Ticket Agent, 134 Third St.

Yamhill Division:—Passenger Depot foot of Jefferson St.

Leave for Oswego daily at 7:20, 9:40* a. m.; 12:30, 1:55, 3:25, 5:15, 6:25, 8:05, 11:30 p. m., and 9:00 a. m. on Sundays only. Arrive at Portland daily at 6:35*, 8:30, 10:50* a. m; 1:35, 3:15, 4:30, 6:20, 7:40, 9:15 p. m.; 12:40 a. m. daily except Monday and 10:05 a. m. on Sundays only.

Leave for SHERIDAN daily, exeept Sunday, at 4:30 p. m. Arrive at Portland at 9:30 a. m.

Leave for AIRLIE Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8:35 a. m. Arrive at Portland Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 3:05 p. m.

* Except Sunday

R. KOEHLER, Manager. **C. H. MARKHAM, Gen. F. & P. Agt.**

O. R. & N.

DEPART	TIME SCHEDULES FROM PORTLAND.	ARRIVE
Fast Mail 8:00 p. m.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	Fast Mail 6:45 p. m.
Spokane Flyer 2:10 p. m.	Walla Walla, Spokane, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago and East.	Spokane Flyer 8:30 a. m.
6:00 p. m.	*Ocean Steamships.* All sailing dates subject to change. For San Francisco—Sail every five days.	4:00 p. m.
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6:00 a. m. Tues, Thur and Sat.	*Willamette River.* Portland to Corvallis and Way Landings.	4:30 p: m. Tues, Thur and Sat.
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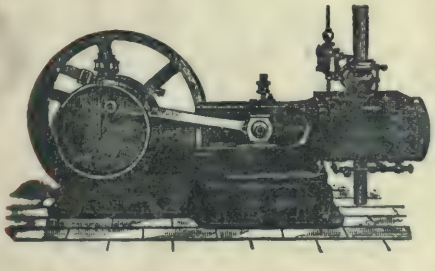
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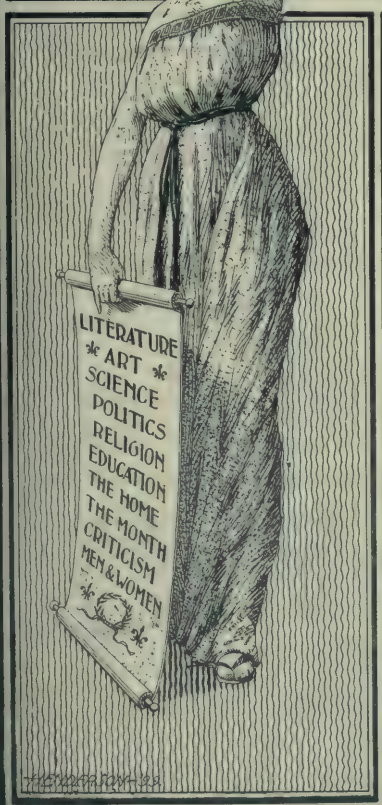
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THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

VOL. III
NO. 3

JANUARY
1900

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LEADING FEATURES THIS MONTH

A strong and timely poem by Joaquin Miller, on England's Friendship.

"Why the Pacific Coast produces the Superior Type of Americans," by Colonel E. Hofer.

SIX SHORT STORIES

"What Chance of Success has the Democratic Party in the Next National Election? by L. B. Cox.

The first chapter of "Elise; a Sequel to The Voice of the Silence."

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Read "OUR TALKS WITH THE PUBLIC" on next page.

The Pacific Monthly.

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Our Talks with the Public

READ, PONDER AND CONSIDER

II.

The Pacific Monthly began last month a series of "Twelve Talks with the Public on Advertising." The publishers have been led to adopt this course because they believe that advertising is an art that is appreciated by the advertiser himself, but, as a rule, given too little thought or consideration by the general public. This condition of affairs, however, has been undergoing a rapid change during the past few years. The Pacific Monthly wishes, in relation to itself at least, to hasten the process—hence these talks.

▲ ▲ ▲ ▲ ▲ ▲

THE advertising pages of a magazine are considered by some people simply as a "necessary evil." If the advertising attracts their attention, it has been the result of curiosity more than of anything else. But such people, behind the times in regard to advertising, are usually behind the times in regard to everything else.

One of the most important, and, to the wide-awake person, necessary features of our periodicals is the advertising section. It is there that he finds direct messages from the advertisers,—appeals to his self-interest and to his sense of economy, and the latest improvements in the industrial world—a literary exposition, as it were, of the necessities, luxuries and conveniences of the day. To overlook such an important feature, therefore, may be characterized as simply folly. This fact is being more and more recognized by the thoughtful public, until now messages from the business world, as represented in the advertising pages, attract almost as much attention as the literary part of the magazine.

Look over our "ads" and if you see something that you want, get it—and mention The Pacific Monthly.

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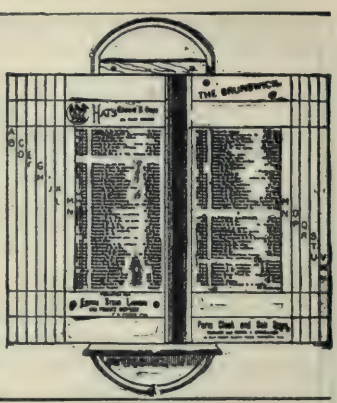
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Beware, Base Albion!

By JOAQUIN MILLER.

Beware, base Albion, beware!
"Perfidious Albion" of old
Her name; her fame, or foul or fair,
To get and get and hold and hold;
To get and get, or land or gold,
Wherever she could cast a snare
About the weak, before the old—
Beware, false Albion, beware.

Here by our swift, sweet Oregon
She bullied, bribed, she begged, she lied!
She laid her lion's paw upon
Our Pioneers till they defied
Her to her teeth. Just as the Boer
Today defies and bravely dies
As died the Spartan band of yore
For all that fearless freemen prize.

Beware, cursed Albion, beware!
Her cunning trade is still the same;
To get and get; or how or where;
Enslave and rob in freedom's name!
Beware her friendship! Better far
Her hate. We dared, we still can dare
Her hate, her hate in peace or war.
But ah, her friendship! that beware.

The Heights, November, 1899.

The Pacific Monthly.

Vol. III. *JANUARY, 1900.* *No. 3.*

Why the Pacific Coast Produces the Superior Type of Americans.

By COLONEL E. HOFER.

THAT the race characteristics bred elsewhere and brought into interaction in the United States must eventually find their highest development on the Pacific Coast is a statement that is borne out by reason and capable of demonstration. Without deeper scientific and historical research than can be given in preparing an article on this subject at this time, and without presenting more statistics than magazine readers care to digest, this paper is an attempt to call attention to what is coming to be widely believed; that this Western region is destined to produce what will finally be known as the American race.

If mountains produce rugged characters and great patriotism; if grandeur in landscapes inspires great thoughts; if beautiful scenery is an ennobling influence for the artist and poet; if the musician is urged to his best by an indescribable purity of atmosphere; then it is the destiny of the Pacific Coast to wield a preponderating influence in the affairs of the world.

In the matter of climate and products, this region is peculiarly adapted, not only to all native Americans, but to the best races derived from Northern Europe. The Scotch, Irish, English, Germans, Danes, Belgians, Hollanders, Welsh and Canadians find themselves perfectly accommodated here.

The Pacific Coast possesses the conditions for producing the greatest race that has ever inhabited the earth. From semi-tropic Southern California to temperate Northern Washington, in the humid marine valleys on the far western slope, on the foothills, and in the heavily timbered forests of the mountain ranges, there are presented a variety of climates found in no other similar area of the world. The mildness and moisture of England, the sunny skies and balmy airs of the most favored lands of Southern Europe, the home of the olive and vine wherever found, all combined cannot match this region in salubrity, fertility and adaptability for maintaining a large population in wealth and comfort.

Outdoor occupations are not precluded one-third to one-half the year by the rigors of the climate, as they are in most parts of Europe and in many of the Eastern states. The greatest variety of occupations and a complete sundering of the individual from the social and institutional life of the older countries is characteristic of the Pacific Coast. If it be true of material life that "with each advance of intellectual power the dependence on environment becomes more and more intimate," then it must follow that the highest race development will take place under the most favorable environment.

No region offers such variety of occupations as this; in no land are the doors of opportunity so widely opened as here; in no country are offered the same inducements to best endeavor. Here are yet undiscovered mines, untraversed forests, unbroken virgin soils and unhar-

nessed water powers. Here flourish agriculture and horticulture, fisheries and ship-building, lumbering and dairying, sheep and cattle ranching. The factory and the farm stand side by side on the verge of the wilderness. The college and the university are reared amid the stumps of the primeval forest. The black smoke of the factory flings its hopeful, inspiring banners across skies pierced by peaks of everlasting snow. In our harbors ships are laden for all the great commercial ports of the world. If confined to our coasting trade and to the American islands of the Pacific, our shipping will soon rival the tonnage of the Atlantic. San Francisco, Portland, Tacoma and Seattle are today commercial cities of the world.

For the same reasons that the general Aryan stock was developed into the peerless Anglo-Saxon race-force in Western Europe, the American race will reach its highest perfection here. The spirit of adventure has always led the bravest and hardiest to follow the "westering" sun. This influence has brought the very pick of the nation to the western slope of our continent. It was an ancient saying in Devon, in Queen Elizabeth's day, that "one man from the west of England could fight three easterlings." This argued that two could beat six Spaniards, and they forthwith tackled armies with regiments and fleets with single ships. It was the west of England that caught the first impact of the great awakening that sent explorers to raise the curtains of a new world. It was the West that inspired President McKinley and changed his conservatism into that firm confidence in the capacity of the American people, not only to govern themselves but to assume a share of the responsibilities devolving upon a great world-power.

The Pacific Coast is typically American because it was made American and settled upon by Americans, not by masses of population from Europe, as were New England by the English, Louisiana by the French, or Florida by the Spanish.

The region between the Rockies and the Pacific is almost destitute of any great bodies of immigrants direct from Europe. The census shows a smaller percentage of foreigners in this section than elsewhere—indeed, there may be said to be almost no foreign settlements in the sense that any one race predominates to such an extent as to retain their own language or customs. Newspapers in foreign languages and schools taught in foreign tongues are almost unknown outside of a few cities.

The Chinese do not blend and intermingle with the white race as do all the immigrants from Europe, and Chinese immigration has been stopped. The Pacific Coast has a sprinkling of foreign elements, but the great masses of the people are distinctively American. They are either pure native American stock, or American-born, English-speaking Caucasians, or they are the descendants of the best European immigrants who came by millions between 1840 and 1870 and settled in the older Eastern and Middle states.

Oregon territory was explored by Americans sent out by an American president. It was settled by overland trains of American farmers from the great Middle West. They took possession of a region now occupied by the states of Washington, Oregon, Idaho and parts of Montana and Wyoming. Once Oregon was conquered for American homes, the Pacific coast line was soon extended south by the acquisition of California. Within fifty years the domain west of the Rockies was formed and occupied as American territory and builded into states that for magnificence of resources and opportunities stand unparalleled.

Professor Condon, a pioneer and noted Pacific Coast scientist, has traced the process of natural selection by which the immigration to the Pacific Coast was composed of the very highest types from all the Eastern and Middle states. The taking of families across pathless deserts and along trails blazed by trappers and hunters over mountain chains and through territory occupied by hostile Indians, required a high order of courage and endurance. Here was a practical and natural selection of a new people for a new country. Many of them were pioneers and descendants of pioneers from frontier states. They underwent anew all the privations and hardships of

their ancestors. Condon, in a paper, points out that none but frontiersmen wanted to go overland to the Western coast. These border Americans depended on manhood more than on capital for success. The dependent poor and the wealthy were alike excluded when the foundations of the West were laid. He shows that in like manner a high physical standard was required. The chronically feeble were excluded from the movement. Men and women in the prime of life, not afraid of deserts, mountains or Indians, many of them Indian fighters, and all of them accustomed to the use of firearms from childhood—these were the material which constituted the primitive society of the Pacific coast.

Scarcely can a family be found that does not contain one or more crosses of the white races of Northern Europe. These descendants of European ancestry bear no impress of their racial origin. Their manners, speech, morals and politics are American. Their homes—most blessed fact of all—are American, and they believe in America and the superiority of the American system of living, business and government.

In discussing Western individuality, a writer in Ainslie's for December, 1899, says:

> Far out upon the Pacific coast, isolated by dividing mountain ranges, but supported by natural resources which have no peer elsewhere upon the earth, are men and women who do not know what it is to be stinted and deprived, who dwell perpetually in comfortably won competences, but who, through their distance from the rest of the nation, must build their own empire after their own models, as they made the "California Code" in the '50s, and as they made their transcontinental railroad in the '60s. They will be independent, but never necessarily iconoclastic. They will make new laws, and new arts, and new people, and they will expect the balance of the country to follow rather than that they themselves shall be the followers.

A superior race will also be produced on this coast because all the conditions for rearing children are favorable. The climate permits outdoor life nearly all the year. Contagious and infantile troubles appear in mild form, and pass away leaving almost no deleterious effect on the growing generation. Whether on the inland plateaus, on the seashore, or on the mountain slopes, our youth range with a greater freedom and variety of enjoyment the year around than elsewhere. They stretch to stalwart boys and maidens, on an average, almost a fourth or a third larger than children reared in a climate that is semi-annual alternation between a brickoven and a refrigerator. We may admit that the long period of frigid and boreal temperatures may leave the coming generations without the stimulus to activity given by a climate that makes you hustle six months to exist the other six months. But we deduce from better conditions a repose and stability of temperament favorably to the product of a higher type.

President Campbell, for many years at the head of one of our largest normal schools, in one of his lectures puts it this way: "Our young people have no weight of tradition or old customs to hold down their ambitions. Their mental habit is to think of themselves as being as good and as capable as anybody. To their minds, it is not a sin to unblushingly aspire. Most of them support themselves and get their education as a result of their own industry. This begets self-reliance and will-power. They think they can do things, and the thought becomes father of the deed. A thinly scattered population is not so entirely absorbed with local considerations. They depend for entertainment on the news of the whole world, and not on that of their own state and community.

"The mind of a boy in New York is taken up with local interests, and he becomes provincial in his range of thought. A boy on the Pacific coast is drawn to read of the East, of Europe, Asia and the Antipodes, until they are familiar as the next county."

The formation of a great race must spring from a people taking broad views of life and culture. The Pacific Coast possesses the capacity for the greatest breadth of thought. Its population has not been refined by the specializing educational influences of the older communities, nor narrowed into ruts of tradition.

The coast is not New England, New Amsterdam, nor New Poland. It is cosmopolitan, not provincial. Its activities are from a superabundance of new

blood, not from the ferment caused by the transition of great masses of Old World corpuscles into a younger civilization. The Pacific Coast is particularly free from religious and race prejudices. No man is asked whence he sprang or what he believes. Puritan and Mormon, Jew and Catholic, are equals here, so long as they individually believe in themselves and in American toleration and equality.

There can be but one conclusion from these hastily sketched facts and conditions—the Pacific Coast has all the elements necessary to beget the type of humanity the world has waited to see—the perfect composite race; and that it is now producing and will continue to produce such a race is borne out by the evidence on all hands.

Under the Snow.

There are pleasant things waiting for me,
Under the snow—
Not dead things that poets grieve about,
O, no.

First will come a vision fair,
The purple wind-flower with her silken hair;
Then violets like my sweet love's eyes,
And roses, pink, and white, and red,
And some all golden, like my sweet love's head.

But these are not the sweetest things—
Well, there's the song the bluebird sings,
Can you not guess? No?
Why, then will come my love herself—
She has promised so.
Ah! the sweetest things await for me
Under the snow.
Oh, yes, they do—you need not shake your head
With wise "perhaps," or "if," or "time will show,"
There is no "if" to cloud my perfect world
Under the snow.

Nay; do not breathe the dreadful thing you look,
It cannot be where there is love
And faith—I know, I know—
Not even if it lay its horrid head
Among my violets sweet and roses red,
Under the snow.

Then let me be, and let me dream
My own sweet dream my own sweet way;
I am content, I know
All that you would wisely say.
Then wherefore chide, although
I do not borrow pain and search for thorns
Under the snow.

Martha Pearson Smith.

In Flood Time.

By MARGARET STANISLAWSKY.

THE water had been coming up slowly and a flood had been dreaded for days, but the bursting of the great dyke was a totally unexpected calamity. The Higginson house was at the lowest part of the valley and the rescuing of the family was the first thought. The largest boat that could be found was sent for them. There were eleven Higginsons, but when the boat arrived it was found that there were, besides, two girls, friends of the daughters. One of the girls was also the fiancee of the oldest son. All could not be taken off without swamping the boat. Who should be left? The water lapping against the old walls would not long leave them standing. It was a question whether they could last till the boat should return. The first story was under water now.

"Well, Frank and I are the ones to stay. If there is any danger we have the best chance, and we are sure to be all right till the boat comes back," said John, the second son. He was arguing with the appeal in his mother's eyes. "We will be all right, mother," he added.

"If Frank stays I will not go," said Frank's fiancee, rising up in the boat.

John tried to argue the matter hurriedly; there was no time for delay. One of the oarsmen arose and pushed Frank toward his oar. "No woman would face drowning for me. I'll be less loss," he said.

The other girl visitor heard, and the words fitted into the loneliness of her own life; this and the beauty of the sacrifice to the young happiness of the lovers, touched her to sudden action. She, too, arose, and stepped out on the porch roof. "I do not mind staying. The boat will be back in plenty of time," she said, calmly, in such a matter-of-fact tone that it almost persuaded the boys. The need of haste was urgent, and when the boat pushed off, both brothers were in, and the girl and the oarsman were left behind. Silently they watched the boat move off, carefully picking its way among the floating logs and fence poles. The waste of waters under the cloud-dimmed moonlight was unutterably dreary.

"We had better go inside," said the man, "and find some wraps. It is cold."

They moved toward the window, where she stood again for a moment and gazed after the boat. He helped her in and drew up a chair to the window. He could only find some coverlets off the beds. These he brought and wrapped around her, making her feet comfortable on the low sill. He threw one down for himself and drew it around him as he leaned against her chair. They gazed out silently on the melancholy waste. It occurred to neither that they had not met before. They seemed to know each other well.

"You know this may mean the last?" he said, after a while.

"Yes," she said, with a shudder—it was so bleak and chill, and they could do nothing but wait. The water was rising very slowly now.

"Why did you stay?" he asked.

"I could not bear to leave you after you said that," she answered; "besides, they seemed to have so much more to live for."

"You are alone, too? I thought so. After all, it was not quite true what I said. You were willing to face it with me?"

"Yes," she said.

He reached out and held her hand. The companionship was warmth in this awful cold and gloom. And now the boat had gone, there were thoughts that would not down. Ruddy, healthy life cannot face slow death without a shudder. They were quite silent for a while. Then he spoke again.

"My brothers and sisters have grown

up since I left home. I am nothing to them. They probably never will hear."

"After all, the boat may come back." She tried to be cheerful.

"When one is facing death," he said, "everything is so different. Life seems so small and unimportant; yet so dear. You wonder how ever any other thought than this awful reality could claim your attention. Yet how you would like to go back to the old indifference. I suppose, after the little things, one is not used to the strain of this great one."

"Don't," she said, with a convulsive grasp of the hand that held hers. "Don't! Let us hope!"

Just then came a muffled crash, and the house shook. Something had given way. The girl shrank closer to the man. He put his arm around her for a moment. Then, when the crash was not repeated, and all seemed as before, he put her back in her chair and went to the head of the stairs. In the blackness he could see nothing and came back again to his place. He sat down and gazed intently out upon the waters. From the first he had no thought of escape. It had been to him just giving his life for a more valued one. She was thinking of the return of the boat; fighting fiercely against admitting any possibility of its being too late. They sat on, silently listening to the lapping of the waters. Debris floating against the walls made dull noises. She started at each. He reached out for her hand again. As he did, a sob of intense anxiety burst from her. They seemed so near in their common danger, and the sacrifices they had made.

"After all," he said, in a low voice, "I suppose one need never be alone if one could see as clearly and dare as much in life as at the point of death."

She shuddered.

"Do not let my hand go then," she said, and he knew she meant at the last.

"I shall hold it to the end," he said.

They sat on silently through the long moments, with only an occasional word, yet each felt intensely the presence of the other. He was thinking how long they might have been acquainted in that outside life they had lived, without feeling that they had known each other as now. It was as though they had lived on the surface of life, then suddenly dived down to the depths beneath where they saw each other and all things more clearly in a light not possible above.

Suddenly a halloo startled them. They sprang to their feet, but could see nothing. The man gave an answering shout. Another halloo came. It was the boat returning. She made a movement as if to withdraw her hand, but he held it firmly.

"To the end!" he said.

Now the boat was in sight. The moon came for a while from behind the clouds. Tears were running down the girl's face. As they were about to step out on the porch roof again to get into the boat, he held her back a moment.

"Surely it cannot be the end for you and me?" he said. "We can never be alone again."

She was not capable of speaking at that moment, but she raised her eyes to his face, and he knew it had not ended for her any more than for him.

The Mysterious Divide.

The latest flowers faded yesterday;
The robin softly sang his farewell lay;
My burdened heart is sad the livelong day.
Like foolish children met we on life's way
And thought we never more should walk apart;
And yet you coldly left me, and my heart
Aches with the pain of parting. Who can say
Where lies the line between our love and hate,
That line dividing—is it not of fate?

I only know that by a garden wall
Where, on that night, the silvery moonbeams fell,
And nightbird unto bird did sweetly call,
We lingered; yet, alas—did say farewell!

Relaw Nworb.

The Beauty Tree.

By Katherine Farmer.

IN olden days, in the land of Somewhere, was planted the Garden of the Powers. In the midst of the garden, beside the well of Truth, grew a tree called Beauty.

This tree was not native to the land, but was transplanted thither from the Heavenly Gardens. The young tree grew and flourished. The birds of Love and Peace and Joy sang among its branches. Many wearied mortals rested beneath its shade. The breath of its blooms gave them gladness, and those who ate of its fruit were strengthened and refreshed.

The blight which comes from envy fell upon the face of none. The women twined about their foreheads garlands of blossoms gathered from the tree and sang as they toiled. Let them gather as they would, the tree was not despoiled; for he who gave the garden had power to give new leaf or branch.

But there came a time when the bird of Peace flew out of the garden, and the bird of Joy sang no more in the tree. For, while the garden was new, there was blown upon the soil by an evil wind from the desert of Chaos the seed of a mighty vine—a new and nameless power.

After lying dormant for many days, this seed germinated and sprang up, and, the gardener being gone upon a journey, there was no hand to pluck it from the ground.

For a time it lay prone, sending out long tendrils hither and thither, seeking support. At length it crossed the well of Truth, hiding the waters with its monstrous leaves, and reached the strong and perfect trunk of the Beauty tree.

It grew and grew until no part of the tree was left free from its clinging tendrils. It hung its gaudy blooms among the blossoms of the tree and mingled its heavy perfume with the fragrance of Beauty.

There came a day when men came into the garden and said: "Behold the vine! How it has flourished! Let us rest in the shade of the vine."

And they ate of its fruit and forgot the tree and gave themselves up to the power of the vine.

Deaf were they to the pleading voices of the few wise ones of the land, who said: "Our master who gave us the garden planted no vine therein. Let us beware lest evil come upon us."

After this there was strife in the land. Those who loved the vine began to destroy the works of beauty and grace which in times past had pleased them, and built new dwellings from which the very beasts of the field turned in shame and fear.

The women spoiled the grace of their forms by strange, stiff raiment and began to deck their heads with the plumage and dead bodies of song-birds.

There was discord among the maidens and youths, and even the children mocked one another, saying: "We are of the vine," or, "What know you of beauty? Your people are of the tree!" There were burdened hearts and pale faces, and the men called healers began to prosper in land and store.

When, after many days, the gardener returned and saw the vine, sorrow filled his heart. Going to the master of the garden he said: "Woe is mine! But with helpers and tools I can perchance remove the evil thing."

But the master said: "Helpers and tools will I not send. The tree will still grow and bear as of old. As the people have chosen, let them still choose."

Thus the tree and the vine still grow and the strife goes on. The children of the people to whom the garden was given gather about the two in great and

increasing numbers each day.

On the outskirts of the throng are men and women in sombre garments, who, thinking to save some from the evil which is in the land, cry out: "Go ye not to the tree!" and "Go ye not to the vine! Verily evil is there!"

But there are men and women who, lifting aside the leaves of the vine, have looked into the well of Truth. These stand in the garden teaching the faltering ones to reach high up to the boughs of the tree. Teaching them, too, that to bear the laden branches to the weary ones without is a gracious deed, and pleasing in the master's sight.

It may be that sometime in the land of Somewhere the love of the true and the beautiful may live in the hearts of all; that evil shall be no more. Then will all who come into the garden rejoice. For the tree will wave its proud branches, and the sunlight will fall upon every bud and bloom. Then the master of the garden will say: "My people have chosen well."

Elise; a Sequel to "The Voice of the Silence."



THE cabin in the pine grove was empty. Elise would never cross its rude threshold again. On the day that she became the wife of Colonel Randolph she severed herself from the old life utterly and forever, and went forth into the world again without a shadow of regret for the things that were left behind. It is true that she carried with her the little brown boy, Nanita's child, but she told herself that it was clearly a duty to do so.

The Colonel might, under other circumstances, have objected to this addition of a "young savage" to his newly formed household, but at present he was too happy and too much in love to be conscious of the existence of a wish counter to his bride's. When, in the hurried preparations for departure, she said, "Of course, you are willing to take the boy. You know I cannot part with him," he assented cheerfully.

"Take a whole tribe if it will add to your pleasure, my loved one. What is an Indian more or less?"

"Oh, but he is not an Indian. You know his mother had white blood in her veins, and his own father was a white man."

"The more shame to him! It's an unlucky mixture. But take your little half-savage, if you want him. He's a scared-looking little chap; looks as if he'd like to escape and hide in the woods. Is he dumb? I've never heard him speak."

The child, standing by the window, peering out into the gathering night, heard every word, but gave no sign that he heard. His dark eyes were heavy with unshed tears, but he kept them steadily fixed upon the tossing river, where the tide ebbed strongly against the wind. He did not understand this sudden interruption of the hitherto quiet life of the cabin, and he was vaguely troubled by it. Moreover, he hated this elegant gentleman, who behaved as if he owned the whole world, and who monopolized his dear Elise. And now he

was to be taken away; he had heard them say so, and he did not want to go. Why should he leave this place, where he knew the birds and squirrels, and where even the gulls, winging seaward in the early twilight, seemed to hail him friend and comrade as he watched their soft flight from the top step of the stairs that led to the river beach. He was frightened when he thought that he might never see them again, and he had all a child's nervous dread of change, of cutting loose from familiar things, and facing the unknown, but he had, too, the stoicism of the Indian, and he gave no sign of what he felt and feared.

Nellie would have kept him gladly, for she loved children, and this little lad had endeared himself to her during the months that had flown since his mother's death, but she knew that it would be useless to speak to Elise.

"She has often told me that she will never part with him," she said to Odin, sadly, "and yet I think the child would be happier here than elsewhere. Do you think she bound herself by a promise to the mother?"

"Possibly," replied Odin; "but in any case her affection for him would not permit her to give him up."

As for Odin, though he was not clearly conscious of it, he was glad that she carried the child with her. He would prove a reminder of the river, and would sooner or later return. Then, too, he believed it well that she should have the responsibility.

Between the two men, in their brief meeting that day under the pines, when the Colonel claimed his bride, there was an instantly recognized, though unspoken, antagonism. They hated each other and each knew that he was hated. Odin in after years in a sort of amused shame and wonder, remembered how he had longed with all the strength and fierceness of his nature to set upon and destroy this fine gentleman, with his white hands and his aristocratic air. He told himself at the time that it was not the man himself that aroused his rage and hatred, but that the class which he represented—the leisure class—the class who lived without toil, or thought, or care, upon the earnings of the poor; who wrung the lifeblood from the tillers of the soil, the mechanics, the workers everywhere, and, not content with that, laughed at the misery imposed upon the toiling masses by the selfish luxury of the rich. But he knew better, as time went on, and he acknowledged to himself frankly that it was the man he would have destroyed; and the reason was not one of deep social significance, as he had tried to believe, but simply a matter of jealousy. Colonel Randolph was robbing him of the woman he loved, was robbing him of that which he knew full well he had never possessed, and yet which he valued more than all else in life. It eased the pain of parting for him to be able to feel this leaping flame of anger in his heart, and there would be years and years in which to bear the bitter ache that would surely follow.

At the very last, when everything was done and they were waiting for Jeff, the Indian, to come with his boat and set them across the river, where they were to take the stage for the outer world, Elise found herself alone for a moment in the cabin with Nellie. And she remembered something, and caught her breath with a little gasp, realizing how near she had come to forgetting it entirely.

"Nellie," she said, "I have not told Odin good-bye. He is down there by the well. Will you send him to me, please? There is something I must say to him."

And Nellie reluctantly obeyed. He came in. There was nothing in his manner to betray that he suffered, but when Elise looked up and beheld his set lips and the pain in his eyes she gave a little cry, and put her hands up to lay them on his shoulders, but he took them firmly in his own.

"You wished to see me?" he said.

"Yes, to say good-bye; to hear you say that you rejoice in my happiness. Tell me that you are glad, Odin."

"I am very glad."

"Your voice belies your words; you speak as one might at a funeral."

"You do not expect me to exhibit very great delight over your going away forever?" He smiled, still holding her hands.

"Will you really miss me, Odin; so very much, I mean?"

He did not look at her, and he did not answer, but she felt his hands tighten upon hers till her wedding ring cut into the flesh. "Forgive me, my Odin. I know my going means something to you—but I, too, am sad to leave you—dear, dear friend." She slipped one of her hands free, and, lifting her arm, laid it about his neck. She was gracefully tall, but as she stood there, her head bent slightly back, her eyes searching his own, her forehead was just on a level with his lips.

"Kiss me, Odin," she said, softly, moved to compassion by his evident pain.

"I have not the right to kiss you now."

She lifted her lips. "Kiss me!" There was a note of command in her voice, but he only looked at her.

"Kiss me, Odin!" the sweet mouth quivered and her eyes filled with tears. He stooped and laid his lips to hers, but the coldness of his kisses chilled her. She turned her face away and hid it on his breast, her arm still about his neck. Her heart was full of tenderest pity.

Presently she glanced up and drew away slightly. "Odin, there is something I must tell you, but perhaps you know; perhaps you have thought of it yourself. You will be lonely when I am gone—" she paused.

"Yes," he said, "I have thought of that. I am better informed upon that subject, I think, than any one else can possibly be."

"But it is not that—at least, that is not all—" There was a step outside and they heard Nellie's voice calling to them that the boat was coming. Elise caught up her gloves. "We are ready. Say that I will be down in a moment," she cried; then, turning again and speaking in haste, "Odin. Nellie loves you."

"I think not."

"But I am sure of it."

"I hope you are mistaken."

"Why?"

"For her own sake."

"You must marry her, Odin. You will be much happier—you will both be happy." She paused upon the threshold, and gave him her hand, now incased in its glove. "Tell me before I go that you will do this. Let me carry away with me the hope that you two, my dear, dear friends, will make each other glad."

Odin held her hand lightly in his own. "I shall never marry," he answered mechanically.

"Why not?" she asked. "I have done wrong to tell you Nellie's secret, which she has never told me, if you still hold to that."

"You have only told me what you thought and—hoped. You are mistaken, that is all. I shall never marry."

"Why do you say that? Why—" but something in his eyes stopped her questions. "Good-bye, Odin, good-bye." She leaned back and he kissed her again, as he had done so often, not willingly but because she wished it, and then she went out and down the path under the pines for the last, last time, and went without one backward glance, to the new love, and the new life, leaving the man who had loved her first, who loved her still, standing inside the cabin door dumb with the pain of parting.

But when Nellie came up from the beach after the last good-bye had been said, and Elise, with many promises to write, had departed with the colonel and the little Indian lad, crossing the river to the landing where the stage was already drawn up and waiting for its unusual passengers, she found the cabin empty. Odin had taken his disappointment away from the sight of even her loving, sympathetic eyes. She sighed and set about the task of putting the deserted place in order, preparatory to leaving it to the occupation of the squirrels and birds and wood mice. For Elise had said that the windows were to be left open and the door unlocked, lest any passing in a night of storm should seek shelter there and find it barred.

As she moved about the small place the girl thought upon the strange life-scenes that had been enacted beneath its humble roof, and of the woman who had grown up there beautiful and strong, free of limb and free of soul, like a wild young thing of the forest; and yet so schooled by nature that she was fitted to take her place in the great, gay world of fashion of which she (Nellie) knew so

little save what she gleaned from books and day dreams. How strange it all seemed! And yet was it strange? For environment does not determine character. Elise would have been the same sweet, lovable, inconsistent creature if she had been brought up in a garret or in a palace instead of not being brought up at all, but allowed to grow like a wild flower on the hills. She was born with a soul, and it is the dominant power of the spirit that develops and determines character. There may be, there are, exceptions to this rule, of course, but the rule nevertheless is one that holds good through all the ages, and must while man's will, more potent as a factor in his spiritual growth than material circumstance, is strong to work out his salvation, and man's soul, man's self, is the breath of God.

It is always the self-conscious person who vacilates, who is awkward and uncertain in speech and action. The man or the woman who has never been subjected to criticism, who has acquired knowledge naturally and without restraint or surveillance is not apt to think much about what other people are going to say. Elise had grace, the free, untrammeled grace of the panther or the fawn. She was incapable of an awkward movement. She had beauty, and having eyes it did not take her long to discover that her face was fairer than the faces of other women. She was young, and, above all, she had money. Refinement of manner was a thing that came to her from an aristocratic lineage. As for the rest, when a woman has all these—youth, beauty, grace, natural wit and unlimited riches—the world is ready to accept her at the highest valuation. That she should take the social world by storm and lead it captive was not to be wondered at, fresh from the wilds though she was. The surprising thing was that she herself should after the novelty wore off find it unsatisfying, disappointing, and that she should, when sorrow overtook her, flee to the shelter of her humble cabin under the pines and bury herself again in the wilderness. But now love had found her out, and a bride, crowned with happiness and more beautiful than before she was returning to the world, from which she had fled but a year ago.

One may learn much in twelve months. Elise had profited sadly, yet sweetly, too, by the experiences through which she had passed. She had learned something of the real meaning of life and, though its mystery had deepened, she regarded it seriously and trustingly. She had grown, not into a fuller faith, but into a keener recognition of faith itself. She saw the living Christ with clearer eyes, and awoke to the fact that he looked at her from every side, in the faces of her friends, in the fishermen on the river, the Indians that brought her berries, and, above all, did she behold him in the eyes of a little child. And, strangely enough, the man who had helped her to this quickened understanding was one who, himself, was without faith—who denied the name of Christ, yet followed "in his steps."

(To be continued.)

A Fragment.

Oh, hear the wild winds raging
The tall, black heights around!
Mad waves their wrath engaging,
The hollow cliffs resound.

* * * * * * * * *

"Oh, heard ye not their calling?
Oh, love, did ye not hear?"
"'Tis but the fierce waves falling
Beneath the tall cliffs near."

* * * * * * * * *

Two ghastly faces lifting
Beneath the moon's pale beam!
The seagulls see them drifting,
And heard their dying scream.

Margaret Stanislawsky.

The Ascent of Mt. Vesuvius.

By MRS. HENRY W. COE.



THE first night at Naples we looked out and enjoyed Mount Vesuvius, eighteen miles away, with flaming serpents winding down the sides and fiery dragons leaping in the dark. But having seen so much, we wanted to see more, and listened to the stories of those who had gone up and returned in safety.

"We went," said an old gentleman from Milwaukee, "but a thousand dollars could not tempt us to go again."

They had told him in the afternoon that he would have plenty of time to go up and back before dark. He had started with his wife, under the impression that they were to ride all the way, but when about half way to the top the driver announced his intention of turning back, and was only persuaded to proceed by the payment of more money. Presently it began to rain, and the wife wished to give it up. She finally decided to stop near a hut and wait till her husband, who persisted in completing the ascent, returned. So he pressed on, and, after great exertion, found himself at the top of the far-famed mountain, much disappointed to see nothing but odorous steam and smoke pouring from the crater. So he turned about and came down again, picking his wife up by the way, and his advice to everybody was, "Keep away from Mount Vesuvius."

That evening at dinner we were invited to go to Pompeii next day by Captain Crosby, who was collecting specimens for the Smithsonian Institution. And the view we had of the volcano from that weird and interesting ruin intensified our desire for a nearer acquaintance. Therefore we needed little urging to join the party which was to make the ascent with Captain Crosby.

It was half-past seven sharp when we started from Naples. There were six in our party. We drove through the streets of Naples, the dirtiest city in all Europe, and out into the country beyond.

The ascent begins almost immediately. We were accompanied on our way, first, by the peddlers who wanted to sell us oranges, then by beggars of all sizes and ages, from two years up to eighty; little girls with flowers, and boys performing acrobatic feats. Then came the musicians.

"Ah," said some one, "are we to have music all the way up Mount Vesuvius?"

The guide informed us that we would have several concerts on the way. Sometimes there was only one instrument, sometimes two or three. They seemed to have a route of their own, these musicians, for upon reaching a certain point they all turned and went back to the place from which they had started.

It was nearly noon when we reached

the observatory. A short distance this side there is a hut, called by courtesy a restaurant, where you may stop and eat your luncheon. The coffee that we got here was—well, anything but inviting, and the cream—there was none. In this dilemma the doctor suggested that he had seen a goat in the yard, and the guide took the hint, and soon appeared, leading the goat into the dining-room. The doctor calmly set about milking it, as if it were an every-day occurrence, but had no sooner got a cup full when the owner of the goat came in, and, protesting that it was not time yet for milking, led the goat off. However, we got our cream, or a good substitute for it. Here we left our team, making the rest of the way on foot.

After our meal the guide furnished us with walking-rods. On the way to the observatory we passed a large marble slab erected to the memory of a number of people who had lost their lives in an unexpected outburst of lava, a few years before.

We passed several places on the way up where a new road had been made by Cook & Son, as the old one had been covered by fresh lava only a short time before. We came for miles over cold lava that looked like gigantic coils of light-brown rope.

On and up, up. The heat, now intense, was strong with odors of sulphur, but still on we went, keeping close to our guide for fear of making a misstep. Without warning he made a sharp turn, halting right in front of a gigantic stream of red, flowing lava. Here it was within reach of our walking-rods. We were at its head, where it boiled up from the crater. It came as a gigantic, fire-red serpent, twisting from side to side toward the edge of the mountain and then leaping down its side. We stood there in wonder, our faces scorching with heat, and as we touched it with our walking-sticks they instantly were aflame.

The gentlemen made souvenirs with an iron rod turned up at the end and securely fastened to a walking-stick. You step up to the molten stream of rock, putting your hook in; you give it a twist and then a hard pull, and out comes a piece of lava. You make a depression in it with the end of another rod, then, placing your Italian coin in it you press it down, and it is finished. This may seem easy but it is far from easy, for the heat is almost unendurable while you work. Then you must be rapid in your movements, for the lava cools quickly, and will not form around the coin unless it is red-hot.

In the descent we had to step over an opening in which you could see, but a few inches below, the boiling lava. We then hurried on, as it was getting late. When nearly to the base of the mountain a glad sight welcomed our eyes—a man carrying something to drink. You can imagine how parched our throats were after a climb under such conditions. The basket contained white wine, which tasted very much like fresh cider. We were thirsty enough to have paid almost any price, but he only asked a lira a bottle, and we, prohibitionists and all, bought the man out.

When Twilight Comes.

When twilight comes across the quiet land,
I crave your presence, you who understand
The comradeship of word, and look and smile;
The gentle talk and laughter, afterwhile,
And homeward walk across the wave-worn sand.

How will it be, I wonder, when the grand
Full mid-day glow of life has vanished, and
The sun's last rays fall coldly on the dial,
When Twilight comes?

Oh, that we two together still may stand;
Undone, perchance, the deeds we hoped and planned,
Tired and very old, yet missing naught
Of tenderness or olden word or thought.
God grant that life may leave us hand in hand,
When twilight comes.

Theodosia Pickering Garrison, in "Truth."

Bart; A Study from Life.

By DAVIS PARKER.

"The iniquities of the fathers shall be visited upon their children unto the third and fourth generation."

BARTHOLOMEW ALLISON, or "Bart," as we always knew him, was a violinist. Fresh from the conservatory, he had all the enthusiasm of youth, and an ardent love for his profession, and with his exceptional talent and pleasing ways we all predicted for him a brilliant future. But there were influences working much stronger than his ambition or will power, for Bart seemed to have all the weaknesses and none of the business ability for which the Allisons were noted.

His boyhood had been rather unhappy, his mother dying when he was a mere child, and his stepmother being a woman whose maternal affections scarcely sufficed for her own offspring.

Alex. Allison, his father, when not away from home on business or pleasure, concerned himself very little about his children, so that Bart was usually left to his own devices. He was naturally a careless, indolent sort of boy, passionately fond of music and cordially hating his studies at school. Most of his time there was spent in stringing threads and wires across the front of his desk, tuned to different keys, or in constructing rude musical instruments from all sorts of material. His efforts in these directions received no more encouragement here than at home, and his treasures were often confiscated and consigned to the teacher's desk.

His older brother, at last recognizing his genius, gave him a musical education, and it is from this period of his life that this brief narrative dates.

Bart's success was almost phenomenal at first. Engagements poured in upon him, and scores of pupils listed to whom he gave instruction. But here heredity asserted itself, and soon were heard whispers to the effect that his habits were not of the best, and that he was often unaccountably absent from concert or musicales. This could not go on for very long, and it was less than a year when we heard that he had been obliged to obtain work in one of the large factories in the town as an ordinary unskilled laborer.

Poor Bart! whose nature was like a dancing faun's, happy, irresponsible, with never a thought for the morrow; how could he tie himself to the drudgery of workshop day after day?

How he chafed and fretted under this restraint none but himself ever knew, but he made no complaint and patiently worked with the vowed intention of saving enough to go to Germany to complete his studies. This announcement was received with jeers and coarse jokes by his unappreciative fellow-workmen, but Bart paid little attention to them, although at times his lips wore a pitying smile and his great brown eyes would be filled with longing as if he looked into another world of which they had no ken. Hardships did not prevent his yielding to his weakness and often we were obliged to redeem his violin (which had been pledged for a few dollars) to enable him to play at some dance or theatrical performance.

At this time Minnie Hansen, whom he met at a cheap ball, became infatuated with him, and good-hearted, unselfish Bart considered it his duty to marry her. Whatever her past had been, there could be no question as to her being a faithful and loving wife. Her regard for him was simply adoration, and she bore the burdens of poverty and wifehood without a murmur of discontent. How he was to support her he could not see, for when single he was always in debt, but we thought that perhaps responsibility would awaken him to the gravity of the situation. They took a flat in a quiet, low-priced locality, when the children came, and, with the help of friends, partially furnished it, and then the struggle for an existence became a harder reality. Bart seemed sort of crushed or dazed, and often we have seen him holding one of the boys on his knee, looking wonderingly at the child as if he hardly comprehended what it all meant.

His precious violin seemed his only

consolation, and he was often to be seen at the window in the moonlight pouring out the hunger and unrest of his nature in improvisation. Under that wonderful touch the instrument would give out at times rich, round organ tones, and at others the softest notes of the flute. With powerful sweeps of the bow he brought before you the lofty Palisades, towering skyward; you would hear the rush of the mighty waters, or the wail of the night wind in the shrouds and rigging of ships. When the children were sleeping he played with muted strings, and the air would be vibrant with soft, pulsating melody, and you were, for the time, in far-off Andalusia, watching the happy peasantry lightly stepping through the mazes of the moonlit harvest dance to the sensuous notes of the mandolin or guitar. At times the tones were joyous and laughing, but oftener they would glide into sorrowful surging minor, as if a distraught soul must find voice, or die.

Then the music would cease and Bart would sit unconscious of the presence of those around him, absorbed in thoughtful melancholy. His wife seemed to understand, and never disturbed the reveries which often lasted far into the early morning hours.

Things went from bad to worse, and nothing but the watchful care of friends or neighbors prevented actual want and suffering. The fine old violin was sacrificed and a cheap one was substituted. Bart would be absent for days squandering what little came in, broken in pride and spirit—all power of resistance seemingly gone. Yet after these debauches his remorse was terrible to witness, and, encouraged by his friends, he would try to break from the thralls of appetite. It seemed as if he were carrying the burden of ancestral sins and found it too heavy to bear.

Christmas was coming on, and his wife, encouraged by his sobriety, which had lasted for a longer period than usual, had planned to give the children a little holiday cheer. The neighbors had lent a hand and a small tree was set up in the rooms. 'Twas Christmas eve, and as she came to kiss the boys good-night after decorating the tree with the simple gifts at her disposal, she found Bart coming through the room, maudlin and reeling. He had started for home perfectly sober, but meeting with some dissolute companions had again yielded. As his wife stood looking at him reproachfully and sorrowful, he started as if to throw his arms about her, pitched heavily forward and knocked the lamp from her hands. It smashed in fragments upon the floor and the room was ablaze in an instant.

Her screams brought help, and after a fierce struggle the flames were extinguished, but not till the mother and little ones were badly burned. With the best of treatment and care their lives were saved, but from that night Bart's mind was a blank, with no possible chance of recovery.

He was taken to the insane asylum and the family cared for by his relatives. His mania was of a mild type and was shown by his apparent communion with the old masters of music, and an expectant, eager attitude, as if listening for something that never came. His violin was given him, but the old-time magic of his bow was gone. His playing was incoherent and colorless, like the working of his shattered mind.

Nearly a year had passed when a dispatch, bidding us come at once if we wished to see Bart alive, brought us in a few hours, to his bedside.

It was Christmas morning, cold and clear; the bells ringing out the joyous message of Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men, but the happiness of laughing children and merry sleighing parties seemed to accentuate the sadness in our own hearts. We knew when we entered the room that the end was near. Kneeling by him, convulsively sobbing, was his wife. The children, mercifully too young to fully realize, looked on frightened and wonderingly.

While we waited Bart suddenly raised his hand and whispered: "Hark! Don't you hear it?" A smile of ineffable sweetness lighted his face. With a long-drawn sigh he closed his eyes.

"He is sleeping now," said one. And we who loved him knew that he had heard the divine strains of the Celestial Orchestra, and his weary soul, free from the bondage of flesh, had found eternal rest.

The Indian "Arabian Nights."

By H. S. LYMAN.

A Series of Indian Stories and Legends, began in September, 1899.

IT WAS impossible to allow such an outrage as that which had been perpetrated upon the Tlah-Tsops by the treacherous Cayuses to go unavenged. Kobaiway, therefore, gathered a small band of his bravest warriors and proceeded back swiftly to the land of the foe, bent upon retaliation. The punishment inflicted was terrible. The approach upon the village of the perfidious Cayuses was made at night. Before morning all the houses were surrounded. As, one by one, in the gray dawn, the people rose up and came forth, unsuspecting, and ignorant of the fact that behind every rock and tree lurked a Tlah-Tsop, they were struck down by unerring arrows.

Many had fallen before the alarm was given. Then all the village broke in a wild stampede for the hills. Some escaped the fury of the blood-intoxicated foe, but many were slain, so that for a time the tribe was all but exterminated. And the way was open for the coast Indians to go up the river, where a trading post was established among the Wascos.

The vengeance of the Tlah-Tsops, cruel as it was, but bore evidence of the morality of the tribe with whom the principle of "an eye for an eye" and "a tooth for a tooth" prevailed. There was no other guaranty of protection than the strong arm of the chief. The sanctity of tribal agreement was held inviolable. And Kobaiway, though he thus punished the perfidy of his foe, was not a cruel man. He was a chief of whom it is well to know more, since he was most intimately connected with the beginning of the commonwealth of Oregon.

It was well for those who first sought this lonely shore that the great Tlah-Tsop had extended his influence and gained much wealth and power; that his canoes had multiplied upon the river; that his houses had been enlarged and that he had taught his people many useful things. For, when Lewis and Clark came down the Columbia, worn and weary from their long journey through the wilderness, they found the Indians on the south shore of the lower river, friendly and helpful. They were given cordial and dignified welcome and provided with all things needful.

All through the long rainy winter the expedition rested in the land of the Tlah-Tsops, in the comfortable house surrounded by a stockade, on the sands near where Fort Stevens now stands. Kobaiway himself spent much time at the stockade in the company of the explorers, and must have furnished much of the information which went into their account of the region, for they give the names of many tribes, far to north and south along the coast. They also give the names of the shipmasters who, up to that time, had visited the river. Native articles of food are named and described in this report, together with a considerable vocabulary of native words. All of these things go to prove that Kobaiway and his people were intelligent and reliable to a degree,

On the departure of the expedition in the spring, a document was left in Kobaiway's hands for delivery to the sea captain next entering the river, containing an account of the journey across the continent, and attesting to the good conduct and friendliness of the Tlah-Tsop chief.

This trust Kobaiway faithfully executed. He delivered the paper to a captain, who carried it East. Of the chief, Lewis and Clark say:

"He performed his duties courageously, he nourished and protected his people, and enforced habits of industry and honesty, and befriended the whites."

The Story of Celiast.

Celiast was the daughter of Kobaiway, and she was born far back toward the beginning of the century, and claimed to remember perfectly the coming of the first overland expedition. According to her own story she was at this time old enough to weave mats. Her life began just at that period when the life and history of her people were beginning to be submerged in the vortex of human affairs formed by the meeting of two tides—the white immigration from the region of the sunrise, and the commerce that came up from the sea. The great events of her childhood were all connected with the white man. The coming of Lewis and Clark, the ships that sailed in across the bar, firing their signal guns to summon the Chinooks and Tlah-Tsops to the barter, as they dropped anchor in the safe harbor of the mighty stream—these things left a lasting impress upon the mind of the little Indian maid. The tragedy of the first settlement at the mouth of the river was enacted before her eyes, and she witnessed the destruction of the ship in the bay of Cly-Quot, far to the north.

Celiast had all the superstition of her race, and a deep reverence and respect for power. She married a white man and accepted his religion, being baptized and given the Christian name of Helen. Her husband was a Frenchman, a baker at the fort, a good enough fellow in his way, perhaps, but not with any very strong convictions as to his responsibility as a father and a husband. The marriage tie with a native woman was not, in his view of the case, binding, and, finding it convenient to change his place of residence in the course of time, he abandoned both wife and children and went on his way without any qualms of conscience.

Sad and dishonored, Celiast yet remembered that she was the daughter of a chief. Her pride would not allow her to return to her tribe after the manner of wives who had proved faithless and been sent back, according to the custom of the Tlah-Tsops. Neither would she accept the life of degradation that was open to her at the fur factory.

It was a hundred miles to Fort Vancouver, where the governor of the white people lived, but with her two little children she made the journey and appealed to him for advice. She reminded him that she was the daughter of a great chief who had ever been honorable in his dealings with the whites; that she, even as her father, had loved the white man and the white man's God, that she had accepted the sacrament of baptism and of marriage according to the law of the white man. She had ever been dutiful as a wife, and without blame. Now she could not return to her own tribe without suspicion. If she remained among the whites it must be as an outcast. Alone, forsaken, with neither tribe, nor people, nor God, how was she to live and rear her children?

The governor, at that time a comparatively young man, was touched by her story. He permitted her to remain at the fort as an honored guest, the companion of his wife. And here Celiast might have spent the rest of her life contented, and even happy, but that fate had far other things in store for her. And since her story has to do with the early history of this Western land, it will be told at length and in detail in another chapter.

(To be Continued.)

War.

Black, smoky night at mid-day came;
The shotted guns poured forth their lead,
And falling roof and wreathing flame,
Enwrapped the dying and the dead.
Heedless alike of flame and shot—
Striving among the first to be,
The thinned ranks cheer, but waver not;
No thought save death or victory.

The dead lie neath the bloody sod;
And breaking hearts at home have cried
In anguish to the Son of God,
"Hads't Thou been here, they had not died."
But from Mount Calvary fell a star,
A glittering pathway in its wake,
To show the only living are
Those who have died for mankind's sake.

Adonen.

Tangle-Foot Tales from Potlatch Cabin.

By HERBERT V. PERRY.

THE thunder rolled from mountain-side to mountain-side, and the rain dashed down on the shakes over our heads, like pebbles.

But what cared we? The flames climbed high up the chimney, and the dry brush crackled gleefully as each armful was thrown in the great fireplace that formed the end of our cabin.

In the frying-pan, on a bed of coals, raked to one side on the hearth, long rashers of bacon sputtered and sent forth their savory odor, whetting our already keen appetites.

The coffee had boiled over for the second time, and Hardy pronounced it done, so we drew ourselves up to the table, and were just about to commence when, over the din of the warring elements, came a loud knocking at the door.

"Come in!" we shouted, and without further ceremony the door was pushed open, and in walked three dripping figures.

"Darn me, if it isn't the doctor!" cried Hardy.

"And here's Bob and Gilbert!" cried I, as the figures came forward to where the firelight fell upon them. "How did you find us?"

"Why, we saw a light through the trees, and 'any port in a storm,' we made for it," answered the doctor; "and it's a pleasant surprise to us, boys, to find you; we never dreamed you were out here."

While they were unstrapping their baskets, and piling their rods up in the corner, we explained to them how we had fitted up this cabin where we could enjoy our outings "with all the comforts of home."

Their wet coats were hung near the fire to dry, and then we all sat about the table, and, with a tin cup of steaming black coffee before each of us, and the rashers of bacon on a tin platter, and a plentiful supply of thick slices of bread and butter, all recent discomforts were soon forgotten.

After the meal was finished, and pipes lighted, we cleared away the table, and spread a blanket over it, and then I brought out an old deck of cards, and proposed a game of whist, saying that I would keep the fire up while the others played.

"You go ahead and play," said Gilbert, moving back from the table and taking a seat by the fireplace; "I never touch cards."

And he sat looking pensively into the embers as though some unpleasant recollection was passing through his mind.

We knew by the look that there was a story brewing, and after we were seated we asked for it, declaring that we could play and listen too.

"It's not much of a story, boys," said he, slowly, as he turned and leaned his back to the wall. He refilled his pipe, scratched half a dozen matches, puffed vigorously a few times, and began. "It's not much of a story, simply a little experience of mine, but one that I shall never forget. It happened about ten years ago. I was then shipping clerk for a mercantile house, on a moderate salary, and had been with the firm for several years. Knowing that I was inclined to be something of a spendthrift, I always took my check home upon receiving it, and handed it over to my wife, thus making her the financial head of the establishment, and I was highly gratified to know that she managed so well that we were enabled to live in comparative ease and comfort. Well, the day before Christmas at the breakfast table my wife said to me, 'Gilbert, I've got a surprise for you!' And she ran away from the table to get what I supposed would be a new necktie, a box of handkerchiefs, or something of that sort, so I sat smiling, waiting for her to return. Imagine my surprise when she came back and threw

down in front of me a bank book, which, upon opening, showed that she had deposited with the Savings and Loan Association just an even five hundred dollars, which she had saved in small amounts, by her good management, from my salary!

"'Now, Gilbert,' said she, 'I don't want you to think me foolish, but I have a great desire to see this money in gold, and to hold it in my hands, so that I will really know that it is ours, and to know that those black figures on this book that I have watched increase little by little, each month, really represent shining gold; so I am going to give you the book, and ask you to come by the bank and bring the money home with you.'

"Still a little dazed at this unexpected good fortune, I put the book in my pocket, kissed my wife and little girl good-bye and hurried down the street. At lunch hour I went into the bank, drew the money, dropped it in a canvas bag, rolled it up and put it in my hip-pocket.

"It being Saturday, our firm closed at 2 o'clock, and I started for home. I had not gone far before I met an old friend, a traveling man whom I had not seen for years. We were walking down the street talking over old times, and he proposed that we go some place and have a 'smile.' I was not in the habit of drinking, but I thought 'Christmas comes but once a year,' so I consented.

"Well, you know how it is, boys. One drink led to another, and friend after friend joined us until we were all feeling pretty good. After a while some one proposed a game of whist, and we retired to a little back room, where, through an easy transition, the game of whist was changed into a little game of 'draw,' and I found myself seated at the table with five dollars' worth of checks before me.

"I knew very little about the game, but, like all beginners, I started off lucky, winning several dollars in the first 'pot.' Thus elated, I ordered a round of drinks. Another 'pot' was won, and another round of drinks ordered, and so on until the table, cards, men, chairs and room were in one wild whirl! One more drink, and then all was blank to me.

"When I roused up the game was still going on, but the players' faces seemed to have changed, and everything seemed unreal and strange to me. 'Well, what are you going to do with that bet?' gruffly asked a dark, sharp-featured man, who sat across the table from me, and whom I could not remember having seen before; then I looked at the bet, which was a bright twenty-dollar piece tossed in the center of the table. In a bewildered manner I picked up my cards and looked them over slowly, and then again more carefully. A tremor of excitement ran through my sluggish and clouded brain! There could be no mistake about it; I had picked up something, and I mentally counted, one, two, three, four aces! My heart almost leaped into my mouth, and, trying hard to appear unconcerned, I nervously counted and stacked up twenty dollars' worth of checks, and then another twenty, and shoved them all into the center of the table. 'I call you, and raise you twenty,' I cried.

"The stranger looked sharply at me for a few seconds, and then his hand slid into his inside coat pocket, and he drew out a roll of bills, and, wetting the tips of his fingers with his tongue, he counted out ten crisp ten-dollar bills, and threw them, together with another shining twenty-dollar gold piece, onto the pile of checks, saying coldly, 'I raise you a hundred.'

"This staggered me for a moment, for about all my checks were in the center. Suddenly I thought of the money in my pocket, the five hundred dollars! There was no time to hesitate; this was the chance of a lifetime! And, trembling with excitement, I drew out the canvas bag and emptied the contents upon the table, a shining heap of gold!

"'I raise you four hundred!' I cried. Then with my heart thumping like a steam hammer, I saw him slowly count out the bills and toss them on the table, saying quietly as he did so, 'I call you; what have you got?' Triumphantly I spread my hand out upon the table, and said, 'Four aces.' 'No good,' said he; 'I've got a straight diamond flush, from the five to the nine!' And then he re-

marked cynically, as his spider-like arms reached forth and the long, white fingers raked away the gold, 'Why don't you stay out, young man, until you get something?'

"Speechless, and with my eyes almost starting from my head, I watched him until I saw the last piece of gold disappear in his capacious pockets, and then, crazed with despair, I sprang to my feet, clenched my fists and lunged at him a terrific blow!

"I indistinctly remember hearing some one say, 'Keep quiet, old man; lie down for a while and then you'll be all right!' And then I floated off into an unconscious state. When I roused up my head was throbbing, and my throat was parched and burning. I threw off a wet towel that was on my head, and staggered to my feet.

" 'Going home?' some one asked; 'give him his hat, Summers; he'll be all right when he gets out in the fresh air.' Some one placed my hat on my head, and I reeled out. As the door closed behind me I heard a general laugh, and the remark, 'He's got a terrible load on.' When I reached the street the chill December wind revived and sobered me somewhat, and the sense of shame and remorse at what I had done well nigh overcame me.

"Mechanically I turned my footsteps homeward, and it was not until the light streaming out of the little parlor window fell before me that I halted. Then the enormity of my sin came upon me, and I sat down on the curb of the sidewalk, crushed and miserable, and pondered upon what course to pursue. Suicide flashed across my mind, but I rejected that as cowardly; then I madly thought of writing a note to my wife, explaining all, and telling her that until I had redeemed myself, I could not face her; this I would slip under the door, and then I would leave the city, leave the country, and never rest until I had replaced the money; but upon more careful consideration this plan appeared altogether unfeasible and senseless, for how was my family to exist while I was away, and again, what was the use of running away when I already had a position which would by careful economy replace the lost money?

"No, there was nothing left for me to do but to face the music, and my knees knocked beneath me at the thought of it. Twice I started for the door, and twice my courage failed me.

" 'I will just look in and see what they are doing,' thought I, and I crept cautiously around to the window, where I could look in through the half-open blind.

"There sat my wife with her head in her hands, holding a handkerchief to her eyes. A Christmas tree stood in the corner of the room, gaily festooned with long strings of colored popcorn and tinsel. Little colored candles had been placed at the tip of every branch, but they had all burned down to the tin sockets that held them, and the lights had all been extinguished. On the floor, with her doll in her arms, was my little girl, fast asleep. I knew that she had fallen asleep there, waiting for her 'Daddy,' as she called me, to come home.

"How I hated myself! The tears came to my eyes, and rolled down my cheeks; I reached in my coat pocket for my handkerchief; it was not there, so I put my hand back into my hip-pocket, and—instead of the handkerchief, I pulled out the bag of money! Then the truth dawned upon me. I had fallen asleep at the table and dreamed that I lost it!

"I will not go into family affairs by telling you how I squared myself for being out so late; but, from that day to this, I have never touched a card."

Long before Gilbert had finished, the cards had dropped from our hands, and now that he was through, nobody picked them up again.

The silence which had fallen over us was broken by Bob.

"That reminds me," he began, "of the winter I was in Bodie—"

"I think, Bob," said the doctor, rising to his feet and yawning, "that you had better postpone your yarn until tomorrow night; if we all get up at 4 o'clock in the morning, we had better be turning in."

The Black Cat.

By ADONEN.

"I'M not encouraging him, uncle; he is fond of music and cats; so am I. Then, I wish to learn more of his theory of 'Self-disposition of the soul.' That is all his visits mean."

And my pretty niece, whose confidant I had been since she could speak, blushed rather guiltily, as she tried to explain the very frequent calls of Senor Allevlo, the young Cuban who rented a cottage on the beach near ours. I could not think she cared for this strange, moody man. Yet, when far into the night I heard the wild, tender notes of his violin, I listened entranced, and, while the music lasted, felt that any woman might love him; but when he sat reading his parchment-covered books, written in some strange wizard language, his large, black cat purring on his shoulder, I did not like him at all.

When Ralph Fernleigh came to the beach to recuperate the strength he had used too lavishly as a war correspondent, his brilliant gifts soon made him a hero among the girls who were heart-weary of the monotonous small talk of society men. As the weeks glided by, I saw that my fears in regard to the Cuban were needless, and I knew that the almost adoring love Meda gave to Fernleigh was returned.

The child still shared her joys and sorrows with me, and the only sample of the latter was Senor Allevlo's haggard, shrunken face. She keenly felt the injustice she had done him, in accepting his attentions in mere girlish vanity. Her betrothed laughed at her remorse, and declared he had no patience with a fellow who stayed mooning around after he had been rejected. So my girl said little to him of Allevlo; but one day she came to me in tears, saying: "Oh, uncle, he has been telling me if I marry Ralph, I am his (Allevlo's) murderer. He pleaded so for life—only that—if I never spoke to him. His poor friend, the black cat, clung to me with eyes of terror, as if asking mercy for its wretched master. What could I say? It was impossible to make the promise he asked, and he rushed from the house, huddling the cat grotesquely in his arms."

But grief for a discarded suitor is seldom deep enough to be serious. That night I watched Meda's happy face, when, standing at the gate, she pinned a bunch of apple blossoms on her lover's coat. He bade her a lingering farewell, and went swinging down the roadway.

It was still early, and several persons stopped as the Cuban sprang from the shadow of a cottage, and, gesticulating excitedly, placed himself directly in Ralph's path. As the men grew more vehement in their conversation, a crowd began to gather. And I saw a knife flash in the moonlight and descend again and again. There was a sound of many voices, then some one called out: "Send for an officer; Fernleigh is murdered!"

We carried Meda into her room. And when Ralph's body was borne to his home for burial, she was mercifully unconscious. During the long months that legal ability exhausted every means to save the life of the murderer, she lay tossing in delirium.

It was not until Allevlo had received his sentence of death, and my niece was on the road to recovery, that I ventured to make the trip to Europe which my business demanded. Moving from place to place, it was some time before I received my American letters; among them were two from home. A long one from Meda, and one from her mother, of which I only read the first line; it told me that my girl was dead and buried.

I laid it aside and opened the one written by the little hand that would write no more forever. She began:

"Dear Uncle—I am writing to you on the first day I am to sit up all day. I

am watching the autumn hail and rain as it dashes against the window. Spite of myself, I am noticing the large number of strangers in the place today, and that they all seem to be going in one direction; and my thoughts will follow them, and shudderingly picture the gruesome scene in the jail yard. For Senor Allevlo dies today.

"This last week of his life he has tortured me with appeals for an interview! Oh, the horror of the thought of ever again looking into his terrible eyes!

"This morning I found a note from him on my table; I know not when it was put there, but it was wild and incoherent. He said he had lost his soul, and accepted a perishable body in its place that he might not leave me. I do not understand it, unless he has some means of escape. But hark! even as I write, the bell that proclaims that Costello Allevlo is no more, is clogging the air with its muffled tolling.

"Dear Old Uncle—I meant to have mailed this weeks ago, but I have waited, waited, because I have a strange horror that I can confide to no one but you, and I wanted to be sure, or you will think I am insane.

"Of all the comforters that might come to me, you would never guess the one that now lies purring in my lap. It is the cat—Allevlo's black cat!

"It came to my door in the bitter storm, the night of his execution, and, though it brought memories almost too sad, yet something in its despair and loneliness reminded me of myself.

"I took the shivering creature in, and it has repaid me with the most touching devotion. It refuses food unless given from my hand, and simply will not be separated from me. I suppose it is because I am weak and nervous that I see in it a horrible, ever-stronger resemblance to one of whom I shudder to think.

"I know my mother fears for my reason, and if she knew the belief that is every day growing in my mind, she would think me mad indeed. They believe I am afflicted with melancholy, but, uncle, it is dread, an unnamable dread.

"A week has passed since I laid aside the pen with which I was writing to you, my faithful friend. I now take it up for the last time, and write, every nerve quivering with horror, of the most unnatural and awful punishment ever visited upon a human being. The black cat has dominated my life, my thoughts; when I tried to read something that my dear, dead boy had written, the animal would so constantly interrupt me, that I tried to drive it away. I had tried before, and, as usual, it scuttled behind the furniture, growling hideously. I returned to the box in which I keep the mementoes of my life's greatest happiness, its greatest sorrow. As I gazed on the withered apple blooms that Ralph wore in his coat that night, and pressed them to my aching heart, with a wild, unearthly scream, the cat sprang upon me and tore them from my hand.

"Uncle, I know Allevlo at last. I shall write no more, for at my feet crouches and gibbers that horrible thing. When I shall look into Allevlo's terrible eyes, glaring from the triumphant face of the black cat, I know I must——"

The letter ended abruptly. I read her mother's story of her death, which told of the deep melancholia that seemed to seize upon her from the day of the execution of her betrothed's murderer, and grow more hopeless every day. Her mania had taken the form of a strange dread of the black cat. "Though," wrote my sister, "the little animal was quite harmless, and so devoted to Meda that, on leaving her room just after she had ceased to breathe, I stumbled over the dead body of the cat."

Three Loves.

O springtime love, that died as violets die!
O summer love, that fell as rose leaves fall!
This late autumnal passion budding nigh—
Say, will it last till snowflakes cover all?

Florence May Wright.

Our Point of View

When future ages come to estimate the influence of the nineteenth century upon the world they will take into account not so much the material progress, we believe, as the development of the humanitarian, the unselfish, side of men's natures. If the world is to make any real progress the point of view then must be radically different from what it is today. Now we are given largely to the consideration of the achievements of man's hands: Nobility of manhood in a generic sense can receive very little attention at the present time. It is the amount of wheat that we raise and export, the increased tonnage of our ships, the production of iron and steel, the advances in scientific lines that, from the nature of the case, must enlist our interest and fill the pages of our periodicals. It could hardly be otherwise when such tremendous progress in the material and scientific world has characterized this century. Yet the standpoint that we take today is no less erroneous. And our boasted progress, when we make it supreme over all else, cannot but appear pathetic in the light of the future.

* * *

Yet it is undeniably true that there has been during this century a steady, marked development of man as man; of his ideals and aspirations—a suppression of the selfish side of his nature and an elevation of his higher sentiments. We have but to look about us to find abundant evidence of these facts. But, strange and contradictory as it may appear, the closing year of the nineteenth century forces us to ask, Is man yet a civilized brute with a veneer of culture and refinement and the instincts of the savage? The spectacle that is being presented to the world in South Africa seems to answer, "Yes." That the English nation, the representatives of the highest civilization and culture in the world today, should undertake a war upon such a flimsy pretext as that which is bringing about the present slaughter of men in South Africa; that in this seemingly enlightened age the leaders of a nation should commit the awful crime of egging on the people to war for war's sake and for personal aggrandizement; and that a nation, when the sentiments of its best men acknowledge that it is wrong in its contentions, should pursue a war to the bitter end simply because the war has been undertaken—these to take place in the closing year of the nineteenth century! It was not to have been believed! Shall we mention "material progress" in the face of these facts? "Material progress" when the hordes of a mighty nation are sweeping down upon a valiant band of sturdy farmers who have arrayed themselves on the side of right against might! "Material progress" when the great English nation has collected its armies for legal murder! Certainly there can be no justification for England from the standpoint of right—no justification for her when we look at it dispassionately as men moved by the highest motives. The war in South Africa is a step backward, as unjustifiable, as criminal a step as ever blurred the bloody pages of history. Sadly must we confess that in the last year of the nineteenth century men and nations have been "weighed in the balance and found wanting."

* * *

Although Chicago has spent over $33,000,000 on her drainage canal, it remains to be seen whether the question of a pure water supply for the city, which the canal was supposed to solve, has been satisfactorily settled. That the immediate vicinity of Lake Michigan, from which the city gets its supply, will be greatly improved by the turning of the drainage into the Illinois river and thence into the Mississippi there can be no doubt; but whether this was the best solution of the difficulty is questionable.

St. Louis, which gets its supply from the Mississippi, thinks not, and will protest against the opening of the canal. Other cities, similarly affected by the change, will also protest, and these are only a few of the objections which have been recently made to the project. It seems strange that these things were not discussed and settled before the beginning of such a huge enterprise, and now that a vast amount of money has been spent upon the undertaking, it at least deserves a fair trial. The question of a pure water supply, with which every municipality must struggle, is settled so unsatisfactorily in the majority of cases that a disproportionate death rate and a large percentage of sickness must result. Portland, Oregon, furnishes a very good example of a contrast between the health of a city while being supplied with river water into which the drainage of several towns has been poured, and the change which absolutely pure water will produce. Several years ago Portland was being supplied directly from the Willamette river, and, while the city was not particularly unhealthy, the possibility of securing a perfect water supply from the clear and sparkling Bull Run river near its source at the foot of Mount Hood was taken advantage of, and today Portland has as nearly a perfect water supply as any city in the world. The result of the change was almost immediately apparent. Instead of being neither one thing nor the other Portland became one of the healthiest cities in the country. The health of the city is gradually improving, and no one begrudges the amount of money—$3,000,000—which was spent to attain this end. The experience of Portland is one that other cities might do well to heed. Of course, there are cities so situated that it is impossible for them to secure a pure water supply, but there is a far greater number that rests seemingly content with water that breeds disease, because of corruption in politics and the consequent inertia on the part of men who should attend to this most important municipal problem.

Nothing is impossible to the man who, recognizing his kinship with God, works with a definite purpose toward a definite end, and refuses to admit the possibility of ultimate failure. Absolute faith in himself, in his object and in his ability to accomplish the thing he has set out to do, this is the best religion a man can have. For the man who believes in himself must believe also in the God who made him and in the Divine harmony that was established between the Creator and the created in the beginning of time. To say, "I will succeed if—" is a confession of one's own weakness and inefficiency. To silently vow, "I will succeed though all the world rise up to block my way" is a virtual acknowledgment of the fact that man is one with the force that moves the universe.

* * *

The prospect of complications in the South African war becomes more probable as time goes on. Should the Boers be successful at Ladysmith and succeed in preventing the advance of Lord Roberts the sympathy of the world, which is already with them, will be more marked than ever. The Delagoa bay incident has had a bad effect upon Germany, the only country which has shown any leaning towards the British cause. England is isolated. She is without a friend, an ally in any part of the world. The nearest approach to such is the United States, and, among a thousand causes for resentment, the only debt of gratitude which this country owes to England comes from the stand that the latter took at the beginning of the war with Spain. Because of this, however, the United States should not undertake to cast aside its traditional policy of no "entangling foreign alliances." At the same time we cannot stand idly by, should complications arise, and see England, our mother country, set upon by all Europe as by a pack of hounds bent upon her destruction. "Blood is thicker than water." Unfortunately we are so situated that we must stand by, see that there is fair play, and let them fight it out.

The stories by Professor Horace S. Lyman, which have been appearing as a series in the Pacific Monthly under the title of "The Indian Arabian Nights," possess a distinct historical value. Dating from this number, they will deal intimately and accurately with the early settlement of the country that was originally Oregon. We are not yet far enough removed from those days to get a good perspective, perhaps, but even to the dullest of comprehension it must be clear that those were days of daring, of romance, of thrilling adventure. They were heroes who laid the foundations of these Western commonwealths, and the barest detail in the life of a hero is never without a certain interest. Professor Lyman, in gathering the material for these stories, has neglected no opportunity to make them reliable as well as entertaining. He has preserved the romantic element without detriment to facts.

Memaloose.

The wooded points through which the river widens
Stand on the east, and on the west the waters
Of the ocean curl in breakers o'er the bar.
The bay lies spread between, white-crested, broad
When the tide is full, but when the tide is low
A ribbon of blue in flats of rippled sand.
And on the north a yellow sandbank lies,
And grassy meadows shut in by the hills.
Above the line of drift that strews the shore,
Back from the bay, is the Indian burial place.
Long, long forgotten are the moss-grown graves,
Sunken in brush and fern on the wind-swept knolls,
Unnamed they are, but not unmarked, for see
The pottery that gleams among the weeds,
And here a musket, fallen apart with rust,
The weapon of a warrior who long since
Departed for the happy hunting-grounds.
Long dead they lie, and long forgot, and dying
Are the remnants of their race, the wild, free race
Whose freedom is its breath. Hemmed in by bounds,
The race whose rights were boundless, whose proud hearts
Brook not the white man's limits, whose hard flesh
Knows not the white man's ways, unyielding they die.
No more for them the hunt, the feather dance,
The light canoe soft gliding on the bay.
They are going, all the Indian braves, they fade
Away like the dawn's first red before the sun.
The race is passing, yet while time shall last
The spirits of the Indian dead will wail
In winter winds, chanting a savage hymn
Above the tempest's wrath.

By Laura Miller.

Men and Women

WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?

Article IV.

The "minister" asks the question. Monroe answers, "Would you condemn his (man's) interest in the day's pleasures and put this awful, unanswerable outcry of the great human heart upon his lips?"

It is not wise to avoid meeting this question. It comes to all thinking minds. To those minds it allows no place until it is answered. If put aside it returns. How early in life it presents itself, and how early is born the craving for a satisfying answer!

To him who is firm in the belief in a future life the answer is, "To prepare." To him who, like Monroe, has a God, the answer is, "Trust the God who created you." But what is the answer to him who believes that he is here—the result of nature and evolution whose beginning he knows not—for a certain period of time, after which he will resolve into the elements? For him the question presses with even less mercy, since this is his sole opportunity for enjoyment (the name given to all good by the moral consciousness of man.

He reasons: "This world could be made a happy abode did all men endeavor to that end. Where is the fault? Man endeavors—not men. "In unity there is strength." There must be "team work." Will this ever be? Perhaps not. Then why not give up? Why sacrifice all the opportunities for enjoyment and rest, to labor unceasingly for something that will not bear fruit in my age? When I am gone who will thank me or long remember what I did?

My reward for doing a thing is in myself. Long ago I learned that he who would stand long must stand alone. What, then, if I turn to myself for my reward and meet with only weariness?

Though no man shall recognize me yet will I stand as a laborer for a better state. I will be of use! I will compel my inward devil to keep the peace by crowding our silent conversation with plans of work until he will find no chance to speak to me. If I must I will turn all my energies, all my powers, to my brother's cause.

Brother! There lies the explanation of all good—the remedy for all ill! And when I grow too weary to stand it longer I will remember that I am only one of many; that sympathy, born of like suffering, exists between, among us.

I will live as long as I can and work—work unceasingly.

The world is made up of individuals. I must study my case, not ours. Not "what are we here for?" but "what am I here for?" The answer, "To help my brothers." By helping my brothers I help myself.

Loris Melikoff Johnson.

* * *

"God made all men to be happy. If you are unhappy, it is your own fault.

"We are further away from God when we cannot perceive him in our fellow-beings."

* * *

It is not the troubles of today, but those of tomorrow, and next week, and next year, that whiten our heads and wrinkle our faces.

It will help us to accomplish great feats and win great victories, to remember that all we have to do is to take our duties as they come and perform them faithfully.

* * *

Brooding over trouble is like surrounding oneself with a fog; it magnifies all the objects seen through it. Occupation of the mind prevents this.

* * *

"Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those that dare mis-spend it are desperate."

* * *

It is character that rules in nations, as in individuals. Only in loyalty to the old can we serve the new; only in understanding of the past can we interpret and use the present; for history is not made, but unfolded, and the Old World is ever present in the New.—Benj. Ide Wheeler.

BEAUTY IN MEN.

The one great advantage women have over men is in the wearing of their hair long, which, by means of its abundance —or forged abundance—can be so arranged as to modify defects or enhance good features to a very marked degree. Short hair, as a rule, is aesthetically a merciless sort of adornment for the head. It shows off a fine contour, and stands for comfort, convenience and cleanliness, but nothing more. But in other ways there are various reasons why men have more beauty than women; they are healthier, their bodies are more natural, less distorted by what they wear; they dress better, and—heaven save the mark —they are cleaner! Like the Greeks, they are more devoted to Hygeia, and they change their linen oftener. As so little of the human body in these civilized times is exposed to view, it goes without saying that clothes cut a great figure in this modern world of ours.

To assert that men dress better than women is probably to most persons a very unorthodox claim. Their dress is more rational, more in harmony with the outlines of the body, and more in abeyance to its importance and needs. When a man is dressed we never lose sight of the fact that his body is more than his dress, while the woman dresses as if she held her body to be a form upon which to display dry goods and the milliner's art, and her head a roost for murdered birds and stores of curios purloined from all the kingdoms of the earth. When women look best in the street they have gone to man for their clothes—his plain felt hat, his coat and vest, his haberdashery, and often his footwear—the boy's walking shoe, with its low, broad heel, broad, projecting sole and general look of snugness and comfort. Men's feet are always better dressed than women's, because, for one thing, they are more in evidence, and they are far less distorted in shape because their shoes more nearly conform to the natural shape of the foot.

The tailor, it is true, often builds up his man, but it is in the direction of symmetry, of good proportion; while the dressmaker, as a rule, hasn't an eyelash for anything more than fashion, which, to her mind, is "style," and nothing is too hideous, too inartistic, to be worn if it only be "fashionable."

If men decorated themselves more than women, it would be but following nature, who bestows everywhere upon males in the animal kingdom her splendors in the way of fuss and feathers, and it is only within the past four or five centuries that women have appropriated what may be termed ornamental dress.

No dress ever worn by women has had so captivating an effect upon men as has the military costume upon women. Army officers in full uniform, or men in court dress or gorgeous diplomatic or ceremonial attire far surpass in dignity and effectiveness the ceremonial "creations" of women. In the former the dress supplements the wearer and his rank, and is charged with his personality, which dominates it and gives to it its supreme interest; in the latter the wearers are swallowed up in their clothes. Of course, there are exceptions, and they shine out in their simplicity like a star as does Athens in the history of art, serene and clear in the light of its own superior beauty.

While the good looks of men are more frank and genuine than those of women, they are also of better keeping quality, so that beautiful old men are far more common than beautiful old women. Women's faces are chopped up into petty wrinkles, while men's are distinguished by larger and more characterful lines. Men eat more, digest their food better, are better nourished, and often have a spring in their step, a brightness in their glance, and a ruddiness of countenance that can be matched by but few women of their years. We see such men every day. All in all, it is undoubtedly true that while the comparative beauty of women has been as much overrated as that of men undervalued, a fair acknowledgment of the claims of each would be a readjustment of endowment that would operate to the advantage of both. —Mary Wager-Fisher, in December Woman's Home Companion.

The Home

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

In the majority of homes many of the problems of domestic science are still to be solved. We have the raw materials at hand to work upon, but we lack knowledge, not ability or brains.

It cannot be denied that the home is the fountain-head from which emanates society, and that food and the preparing of food are the means by which our great social engine is supplied with energy.

Food retards or advances the work of mind and body; which in turn retards or advances all progress. Is it a wonder, then, that so much stress is laid upon the proper kind of food and the scientific preparation thereof?

When we think of the innumerable diseases which, as a result of poorly cooked food, afflict humanity; when we think of the number of drunkards who seek to obtain from liquor that which they should have obtained from their food, had the nutritive value not been destroyed by a well-meaning but untutored cook; who will say there is no need of reform?

Fortunately, women are beginning to think, and think with good results. They see about them schools and colleges for the education of men and women along nearly all lines. The physician, the lawyer, the musician, the minister—each studies for his particular calling. But should the home, which is woman's particular sphere, be neglected? Should the home-maker be expected to learn from instinct what it has taken years of practical experience and study to accomplish? The time is here when a school for the education of women in household science should be established; a school where practical instruction will be given; where will be taught the nutritive values of food; the proper preparation and combination of the different food materials, so the elements of nutrition may not be converted into indigestible food. Such a school it is to be hoped will emanate from the generous gifts of our rich and thoughtful men and women.

In many of the Eastern cities we find such instruction a part of the public school system. Cooking, sewing and other household work is compulsory for girl pupils in the seventh and eighth grades. We also find in the poorer districts of the cities mission classes, where work is done in reforming the home, through the children, a work secondary only to the preaching of the gospel.

Miss Susy Tracy.

* * *

EXERCISE IN THE HOME.

Just why young and growing girls might not acquire the exercise necessary to their physical development in the discharge of those domestic duties which require a certain amount of muscular exertion instead of in the gymnasium, is a question that has long perplexed me.

Why is it not possible to obtain as much beneficial exercise in the sweeping of a room, as in the handling of dumbbells or swinging of Indian clubs? Why may not as much symmetry and grace of form be developed from the muscular exercise that goes to the cleaning of a window or the scrubbing of a floor, as from Swedish gymnastics? Who shall deny that the principles of Delsarte can be applied to the washing of the china, or the dusting of the furniture?

I know these household labors are looked upon as drudgery—but why? Drudgery, after all, is not constituted by the act itself, but by the spirit in which it is performed, and any unwilling service must of necessity be so regarded by the unfortunate laborer. On the other hand, who among you cannot recall some humblest task, so lovingly and gracefully executed that it was lifted out of the realm of the commonplace and became a glorious thing—a thing that inspired you with a longing to do it also? But could you do it as well? Perhaps, if you knew the secret. It is this: Idealize the thing you do, if it is only the washing of a cup, or the scouring of a pan. The cup may be plain delf, and the pan only

common tin, but if you handle it as you should, you can so charm the beholder that he will be ready to swear it is Sevres or silver.

The keeping of a house is a profession, the one profession in the practice of which a woman's best happiness lies. She may do other things, and do them well; but she will always have an underlying consciousness that she could have done this better, and been happier in the doing. Why, then, should our daughters be taught and trained to everything else under the sun and left in semi-ignorance of the great essential to human comfort? Housework, properly performed, is the most healthful exercise a girl can have. Every muscle is brought into play. The circulation is quickened, the bust is developed, the limbs symmetrically rounded and the body given suppleness and grace, at the same time that the pupil is being fitted for an avocation. In short, the same end, with something of incalculable value added, is attained that is reached by a course in physical training in some gymnasium or by a series of lessons in Delsarte. There is a certain joy born of the consciousness of doing a thing well. Teach a girl to sweep a floor with as much grace and skill as she dances a cotillion, and she will enjoy it almost if not quite as well. Show her how to make a bed without violating a rule of art in the poetry of motion, and she will see no drudgery in the task.

Oraaro.

* * *

THE JAPANESE HOME.

If a man of taste should enter a Japanese parlor, he would not fail to be surprised at the display of marvelous and exquisite taste. Yet I have often heard the saying of foreigners that "the Japanese house has no furniture, and is absolutely cheerless and empty." This is quite wrong. I must say that they have no taste of the Japanese art; for the men of taste are agreed in saying that the are of decoration in Japan is excellent. If any one has some taste in this art, he will perceive that the hanging pictures on the toko wall, elaborate arrangement of flowers, pictures on the framed partitions, and all decorations, however trifling, reveal infinite taste. The tastes of the Western people differ so much from ours that the decoration in their chambers seems almost childish to the Japanese eyes. The gorgeous display of colors in their rooms would please our children to look at. Drawing-rooms piled up from corner to corner with toys, shells, stones, dishes, spoons and different novel things always remind us of our curio shops. A bunch of flowers is stuck in a vase without form and without order. The pictures in the rooms hang perpetually, though the face of nature and feeling of man change from time to time! All these sights which we are accustomed to see in the European house excite in us nothing but wonder. Yet this is the taste of the Western people. We have no right to criticise it. In Japan the family never gathers around one table as the European or other Asiatic peoples do, but each person has his or her own separate small table, a foot square and a foot high, and always highly decorated. When they take their meals they kneel upon the mat, each taking his table before him. The little lacquered table generally contains a small porcelain bowl, heaped up with deliciously cooked rice, and several lacquered wooden bowls containing soup or meat, and numbers of little porcelain plates with fish, radishes and the like. The way of cooking, of course, is entirely different from the European. Two pretty chopsticks, made of lacquered bamboo or wood, silver or ivory, are used instead of knife, fork and spoon, and all people use them with great skill. All foods are prepared in the kitchen, so as to avoid any trouble to use knife and fork. Soup is to be drunk from the bowl by carrying it to the mouth by hand, in the same way as people drink tea or coffee. Table etiquette has elaborate rules, which high-bred ladies and gentlemen must strictly follow. A maid servant always waits, kneeling, at a short distance, before a clean pan of boiled rice, with lacquered tray, on which she receives and delivers the bowls for replenishing them. Fragrant green tea is always used at the end of the meal, but sugar and cream never.—From Harper's Bazar.

Books

"THE MAN WITH THE HOE," AND OTHER POEMS.
By Edwin Markham.
Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.

She comes like the hush and beauty of
the night,
And sees too deep for laughter;
Her touch is a vibration and a light
From worlds before and after.

In this manner the author of "The Man With the Hoe" writes of poetry. The best things in the small collection brought out by Doubleday & McClure toward the close of the year are to be found in the quatrains that appear here and there throughout the book. This to William Watson after reading "The Purple East" is one of the strongest:

That hour you put the wreath of England by
To shake her guilty heart with song sublime,
The mighty Muse that watches from the sky
Laid on your head the larger wreath of Time.

The fact that Edwin Markham is of Western birth and education, a native of Oregon, is not without significance, since it has been predicted that out of the West shall come the great American poet. This man, this Oregonian whose "thoughts," Professor Horner says, "are as red coals in an open fire," is unquestionably a poet, a great poet. Is he but the herald of a greater?

* * *

Professor F. L. Washburn has in his well-written and charmingly illustrated report, entitled "Some Winter Birds of Oregon," done much to stimulate an interest in our feathered friends.

The head of the Alaskan robin which decorates the title page recalls a subject that was the cause of much speculation in the days of my childhood. This bird, which Professor Washburn says has been found to nest in the northern part of the valley in small numbers, is more often seen here than formerly. Indeed, in the days of long ago its appearance was so rare as always to be hailed as an event of importance. And I do not remember ever to have seen it save in mid-winter or when there happened to be a fall of snow. So closely was its coming associated with the "beautiful" that as children we came to speak of it as the "snow robin," though we were never quite sure that it was a robin at all.

* * *

Richard de Gallienne has written another book. "A Tragic Fairy Tale; or, The Worshipper of the Image" is a title that is in keeping with the fiction of this writer, whose fancies are fraught with sunshine, and light as air.

* * *

John Lane has recently published a dramatic tragedy in four acts, by Stephen Phillips. The title is "Paola and Francesca," and deals with the well-known story of which Dante, in the "Inferno," gives such a masterly account. It is to be put upon the stage of the St. James' theatre some time in the spring, and it is already rumored that it will be crowned by the academy. Indeed, no publication in a long while has been so enthusiastically received by the British reviewers.

The Indian children in school hear a great deal about civilization, but they fail to comprehend its meaning, as the following little incident that happened here in the school last year will show: Some schoolboys were out in the barn lot trying to corral a calf, and they were getting a great deal of fun out of the sport at the calf's expense. They took a fiendish delight in terrorizing it with sticks and stones and savage yells. Finally, when they had the calf cornered and he was just in the act of putting his head in at the barn door, one little Ute shouted out: "We are about to civilize him, ain't we, Willie?"

The Idler

Genevra Ingersol says of the Royal Japanese performers who are on their way to the Paris exposition: "They are great artists, and the performance at the Tremont theatre in Boston, where I had the good fortune to see them, was a study in art and emotion from the Oriental standpoint. And I more than ever maintain that Lefcadio Hearn is the greatest interpreter of Japanese people and customs. The farce 'Zingoro,' a Japanese version of 'Pygmalion and Galatea,' is of the lightest and brightest order, and is followed by the tragedy, 'The Geisha and the Knight.' In the last act of this tragedy, when Sada Yacco lets fall her disheveled black mane in her struggle to kill the betrothed of her lover, and finally ends by expiring in his arms, she touches the sublime. Bernhardt never reached anything beyond.

These people are exponents of the new school of acting which had its birth fifteen years ago in Japan, and which really means that the acting, like the painting, of the Japanese, has been affected by contact with Christian civilization. Previous to this the plays were all of a mythological order. Otto Kawakami and Sada Yacco and their company are truly great. At the performance that night Henry Irving and Calve and lesser notables occupied the boxes."

Genevra Ingersol is herself both an author and an actress, and one of the very excellent company which is playing "Arizona" this season.

Frederick Warde, who will arrive in Portland during the month, is at present playing a successful engagement in San Francisco. There is no actor to whom Portland and indeed all cities in the West accord so warm a welcome as to Mr. Warde. The Marquam Grand is crowded to the doors when he appears in Portland. He is ably supported this season by Mr. and Mrs. Brune. Mrs. Brune was formerly Miss Tittell, and is well known to Pacific coast audiences.

Fragments.

The rough-hewn stone must be subject to much rubbing before we have the onyx striped and blended in colors fair to the eye. It is so with character. We need much rubbing and jostling before we are fitted to be gems in the eternal diadem.—Romeyn Merritt.

* * *

Out of your life and experiences are you developing into the larger and greater self? Are you the better and deeper for what you have learned and passed through? We are too successful and too prosperous to learn to know ourselves well. Only through great grief can the soul see the sky reflected in the well of its unfathomable depths.

* * *

A woman who has the cares of a house and a family and a husband to carry is trebly a burden-bearer. It seems hard and unjust and unfair that she should struggle thus for others, but her children are the inheritors of her vicarious atonement, and no saint in heaven deserves a halo so bright as such an unselfish mother.

* * *

Nothing pleases me so profoundly as to know that another and a deserving one has developed talents and faculties to the utmost, and has had an opportunity to make the most of the divine gifts God has given every human being. What of the future? Is there to be still a greater and a grander you?

* * *

Who shall be our greatest American woman? She who shall be kindest and truest and broadest to herself and to all the human race, serving lowliest and meekest, as Sandro Botticelli represents the Virgin bowing in humility and accepting the annunciation from the divine messenger that she was to bear the world a Savior.

* * *

What is success? Achievements?—So often accomplished by trampling down others. I would be an inspiration unto others by my ideals. Are my aspirations toward others right and unselfish? Then I can go forward undaunted, for I shall do no wrong. There is an armor for an invincible knighthood.

* * *

God demands my highest, best, and I only feel happy when I am giving and doing it. In this spirit let me simply live out that which naturally comes my way.

E. H.

Questions of the Day

This Department is for the use of our readers, and expressions limited to six hundred words, are solicited on subjects relating to any social, religious or political question. All manuscript sent in must bear the author's name, though a nom de plume will be printed if so desired. The publishers will not, of course, be understood as necessarily endorsing any of the views expressed.

WHAT CHANCE OF SUCCESS HAS THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY IN THE NEXT NATIONAL ELECTION?

I am given the question, What chance of success has the Democratic party in the next national election?

Its chance will depend upon its conduct, and if a short answer is in order, I will say that if the party will hold a convention, nominate George Dewey for President and Fitzhugh Lee for Vice-President, and adjourn, its success will be assured. But we must deal with probabilities, and this is not a serious way of meeting the case in hand.

By forecasting the future action of the contestants some reasonable conjecture of results may be ventured. McKinley and, in all likelihood, some New York man, say Hon. Elihu Root, will be the republican nominees; Bryan and probably some such Southern man as Governor Stone, of Missouri, will be their opponents. It is not at all likely that there will be any serious side issues, so that the voters will have to array themselves behind one set or the other of these leaders. The moneyed interests of the country, calling themselves by the less objectionable term of the "business" interests, will support McKinley with practical unanimity. Bryan will lead the agricultural population and the wage-earners, so far as the latter are free to voice their preference, as the body of his support. The sound-money democrats will divide, some going to McKinley on the financial issue, the remainder to Bryan on other grounds. Conversely, some silver republicans will support Bryan on this issue, while others will return to their former fold. Bryan will get the populist strength.

McKinley will have a more compact and better disciplined following, and will command infinitely more money for campaign purposes. Bryan's force will be comprised of men of such divergencies of beliefs and past affiliations that it will be no easy task to weld them into a solid, effective body, and he will have very little financial aid.

McKinley's personality will arouse little enthusiasm among his supporters and little antagonism from his opponents; the party platform will be the strong feature of his campaign. Bryan's individuality will dwarf any platform utterances; yet he will dictate the party platform, so that it will be in perfect harmony with his own views. On personal grounds his adherents will extol him, and his opponents will denounce him.

If the republican majority in congress passes a radical financial measure, the silver question will lose much of the prominence it will otherwise possess; the status so fixed could not be disturbed in the next four years, and the question would be largely eliminated from the discussions of the campaign; and whether any legislation is had on this subject or not, it is plain to be seen that this party will declare for the gold standard. Its platform will also indorse foreign expansion in the fullest scope of the term; it will claim for President McKinley the glory of the successful termination of the Spanish and Filipino wars; it will reiterate the time-honored declaration in favor of a protective tariff; it will denounce trusts, but the denunciation will savor loudly of mockery, in view of the fact that these trusts are rooted in the protective system and have blossomed forth under the McKinley administration. These are the conditions which democracy will have to face.

If the keynote of the democratic cam-

paign is made the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, defeat will be as certain as the arrival of election day. Whatever gradations of belief may be entertained in regard to bimetalism or the coinage of silver, this proposition is so widely believed to be fraught with destruction of the business stability and general welfare of the country that it can never prevail. And although the action of this congress might make the free coinage of silver impossible during Bryan's administration, the mere declaration in favor of it, supported by his advocacy, would alienate thousands of voters whose support might otherwise be had.

In like manner, if the democratic platform and candidates shall fail to commend the successful prosecution of our recent wars, defeat will be invited. The American people will never honor or approve any party or any candidate who does not bear aloft the nation's flag. This attitude would not be at all inconsistent with opposition to expansion, as the republicans will declare for it.

A controlling element in the electoral strength of the United States view with the most serious alarm the rapid drift of political power away from the people to the corporate and consolidated interests of the wealth of the country, represented by the Republican party. Had the Democratic party made its battle in the last campaign upon this broad issue it would have been invincible, but, as though it were playing into the hands of the opposition, it stirred up other strifes, which diverted attention from or obscured this predominant question, of which the enemy gladly took advantage to entrench themselves at every point, so that their dislodgment is now doubly difficult. A large majority of our people view with equal alarm the grasping and life-destroying hold which the trusts are laying upon every vital energy of the land; and, it is believed, a majority of the thoughtful part of our population are no less disturbed at the prospect of distant alien acquisitions with the dangers and responsibilities which will attend them, an enumeration of which lack of space forbids. The more this question is discussed on intelligent and rational lines, the stronger will grow opposition to the republican idea.

Whether Bryan is the strongest candidate the democrats can, or may be expected to, nominate may admit of doubt. But with or without him as a standard-bearer, if the demand for free coinage of silver at 16 to 1 is abandoned; if a forceful and earnest appeal is made to the common people to resume the political rights and powers which justly belong to them, and to repel the encroachments of usurping agencies; if a declaration is made upholding the American flag and arms on sea and land; if resolutions are adopted demanding the retention of a naval base and emporium for trade in the Philippines, and the establishment of the independence of the remainder of the islands under a treaty of perpetual amity, whenever an opportune time shall arrive; denouncing trusts and pledging the party to the exercise of all legitimate means for their extermination; attacking the present inefficient and baneful tariff system; favoring the extension of our commerce on the high seas with all the nations of the earth; promising the lawful enactment of an income tax law; and declaring that the powers of the federal courts in the issuance of writs of injunction shall be defined and limited by statute; democracy will have gotten back to sound principles and will present to the country a case which will admit of no answer. If it did not win it would be because popular government is no longer dear to the American people.

L. B. Cox.

The Month

In Politics—

There have been no changes of consequence in the presidential political situation during the past month. It has come to be a generally recognized fact that McKinley will be the nominee of the Republican party for President, the only element of uncertainty being the manner of his nomination. Feeling among Republicans is gaining ground that the nomination should be by acclamation. At this date the chances are in favor of Secretary Root securing the nomination for the Vice-Presidency on the Republican ticket.

In spite of the attempts of some in high authority in the Democratic party to prove Bryan the only logical candidate for the Presidency, the party is today characterized by uncertainty, both as to its candidates and its platform. Doubtless the latter will be molded by subsequent events, and the leader of the former, whether Bryan or another, will be forced to accede to the new conditions. It seems certain, however, that silver will be made a prominent issue, whatever others there may be.

* * *

The series of British reverses in South Africa is complicating the political situation in England, and it is confidently stated that if Parliament were in session at this time the present party in power could not be supported. It is being generally recognized by the press in England and elsewhere that British arms are face to face with a far more serious problem than they had been led to believe. A realization of this fact, and a recognition of the costly mistakes that have been made, are creating much resentment toward the officials who brought on the war, and Chamberlain in particular. Now that the war has been begun, however, the great majority of all classes in England have come to the conclusion, backed by a fierce determination, that, whatever sacrifices it may be necessary to make, the war must be carried through to a successful issue.

If reports are to be believed, the Boers are not very much terrified by the English advance. They have adopted the style of warfare most suited to the environment and their abilities, and it has developed that they are provided with a liberal supply of the best weapons and ammunition anywhere obtainable. At the present writing their equipment has proven even superior to that of the British, a fact which is a source of considerable chagrin in England.

* * *

The Czar has issued another peace circular.

* * *

The Fifty-sixth session of Congress opened December 4, 1899. Some very important matters have engaged its attention during the month. The most important of these is probably the Financial Bill, adopted by the House and now before the Senate. If passed, and there seems to be little doubt about it, the country will be upon an absolute gold basis for some time to come. The effect of this will be to change the status of the money question in the next national election. The investigation in the Roberts case has been thoroughly conducted, but the findings of the committee is a foregone conclusion—Roberts will be denied a seat. At present writing this seems also to be the fate of Quay, the committee which reports upon such cases having decided against him. He maintains, however, that he will be seated.

After years of inexcusable delay, the Nicaragua canal bill seems to be in a fair way to be passed. The Reciprocity Treaty with France is likely to be defeated, because of "the assertions in the French Chamber of Deputies that France has secured much the best of the bargain." Investigation in the case of Senator Clark of Montana shows that $20,000.00 was offered by him or his friends for a vote.

There has been no change in the Philippine situation during the past month. While the regular Filipino army has been cut to pieces, there are still many marauding bands that are causing no little worry to the American army. The Filipinos assert that this state of affairs will continue indefinitely.

In Science—

The automobile is being introduced in the Soudan by a French company, and will be used in transporting merchandise. Between the station of Kayes, the limit of the present railroad, and the Niger, there is a stretch of country of about three hundred miles over which will be operated a line of automobiles. The vehicles will be of slow-speed pattern, and will follow a kind of wide natural road, which, though impracticable in the rainy season, is particularly suitable for automobile travel in the dry. There will be fifty automobiles, and they will have Chinese conductors.

There are six hundred and eighty-eight automobiles in use in the United States. In France there are six thousand five hundred and forty-six; in Belgium, four hundred and seventy-eight, and in Germany four hundred and thirty-four. The United States has one hundred and ninety manufacturers, but of this number only twenty were in a position to deliver vehicles on December 1, 1899. France has seven hundred and two manufacturers and over a thousand dealers.

* * *

The latest development of the automobile is a motor wheel, varying from one horse-power, suitable for a bicycle, to ten or more horse-power for a dray or truck. The wheel can be easily attached to the present style of vehicles. The motive power is gasoline, which is carried in two tanks on one side of the fork supporting the wheel. It is a unique and peculiar contrivance.

* * *

Harvard Observatory is to have a new telescope of extraordinary length for photographing the stars and planets. The funds necessary to defray the expense of its construction were anonymously contributed.

Norway has adopted the American system for the artificial propagation of salmon.

* * *

Recent statistics show the present population of London to be 4,484,717.

* * *

Candy has been added to the regular ration of the American soldier. One New York firm has shipped more than fifty tons of confectionery during the past year for the troops in the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico. The government buys candy of good quality, which would retail at thirty or forty cents a pound. It consists of mixed chocolate creams, lemon drops, cocoanut maroons and acidulated fruit drops. These are sent in sealed one-pound cans of a special oval shape, designed to fit the pockets of a uniform coat. According to the Evening Post, the use of candy as an army ration originated in some experiments on the diet of the troops conducted by the German government ten years ago. They showed that the addition of candy and chocolate to the regular ration greatly improved the health and endurance of the troops using it. Since that time the German government has issued cakes of chocolate and a limited amount of other confectionery. The Queen has just forwarded 500,000 pounds of chocolate in half-pound packages as a Christmas treat for the troops in the Transvaal. American jam manufacturers are considering a movement to add jam to the army ration. It has been found so wholesome for the British army that 1,450,000 pounds have been dispatched to South Africa as a four months' supply for 116,000 troops.—Scientific American.

In Literature—

Colonel Richard Hinton gives, in the Saturday Review, an account of a recent visit to the "Roycroft Shop," at East Aurora, and a detailed description of the editor of the Philistine, his daily life, dress and manners. Elbert Hubbard, according to this enthusiastic biographer, is an American William Morris.

* * *

The International Monthly makes its appearance with the beginning of the year 1900. It is published by the Macmillans and edited by Frederick Richardson, with the co-operation of an advisory board representing various departments of modern research in America, England, France and Germany.

* * *

The marriage of Hamlin Garland and Zulime Taft, of Hanover, Kan., is announced.

Funk & Wagnalls are publishing the only authorized edition of the "Expositors' Bible." It consists of twenty-five volumes, and is edited by Dr. Robertson Nicoll.

* * *

The American Book Company has purchased the entire list of Harper's college and high-school text-books, numbering fully four hundred titles, and including important works in literature, history, mathematic, natural science and ancient and modern languages. There is also a large number of books soon to be published, the work of well-known educators.

In Art—

A collection of bindings was exhibited during the month in New York, and the theory that "the binding of a book should be emblematic of its contents" was given noticeable expression. Meunier exhibited some of his best work, and Marius Mitchell had on view an edition of "Paul et Virginia" bound in full Levant.

* * *

Baltimore Municipal Art Society has been holding meetings which have for their object the beautifying of the city.

* * *

The Society of American Artists announce their annual exhibition to be held in the Fine Arts Building, in March.

* * *

The recently formed American Society of Miniature Painters will hold its first annual exhibition at the Knoedler galleries during the month.

* * *

A remarkable find has been made in the studio and house occupied by the late Rosa Bonheur, at the village of By, in France, of some 2000 works by the artist, 200 of which are finished canvases in oil, and the remainder sketches and studies in oil and water color, together with a number of drawings, many of them important, and all characteristic of the great woman painter. The collection, which is valued at over 1,000,000 francs, is being prepared and arranged for exhibition and sale next spring in Paris.

* * *

Sir Philip Burne-Jones has recently completed a portrait of Rudyard Kipling which shows the author sitting at work in his study. The picture is on exhibition in London.

* * *

Mr. Edgar Felloes carried off the first prize, a silver medal, in the contest conducted by the Photographic Times last month. The picture which won the honor for Mr. Felloes was the portrait of Frederick Warde, in the character of Macbeth, which originally appeared in the Pacific Monthly for March, 1899.

In Religious Thought—

Dr. Lyman Abbott thinks that "both within and without the church we are passing through a great transition of belief." And he holds that this transition, while it marks "a radical change in the substantial point of view," deepens rather than destroys religious faith. "We are coming to see," he continues, "that inspiration is a universal fact in human life. Never was God dumb in any epoch of the world; to any class of people. Everywhere and always he has spoken. In a true sense all good literature is inspired of God. Goodness and God are identical. * * The sacrifice of Christ is the very heart and centre, I believe, of Christian teaching and Christian life. * * * Sacrifice did not begin on Calvary, and it certainly did not end there. * * * Patriots had died for their country, martyrs had died for their faith, mothers had died for their children, long before the first century. And wherever a patriot had died for his country, or a martyr for his faith, or a mother for her child, or a friend for his friend, there was manifested, in smaller measure, that sacrificial spirit of God which makes Him the object of our worship."

* * *

Probably the most conspicuous event in the religious world during the month was the death of D. L. Moody, the great evangelist, on December 2. Mr. Moody's last words were: "I see the earth receding; heaven is opening; God is calling me." It is interesting to know that Mr. Moody was probably the wealthiest minister in the world. He has made over $1,000,000.00 from the sale of his "Gospel Hymns" alone.

In Education—

A woman, Miss Grace C. Strachan, has been appointed associate superintendent of schools in Greater New York, at a salary of $5,000 a year.

* * *

It is proposed to establish a British school at Rome similar to, and maintaining a close connection with, the school at Athens.

* * *

In Japan the recent ruling of the government regarding religious instruction in the schools is creating uneasiness among the missionaries there. The new ruling amounts, practically, they claim, to a "veto against all religious instruction."

Leading Events—

December 1—The secretary of war makes his first report. In the Philippines General Conon surrenders 800 officers and men, with rifles, and the garrison at Bayombong, in the province of Nueva Vizcaya, to Lieutenant Monroe.

December 2—The treaty for the partition of Samoa is signed at Washington, D. C.

December 4—The United States senate is opened with a brief session.

December 5—The president's message is submitted to congress.

December 6—It is announced that the next annual encampment of the G. A. R. will be held in Chicago.

December 7—The United States senate committee on privileges and elections meets to consider the protest against the seating of Senator Quay.

December 8—News is received from Manila of a five hours' battle in the mountain pass of Naracan, in which the insurgent forces were routed by General Young's column. From Pretoria comes news of fighting between the Boers and the British near Modder River.

December 9—British forces capture the Boer entrenchment of Lombardskop, near Ladysmith.—In Luzon, General Del Pilar, commander of Aguinaldo's bodyguard, is killed in an engagement near Cervantes.

December 10—Two hundred and twenty-nine Spanish, formerly prisoners to the Filipinos, arrive in Manila.

December 11—Word is received from Manila of the capture of Subig. General Lawton enters San Miguel.—At Stormberg, 672 British prisoners are taken by the Boers.

December 12—Puerto Rico asks that its political status be definitely determined.

December 13—The British are again defeated at Modder River.—In congress, Cushman, representative from Washington, makes a brilliant speech on the gold standard.

December 14—Senators McBride and Simon are given places on several important committees.

December 15—General Buller suffers severe defeat at Tugela river.

December 16—The American Federation of Labor declares against the practice of subsidy legislation.

December 17—Generals Roberts and Kitchener supersede General Buller in South Africa.

December 18—The house passes the currency bill by a vote of 190 to 150.

December 19—News is received of the death of General Lawton at San Mateo.

December 20—The Japanese envoy at The Hague, on behalf of the mikado, signs the international peace treaty.

December 21—The British at Ladysmith are reported to be short of ammunition.

December 22—Hon. John Barrett speaks at the New England dinner in New York, on "The New Pacific."

December 23—General Torres is awaiting reinforcements before attacking the Yaquis in Northern Mexico.

December 24—A Christmas truce is declared in the Transvaal.

December 25—General S. B. M. Young receives his appointment as military governor of Northwestern Luzon.

December 26—General Santa Ana, of the insurgent forces, attacks the American garrison at Subig.

Earth's Calendar.

Spring.

In spring, blithe March is spreading his first
green o'er the land;
With April's shower's to coax them, the
primal buds expand—
And when May smiles upon them, they burst
in beauty bland!

Summer.

In summer, June is shedding sweet rose-
breaths all around;
With July's suns above them, the fields stand
golden crowned;
Through August's regal ruling, the swinging
sickles sound!

Autumn.

September's breezes cooling, the heated earth
revives;
October's wealth of sweetings is loosed from
Nature's gyves;
November's autumn splendor in richest tints
arrives!

Winter.

December scatters snowflakes in bidding
earth farewell;
White January, ice-bound, lends ear to steel
and bell;
Sad February, sobbing, tolls slow old Win-
ter's knell.

Adelaide Pugh.

The Financial World

CONDUCTED BY DOWNING, HOPKINS & CO.

The power of one man to bring on or avert a panic in the financial world has never been so thoroughly understood or demonstrated as it has been during the past month. But for the timely intervention of J. Pierpont Morgan, there might have been a crash that would have wrecked thousands of prominent houses throughout the country. Indeed, there is no limit to the extent of the panic that might have raged had not Mr. Morgan stepped forward when he did. Probably there is no other man that could have accomplished the same thing. Certainly no other one in this country commands such tremendous influence as he does, and it was a belief in this fact, a faith in him, that averted the panic and made New York and the country breathe easy. Thus it was demonstrated over again that all business and financial operations are conducted purely on a basis of faith. Mr. Morgan, no one man or set of men, could have actually met the obligations which were technically assumed, but a belief in Mr. Morgan's judgment made a possibility, to all intents and purposes, of an actual impossibility.

The cause of the disturbance—the war in South Africa—may be considered as having expended its strength. Whatever the results of the war may be, it is not probable that we shall be threatened again with such a calamity, though the trouble in Africa will continue to disturb the financial situation somewhat.

* * *

The financial bill, which has passed the House and is now before the Senate, is a purely gold-standard measure and will, in all probability, be passed by the Senate and signed by the President. Should this be the outcome, the result should have a steadying effect upon financial centres, and it will go far towards eliminating the money question from the next national election—a "consummation devoutly to be wished." The country has had a prosperous record these last few years, and is entering upon a new era of prosperity which may be postponed or prevented altogether if we are forced to go through another long, tiresome, troublesome, bickering financial campaign. The money question should be left alone—for the present at least.

* * *

There is to be no curtailment in any particular at this session of congress of the taxes provided for to carry on the war with Spain, although it is estimated that at the end of the present fiscal year there will be a surplus of $40,000,000 in the treasury.

The news that the war taxes will stand was made known through Representative Hopkins, of Illinois, one of the leading members of the ways and means committee, after a conference he had with President McKinley at the White House. Mr. Hopkins said: "It would be a difficult matter to overhaul the law at this session, and I doubt very much whether anything of a definite nature will be attempted." There was talk at the beginning of the session of removing some of the war tax burdens, inasmuch as the receipts of the government were exceeding the expenditures by upwards of $3,000,000 per month, but it has died out as a result of the quiet promulgation of administration views on the subject. A majority of the ways and means committee is now opposed to any amendments to the law which will to any extent affect the government's income. The argument made in favor of letting the law alone is that, while there may be a surplus in the treasury this year, there is no telling what may happen at any time to increase expenditures. It is better, the administration leaders say, to wait a while and see how things come out in the Philippines. There is no probability, republicans say, that the entire law will ever be repealed.—New York Journal.

Chess

CONDUCTED BY E. C. PROTZMAN.

A Great Evans.

Mr. Lasker calls this game, in his "Common Sense in Chess," one of the finest games on record:

Prof. Anderson: 23 B—Q 7 mate.

	White.		Black.
1	P—K 4.	1	P—K 4.
2	Kt—K B 3.	2	Kt—Q B 3.
3	B—B 4.	3	B—B 4.
4	P—Q Kt 4.	4	BxP.
5	P—B 3.	5	B—R 4.
6	P—Q 4.	6	PxP.
7	Castles.	7	P—Q 6 (A).
8	Q—Kt 3.	8	Q—B 3.
9	P—K 5.	9	Q—Kt 3.
10	B—R 3.	10	K Kt—K 2.
11	R—K Sq.	11	P—Q Kt 4.
12	BxP.	12	R—Q Kt Sq.
13	Q—R 4.	13	B—Kt 3.
14	Q Kt—Q 2.	14	B—Kt 2.
15	Kt—K 4.	15	Q—B 4.
16	BxP.	16	Q—R 4.
17	Kt—B 6—Ch.	17	PxKt.
18	PxP.	18	R—K Kt Sq.
19	Q R—Q Sq (B).	19	QxKt.
20	PxKt—Ch.	20	KtxR.
21	QxP—Ch (C).	21	KxQ.
22	B—B 5—dbl Ch	22	K—B 3.

Notes by Lasker:

(A)—A now obsolete defense.

(B)—One of the most subtle and profound moves upon record.

(C)—Grand!

The following two mover we present to our readers as a gem—the solving of which will tax their analytical powers to the full:

White: K—K R 7, Q—K 8, Rks—K 5 and Q 3, Kt—Q B 6, B—K Sq, Pawns—K Kt 5, Q Kt 3 and Q R 3—9 pieces.

Black: K—Q 3, Kt—K B 5, B—Q 4, P—K 3—4 pieces.

White to mate in two moves.

A prominent chess master is quoted as saying: "Morphy proved his pre-eminence not merely by his victories, but

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Statement of the condition of

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Nov. 24, 1899.

ASSETS:

Loans	$395,976.69
Gold Coin	126,160.00
Demand Exchange	295,908.89
Silver Coin	3,296 35
Legal Tenders	8,155.00
U. S. Bonds and Premium	54,300.00
Real Estate, Furniture and Fix.	38,874.10
Redemption Fund	2,250.00
	$924,921.03

LIABILITIES:

Capital Stock	$250,000.00
Deposits	587,148.12
Circulation	45,000.00
Undivided Profits, Net	30,272.91
Surplus Fund	12,500.00
	$924.921.03

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TYLER WOODWARD,
President.

THE ABOVE STATEMENT CORRECT:
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also in the fact that his games, as a whole, show fewer errors of combination than those of any other player."

* * *

The Oregon Road Club has shown a genuine interest in chess by placing in its rooms chess tables, and men to match, of a kind and quality that would prove a credit to any chess club in the country. It is a pity our local players do not show a proper appreciation of this fact.

* * *

Where and When was Chess Invented?

John McDonald, of this city, maintains that chess is of Persian origin, while "Suum cuique" gives to China the credit of its invention. Some paleologists hold that chess was played in Egypt as early as 3000 B. C., basing their opinion upon monuments of that period representing two men playing a game over a board unmistakably divided into squares. History and tradition point to the Indies as the birthplace of chess. According to Indian folk-lore, the sage Ziga Ben Daher invented the game about 1000 B. C., in order to convince King Balhil that a king is powerless if deserted by or cut off from his subjects. In Persia, chess was introduced by Sultan Koren, 840 B. C. It is a curious coincidence that Ali Hassan, Caliph of Cairo, prohibited the playing of chess in that very year.—The Evening Post, New York.

* * *

BOOKS ON CHESS.

For beginners the most interesting books are: "Chess Openings," "The Principles of Chess," and "The Art of Chess," by James Mason. This is a graded series, and fully covers the ground. The most elementary works, probably, especially designed for beginners, are those of Gossip, Bird, Gunsberg, Chadwick and Foster. After a person has mastered the principles, and can do a little analysis, the best study is the games by the masters, annotated by experts. Among the best are: "The Hastings Chess-Tournament Book," "Morphy's Games," "The Lasker-Steinmitz Match Games," "Chess-Sparks," "Grenwell's Chess Exemplified."—American Chess Magazine.

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Drift

"You will have to wear spectacles," said the occulist.

"I'd prefer a monocle," answered Chappie.

"But both your eyes are affected."

"Then I shall wear two monocles."

♣

The story is told of General Steadman that during the thickest of the fight at Chicamauga he rushed up to a retreating brigade and shouted:

"Face about, boys! We must hold this point."

"But, general," objected an officer, "we have done everything that man can do—"

"What! Everything?" cried the general. "You haven't died yet!"

♣

Some people are never at a loss for an answer, and the colored valet who got off the following is a good exponent of that class. It seems he was a lazy rascal, and his master one day remonstrated with him about his neglect of duty.

"But, massa, I's am not equal to de occasion as I once wuz."

"Why, George, what on earth is the matter with you now?"

"I's got a stitch in my side, sir, dat trubbles me a powerful lot, and I's not able to do as much as I hab been doin'."

"A stitch in your side! Oh, come, George, that won't do. Where did you get such a thing as a stitch in your side?"

"De ober day, sah. You see, I wuz hemmed in by a crowd."

♣

Lady—I want some assistance in relieving an unfortunate man. Old Gentleman—My dear madam, when it comes to relieving an unfortunate man, you don't require any assistance. You are fully equal to the emergency.

♣

A good example of the manner in which students who are "in" for several subjects at the same time get their ideas mixed, is that of the youth who, having to answer the question, "Who was Esau?" replied, "Esau was a man who wrote fables, and sold the copyright for a bottle of potash."

♣

"Will you trust me Fanny," he cried passionately, grasping her hand.

"With all my heart, Augustus; with all my soul, with all myself," she whispered, nestling on his manly bosom.

"Would to goodness you were my tailor," he murmured to himself, and tenderly he took her in his arms.

If your eyes .....

Should happen to fall upon this space there are some reasons why it should rivet your attention.

In the first place we are going to use it for some time.

In the second place what we have to say may be of interest to you. If you don't read what we say the first time, then perhaps you will the second, or the third, or the fourth, or the sixth, or the tenth. At any rate, we propose to get your attention, and you must hear us through sooner or later. It may be "the sooner the better" for you.

If you had an ailment, and a friend of yours who had had the same thing told you of a sure remedy for it, you would be foolish not to secure relief. That is simply common sense.

But people tramp around with corns, in constant dread of having their feet trod upon, and actually suffer agonies, when a little prompt action can save their feelings, and put smiles where there have been lines and frowns. There is one thing that will do that for you. It is

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WHEN WRITING OR PURCHASING, MENTION THE PACIFIC MONTLHY

"Bill."

Not long since, in one of the prominent and flourishing mining towns of Northern Arizona, an incident happened which very aptly illustrated the happy Western way of settling matters, that was both ludicrous and pathetic. The story is absolutely true, with the exception of the names of the principals, who are prominent and respected citizens of that Northern Arizona town.

Judge Wicks came into the territory from the East a number of years ago, when the boom was on. Mining camps were springing up in every direction, money was easy and was spent with a lavish hand. He was a college graduate, a lawyer by profession, and highly respected for a time, until he fell in with that reckless class which usually predominates in mining towns. In a short time he became closely associated with the gutter, and his sober hours were indeed few. While living this reckless life, he became acquainted with a woman of lost caste. She was a woman of much intelligence, and far above the average in refinement, circumstance having much to do with her fallen condition.

During a sober hour, when remorse was gnawing at his conscience, he entered into an agreement with her to the effect each should reform; he to abjure all allegiance to his former associates and habits, she to do likewise, and together they would lead honorable, upright lives and regain the respect of society and of themselves.

In a short time they were married. He turned his whole attention to law once more, and soon secured a good practice at the local bar. They were living happily, and the people of the town gave them every encouragement. Soon after his reformation, Wicks was nominated by his party for the probate judgeship and was elected by a good majority.

During the political campaign he was unable to withstand the many temptations that beset the pathway of the politician, and he fell from grace occasionally, but temporarily only, for his wife, out of the fullness of her knowledge of the ways of men, made his penitent return to sobriety easy, and did not chide him for his waywardness.

It was during one of these temporary wanderings from the straight and narrow path that he and a party of choice spirits were seated around a deal table in the "Senate" saloon one evening, renewing old acquaintance with Bacchus, all being in a condition oblivious to the future, when a woman rushed into the place, with a baby in her arms. She was apparently under 30, poorly dressed, haggard and careworn. Going straight to the bar, she hurriedly laid the baby on the bar, and, addressing the barkeeper, said:

"You have robbed me of my husband, and of his money; I have gone without food and clothes; take it all; take his child and care for it."

With this she turned and ran out as rapidly and as suddenly as she had come, leaving them in ignorance as to who she was or

RAIN! RAIN!! RAIN!!!

IN this climate where one must carry an umbrella ten or eleven months out of the year, you can be harassed to death by the continued tearing, rusting or breaking of cheap umbrellas. It is the worst of

False Economy

to buy a cheap umbrella. By cheap umbrellas we do not necessarily mean cheap in price, but one into which poor stuff has been put. Such are dear at any price. We have umbrellas on hand at very reasonable prices, but in which the best of material has been used—umbrellas that you can carry with pleasure and pride—and you have confidence in their staying powers.

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where she was from. For a time the barkeeper was stupefied with the responsibility so suddenly thrust upon him, but in a moment, looking from the squirming bundle on the bar to the judge and his party, he said:

"Well, I dunno but the woman was right, but I'll be —— if I know who she was; reckon I'll take care of the kid ennyhow."

"No," suggested one of the party, "let's shake dice to see who gits the kid."

The judge, who up to this time had said nothing, slowly arose to his feet, steadied himself with his hand on the table, and with much dignity made a short speech, saying:

"Gen'lmen, in your sovereign capacity as citizens of this magnificent commonwealth, you have elected me as the legal guardian of such widows and orphans as happen in this county; therefore, I, as the legal and duly constituted guardian of such orphans as may be thrown in my way, shall establish a protectorate over this kid, and the first greaser that attempts to tamper with the findings of this court gets fined to the full extent of the law."

Having delivered himself of this speech, he turned to a colored boy standing near:

"Here, George, get a hack and take this kid home to his ma at once."

The colored boy secured the hack, took the baby to the home of the judge, and handed his charge over to Mrs. Wicks without explanation.

In a short time, after drinking to the health of the baby, whom the judge had promptly named "Bill," and to several others, the judge slowly and with many gyrations wended his way homeward. He found his wife with several other ladies in the parlor, wondering where on earth the child came from. The baby was cooing and seemingly delighted with its newly found home. The judge unsteadily made his way to the parlor and, standing in the doorway, inquired of his wife:

"'Lizbeth, where's Bill?"

"Bill?" inquired his wife, in surprise. "Why, who do you mean?"

"I mean Bill—Bill, the kid that I sent home a little while ago."

"It isn't a boy, judge; it's a little girl."

"I don't care what he is; his or her name is 'Bill,' 'n' Bill is good 'nuff fer anybody."

And a bright and lovable little girl as one could wish to see still lives with the judge and his estimable wife, and is known by all her acquaintances as "Bill." Whatever became of her mother no one has ever been able to tell, nor does any one seem to know where she came from, unless from one of the many mining camps in that vicinity.

J. S. B.

"A man is weak in proportion to his cowardice. The thing he fears is the thing that will conquer him, that will enslave and destroy him. He is strong—as strong as the world itself—if he understands it and yields his mind to the all-controlling fact that he is one with God."

John H. Mitchell Albert H. Tanner

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Transvaal Literature.

"Who reads an African book? Thousands of people, it appears, from many editions of many of these works. It is astonishing merely to confront the books which have been written in the Transvaal. Many of the South African books, it is true, have been begun or finished on the journey from England to Africa, or from Africa homeward. Some of them have been written under the English flag, either in the mother island or in the Cape Colony. But across the Vaal itself—the river which the Boers made their boundary to the south when they shook the dust of Cape Colony from their feet and made their great exodus northward—on the other side of this Jordan of the Boers there have been books enough written to stock a small village public library. For the general reader, however, all of South Africa is a fascinating field at present, and as everybody who goes to the Transvaal goes to Cape Colony, and writes of both, there is no need to make too fine differentiation in the literature of these far-away lands. Olive Schreiner's 'Story of an African Farm' is, probably, the piece of fiction which has made itself most felt, quite as much for its vivid descriptions of the scenery and life, as for the woe of the morbid heroine who loved and lost a cad adored. There are numberless books on social and religious topics by missionaries of all nations, particularly Dutch ones who have gone from Holland to the Transvaal since the northern exodus from Cape Colony of their kin, the Boers, sixty years ago. Huguenot blood, too, is mingled with the tears and prayers of those who have struggled to hold up the standard of the ideal in South Africa, and their books have the sturdy, never-say-die quality of their kind. Every woman who can write at all tries her pen at a book on South Africa, if she goes either to the Cape or to the Transvaal, and the result is a lot of delightful reading."—The Evening Transcript, Boston.

♣

Remitted.

Thomas F. Marshall, a nephew of Chief Justice Marshall, was in his day one of the most eloquent of Kentucky orators. He was famous also for his brilliancy and quickness at repartee, so that many stories in which he figures are still current. One such is related by Henry M. Rowley in a sketch printed in the "Southern Historical Society Papers."

Mr. Marshall was defending a man charged with murder. The adverse testimony was strong, and Marshall was hard put to it, especially as Judge Lusk seemed determined to rule against him. Finally, greatly excited by some ruling of the judge, Marshall exclaimed:

"Our Savior was convicted upon just such rulings."

It was now Judge Lusk's turn to be indignant.

"Clerk," said he, "enter a fine of $10 against Mr. Marshall."

Amongst the minor ills of life

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"Well, this is the first time I ever heard of anybody being fined for abusing Pontius Pilate," was Marshall's response.

"Clerk," said the judge, "enter another fine of $20 against Mr. Marshall."

Marshall rose at once, and with an inimitable expression upon his face, remarked:

"If your honor pleases, as a good citizen I feel bound to obey the order of this court, and intend to do so in this instance; but as I don't happen to have $30 about me, I shall be compelled to borrow it from some friend, and as I see no one present whose confidence and friendship I have so long enjoyed as your honor's, I make no hesitation in asking the small favor of a loan for a few days, to square up the amount of the fines that you have caused the clerk to enter against me."

This was what Dick Swiveller used to call an "inscrutable staggerer." The judge looked at Marshall and then at the clerk, and finally said:

"Clerk, remit Mr. Marshall's fines; the state is better able to lose $30 than I am."

Alaska to Uncle Sam.

Sitting on my greatest glacier,
With my feet in Behring sea,
I am thinking, cold and lonely,
Of the way you've treated me.
Three-and-thirty years of silence!
Through ten thousand sleepless nights,
I've been praying for your coming,
For the dawn of civil rights.

When you tore me, young and trusting,
From the growling Russian Bear,
Loud you swore before the nations
I should have the eagle's care!
(Never yet has wing of eagle
Cast a shadow on my peaks,
But I've watched the flight of buzzards,
And I've felt their busy beaks.)

Your imported cross-roads statesmen
(What a motley, sordid train!)
Come with laws concerned in closets—
Made for loot and private gain!
These the best that you can furnish?
Then, God help the heathen folk
You have rescued from the burden
Of the rotten Spanish yoke!

I'm a full-grown, proud-souled woman,
And I'm getting very sick—
Wearing all the cast-off garments
Of your body politic.
If you'll give me your permission,
I will make some wholesome laws
That will suit my hard conditions
And promote our country's cause.

By the latest mail you sent me
(Nearly all your mails are late)
Comes the news that you've gone roving
In your proud old Ship of State—
Dreaming with a sunburnt siren
By the sultry Southern seas,
Where the songs of your enchantress
Swoon upon the scented breeze.

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You are blind with lust of conquest
And desire for foreign trade,
Or you'd see the half-drawn dagger,
With its brightly burnished blade,
Sticking in the loosened girdle
Of the black brute by your side.
(If you treat her as I'm treated
She will stick it through your hide.)

Curb your taste for sun-killed countries,
Where the natives loaf and shirk!
Come to richer northern regions,
Where the people think and work.
If you want a part of Asia
When the Chinamen are killed,
Run a railroad up to Behring—
I will show you where to build.

Come next spring and count my treasures,
And don't stop at Glacier bay,
Like the many high commissions
You have started up this way.
You will see my wooded mountains,
With their citadels of snow,
Gleaming in the purple distance
Through pearl-hued Alpen-glow.

Standing on my flower-strewn hillsides,
Where my mighty rivers meet,
Gazing o'er my verdant valleys,
Stretching seaward from your feet,
You will see the sunlit splendor
Of my moonless midnight skies,
Gilded with the light supernal
Shining straight from Paradise.

If you stay till hoary winter
Has entombed the silent land,
You will read celestial sermons
Written by the Master's hand
On the azure walls of heaven,
Where Aurora's tinted light
Weirdly flits like summer lightning
All the ghostly Arctic night.

When you come I'll show you wonders
That will cause you great surprise,
And if gold is what you're seeking
You will open wide your eyes.
Drive away your Wall-street schemers,
With their coupons and their nerve—
Then, while you extend your commerce,
I'll expand your gold reserve.

You will find a magic city
On the shore of Behring strait,
Which shall be for you a station
To unload your Arctic freight,
Where the gold of Humboldt's vision
Has for countless ages lain,
Waiting for the hand of labor
And the Saxon's tireless brain.

You shall have a cool vacation,
Hunting for the great white bear,
And you'll soon forget Manila
And the trouble you've had there;
For, as in the morn of nations
Every highway led to Rome,
You and all your restless rivals
Will be sailing straight to Nome.

By Sam C. Dunham.

Sam C. Dunham.

(In the Nome News, October 21.)

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The Portland Sanitarium.

When the management of the famous Battle Creek Sanitarium, of Battle Creek, Mich., came to look over the field in the Northwest for a suitable location for a branch sanitarium, it was but natural that Portland, Oregon, should be selected. For it was in Portland that all the elements necessary to successful prosecution of the great work of a sanitarium —delightful and salubrious climate, beautiful and inspiring scenery, and a naturally healthy location, made more so by a perfect water supply—could be found in the most satisfactory degree.

The wisdom shown in the choice of the city in which to locate, however, has been approached, if not surpassed, by the selection of the elegant residence and adjoining buildings of the Reed estate as the home of the institution. The site occupies an entire block, in an elevated portion of the city. The buildings are surrounded by beautiful lawns and driveways, while the grounds present a panorama of gorgeous flowers and clinging vines twining from tree to tree or twisting into fantastic shapes. Electric cars pass directly by the buildings, communicating with every part of the city.

That an institution of this kind was greatly needed has been demonstrated by the results of two or three years' practical work in the city. Hundreds of invalids and those seeking health have visited the institutions, and gone home completely restored or well on the road to health. The Portland Sanitarium is very different from the ordinary city hospital. The managers have had years of training and experience in caring for the sick; and the help, especially the heads of departments, have come directly from the Battle Creek Sanitarium, and are thoroughly qualified to perform the duties necessary to make the sanitarium complete.

Upon visiting the sanitarium, one would scarcely realize that it was full of sick people. The quiet, homelike surroundings, together with its many other advantages, in the way of special diet, electricity in the form of galvanic, faradic, static, and sinusoidal, combined with the electric-light bath, manual Swedish movements, special massage, and scientifically combined gymnastic exercises, which necessarily encourage physical development, make it a first-class institution for the care of the sick. It is the aim of the management to provide comfortable accommodations for all classes of people in delicate health. Those suffering from chronic diseases who cannot receive proper treatment at home, will find the advantages offered at the sanitarium such as will not only relieve their temporary suffering, but will be the means of completely restoring them to health. In fact, the sanitarium is a temporary residence, comfortable, healthy and pleasant, where sick people may spend a few weeks or months, accompanied by members of their family, if necessary, and in pleasant social surroundings, and at the same time receive special attention from expe-

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rienced physicians and trained attendants. It is not the object of the institution merely to give temporary relief, but to remove the cause of sickness, and thus restore patients to perfect and permanent health.

The sanitarium management has announced that it has recently installed a Sanitarium Health-Food Plant for the manufacture of a full line of pure natural foods, such as Graham, Whole Wheat and Oatmeal Crackers; Granose, Granola and Caramel-Cereal, with Diabetic and Infant Foods, and hopes to supply the people of Oregon, Washington, British Columbia, Alaska, and, in fact, all the Northwestern territory, with perfectly fresh, crisp, and toothsome health foods. The same formulae and principles are used in their manufacture as are employed by the Battle Creek Sanitarium Health Food Company. These foods have been developed through years of hard labor and experiment.

One item which certainly is noteworthy is that the Portland Sanitarium is not a money-making concern. The founders are men and women of philanthropic motives, whose sole object is to uplift humanity, and to assist people to understand and obey all the laws of health. Under no circumstances does any one connected with the institution receive one cent of dividend; all the earnings of the institution are used for internal improvements, and for helping and treating the worthy sick poor. We most heartily recommend the sanitarium to the readers of our magazine. Write them for further information if you or any of your friends are sick.

"The strongest illusion is that which we call reality."

To C. C. C.

She waits by the golden gate for me,
And beyond is the sky and the boundless sea—
The changing, abiding, deep ocean of love,
With the sky of hope as the arch above.

I come, dear one, but the way is long,
And my only scrip is the lover's song
That springs in my heart and sings of thee
As I follow the path to the open sea.

I cross the mountains; I cross the plain;
And when I come to the hills again
I know that beyond I shall see the main,
And there, by the golden gate, at last
I shall find thee waiting, the journey past;
So I come, dear heart, but the way is long,
And the world heeds not my lover's song.

And the smile oft fades from the fickle sky,
And the birds to my voice give no reply;
But I struggle on to the sea of love,
With the sky of hope as the arch above;
I struggle on to the golden gate
For the west wind whispers, "I wait, I wait."

W. W. W.

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Portland Hotel Pharmacy, 6th & Morrison Sts.

WE HAVE THE BEST "DYSPEPSIA CURE" EVER MADE.

DID YOU EVER THINK

that a man is known by the clothes he wears? It is true—HE IS. A man cannot afford then to dress shabbily, carelessly, or in poor taste—not when perfect fitting garments and perfect style and the best goods are at his command at a very reasonable price. If you want to take advantage of this fact come to our store and let us talk it over with you. We are sure to suit you.

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Y. M. C. A. Building.

I. D. BOYER, Merchant Tailor,

Oregon Phone
Clay 931.

Columbia
Phone 307.

Ellis Printing Co.

ESTABLISHED IN 1887.

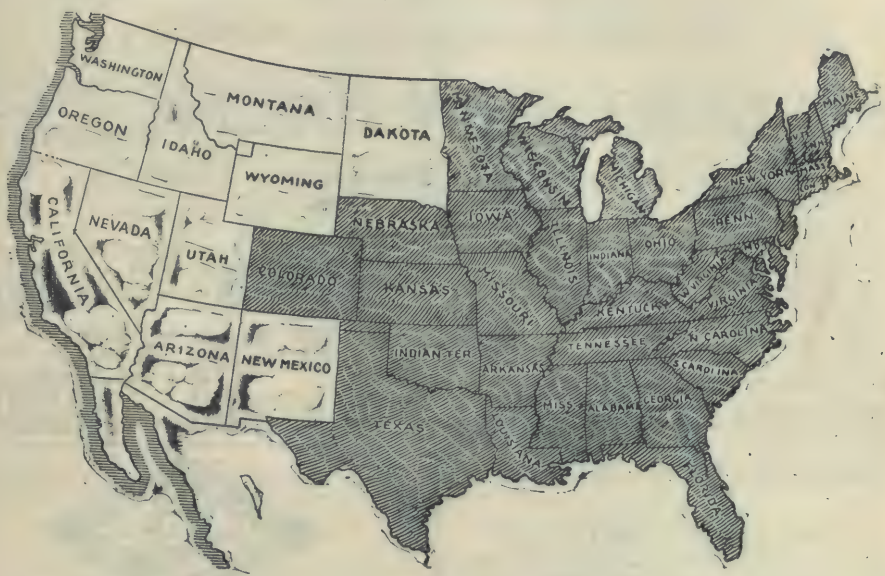
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105 FIRST STREET, PORTLAND, OREGON.

A Word with Eastern Advertisers

The Pacific Northwest is one of the best fields in the United States for judicious advertising. The country is rich and prosperous, crops never fail, and the population is steadily increasing, owing to the steady influx from less favored regions. Unquestionably a desirable field to reach.



THE FIELD IN WHITE IS THE FIELD OF THE PACIFIC MONTHLY.

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

Covers this field exclusively. Others may dabble in it. The Pacific Monthly covers it. As for circulation, the Pacific Monthly is one of the few magazines west of the Mississippi that guarantees circulation. Our sworn statement is as follows:

Average per month, during the last eight months	**5435 copies.**
Highest single issue	**6500 copies.**
Lowest single issue	**5000 copies.**

Our rates are unusually low. It will pay any advertiser wishing to reach this field and the entire Pacific Coast at one and the same time, to drop us a postal. Let us tell you more about it. We can make it worth your while. Address

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY,

Chamber of Commerce, *PORTLAND, OREGON.*

2 Overland Trains Daily 2

—THE—

YELLOWSTONE PARK AND DINING CAR LINE.

...When going to the...

BUFFALO HUMP MINING COUNTRY,

TAKE THE **NORTHERN PACIFIC,** THE ALL RAIL ROUTE.

Direct service to the **GOLD FIELDS** of British Columbia, via SPOKANE, WASH.

Tickets sold to all points in the United States and Canada.

A. D. CHARLTON,
Assistant General Passenger Agent,
255 Morrison St., Cor. Third,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

TELEPHONE MAIN 244.

THE MAGNIFICENT SCENERY
—OF—
COLUMBIA RIVER

The most beautiful in the world, can best be seen from the steamers "DALLES CITY" and "REGULATOR" of the

"REGULATOR LINE"

DO NOT MISS THIS.

Steamers leave Portland, Oak St. Dock, 7 a. m., daily, except Sunday, for THE DALLES, CASCADE LOCKS, HOOD RIVER AND way landings.

C. G. THAYER, AGT., Oak St. Dock, PORTLAND. (Phone 914.)
W. C. ALLAWAY, GEN. AGT., THE DALLES, OR.

Ore.—PHONES 734—Col.

Model Laundry Company

308 MADISON STREET,
Between Fifth and Sixth

PORTLAND, OREGON.

THE RIO GRANDE GREAT SALT LAKE ROUTE WESTERN RAILWAY

RIO GRANDE WESTERN RAILWAY.

THE ONLY LINE
—OFFERING—

TWO Routes from Portland.
THREE Routes through Colorado.
FOUR Routes east thereof.

The Grandest Mountain Scenery in America by daylight.
Personally conducted tourist excursions through to the east without change of cars.
Free Reclining Chair Cars in all trains.
New and Elegant Equipment.
Perfect Dining Car Service.

STOPOVER IN UTAH OR COLORADO GRANTED ON ALL CLASSES OF TICKETS.
No trouble to answer questions.

M. J. ROCHE, Trav. Pass. Agt.
J. D. MANSFIELD, Gen'l Agent.
253 Washington St., Portland, Oregon.

WHITE COLLAR LINE

Columbia River & Puget Sound Navigation Co.

PORTLAND AND ASTORIA

Steamers Telephone or Bailey Gatzert leave foot Alder Street daily (except Sunday), 7 A. M.

Leave Astoria daily (except Sunday) 7 P. M.

U. B. SCOTT, President

Astoria and Columbia River R. R. Time Card

WINTER SCHEDULE—Daily.

Train No. 22 leaves Portland at 8:00 a. m., arrives at Astoria at 11:30 a. m.

Train No. 24 leaves Portland at 7:00 p. m., arrives at Astoria at 10:30 p. m.

Return

Train No. 21 leaves Astoria at 7:45 a m., arrives in Portland at 11:15 a m.

Train No. 23 leaves Astoria at 6:10 p. m., and arrives in Portland at 9:40 p. m.

Train No. 22 runs through to Seaside, leaving Seaside on the return at 2:30 p. m.

All trains leaving Astoria for Seaside or returning from Seaside run on the Flavel Branch.

The Astoria and Columbia River R. R. Winter Schedule is now in effect. Trains leave Union Depot, Portland, daily at 8:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m., arriving at Astoria at 11:30 a. m. and 10:30 p. m. Leaving for Seaside at 11:35 a. m.

GO EAST VIA

Oregon Short Line Railroad

THE DIRECT ROUTE TO

Montana, Utah, Colorado and all Eastern and Southern Points.

Affording choice of two routes, via the UNION PACIFIC Fast Mail Line or the RIO GRANDE Scenic Lines through Colorado.

LOOK AT THE TIME——

1½ DAYS TO SALT LAKE
2½ DAYS TO DENVER
3½ DAYS TO CHICAGO
4½ DAYS TO NEW YORK

Free Reclining Chair Cars, Upholstered Tourist Sleeping Cars, and Pullman Palace Sleepers operated on all trains.

For further information, apply to

C. O. TERRY, Trav. Pass. Agt.
W. E. COMAN, Gen'l Agent.
124 Third St., Portland, Or.

EAST AND.... SOUTH * VIA * SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

LEAVE	Depot, Fifth and I Sts.	ARRIVE
* 7 00 p. m.	OVERLAND EXPRESS, for Salem, Roseburg, Ashland, Sacramento, Ogden, San Francisco, Mojave, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and the East.	* 9 15 a. m.
* 8 30 a. m.	Roseburg Passenger.....	* 4 30 p. m.
Daily except Sunday.	Via Woodburn for Mt. Angel, Silverton, West Scio, Brownsville, Springfield and Natron.	Daily except Sunday.
‡ 7 30 a. m.	Corvallis Passenger.....	‡ 5 50 p. m.
‡ 4 50 p. m.	Indepe dence Pass'ng'r	‡ 8 25 a. m.

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday.

Direct connection at San Francisco with Occidental and Oriental and Pacific Mail steamship lines for JAPAN AND CHINA. Sailing dates on application.

Rates and tickets to eastern points and Europe, also JAPAN, CHINA, HONOLULU and AUSTRALIA, can be obtained from J. B. KIRKLAND, Ticket Agent, 134 Third St.

Yamhill Division:—Passenger Depot foot of Jefferson St.

Leave for Oswego daily at 7:20, 9:40* a. m.; 12:30, 1:55, 3:25, 5:15, 6:25, 8:05, 11:30 p. m., and 9:00 a. m. on Sundays only. Arrive at Portland daily at 6:35*, 8:30, 10:50* a. m; 1:35, 3:15, 4:30, 6:20, 7:40, 9:15 p. m.; 12:40 a. m. daily except Monday and 10:05 a. m. on Sundays only.

Leave for SHERIDAN daily, exeept Sunday, at 4:30 p. m. Arrive at Portland at 9:30 a. m.

Leave for AIRLIE Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8:35 a. m. Arrive at Portland Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 3:05 p. m.

* Except Sunday

R. KOEHLER, Manager.
C. H. MARKHAM, Gen. F. & P. Agt.

O. R. & N.

DEPART	TIME SCHEDULES FROM PORTLAND.	ARRIVE
Fast Mail 8:00 p. m.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	Fast Mail 6:45 p. m.
Spokane Flyer 3:45 p. m.	Walla Walla, Spokane, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago and East.	Spokane Flyer 8:00 a. m.
8:00 p. m.	*Ocean Steamships.* All sailing dates subject to change. For San Francisco — Sail every five days.	4:00 p. m.
8:00 p. m. Ex.Sunday Saturday 10:00 p. m.	*Columbia River Steamers.* To Astoria and Way Landings.	4:00 p. m. Ex.Sunday
6:00 a. m. Ex.Sunday	*Willamette River.* Oregon City, Newberg, Salem & Way Landings	4:30 p. m. Ex.Sunday
7:00 a. m. Tues, Thur and Sat.	*Willamette and Yamhill Rivers.* Oregon City, Dayton and Way Landings.	3:30 p. m. Mon. Wed. and Fri.
6:00 a. m. Tues, Thur and Sat.	*Willamette River.* Portland to Corvallis and Way Landings.	4:30 p. m. Tues, Thur and Sat.
Lv. Riparia 1:20 a. m. Daily	*Snake River.* Riparia to Lewiston.	Leave Lewiston Daily 8:30 a. m.

V. A. SCHILLING, City Ticket Agt.,
W. H. HURLBURT, Gen'l. Pass. Agt.,
254 Washington St., Portland, Ore.

When dealing with our advertisers, kindly mention The Pacific Monthly.

The Right Road

Is the Great Rock Island Route. Dining car service the best, elegant equipment, and fast service

For further information address

A. E. COOPER, General Agent,
Pass. Dept.

246 Washington Street,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Luxurious Travel

THE "North-Western Limited" trains, electric lighted throughout, both inside and out, and steam heated, are, without exception, the finest trains in the world. They embody the latest, newest and best ideas for comfort, convenience and luxury ever offered the traveling public, and altogether are the most complete and splendid production of the Car Builders' art.

THESE SPLENDID TRAINS CONNECT WITH

The Great Northern
The Northern Pacific AND
The Canadian Pacific

AT ST. PAUL, FOR

CHICAGO and the EAST.

No extra charge for these superior accommodations and all classes of tickets are available for passage on the famous "North-western Limited." All trains on this line are protected by the Interlocking Block system.

W. H. MEAD, GEN'L AGENT, The Norh-Wesern Line. PORTLAND, OR.

DENVER & RIO GRANDE R.R.
SCENIC LINE OF THE WORLD

The Favorite Transcontinental Route Between the Northwest and all Points East.
Choice of Two Routes Through the FAMOUS
ROCKY MOUNTAIN SCENERY
And Four Routes East of Pueblo and Denver

All Passengers granted a day stop-over in the Mormon Capitol or anywhere between Ogden and Denver. Personally conducted Tourist Excursions three days a week to

OMAHA, KANSAS CITY, ST. LOUIS, CHICAGO and the EAST.

For Tickets and any Information regarding Rates, Routes, etc., or for Descriptive Advertising Matter, call on Agents of Oregon Railway & Navigation Co. Oregon Short Line or Southern Pacific Companies.

S. K. HOOPER, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt. DENVER, COL.
R. C. NICHOL, Gen. Agt., 251 Wash St PORTLAND, ORE.

UNION PACIFIC
THE OVERLAND ROUTE
WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

All Competition Distanced

As regards Time and Through Car Service to Chicago and other Eastern Cities.

JUST THINK!

3½ days with no change to Chicago

4½ days and one change to New York

THEN AGAIN:

Trains are illuminated by Pintsch Gas, run into Union Depots, and Baggage is checked through to Destination. Lowest Rates.

For Information pertaining to the Union Pacific, call on or address

J. H. LOTHROP, General Agent.
C. E. BROWN, Dist. Pass. Agent.

135 THIRD ST., PORTLAND, ORE.

DO YOU LIKE A LUXURIOUS MEAL?

"TIGER BRAND"
Pure Spices

"OUR BEST"
Roasted Coffee

"KUSALANA"
Ceylon Tea

...Are Items...
which will aid materially

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
... THEM ...
THE FIRST TIME YOU SEE HIM.

Manufactured and Sold by

CORBITT & MACLEAY CO.

Portland, Oregon.

GOLDEN WEST
Baking Powder

HONEST POWDER

AT AN HONEST PRICE

Not Made by a Trust.

DEVERS' BLEND
COFFEE

The World's Finest.

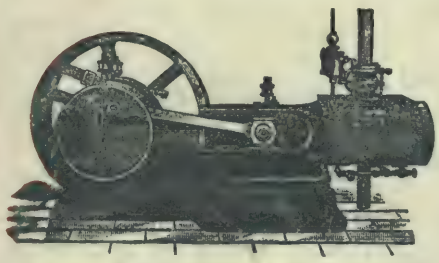
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RUSSELL & CO.

A. H. AVERILL, MANAGER.

MANUFACTURERS OF



High Grade, Engines, Boilers, Saw Mills, Threshers...

Estimates furnished on Steam Plants of all Sizes and for any purpose. Write for Catalogues.

RUSSELL & CO., - Portland, Ore.

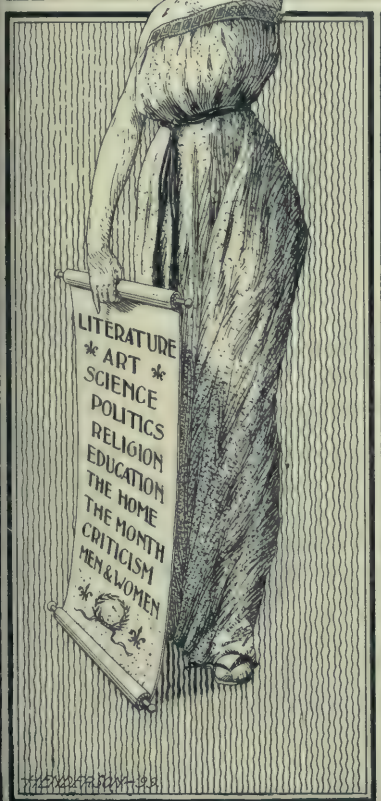
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THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

VOL. III
NO. 4

FEBRUARY
1900

10 CENTS
A COPY—
ONE DOLLAR
A YEAR—



Whatever of true glory has been won by any nation of the earth; whatever great advance has been made by any nation in that which constitutes a high Christian civilization, has been always at the cost of sacrifice; has cost the price marked upon it in God's inventory of national good.

J. G. HOLLAND.

PORTLAND GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.

CARRIES A FULL LINE OF

MOTORS from One-half Horse Power Up

POWER for ELEVATORS and all kinds of Machinery.

ARC and INCANDESCENT LIGHTING.

Electric and Bell Wiring a Specialty.

Electric Supplies

SAMSON BATTERIES

GENERAL OFFICES

COR. SEVENTH AND ALDER STREETS

TELEPHONES (Both) 385

GOODYEAR RUBBER COMPANY.

We carry in stock a complete assortment of RUBBER GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

ANY STYLE. ANY SIZE. ANY QUANTITY.

MACKINTOSHES

Crack Proof... ...Snag Proof

RUBBER BOOTS

Druggists' Rubber Goods



BOOTS AND SHOES

"GOLD SEAL" BELTING PACKING AND HOSE

Rubber and Oil Clothing

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73 and 75 FIRST STREET, PORTLAND, OREGON.

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Is a hygienic preparation for the skin. It BEAUTIFIES and PRESERVES the COMPLEXION.

It removes Blotches, Pimples, Tan, Sunburn, Freckles, and all other Blemishes, and MAKES A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

It also makes Pearly Teeth, a Sweet Stomach and a Pure Breath.

Read "OUR TALKS WITH THE PUBLIC" on next page.

The Pacific Monthly.

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Terms:—$1.00 a year in advance; 10 cents a copy. Subscribers should remit to us in P. O. or express money-orders, or in bank checks, drafts, or registered letters.

Agents for THE PACIFIC MONTHLY are wanted in every locality, and the publishers offer unusual inducements to first-class agents. Write for our terms.

Manuscript sent to THE PACIFIC MONTHLY will not be returned after publication unless definite instructions to that effect with stamps accompany letters enclosing manuscript.

Address all correspondence, of whatever nature, to

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY PUB. CO.,
Chamber of Commerce, PORTLAND, OREGON.

Copyrighted 1900 by William Bittle Wells.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Oregon, as second-class matter.

The publishers of THE PACIFIC MONTHLY will esteem it a favor if readers of the Magazine will kindly mention THE PACIFIC MONTHLY when dealing with our advertisers.

THE ELLIS PRINTING CO., 105 FIRST ST., PORTLAND, OR.

Our Talks with the Public

READ, PONDER AND CONSIDER

III.

The Pacific Monthly began last month a series of "Twelve Talks with the Public on Advertising." The publishers have been led to adopt this course because they believe that advertising is an art that is appreciated by the advertiser himself, but, as a rule, given too little thought or consideration by the general public. This condition of affairs, however, has been undergoing a rapid change during the past few years. The Pacific Monthly wishes, in relation to itself at least, to hasten the process—hence these talks.

* * * * * * *

THE advertising pages of a magazine are considered by some people simply as a "necessary evil." If the advertising attracts their attention, it has been the result of curiosity more than of anything else. But such people, behind the times in regard to advertising, are usually behind the times in regard to everything else.

One of the most important, and, to the wide-awake person, necessary features of our periodicals is the advertising section. It is there that he finds direct messages from the advertisers, —appeals to his self-interest and to his sense of economy, and the latest improvements in the industrial world—a literary exposition, as it were, of the necessities, luxuries and conveniences of the day. This fact is being more and more recognized by the thoughtful public, until now messages from the business world, as represented in the advertising pages, attract almost as much attention as the literary part of the magazine.

Look over our "ads" and if you see something that you want, get it—and mention The Pacific Monthly.

A List of the Firms which make their ANNOUNCEMENTS in THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

ALLESINA, JOHN—Umbrellas.
AMERICAN LAUNDRY.
ASTORIA & COLUMBIA RIVER R. R.
BUFFUM & PENDLETON — Hatters and Furnishers.
BARNES MARKET CO.—Butter, Oysters, Game, Fruit, Etc.
BLUMAUER-FRANK DRUG CO.—Wholesale Druggists.
BLUE MOUNTAIN ICE & FUEL CO.
BOERICKE & RUNYON—Willamette Corn Cure.
CLARKE BROS.—Florists.
CLOSSET & DEVERS—Coffee, Golden West Baking Powder.
CORBITT & MACLEAY Co.—Kusalana Tea.
COLUMBIA TELEPHONE CO.
COAST AGENCY CO.—Typewriters, Etc.
DOWNING, HOPKINS & CO.—Brokers
DENVER & RIO GRANDE R. R.
ELLIS PRINTING CO.
EMMONS, A. C. & R. W.—Attorneys-at-Law.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK.
GOODYEAR RUBBER CO.
GODDARD, E. C. & CO.—Shoes.
GLISAN, R. L.—Attorney-at-Law.
GILL, J. K. CO.—Booksellers.
GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE.
HOLMAN, EDWARD—Fureral Director.
HOME INSURANCE CO.
INMAN, POULSEN & CO.—Lumber.
JOLLS—Chocolates.
JONES' BOOK STORE.
KRANER & KRAMER—Tailors.
LADD & TILTON—Bankers.
LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.
MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INS. CO.—H. C. Colton, General Agent for Oregon.
MELEEN, N. F.—Scientific Masseur.
MITCHELL & TANNER—Attorneys-at-Law.
MODEL LAUNDRY.
MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INS. CO.
NATURAL HEN INCUBATOR CO., Columbus, Neb.
NOON, W. C. BAG CO.
NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.
NORTHWESTERN LINE.
OREGON RAILWAY & NAVIGATION CO.
OREGON SHORT LINE RAILROAD.
PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
PATENT RECORD—Monthly Magazine.
PORTLAND SANITARIUM.
PORTLAND GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.
PORTLAND WIRE & IRON WORKS.
PACIFIC MONTHLY.
RIO GRANDE WESTERN RAILWAY.
REGULATOR LINE.
RIPANS TABULES.
RUSSELL & CO.—Engines, Boilers, Etc.
RICHET CO.—Grocers, Etc.
SKIDMORE, S. G. & CO.—Druggists.
SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO.
SMITH, W. G. & CO.—Card Engravers.
SILVERFIELD FUR MFG. CO.
TELEPHONE INDEX.
TITLE GUARANTEE & TRUST CO.
THOMSON, W. J. & CO.
UNION LAUNDRY.
UNITED TYPEWRITER & SUPPLIES CO.
UNIQUE TAILORING CO.
UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.
UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK.
VICTOR J. EVANS—Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.
VIENNA MODEL BAKERY.
WILLSON, H. B. & CO.—Patents.
WISDOM'S ROBERTINE.
WHITE COLLAR LINE.
WHITE STAMP AND SEAL CO

Use

THE TELEPHONE INDEX

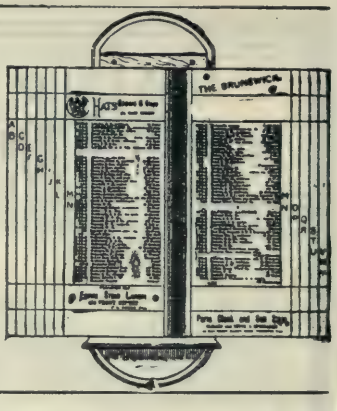
A time saver for business men, and the only Index published giving both Companies numbers.

PRICE, $2.00 PER YEAR.

For Advertising Space or Subscription, address

G. H. AYDELOTTE,
No. 5 Raleigh Bldg., Portland, Ore.

TELEPHONES
Oregon Main 816.
Columbia 238.



Perfect Telephone Service

CAN BE OBTAINED ONLY

...Through a Complete...

Metallic Circuit For each subscriber, and

No Party Lines.

THE COLUMBIA TELEPHONE COMPANY

Alone has these Advantages.

OFFICES, 606-607 Oregonian Building, PORTLAND, OREGON.

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OF PHILADELPHIA

"The Policy Holders' Company"

THE NEW POLICY of the Penn Mutual is absolutely non-forfeitable and incontestable, and contains guarantees in plain figures for each year.

1st A Cash Surrender Value. 2d A Loan equal in amount to the Cash Value.
3d Extended Insurance for the Full amount of Policy, without the request of the Policy-holder, or
4th A Paid-up Policy

SHERMAN & HARMON, General Agents, Oregon and Washington

727, 728 & 729 Marquam Building, Portland, Oregon



BALL-Bearing Type-Bar Joints and Fixed Type-Bar Hangers, giving Unimpairable Alignment, Lightest Key Action. The Most Rapid. Platen Rolls to Show Work. Carriage locks at end of line, protecting the writing. Compact Shift Keyboard. Numerous Handy Features. Address for full particulars,

United Typewriter & Supplies Co.

No. 232 Stark Street,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

LADD & TILTON

ESTABLISHED 1859

...Transact a General Banking Business...

Special Attention Given to Collections

PORTLAND, OREGON

H. W. CORBETT, President.
G. E. WITHINGTON, Cashier.

J. W. NEWKIRK, Asst. Cashier.
W. C. ALVORD, 2d Asst. Cashier.

First National Bank

OF

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Corner First and Washington Streets.

Capital - - $500,000.00.
Surplus, - - 650,000.00.

Designated Depositary, and Financial Agent, United States.

Insure your property with the

Home Insurance Co.

....Of New York

Cash Capital, $3,000,000.00.

The Great American Fire Insurance Company.

Assets aggregating over $12,000,000.00, ALL available for American Policy Holders.

J. D. COLEMAN, General Agent,

OHN H. BURGARD, SPECIAL AGENT.

250 Stark Street, PORTLAND, OR.



Wire and Iron Fencing, Window Guards, Etc.

Tel. Black 1961. 335 ALDER ST.

The Blumauer-Frank Drug Co.

..WHOLESALE..

Fourth and Morrison Streets

PORTLAND, OREGON

W. J. THOMSON & CO.

First-class work in

HALF TONES

ZINC ETCHING

DESIGNING

ENGRAVING

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Portland, Oregon

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Portland City Property

In sums from $500 to $500,000 at lowest current interest rates.

Titles Abstracted and Insured against Defect or Loss.

Trusts Administered with Skill and Fidelity.

THE TITLE GUARANTEE AND TRUST CO.

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FOURTH STREET ENTRANCE

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J. THORBURN ROSS, MANAGER.
T. T. BURKHART, ASST. SECRETARY.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING,
PORTLAND, ORE.

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It is truly said that "a dollar saved is a dollar earned." If a dollar means anything to you, then you should buy your life insurance from the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co. of Newark, N J. It is the only Company that puts *FOUR* guarantees in the policy, beginning with the *SECOND* year. Send for sample policy to

RICHARD H. PICKERING,
State Agent,
OREGON, IDAHO AND MONTANA.

The Chambers,
Third and Alder Sts., PORTLAND, OR.



On the north slope of Mount Hood, on the east slope of the most western ridge, about half-way between the summit and the mountain's base, is to be seen, when conditions favor, the largest and most perfect profile of a human face in the world. It is the silhouette of an Indian chief, warlock and all, and Nature herself is the artist. During the months of April and May, between the hours of 1 P. M. and 3:30, this wonderful shadow picture is perfect in every detail, each feature is clear-cut and distinct. As the sun sinks the shadow gradually loses it character, and becomes a formless blur upon the soft whiteness of the snowy slope.

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The Sphinx of English Literature.

By GEORGE MELVIN.

FOR near three hundred years it has been read and studied, acted and discussed, and yet is now and forever new, is today as interesting, as irresistible in charm, as baffling and incomprehensible of meaning as when its immortal author first gave it to the Anglo-Saxon world.

Sublime in conception, masterly in execution, it is Shakespeare's mystery-play. In it he sounds all depths of mind and emotion, compasses the downward reach of mortality, and touches finger-tips with stars.

There have been critics (I forbear to name them here) who have worried unnecessarily over the apparent want of unity, who have grown old trying to reconcile the seeming incongruities of the play, trivial faults that cease to exist when you cease to look for them. This masterpiece of the world's great master of truth and poetry must be regarded from a comprehensive point of view. If you so regard it, you will find the unities not sacrificed but made subservient to the execution of a conception that soars beyond the reach of rules. All attempts to confine it to certain limits of time, place and action are vain. Hamlet is not to be gauged by common standards.

One critic says of the Danish prince, and truly, I think: "Hamlet is a sort of universal man; in him every individual sees on some side a picture of himself; each one bears away what he comprehends, and often thinks it is all."

And again: "Everybody reads into Hamlet his own life experience and culture." In this, maybe, lies the secret of the unfailing charm that draws and holds in close, unconscious sympathy the world of thinking, feeling, struggling humanity, a poor, blind passion-cradled world, toiling in the dark, yet ever groping slowly, surely, toward the light.

And Hamlet—is he then a type of many-sided human nature? If we could but read deeper! The written word, though it is full of meaning, and reveals far intellectual reaches to him who leans to look and listen, gives hint of other and yet unsailed soundless seas of thought—glimpses of unscaled heights in man's moral and spiritual nature. "A sort of universal man," this mystical, melancholy prince upon whose every utterance we hang breathless, who thrills us with the truth he voices, and yet who makes us feel that all we see and hear is as a star-gleam through the dusk that hides a world of constellations; who leaves us unsatisfied, hungering to know what is in that pregnant mind which words, mere words, cannot convey.

Act I, scene 2, in the state chamber at Elisnore, where the king and queen, Laertes and the wordy Polonious, are introduced, Hamlet's entrance marks the real beginning of the play. Hamlet is the play. From the first he is distinguished by an air of majestic sadness, of unspeakable spiritual anguish. Like a mantle it envelops him, and he moves, a sombre, sentient shadow athwart the glare and splendor of that riotous, wicked court, the central figure in its hollow pageantry, but not of it.

An unnatural calm characterizes his demeanor toward the king, and there is evident a forced gentleness in his replies to the reproachful questioning of the royal couple, through which breaks the passion of despairing grief when the queen, reproving him for so persistently mourning the loss of his father, reminds him that death is common to mortals, and asks, with a touch of impatience:

"Why seems it so particular to thee?"
"Seems, madame! Nay, it is; I know not seems."

But this outburst is brief. Though he has that within which indeed "passeth show," he controls his emotion, outwardly, at least, and listens with downcast eyes and pale, immovable countenance to the long and heartless harangue of the king on the folly of indulging in this "unmanly grief, this unprevailing woe," and his hypocritical assurances of friendly interest and affection.

With a grace and a patience ineffably touching he yields to his mother's prayer, "Stay with us; go not to Wittenberg." Torn by conflicting emotions, harassed by doubts and fears and oppressed with the loss of his kingly and virtuous parent, he forgets not that this woman, though she has by her unseemly haste, in her unholy union with her brother-in-law, debased herself and outraged his father's memory, is still his mother. To her as his mother, he accords due obedience and respect. To his finely keyed sensibilities, the very presence and knowledge of the relationship must have meant torture, but—she is his mother, and in all seeming gentleness he yields. And the king, incapable of understanding a nature like Hamlet's, or comprehending the true cause and meaning of the act, mistakes his princely submission for tameness of spirit, and is pleased to believe that he may also be induced to cast his "nighted colour off." For Hamlet's mourning garb and melancholy air must have been a constant reproach to him, reminders of the crime he wished to forget.

"Why it is a loving and a fair reply,
* * * * * * Madam, come;
This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart."

And so he will with the queen away to fitly evidence his delight with noise of cannon, "respeaking earthly thunder."

When Hamlet is alone, his calmness falls from him like a cloak cast back from the shoulders, and he gives speech and license to his troubled heart:

"O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!"

But when Horatio and Marcelles enter with Bernardo, he recovers his composure sufficiently to greet his old friends kindly, and to refute Horatio's self-disparagement. The unaccustomed sight of the face of one whom he can trust, of one true friend in the corrupt and treacherous court of Denmark, moves him deeply. He makes no effort to conceal from Horatio the shame and humiliation which he suffers from his mother's insult to the memory of the dead king.

"Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Ere ever I had seen that day, Horatio!
My father! Methinks I see my father!"

And Horatio, his mind full of the apparition which he had beheld the night before, is startled into believing for the moment that Hamlet also sees that ghostly visitant. Being assured that it is only a mental vision, he leads up to the subject which engrosses his thoughts, and, at Hamlet's solicitation, gives an account of the fearful sight, witnessed in company with Bernardo and Marcelles "in the dead vast and middle of the night." And Hamlet, easily enough convinced that it is his father's spirit they have seen, announces without hesitation his instant resolve to watch with them and speak to it, "though hell itself should gape," and bid him hold his peace.

It seems not to impress him as strange or unnatural that his father's ghost should walk in arms. He surmises that "all is not well," and longs for the coming of night that he may see and question. Certain suspicions, premonitions of the truth, are forcing themselves up from the depths of his tumultuous and grief-tortured soul.

Then follows the weird scene upon the platform of the castle. The star-lit

obscurity of midnight, "that dread hour when ghosts are wont to walk," the eager nipping air, the breathless waiting, the silence broken only by the hollow moan of the sea washing the walls beneath, and the sound of distant revelry which proclaims the feasting of the guilty king within while without his victim revisits "the glimpses of the moon."

"Hamlet," says a close student of this problematic character, "was the fate-chosen instrument of a mighty design," and attributes to weakness and evanescence of purpose his failure to act accordingly. The unhappy prince recognizes the end to which the finger of inexorable destiny points him, and bewails his luckless lot.

"The time is out of joint, O cruel spite,
That ever I was born to set it right."

In his own great soul he doubts, while trying not to doubt, his right to do this thing which he has sworn to do. From the grave his father comes to reveal the crime that caused his "untimely taking off," and to cry for vengeance. In the horror of the moment Hamlet does not hesitate to swear. All else sinks into oblivion in the lurid light of the ghostly revelation. But in a nature so true and deep this state of feeling cannot endure. With the return of reason comes the question, the one great question, which to my mind constitutes the motive of the play.

A murder has been committed, his own father the victim. The murderer usurps throne and honors and insults the memory of the dead. Clearly, in the eyes of those about him, the son will be justified in avenging so terrible a wrong. By all known and accepted standards it is his duty so to do. It is neither weakness nor want of physical courage that deters him. It is a dim recognition of a higher law and a truer standard than those of courts and kings and common clay. It is the hitherto unheeded and unheard voice of God speaking to his soul. He thinks, believes, that he must slay his guilty kinsman, yet feels that in this act he will himself commit a crime as terrible as that which he seeks to punish. From the first, struggle as he will, he cannot reconcile his oath to the murdered king with his fealty to heaven. He hears continually the divinely awful "Vengeance is Mine" thundered in the deeps of his soul—a tempest which human reasoning cannot still.

Withheld by this inner prompting from instant execution of his oath, he seeks in every possible way to satisfy his own conscience by some tangible proof of the king's guilt. He will be sure that he is serving human justice. His lofty spirit will not stoop to mere revenge. The arrival of the players at Elisnore suggests to him a plan whereby he can test the truth of the ghost's accusation.

"I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle; I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit I have seen
May be the devil, and the devil hath power
T' assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps,
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this: the play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king."

But when the play is over, when he can congratulate himself upon the success of his artifice, and is convinced of his uncle's guilt, he still hesitates. His responsibility to God outweighs his obligation to the dead. Though he will not acknowledge it even to himself, the thing he would do is murder, and the moral force within forbids him to commit a crime. He does not understand, or if at all, but vaguely. He chafes at the restraint which his own great soul imposes, and deems himself a coward, incapable of action. Opportunties offer but he lets them pass, and curses his indecision. With every hour the perplexity of his position deepens. The very forces of his being are at war. He would and he would not act. In the one case, though he is but dimly conscious of this, he will transgress divine law and imperil his soul, in the other prove false to his vow—a craven coward in the sight of men. Driven to desperation, his agonized mind ponders the dark question of self-destruction. Involved in the unutterable madness of grief and passion, he catches blindly at this faint, ghastly gleam. O for light! The one outspoken prayer of Hamlet is for light, more light.

In this maelstrom of moral anguish

and doubt there is no room for tender sentiment. Romance, love, sweet dreams —these are broken and engulfed in the night of mad emotion. Ophelia! To think of her has become a sacrilege. She is too pure and fragile to withstand the volcanic fury of his burning heart. Sweet and delicate as a flower, she withers at the first rude breath. Had she been stronger, "a perfect woman nobly planned," the conclusion of Hamlet's life story might have read far otherwise. Ophelia is not of the sisterhood who "understand." She shrinks, crushed and hurt, from the madness she might have helped to cure. It is her misfortune, not her fault, that she fails him in his hour of need.

"Did Hamlet love her?" Yes; as we love any fair, sweet thing, but not as a man loves the women who sways his life; not as he could have loved. And in the rush of events he forgets her utterly, for a time.

And still the conflict rages—till at last he ceases to listen to the voice within. Discovering the king's plot against his life, he, too, stoops to treachery, and sends the guilty instruments to their own unconscious destruction. By this one act he ceases to stand part, or above the common humanity of his day and age. He descends, to become a drop in the vast, surging sea of human wretchedness; and for such a sinner there is no return. His very greatness insures his ultimate ruin. It is another fall of man.

A very able student of Shakespeare dates the turning point in the play from the death of Polonius. I cannot agree with him, because, in the first place, that act was not the result of deliberate purpose, and, in the second, it was instantly deplored and repented. The real beginning of the end is when he loses his hold upon Divine Goodness, and drifts upon the rocks of fatalism. Just how this comes about, or when, it is difficult to determine with exactness, but that it did occur is evidenced in the crafty vengeance which he inflicts upon Guildenstern and Rosencrantz. And that it broke up the strong fastness of his soul, numbed his spiritual faculties, and hurled into choas the moral consciousness hitherto so active he gives verbal proof in his admission to Horatio. The first outward manifestation of the change within is, as I have said, the trick whereby he turns the tide of fate and sends his jailors to the doom prepared for himself. What follows is the inevitable result of that act, in which he seals the death warrant of his soul and falls headlong from the sublime heights of moral righteousness to the uttermost depths of human night.

"And a man's life's no more than to say one." This play of Hamlet goes beyond mere life—it lays hold upon the things that are before and after.

Her Answer.

With glowing words you bring your heart
to me,
And lay it at my feet; and from the springs
Of love and longing in its depths, it brings
Tears to my eyes, where smiles are wont to be.

You say you love me; and you beg to know
If in my heart there is an answering flame—
If my calm pulses quicken at a name—
Or if one footstep sets my cheek aglow.

Are these the signs of love? I cannot tell.
I am not sure I love you; yet I know
That footstep and that name are dear, and so
I dare not say: "I love you not." Ah, well!
In love's uncertainty, I can but say,
If love be absent, 'tis not far away!

Florence May Wright.

A Brave Defense.

A Story of Pioneer Days in Oregon.

By CAPTAIN HARRY L. WELLS.

IT WAS a beautiful morning in October; pretty Mrs. Harris, as she went singing about her household duties, occasionally glanced out of the window at her two children playing stage-coach on the rail fence of the corral about the barn, or stepped to the open door to drink in the invigorating air. Never, to her eyes, had the lovely valley of the Rogue River looked more charming. For miles the valley extended in gentle undulations, dotted thickly with little clumps of moss-grown oaks, gently rising towards the horizon in slopes of brilliant green to the summit of the Cascade mountains, above which Mount Pitt thrust his white head, crowned with eternal snow. A little to the left, in the middle ground, the huge basaltic mass of Table Rock rose abruptly from the valley, the river flowing around its base with a noisy rush that spoke of a rocky channel and an impetuous haste to reach the sea.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris had crossed the plains to Oregon in 1852, with one of the great emigrant trains that toiled wearily over sandy wastes, alkali deserts, rugged mountains and turbulent rivers, had escaped the dangers from Indians, from accidents, from starvation and from cholera, which claimed so many victims that fated year, and had finally settled in this beautiful and fertile valley of the Rogue River. The foothills and mountains to the south were then the scene of feverish activity. Gold hunters, who had worked their way north from California the year before and discovered good "diggings" in the Siskiyous, toiled with pick and pan and, as miners must eat in order to live and work, there was a demand for food at such high prices that a man with a family, like Mr. Harris, was more certain of digging wealth from the ground in the form of potatoes than in the shape of gold dust. Besides this, he had gone to Oregon to make a home.

So the Harrises had settled upon a fertile tract, and erected a substantial house of logs, with two rooms below and an attic above, the whole roofed with long shakes riven from the white cedar so plentiful in that region. A barn and several other outbuildings of shakes, a corral for the horses, and a spring of soft water near the house completed this pioneer home, around which were unfenced fields cultivated to grain and vegetables. Cattle roamed at will and grazed upon the free grass of the valley or slaked their thirst in the cold waters of the river.

Three years had passed since they first settled in the valley, and every year there had been trouble with the Indians, whose headquarters were in a lovely valley in the rear of Table Rock. That mass of basalt, from whose top and precipitous sides the elements had long since washed every particle of earth, was known to the Indians as Council Rock, and from time immemorial had been a landmark and a treaty ground for the tribes of that region. Only two years before, General Joe Lane, "the Marion of the Mexican war," had there concluded a treaty with them, after severely whipping them in battle. Yet the settlers never looked at the barren walls of that mighty rock without thinking of the savages who lived behind it, and were a constant threat of danger. Some premonitory thought of this passed through the mind of Mrs. Harris, as she stood at the door of her cabin, and feasted her eyes upon the landscape, on this ninth day of October, 1855.

It was nine o'clock. Her husband was working in the field back of the barn, and Reed, the hired man, was at the farther end of this field. Little Mary, aged three, and David, aged ten, had tired of playing stage-coach on the rail

fence. Mary had gone around to the front of the house to show her mother a pretty snail-shell she had found, and David had gone down the road a few hundred yards to count the speckled eggs in a quail's nest, discovered in the bushes a few days before. At this moment Mrs. Harris heard a shout, and, looking up, saw her husband running towards the house at the top of his speed, pursued by a band of Indians. They had killed Reed at the farther end of the field, but had been discovered by Mr. Harris before they reached him, stealing along from one clump of bushes to another. He dropped his hoe and ran for the cabin, determined to defend the lives of his family from behind its protecting walls. Just before he reached the door the Indians fired upon him and he was mortally wounded in the breast, but with the help of his wife he succeeded in getting inside and fastening the door with a heavy wooden bar used as a lock by the pioneers.

"Ellen," he said, "you have been a good wife to me, and if you live will be a good mother to our children. As for me, I am helpless to defend you. It is your duty to do what you can to defend yourself and our little Mary. Leave me to die, and trust David in the hands of God. Go up stairs and get the two guns and the pistols and all the ammunition we have, and bring them down here and fight for your life and that of our little girl, and God bless you both."

It was then that this woman proved herself worthy of the name of pioneer. Her home surrounded by yelling savages; her husband dying, and her little son at the mercy of the cruel foe, she yet had strength and courage to defend herself and child, and prepared to sell her life as dearly as possible.

She knew the use of firearms, and, obedient to her husband's last command, brought her little arsenal and laid it ready to hand upon the kitchen table. With desperate energy she loaded the weapons alternately and discharged them through the chinks between the logs of the cabin walls. The Indians kept up an incessant firing, and in a few minutes little Mary was wounded in the arm. The terrified child crawled up into the attic, where she remained till the fight was over.

The mother dared not take time either to bind her daughter's wound or to minister to her dying husband, whose lamp of life went out quietly while she was shooting at the savage forms without, first on one side of the house and then on the other. If she thought of her missing boy it was only to commend him to God for protection. The frequency and steadiness of the fire doubtless deceived the Indians, and led them to believe that Mr. Harris was still alive. They dared not approach the house near enough to set it on fire, and, after keeping up a skulking fight for several hours, they burned all the outbuildings and went away, afraid of being caught by some relief party from the settlements.

The fate of little David was a sad one. When he heard the shooting and saw the savages around the house, he knew he could not get in, and that he would be killed if seen. He was a sturdy little soul, as the boys of the pioneers were wont to be, and he conceived the idea of going down the road about four miles to the house of Mr. Wagner, the nearest neighbor, and getting help for his father and mother. Poor little fellow! He knew not that the Wagner house was already in ashes, and that Mrs. Wagner had been burned alive within it. On he trudged manfully, crying, to be sure, but none the less full of youthful courage and determination. But it was all in vain. He soon fell into the clutches of the band that had burned out the Wagners, and was hurried off towards the mountains, the Indians fearing pursuit from the soldiers at the fort and the miners and settlers farther up the valley. His little legs soon became tired, and, as he was too much of a burden to be carried, he was killed and thrown into a canyon, where his bones lie to the present day.

When the Indians withdrew to save their skins, Mrs. Harris bound up the wounded arm of the frightened child in the attic, and, leaving a kiss upon her husband's cold brow, slipped stealthily out of the house with Mary, and went to a clump of willows near the road, where the two lay in concealment during the remainder of the day and all the long

and chilly night, a constant prey to fear from the wild animals they dreaded less than the savage men. Several bands of Indians passed their hiding-place, but all were in a hurry to get away, and neither discovered them nor molested the deserted cabin. In the morning Major Fitzgerald rode up with a company of dragoons from Fort Lane, and the two fugitives came out from their hiding-place. Some volunteers also came, and buried the dead father and took the mother and daughter to Jacksonville for safety.

For six months, war raged with the Indians through the mountains of Southern Oregon. Two regiments of volunteers and nearly a regiment of regular soldiers fought them in many battles, and finally conquered them and removed them to a distant reservation. During all that time, and for several years thereafter, the brave Mrs. Harris was in an agony of doubt as to the fate of little David. She knew not whether he had been carried off by the Indians, as so many other pioneer boys and girls have been, or whether he had been killed. Finally she abandoned all hope, and many years later an old savage on the reservation told of the resting-place of the brave lad's bones at the bottom of a dark canyon.

The Bonfire on the Beach.

Cheerily blazed the driftwood fire
In a hollow of the snowy sand;
Around it sat, chance-gathered there,
From widely sundered shores, a band

Of jovial spirits, met to pass
An hour in social merriment;
The encroaching darkness 'round them closed
Its curtains like an ebon tent.

The kindly jest, the joyous laugh,
The ballad and the chorus strong,
Each other followed merrily,
And then again the tale and song.

The pungent odor of the smoke,
The chilly night wind as it blew
But gave to all a keener zest,
And closer still the circle drew.

The simple cheer, the homely food,
Rudely prepared and eaten then,
Seemed Epicurean luxuries
Beyond the usual fare of men—

A banquet-board and hearthstone bright
To those who, strangers heretofore,
In broken bread and open heart,
Found friendship on that lonely shore.

The old-time friends grew dearer still
As passed the happy hour away,
Beside the roaring seas that stretch
To far Cipango and Cathay.

Will J. Meredith.

Long Beach, Wash., Aug. 19, 1899.

Terror on a Mountain Top.

By GEORGE M. MILLER.

A NERVOUS tap, tap, tap, at your chamber door in the early morn while you are yet in the border land of dreams, is not a very welcome sound, especially in Alaska where the business day ends with 12 o'clock midnight and begins only at 12 o'clock noon. Nevertheless, I had promised, and by the third repetition of the knock I was out of bed and at the door making all sorts of apologies for oversleeping.

A hasty breakfast and I was ready for the start to the summit of Vestovia, one of the highest peaks that tower above the town of Sitka. Mount Vestovia is a mountain in every sense of the word. Like many of these Alaskan peaks it sits with its feet in the sea. Its summit is surmounted by a dome of rock which from its peculiar shape bears the name of the Arrow Head and rises some 500 feet above the main structure. From the sea wall on Sitka bay it rises in one precipitous slope 3,200 feet, and from this quarter is practically inaccessible. We therefore decided to attack from the rear, going up the Indian river for a distance of five miles, turning to the right and ascending the ridge that connects the mountain with those lying farther inland, follow this backbone towards the Arrow Head and descend in the direction of our starting point. Our journey then lay in the shape of a horseshoe.

We were fortunate in having a perfect day. The first five miles led along a miner's trail, through a dense forest of spruce, hemlock and cedar. In Alaska the moss is everywhere and beautiful in varying shades from gold to deepest green, on the trunks of fallen trees, swinging from the overhanging branches, in the transparent and gurgling brooks and on the stones by the roadside. Here and there the sunlight found its way into the depths of forest shadow revealing and emphasizing these hues. Many varieties of delicious ripe berries hung over our winding path. The scent of the damp woods and Indian musk filled the air; the song of the running river, with now and then a distant bird note, made music in our ears. and the belated and welcome dew from the overswinging boughs cooled our perspiring faces.

At the end of three hours' walk we were at the miner's empty cabin, and at the beginning of our hazardous climb. Beside a dashing brook fed by melting snows we disposed of our luncheon. From here on no path or sign marked the way. We were now at the timber line. Below us the dense woods, above us the moss-covered mountain, seamed with glacial gorges and armored with overhanging cliffs.

Selecting what appeared to be the only accessible approach to the summit of the great backbone we began the climb. During the warm season, under the heat of the sun, the snow on many of the mountains of Alaska disappears, excepting in the gorges and canyons, where it has been massed by the winter winds. Many slopes are too steep for snow to lie upon and it slides down forming great banks at the base. Passing the foot of one of these banks we discovered a subterranean passage leading under its entire length. The snow had packed in a gorge and the water flowing underneath had melted it away enough to admit a current of air. This had continued the thawing process until now the passage was quite high enough for a man to walk uprightly. The deep shades of color in the snow overhead were beautiful beyond description.

For the next 2,000 feet our ascent was steep and dangerous. Beyond the timber line wherever there is soil enough to support it the earth is covered with a compact growth of vegetation that appears to be the connecting link between moss and shrubbery. It grows thick

upon the ground like moss with fibers six to ten inches in length and very tough and strong. Clinging with both hands to this and drawing ourselves up we made satisfactory headway, and by 3 o'clock were on the summit of the backbone. This we found to be much like an inverted sawblade, with now and then one or more teeth broken out. My companion complained somewhat of dizziness, and I felt an uneasiness in the pit of my stomach, which at the time I mistakingly attributed to nothing more serious than human sympathy. Lying prone upon the moss-covered crest we viewed the widened landscape. To the south and below us Blue lake, blue as a robbin's egg, lay in a nest of black woods. To the east the mountains. Mountains that seem to mark the border land of another world. Mountains that forbid the passage of man, even in his most daring and reckless search for gold. Though this island, called Baranoff island, is eighty miles in length and only thirty in width, and has been settled by whites for more than 100 years, so rugged are its mountains it is said no person has ever crossed it except in one place. The chief characteristic of Alaska mountains is not so much in their great altitude as in their bold and rugged acclivities. Then, again, they do not stand in lines or ranges as those of Oregon and California, but are content to sit around on the grass anywhere in promiscuous disorder, and in many instances with their feet in the sea. Our view to the westward encompassed the Bay of Sitka with its more than 300 evergreen islands, and beyond this the broad Pacific. On the bay an occasional white sail was seen. Strange it seemed to us that while on the water below there was a good sailing breeze; at our altitude not a breath of air could be felt. The day was perfect. Not a cloud in sight and the atmosphere as clear as possible. A deer walked out in open view and watched our movements with undisturbed curiosity. To the north the Arrow Head, our destination towered still above us. Resuming our journey we climbed the first sawtooth, the next and the next with little difficulty, though in many places we were compelled to cling to the moss for safety, and at several points the backbone was so narrow and steep that we were compelled to hang a leg on each side and drag ourselves along with our hands.

Passing the last broken tooth we reached the base of the Arrow Head in comparative safety, minus an unknown quantity of self-confidence. Resting here again we contemplated the prospect with some doubt. To the right hung a jagged cliff with a descent of more than 1,500 feet. To the left impassable gorges and crevasses of mysterious depths. In front of us the giddy Arrow Head, rising 500 feet, and up which we must climb like flies on a window pane, and that without wings. To start up that dizzy height without a guide seemed madness; to turn back was out of the question, for, in that case, darkness would overtake us before we could reach the settlement. Our deliberations finally ended in a determination to go forward. My companion, whose improved condition had fitted him for the lead, started upward. I did not dare to look up or down, to right or left. I only groped and followed the voice and directions of my friend. We had no ropes or other safety appliances and my shoes were without hobnails. The first hundred feet of climbing was against rocks firmly imbedded. (In climbing such a mountain as this you do not climb over it, you climb against it. You are not over it in any true sense until you are on the top).

A voice came from above, "Keep to the right, below the big rock, out on that projecting shelf. It is the only way." At this moment I was clinging and crawling up a ridge or rib of solid rock when my left foot slipped and—I still live to say it, the rocks being firm and sharp, I caught just in time to escape instant death. In order to save myself I threw my weight upon the rough ledge with such force as to bruise and lacerate my knee and the pain of it along with the shock of my narrow escape produced nausea. I realized now that for the first time in my life

I was thoroughly terrified. Notwithstanding I had my life insured, and, as I supposed, had made all spiritual preparation and business arrangements to meet death however soon and in whatever shape it might come, I found the animal desire for life had full control and that the animal was thoroughly frightened. I had been through many sorts of dangers, had looked into the muzzles of loaded pistols and been mixed up with runaway teams where I had expected my life to be crushed out the next instant. In none of these dangers had I experienced a degree of the terror that now filled my whole frame, even to my finger tips.

There was no place to rest. I must cling and climb. I came to that projecting shelf of loose rocks. What if one of these should yield a few inches only, or if I should faint, as I felt I must? Many of you have dreamed of falling immeasurable distances and felt the indescribeable ache that accompanies the sensation. This ache was in my very bones. I felt as helpless as a new-born babe and shamed at the knowledge of the feeling. The shelf of loose rock was scaled in safety, however, and in due time I reached the summit, threw myself upon a bed of moss and wondered long at human frailty. We found the descent on the opposite side of the Arrow Head scarcely less hazardous and annoying, but by deliberate caution reached lower slopes in safety, resolving to never again attempt a climb so reckless. How that resolution was broken and with what results you shall soon know.

* * * * *

Two weeks had passed since my disagreeable mountain experience, and the usual duties of life and physical rest had restored my nerves to their normal condition. Yet, every mental reflection upon or casual view of that sky-piercing height, brought back the creepy aches into every bone of my body. This annoyance finally resulted in a determination to again ascend the mountain, and alone, and by familiarity with its dangers, teach myself the folly of fear. The moon was now at its full; why not make a moonlight trip of it? An Alaska moon on a cloudless night, owing to the extreme purity of the atmosphere is beautiful beyond words.

With some brief preparations for the trip I flung myself down upon my bed for an hour's rest before setting out.

* * * * *

What a rare night! The moon was well above the horizon and smiled in all the queenly brilliance that only the northern moon bestows. Athwart the silvery waters of the bay lay a path that was paved with diamonds. The stillness of the hour was most impressive. To me it was even prophetic, and yet the fascination of danger smothered the warning, and I pressed on.

Being a fair woodsman I had no difficulty following the route taken two weeks before. The cool night air in my face, the damp odor of the forest, the stillness of the night, broken only by the murmuring streams and the occasional call of a distant night bird, the weird moonlight—companions to an irrepressible premonition of impending disaster—thrilled me, yet my eagerness lent swiftness to my feet, and ere I realized it, I was clinging to the moss and climbing the first perilous ascent to the backbone. Scaling this I flew on towards the towering Arrow Head. My objective point was now in sight. On the dizzy heights of those sawteeth where two weeks before I had clung on all fours, I now walked upright, and even leaped from stone to stone on the very verge of the perpendicular cliff above the chasm whose depths were made doubly black by the shadow of the mountain.

The coolness of the night made rest unnecessary. On I hurried scarcely looking to the right or left. The sight of that unhallowed thing that had frightened the manhood out of me and had transformed me into a cowering beast now maddened me to a frenzy. I reached the base of the Arrow Head and paused. Resting here for a moment my senses revived enough to discover I had made no preparation for the dangerous climb before me. My shoes were without hobnails, and from the long travel over the moss were as smooth as glass.

Nevertheless I could not now turn back. I had come safely so far and felt no fear. I cast one look at the sky-piercing peak and bolted up its precipitous side. Clinging with both hands to the overhanging rocks I cast a glance below, when the terror seized me as before, intensified tenfold, though I did not grow sick as then.

I struggled on. My feet slipped again and again. I lost heart and hope; yet like a wild creature I clung and groped in the semi-darkness, for the moon was now shining on the opposite side of the mountain, and I was in its shadow. In this darkness I missed my way and soon reached an impassable point. I had drawn myself up thus far by feeling with my hands, holding to whatever presented, but now reach as far as I could there was no welcome crack, service or projecting ridge for my grasp. My feet rested on a ledge of unknown security. An attempt to turn back meant certain death. Below was the black shadow of immeasurable depths, from which I now realized there was little chance of escape. I dared not look down. There was but one chance in a hundred. I must jump and stake my chance on catching a hold in what in the dim light appeared to be a crevice in the rocks, some three feet beyond my full arm's length. There was no time for delay. The pain from terror was breaking my bones. Beads of sweat stood on my forehead. I felt I was growing blind. My heart threatened to stop beating and my breath came slow and hard. It was madness to attempt that leap; it meant death to delay. I made one desperate effort at composure and sprang with all my power to find the supposed crevice was only loose moss. With a groan that must have sent a chill through every stone within reach of my voice, I slid from the rock into the blackness of that black shadow below. The impetus given by the slide from the sloping rock sent me far out and clear of the projecting cliffs. You who have cast stones from high declivities know about how long it took me to fall this 2,000 feet in open space. At first I felt the cool air in my face, then the coolness turned to burning as the velocity increased. The vibration of the air caused a roaring sound that gradually but rapidly changed to a higher key. Total darkness enveloped me almost instantly. I felt the cutting prints of my finger nails in my palms as I instinctively grasped the empty air. My heart refused to act. My brain had grown sluggish. At the beginning of the fall I had given up all hope and only waited for the dull thud that I assured myself I would not be able to feel or hear, to end all. At last a change came over me, and, quick as a flash, I saw the moonlight above and on the valley below the mountain's shadow. I ceased descending. The pain and terror were gone and in their stead a feeling of safety and delight. I heard the fall of a leaden lump below me and its faint echo in the walls of the gorge and did not feel concerned. I heard the lonely call of the night bird and sweetest music from I knew not where. Instead of falling I now began to rise and soon came into the full glow of the moon. With no effort greater than a wish, I reached the top of the Arrow Head. I had conquered at last. There was no pain or terror now. The animal body with these had gone to the rocks below and I was glad. I stood upon the very pinnacle of that giddy height gazing upon the sleeping town beneath, and as a triumphal salute to all its inhabitants threw out both arms—and knocked my lamp chimney into the washbowl and the noise awakened me. I was still in bed. My last ascent of the mountain had been a dream.

The Indian "Arabian Nights."

By H. S. LYMAN.

A Series of Indian Stories and Legends, began in September, 1899.

THE STORY OF CELIAST.

ABOUT three years from the date of Celiast's reception at the fort, Nathaniel J. Wyeth came with his rival fur company to establish a trading post upon the Columbia. The post did not prove either permanent or a profitable one, and the company went to pieces in the course of a few years and scattered to the four corners of the earth. In the party, and left from it, was a young man of good education and much enterprise, in fact, a scion of one of the best families of New Hampshire. Having come to the Pacific Coast to make his fortune and live his life, he was loath to retrace his steps, and so cast about for something to do in this new land.

Dr. McLoughlin, knowing his attainments and sympathizing with his desire to remain on the coast, employed him to teach the children at the fort, the former instructor having gone to sea.

They were Indians and half-breeds—these children—restless but quick to learn, and his tasks were light. He had much time for long walks along the river bank, for loiterings in the woods and musing in his canoe upon the majestic tide that was at times like burnished silver. Somehow, before he had been long at Fort Vancouver, he was constrained to notice the young Indian mother whose two bright-eyed children were his pupils.

Possibly Celiast, hoping to pick up some crumbs of knowledge for herself, lingered about the schoolroom. At all events, either from her or from the governor himself, the young American learned her story and was deeply touched and interested. He recognized, with Dr. McLoughlin, the depth and purity of her character, and at last he said to her the words that made her his own while life should last. For Celiast loved him, and from that day they were as one.

For some time he continued to teach, but changed the location of his school to the place above the "Falls," where many Frenchmen had settled with their native families. But later came the missionaries, and the school was turned over to them. The teacher became a millwright and went into business at Chehalem. Perhaps he worked too hard or perhaps the surroundings were not healthful; anyway, he fell ill, and Celiast, thinking of her girlhood's home by the sea, where the rigor of the salt wind kept one strong and well, besought him to return with her to her own land. It was in this manner that Celiast came back to her people—the loved and honored wife of an honorable man. And it was here on the plain by the sea, where the tall grass waved and rippled in the wind, and the tides swept in and out of the winding creeks, that they founded their home.

This home became in a short time the nucleus of a settlement of Americans. Its doors were always open, its hospitality unbounded. All this, without going into detail, was of infinite value in settling the title to this vast region in favor of the United States, at a time when the balance swung so evenly between our own nation and Great Britain that the weight of even one little pioneer settlement might turn the scale.

But the one great personal service done by Celiast, a heroic and determined act, occurred at a later period, when the settlement on Clatsop Plains, grown to proportions of importance, was threatened with extermination by the combined efforts of the Tillamooks and Tlah-Tsops.

The details of the trouble that imperiled the Americans need not here be given. Suffice it to say that an Indian

of the hitherto peaceful Tlah-Tsops was accused of crime and resisted arrest. He maintained his innocence of the charge against him, and was killed by a white man. This, according to the Indian's sense of justice, was an outrage, the memory of which was to be blotted out only in blood. Doubtless there were other wrongs that they were burning to avenge as well. The whole tribe gathered to plan the attack, and the Tillamooks, from the northern shore of the river, coming over to make a friendly visit, were taken into the plot.

The threatened whites, reading the signs of danger in the sudden disappearance of the natives, fortified themselves as best they could in the largest and strongest of the houses on the plain. The Indians, formed in a wild band for the attack, and armed with guns and knives, rushed down upon the seemingly doomed settlement. Half way in their course they were arrested, not by armed men, but by a woman. The daughter of their dead chief barred their way, and empty-handed and alone, forbade them to advance. What she said no white man knows, but the Indians heard and understood. Standing there, her forehead bared to the breath of heaven, she spoke such words of power, of persuasion and command, that her people, listening, believed it was the spirit of Kobaiway himself speaking to them through the lips of his daughter. And Kobaiway had been the white man's friend. The Tlah-Tsop chiefs found no voice to answer. The threats of the warriors sank to silence; one by one they dropped back to the shadows of the forest.

The little group of whites, watching all day, observed, toward sunset, the tall dune grass on the ridge to westward shake and quiver, disturbed by dark, gliding forms. Now and then a feathered crest or a painted face gleamed for an instant and was gone. The Tillamooks were going single file toward the river's mouth, returning home. Celiast had saved the settlement.

The Man Prevails.

Once more the freeman's bolt is hurled;
Is fired a shot, heard round the world.

To hear the Transvaal's thunder-voice—
What man is there does not rejoice?

Sinks again that falsehood old,
Our world is ruled by greed and gold.

Sinks again that lie of time,
That wealth and power commit no crime.

Lives the truth that God is just,
And gold and thrones are only dust;

That manhood is the living throne,
And God with manhood still is one;

That even earth and labored steel
For manly arms mute love shall feel.

The Mauser and the Maxim still
Can best obey the freeman's will.

On native kopje, heath, or wold,
The freeman's heart is doubly bold;

Upon his native mountain wall,
The freeman's form ten times as tall!

To loose the seals the monarch fails;
The Son of Man at length prevails.

H. S. Lyman.

Elise.

A Sequel to "The Voice of the Silence."

Chapter II.

"IT IS perfectly absurd, and I am not going to let you off. Besides, your costume was ordered weeks ago, and you haven't the shadow of an excuse, and—well, you just must not fail me."

Elise, standing on the hearthstone, one arm resting upon the low mantle shelf, her soft draperies outlining her slender figure, turned a pale but smiling face upon her insistent guest.

"I am sorry," she said, "but the truth of the matter is I am tired, too tired to even think about it."

"You don't have to think about it, my dear, and, as for being tired, what in the world have you to do between now and Thursday night but rest?"

"A thousand things, engagements—"

"Cancel them."

"That is simple enough to say, but—"

"In this case it is easy enough to do."

Elise smiled again somewhat wearily, it must be confessed. "I don't seem to find it so."

"Oh, but this is different. It is to be the event of the season. I've set my heart upon that, and you must not fail me. The whole affair will fall flat without you. It is too late to ask any one else to take your place, and there is no one who could, anyway."

"But," objected Elise, "I am really not fit. I shall look a fright, and—I—I am not well, I think."

"Nonsense! A touch of rouge will do away with that interesting pallor, and as for not feeling well, we are all more or less used up so near the end of the season. I simply live on tonics these days, my nerves are in an abominable state, but I have the satisfaction of knowing that my neighbors are all in the same boat. You are no more run down than the rest of us, my love, and after this is over you can go to bed with a clear conscience and sleep for a week if you like. But I must go. I have a dozen things to attend to before luncheon. It is 1 o'clock now, and I am due at Mrs. Banks-Berry's at 1:30."

Mrs. Natron rose and shook out the folds of her perfectly-fitting gown with that almost imperceptible yet exquisitely graceful movement of the hips only possible to a woman whose muscles are under absolute control of the will. "I shall tell your charming sister-in-law that I have overcome every one of your objections, and that the queen of the fete will appear in all her royal splendor. I knew you would'nt and couldn't leave me in the lurch for anything short of a death in the family. Good-bye. Are you going my way, Katherine? I can drop you anywhere you wish between here and the avenue."

"You are awfully kind, but if Mrs. Randolph will have me I am going to stay where I am. I haven't been so comfortable in six weeks as I am at this moment."

"Certainly," Elise hastened to say. "I shall be delighted."

"In that case I shall proceed to divest myself of my hat and gloves, for I mean to stay to luncheon. Good-bye, Mrs. Natron; it is not that I love Caesar less."

"O, you need not explain. I envy you enough as it is. Good-bye."

With Mrs. Natron's departure a silence fell upon the two women left thus together in the simply furnished room where the morning sun came in, and an oak wood fire burned cheerily upon the hearth. In all the beautiful house in which the Colonel had set up his Lares and Penates on returning from an extended trip abroad some five years before, there was no room in which his wife felt so much at home as in this low-ceiled, narrow place which she had selected and arranged to suit her own special needs and convenience.

"How queer!"

"What an odd-looking apartment!"

"How uncivilized!" These were some of the exclamations to which her friends gave expression on being admitted to its sacred precincts for the first time. For it was as different from the conventional morning-room of the average society woman as it was possible to conceive. To unaccustomed eyes it had a bare look, an air of not being quite finished or furnished. Indeed, the Colonel himself was wont to say, teasingly that Elise had moved in before the carpenters had moved out, and this accounted for the naked rafters and the unplastered walls. But the room, nevertheless, had a charm of its own, an atmosphere neither to be bought nor persuaded, that made its influence felt upon all who were fortunate enough to be received therein. Even Mrs. Natron declared that she felt herself in another world the moment she stepped across its threshold.

"And to complete the idea of primitive and barbaric simplicity I presume she wishes to preserve, there is always that half-tamed savage lurking in the background. Ugh! The mere sight of him gives me a lifting sensation in the top of my head. I am positively certain that he will break out some time and scalp somebody. You can see the latent design in his eye."

Mrs. Banks-Berry, to whom this dismal apprehension was confided, made a laughing reply to the effect that there was no more mild-mannered and kindly disposed youth upon the face of the earth than this same so-called savage. "We are all attached to him," she said; "and his devotion to Elise is something beautiful to witness."

"All the same, my dear, he is an Indian, and Indians are notoriously treacherous. Why, I wouldn't live under the same roof with him for worlds. The mere sight of him gives me the shivers, and it is my earnest conviction that he is only awaiting a suitable opportunity to tomahawk the whole family some night in their beds. Those eyes of his remind me of nothing so much as of slumbering volcanoes. He has all the characteristics of his race—I verily believe you might pull his finger-nails out by the roots without extracting a groan, and he doubtless takes a fiendish delight in the spectacle of human pain. Oh, I know the Indian nature. It's a hopeless task trying to civilize the red man." And Mrs. Natron, whose exhaustive knowledge of the subject had been gathered from the superficial skimming of books and an occasional glimpse of the wooden image in front of a tobacco shop, drew her sables closer about her shapely shoulders and rose to depart.

"If Mrs. Randolph were my sister-in-law," she added, "I should remonstrate with her, but—"

"If you were her sister-in-law," replied Mrs. Banks-Berry, "you would be willing to adopt a whole tribe of Modocs if she insisted upon it. She is a lovely tyrant, and we all adore her, and delight in her vagaries."

"O, well, if you look at it that way—. But really I wish she would devote less time to good works and more to society. A woman in her position is not without certain responsibilities, and even you must admit that she shirks hers in the most shameless fashion. Homes for the homeless, and foundling hospitals, and orphan asylums, are all well enough in their way, and I suppose it is commendable in people who have more money than they want to spend it in that manner, but when it comes to giving up the half of one's time to teaching indigent women how to sew, and make bread, and so on, it seems to me it is carrying benevolence a trifle farther than one's Christian duty requires. I wish you would exert your influence in my behalf and prevail upon her to come to my receptions this winter."

"If you have tried and failed I am afraid my arguments would be worse than wasted, but I will see what she has to say for herself on the subject."

That was two years ago, and with each succeeding season Mrs. Randolph went less and less into society. She had so much to do, she said, in self-justification.

"That is where the trouble lies," replied her husband. "You have too much to do. If you would leave about two-thirds of your work to the Associated Charities, and hire a couple of secretaries, you would find life less trying."

"But there are so many things that re-

quire my personal supervision—individual cases, for instance—and the affairs of the Working Woman's Home are in a tangle as it is. You see there is no one who understands the details and will take the trouble to look after them. And the kindergarten in Reese alley—oh, if you could see the wretchedness of life in Reese alley for one single hour you would never advise me to give up the work there. It is only through the school that I can hope to accomplish anything, but I do expect, in time, to reach the mothers through the children."

Colonel Randolph looked at his wife, and his glance was one of mingled admiration and disapproval. "You are wearing yourself out, and all to no purpose, I fear. Your fortune is but a pebble cast into the sea. Reese alley and its counterparts all over the globe will go on drinking and fighting and starving while time lasts. But have your way about it; only, if I see it is beginning to tax your time and strength too heavily I shall bundle you up without a word of warning and carry you off to Europe."

The Colonel regarded himself as a very magnanimous and indulgent husband, in that he never interfered with his wife's philanthropies. Perhaps if they had in any way conflicted with his own comfort he might have looked upon them with less leniency. . . .

The stylishly dressed girl, half-reclining in the lounging chair in front of the open fire, this sunny morning, was one of Mrs. Randolph's most devoted friends. They were about of an age, though Elise looked somewhat older, and, though she never suspected it, the one thing to which she owed the interest and affection of her guest was the fact that they were both in love with the same man. Katherine Farmer had refused a dozen good offers of marriage in the course of her first two seasons, for she was what the world calls a charming girl, and she was lacking neither in wit nor fortune. But the right suitor did not present himself, and she was not inclined to part with her independence to any other. In spite of her friendship for Elise she was not quite sure that she was any more than pleasantly tolerated. Perhaps it was this uncertainty as to just how the latter regarded her that made her so determined to maintain an intimacy which thus far had been largely on her side.

"Funny, isn't it," she remarked presently, "but I have long observed that women like Mrs. Natron always carry the day. It is next to impossible to say no to them with any effect."

Elise sighed and left her position on the hearthstone. "I shall be so glad when it is over," she said. "I really am tired, and it seems so unnecessary, all this dressing and dancing and dining, surely there are other things that are quite as interesting and more worthy."

"Undoubtedly! But unfortunately we don't care to do anything but amuse ourselves."

"Are we amused? I think rather we are wearied and sick of it all."

"Ah, well, we make believe that we like it, and it amounts to the same thing in the end, I suppose."

"I wish," began Elise and paused. She was asking herself if it were worth while to speak to this girl of the things that lay nearest her heart, and she was on the point of deciding negatively when something so unusual happened that, for the moment, she was thrown entirely off her guard:

(To be continued.)

And This is All.

What was it, after all, but this?
A smile, a clasping hand, a kiss—
A gleam of joy, a blinding pain,
A hope that will not spring again.

Then one forgot, and one forgave,
And—that is all this side the grave.

Lischen M. Miller.

Itoca's Story.

Told on the Siuslaw.

By LISCHEN M. MILLER.

"ITOCA," I said, "how is it that you, who are so loyal to the traditions of your people, have a paleface for a husband?"

Itoca sat as usual, crouched over the fire on the cabin hearth. She was a silent, noiseless creature, soft-footed as a panther, and her voice was sweet and low. She would have been comely, but for the ugly tattoo disfiguring her forehead and chin; and she had wonderful eyes—true Indian eyes, that could flash fire on occasion, but were, for the most part, fathomless wells of light.

When I questioned her now, she waited long before replying. The winter darkness had fallen early. Outside the wind howled and shrieked, and lashed the river into a fury of foam. The tall young pines, that stood thick about the cabin, bent and swayed in its fierce breath. Now and then a swift patter of raindrops swept the roof, and through the tumult of the storm beat the ceaseless thunder of the surf. The driftwood fire burned with a steady flame; its red glow, from the cabin windows, made shining paths into the night and made our solitude complete.

"It was a night like this," Itoca said at last; "not here, but far down the coast. I was young then; young and free and light of heart. I could not understand why my mother was always heavy-eyed and sad. I did not see the shadow that overhung the Indian's sky. Alas! The white man even then pushed the red to the very edge of the earth, already hunted in his forests and fished in his rivers. Before I was born, came the traders, with their cunning, and their worthless beads and baubles, winning the Indian's wealth, robbing him—"

"But, Itoca," I cried, interrupting her, "you have told me this before. It is your own story that I want to hear tonight."

"Yes, yes; you shall hear it; but the wrongs of my people fill my heart with fire."

"I know," I said; "I cannot blame you; but surely you do not hold all white men guilty?"

Itoca lifted her head and looked at me in the firelight. Her great black eyes were soft and sad. I almost fancied there were tears waiting behind those heavy lashes; but no man or woman had ever seen Itoca weep, and I was not to be the first. She differed from her white sisters in this: Whatever her grief might be it found no vent in tears; but, for all that, it never lacked expression.

"My people," Itoca began, "in the days when the white man first came among them dwelt upon the banks of the Umpqua, near the sea. I was yet a child when to our lodge, through the gray mist at evening, came one whose like I had never seen. Tall and straight, as a young pine tree, he stood in the leaping firelight. His hair, a yellow flood, fell down upon his shoulders in shining curls. His eyes were blue—blue as the sky in summertime, and soft as the soft blue sea in the moon when the winds are still. I was alone by the fire and he spoke to me. I knew not what he said; but his voice was kind. I offered him food, and when he had eaten he smiled and went away."

"Well," I said, for Itoca had lapsed into silence, "did he return?" She slowly shook her head.

"Not then. It was many, many moons before he came again; but when he went away he gave me this." She held up her small brown hand and showed me, among the many rings there a plain gold band, worn now to a mere thread. "When my mother and brothers returned from the river, where they had gone for fish, I hid the ring in my

bosom and was silent. But I gathered from their talk that they had seen the white hunter down on the shore, and that my older brother had put him across the river in his canoe. After this came other white men, passing up and down the Umpqua, and I learned to understand their language and to speak it. Then there were ships that sailed in from the great sea, and more people, who built houses on the river bank different from the lodges in which the Indians dwelt. And soon there fell a cruel sickness that swept off the unhappy Umpquas as if they had been leaves driven by the autumn wind. My brothers died and my mother. I was alone. An old woman of our tribe let me live in her poor wigwam on the sands, under the storm-twisted pines, near the place where the river meets the sea. She was good, but her heart was full of sad thoughts and her eyes blind with tears that would not fall. She sat all day weaving baskets—the beautiful baskets that no one now can make because the secret died with that old woman. I was often lonely and sometimes hungry, for we had only fish and berries to eat, save when I went to the settlement where the white women bought my baskets. There was one kinder than the others, the wife of a missionary, who taught me many things, and gave me books, so that I came to know the thoughts of the white man. And I was glad, for as I grew to be a maid and to have the dreams of maidenhood I remembered more and more the blue eyes that had looked upon me in the gray dusk beside the campfire, when I was yet a child. And I kept the ring closely hidden in my bosom, for I knew that some time I should see again the white face of the hunter.

"One afternoon I was out upon the river in my canoe and I saw coming up from the other shore a boat with three men. An Indian bent to the oars, and in the stern, leaning back upon some furs, was a man whose shining yellow hair fell down about his shoulders like a flood of sunlight. As the boat drew near I would have fled; but he sat up and called to me; and hearing his voice I must obey. When I had brought my canoe alongside he reached out and laid his hand on its prow and questioned me, and the blue eyes were the same that had looked upon me in the firelight many, many moons before. But he knew me not, for I was yet a child when he saw me first. After this he came often and my heart was no longer my own.

"One night, a night like this, looking out from the door of the old woman's wigwam, I saw at dusk a boat driven by wind and tide swiftly toward the sea. It was far out from the shore, but in the dim, gray light I caught the gleam of yellow locks and my heart told me who it was thus drifting to death upon the bar. I was young and strong, but had I been as a reed that grows by the waterside it would have been the same. I ran down to the river beach and pushed my cedar canoe into the tide, and stepping in, paddled out toward the tossing boat. The old woman called to me to return, but I would not hear. The wind flung my canoe about as if it had been a leaf. Sometimes I lost sight altogether of the boat. When I came nearer I saw that the white hunter had but one oar, and he could do nothing with a single oar in such a sea. Ah, me; the night was wild! Though I paddled fast the wind and tide carried the boat before me till it seemed I would never reach it. Then a squall turned the water black and in another moment I was fighting for my life with the salt waves. But I clung to my paddle and when I rose on the crest of a billow there, but an oar's length away, was the boat. Ah, it is only when death fronts us that we know how dear and how deeply we can love!" Itoca sighed, and I thought as I watched her sitting there in the firelight that color was a slight thing after all, and a woman's heart beats as warm and true beneath a dark skin as beneath a white.

"Go on," I said gently. "I am listening."

"Indian girls are early taught to swim. I reached the boat and e'er my hand clutched the gunwale the white man caught and drew me in. 'Itoca,' he cried, 'why did you come?' but I would not speak. It was no time for words. He gave me the oar, and with the help of my paddle I could keep the boat's

head to the wind so that she rode the waves instead of rocking in the trough of the sea; and he tried to bail her out, for she was nearly full of water. It was no use to pull against the wind and tide; all that could be done was to keep her from swamping in the heavy seas. With every moment we neared the bar. The roar of the breakers drowned the rush of the wind and the wash of the waves; but I did not mind now. The darkness was intense; nothing was visible but the phosphorescent gleam of the angry surf. Some times the white hunter spoke to me; but it was only a word. He was brave, and not once did he speak of fear, though he was wet and cold and knew that it was death toward which we were drifting. The Umpqua bar is a wild place when the winds are out. It was a black horror that night! A thousand times the boat was lifted high in air, a thousand times she plunged down terrible slopes into the dark! All night we drifted, and when the dawn broke the white hunter lay like one dead, across the thwarts, and we were far at sea. But the wind died with the coming day, the great waves sank to wide, smooth swells. The tide had turned, the heave of the sea set strongly shoreward. I looked toward the bar and saw a black path through the white wall of the breakers, and my heart once more began to live. The one oar had gone adrift in the darkness of the night, but I had the paddle from my canoe left. And as a canoe, over the gray miles of sea, across the raging bar, I brought the boat in."

"And the white hunter?'

"Before another moon had waned I was his wife. The missonary said it was not lawful for the white man to wed an Indian, but the missionary's wife was my friend. She said that love recognized no law and no color. But it would have been the same no matter what was said; for the white hunter knew his own heart, and from that night it has been mine." And Itoca rose and went away to her own corner of the cabin as a sign that she was done with words for the time, at least.

Light of Our Swift Flight.

Can the wondrous eyes of thought
Dimly see—ever see
What is in the future wrought
For you and me?

Though a minute is the space,
Can they trace—ever trace
Where the mystic billows wave,
Anything—except the grave?

Hope can gaze afar today,
Fear can look a little way,
Thought, the truest guide, is blind,
Save it turns and looks behind;
From the past alone to see
What shall be.

Ah, the future is a deep—
Endless deep—
Where the shores of present raise
With the passing hours and days—
Yet to keep—ever keep
Sinking, fading in the past
Boundless vast.

Round about, on every hand,
Shifting sand—drifting sand—
Forms ahead, and sinks behind,
And our truest guide is blind;
Only Faith and Hope can light
Our swift flight.

Valentine Brown.

A Bovine Gladiator.

By P. C. LEVAR.

CLEAR as the note of a silver trumpet sounded a call of defiance that made the woods ring. The sound reached the ears of a boy who was engaged in untying and turning out of the barn the four yoke of oxen which formed the team in a certain Oregon logging camp. He paused and called to his father: "Here comes that Pogue bull again. Had we better keep Doc in the barn?"

"No; turn him out and let 'em fight. I guess Doc can hold his own."

"Well, I guess he can! I should think that fellow would get enough of it after a while; he gets licked every time."

Doc had heard his enemy's challenge, and went out of the "tie-up" with a threatening grumble. Outside the door he stopped, lifted his head and gave his answering call to battle. He was a magnificent creature to look at, as he stood in the bright sunlight of that Sunday morning. His huge body was long, round and "tapering as a gunbarrel," and his back was straight as an arrow. His immense neck carried a head which was short and wide, with a full shaggy forehead and short, thick horns set at just the right angle for offense and defense. A small patch of snowy white on the breast served to emphasize the jetty blackness of the rest of his coat, which shone in the sun like that of a well-groomed horse, some strain of good blood having given him a skin as thin and hair as satiny as those of a thoroughbred. His musical talents, however, were not equal to those of his unseen rival, for when he lifted up his voice in answer it went off into a high-pitched and ridiculous squeal.

But this answered his purpose and brought forth another trumpet-like call from his enemy, who presently came in sight near the buildings. There he checked his advance and proceeded to viciously gore the high bank at the side of the road, throwing the soft dirt in all directions, and uttering dire threats in a variable bass. He was white with red neck and head, and was not so large nor so handsome as Doc; but his courage and ability as a fighter were well known. More than once before he had met Doc with results disastrous to himself, but his was a spirit which refused to accept defeat.

In the meantime Doc had approached him with much pawing of the ground, and presently they were sidling around each other with deep rumblings of anger, each watching for a chance to take the other unawares. They evinced a lordly disregard for the fact that they might have chosen a much better field for their maneuvers, as the steep hill rose on one side of the narrow road, while on the other the ground sloped sharply away to a small brook, beyond which stretched the level land of the "bottom."

Fear of injury to a valuable animal led the boy and his father to appear upon the scene armed with long pikepoles, "to see fair play," just as the two bulls suddenly came together and locked horns with a resounding thud of their thick skulls.

With the greatest fury they pushed and strained, braced, twisted and altered their positions, each striving to gain some advantage. They raised a cloud of dust, through which their struggling bodies were hardly distinguishable. Doc's superior size and weight forced his adversary to give ground occasionally, but he would not give way entirely. He kept his face to the foe, and changed position with a skill and agility which gave Doc no chance to break down his guard.

Presently Doc forced him partly out of the road, but here he held on with desperation until the violent exertion compelled them both to pause for breath. And now the boy did an unchivalrous

thing. He thrust the sharp steel pike with which he was armed against the side of the white bull, throwing him off his guard; and Doc, having no Quixotic notions of fair play, took advantage of his momentary confusion and rushed him backward down the slope and into the brook.

The white bull clambered out on the other side, and, adopting the bank as his line of defense, held the black at bay in the brook until the latter was reinforced by the two pikepoles. Then, on the level "bottom" the battle raged, until Doc's superior size and strength enabled him to exhaust his adversary and drive him grumbling from the field, beaten but not conquered.

This was but one of many combats waged between these two. They had formerly belonged to the same owner; and the white bull, being a year the older, had been undisputed "boss" until Doc forged ahead of him in growth and succeeded in whipping him in a fair fight. This had happened several months before our story opens, and, about the same time, Doc had changed owners. In nearly every case, one appeal to the arbitrament of arms will decide, between two bulls, the question of supremacy, and the defeated one will quietly accept the verdict. But the white bull had the blood and spirit of a long line of fighting ancestors, coming from stock which had been driven from the Spanish ranges of Southern California, and his dauntless spirit was not to be crushed by disaster. He had ruled the black and he would rule him again or perish in the attempt! Time after time did he meet and do battle with Doc. The result was invariably the same; he was obliged to leave the field exhausted, bruised and beaten; but before the next encounter he would apparently forget this, and he would go into the fight with a desperate determination, a confidence and high courage, that took no note of defeat.

At last Doc sought him out on his own ground one day, and a hard engagement was fought. When the smaller animal's strength was spent Doc succeeded in breaking down his guard, and by a dexterous flank movement pinned him helpless against a large fallen tree. Then, by sheer strength of horns and neck, the white was tossed bodily over the tree, alighting fairly on his back. Then the white bull took counsel of his better judgment, and, seeming to acquiesce in Doc's claim of supremacy, avoided further encounters; but he still cherished a thirst for revenge, and solaced himself with the reflection that this unsatisfactory state of affairs was only temporary.

About this time he was enticed into the barn and the sharp tips of his horns were removed with a saw so that he should do no serious injury to Doc, whose horns had already been treated. He was then discovered to be "quite a chunk of a bull"; so soon after his defeat he was bought and put in the same team with Doc, thus becoming a useful member of bovine society. He now reached the dignity of a name, being christened "Spot," from a round, red spot on each side. Here he unhesitatingly acknowledged Doc's sovereignty, and, the latter being of a magnanimous disposition, they became the best of friends. On Sundays and other days when turned out they regularly spent an hour or so in a friendly "sparring" match.

Calm in his conscious superiority, Doc was never vindictively vicious toward the other cattle. He would never go out of his way to harm one of them; nor, on the other hand, would he go a step out of his way to avoid going through one of them. He would patiently and gently "spar" with the oldest or weakest steer of the lot, or he would, with equal readiness, fight all comers for blood or for fun.

Spot seemed to cherish the hope that by sparring with Doc he could learn his "tricks" and perhaps perfect some plan by which to eventually overthrow him. Many times the boy, watching the friendly scuffle, saw Spot put forth all his strength for a moment as though experimenting on some new "system." But Doc was too overwhelmingly able to handle him, and also seemed to be of too noble a spirit to suspect the scheming

vindictiveness of his fallen foe. Only once were they observed to come to open hostilities. Sparring on rough ground, Doc unsuspectingly allowed Spot to take him at a disadvantage, when, quick as a flash, Spot seized his opportunity, and had his horns been sharp would have ended Doc's career on the spot. But his triumph was short, for Doc recovered himself and in righteous indignation chased the white villain for half a mile. However, Doc was too generous to hold animosity, and friendly relations were revived at once.

For years the two animals worked in the same team every summer and ranged together every winter; and still Spot cherished his vengeful determination to some day retrieve his disasters and conquer his conqueror. At last he passed the prime of life and found himself going down the hill. Years and hard work were telling on him worse than on Doc; if he was ever to achieve his lifelong ambition it would have to be soon. So one day on level ground in an open field he once more challenged Doc to deadly combat.

It was "a fight to a finish." The open ground enabled the smaller animal to keep clear of all entanglements, to realize the full benefit of his agility and endurance, and to avoid a decisive overthrow. Round and round the field they fought, tearing up great flakes of the grassy sod with their hoofs. In a square trial of strength Spot was obliged to give way; but by every twist and turn and trick that he had learned in his years of sparring, he strove to diminish Doc's advantage. For hours they struggled, stopping occasionally to recover breath, and then going at each other with renewed fury. At length they were both trembling on their feet and nearly exhausted, but Spot simply would not give up. It was the fight of his life, the culmination of all his dreams, and he would win or die on the battle-field. Finally his desperate and unconquerable valor won the day. Doc gave it up, turned tail and owned himself defeated, and Spot was left in victorious possession of the field.

"Everything comes to him who waits." He had accomplished the object for which he had planned and schemed for so many years—but at what a cost! In the language of his owner: "He had strained himself all to pieces and was never any good afterwards." He grew thin, and being put again in the team, was found to be a total wreck, weak and "all crippled up." So he was turned out to pick his living on the abundant wild grass and recruit if he could.

The question of supremacy was not again opened with Doc, who accepted his defeat as final and philosophically took his place as second in command; but, as this story is absolutely true in every particular, it is necessary to state poor Spot's enjoyment of the supreme authority was of short duration.

Old Star, Doc's mate, a bull as much larger than Doc as the latter was larger than Spot, seeing the championship within his grasp, was suddenly seized with ambition. One unfair advantage he had in the fact that, having always displayed a mild and peaceable disposition, he had been allowed to retain the needle-like tips of his horns. Principally by sheer weight of brawn he defeated Spot in a few weakly contested rounds; then, turning his attention to Doc, disposed of that humbled monarch with equal ease. And it is well to add, parenthetically, that there soon proved to be a very noticeable difference between the reign of the dignified and magnanimous Doc and that of the more docile and intelligent, but small-spirited and vindictively tyrannical, Star.

But Spot's day was done. Old before his time, weak, lame and generally broken down, with his life's work accomplished, and nothing more to live for, he wandered off "down the slough," and, frequenting a salt-water marsh, he ignominiously mired down in a lonely mudhole and there breathed his last.

Many years have passed since the discovery of his bleaching skeleton gave plain indication of his fate, yet, by the boy, now approaching middle age, Spot is still remembered as the embodiment of unswerving determination and "clear grit."

In Memory of Our Dead Soldier Boys.

By CHAS. K. BURNSIDE.

When to our country came the call to arm
Against the wrongs of centuries to fight,
Our brave boys left the workshop and the farm
And went forth nobly to defend the right.
They met the tyrant, in his pride sublime,
And drove him from the isles across the sea,
Tore down the flag of ignorance and crime
And planted there the emblem of the free.

The work, for which they left their homes, was done,
And they with honor might have marched away;
But, not content with glory nobly won,
Where duty called, our heroes chose to stay
And with their comrades meet the savage foe,
Who, taught by Spain foul treachery to try—
Too vile, too ignorant the right to know—
Assailed our flag, nor stopped to reason why.

And in the battle front our heroes fell,
Or sank beneath the tropic's blazing sun;
Died bravely for the flag they loved so well,
Unyielding till the victory was won.
And in the jungles, far across the sea,
In unknown graves beneath the somber shade,
From pain, and toil, and strife forever free,
There many a noble soldier boy is laid.

Long shall the comrades by whose side they fought
Think of the heroes who in battle fell;
Long shall a nation's highest, noblest thought
The story of their brave devotion tell.
Theirs was the courage none but freemen show—
Sublime as e'er the field of battle trod—
That noblest impulse man can ever know:
Devotion to his country and his God.

Sleep, brave defenders of your country, sleep;
Your graves are hallowed by a nation's love;
And angels shall their vigils o'er you keep,
For each lone resting place is known above.
Rest, heroes, for your honor is secure;
Forever safe from scandal's blighting breath,
Your fame through all the ages shall endure,
True sons of liberty, in life and death.

God of our fathers, by thy mighty hand
Lead thou our nation in the ways untried;
May we be faithful to our native land,
True to the Stars and Stripes for which they died.
And if our priceless heritage to keep,
Freedom and right at any cost maintain,
Then they who in the far-off islands sleep
Have not laid down their noble lives in vain.

Our Point of View

Just Among Ourselves.

The Pacific Monthly has come to stay. That much is settled. So the doubting ones who stood aloof and said, "It can't be done" can best get into line now by subscribing and doing their part to help us build up a great magazine in the Pacific Northwest. We are going to do it—that is settled, too. But we are not going to attempt any great splurge. Our policy is rather to grow gradually and surely—how could it be otherwise in Portland? We've had a hard fight of it this last year—there's no denying that, but we have won out (our record is, all things considered, the best of any periodical that has ever been started on this coast), and we've buckled on our armor for another hard fight, and we are not afraid of the result, so you needn't be. Did you ever think seriously for a few minutes what a splendid thing it would be to have a great magazine published in the Northwest? What a source of pride and gratification it would be to you, to your town, to your state? Irrespective of our stand or interest in the matter, could there really be any other one undertaking that has such wonderful possibilities in it? Of course there would not be many possibilities in an undertaking of this kind if we were to keep aloof from our readers, but we shall endeavor more and more to make this your magazine, kind reader, a mutual proposition in which your interest in its progress will be as great as ours. And we are not building our structure upon false hopes or sand. There is a great field here for a magazine such as we have in mind. The valleys and hills of the great West are capable of supporting a tremendous population, and this fact is just beginning to be appreciated by the world. We can say that here is the most favored region on the whole earth—and you are here and we are here. Shall we not, then, lift up our faces and be glad?

When smiling valleys and snowclad mountains, majestic rivers and all that is grand and glorious in nature urge us on to our best shall we lag and be skeptical? Let us put our shoulders to the wheel. Let us make the most of our opportunities—make the most of our possibilities in education, in literature, in art, in the great business world. The Pacific Monthly hopes to encourage these things, to take a part in the development of this wonderful region. Our aims are high, and we shall do our best, but after all much depends upon the attitude of the people of the Northwest. That it will be even more satisfactory in the future than it has been in the past we have not the smallest doubt.

* * *

You can be happy if you will; the trouble of it is—you won't.

* * *

The Pacific Monthly's Attitude Toward Politics.

This magazine is in no sense a partisan journal, nor will it ever become such. Political subjects have been treated in some of the departments, because politics is perhaps the most fascinating and absorbing subject that occupies the attention of the nation, and no periodical which proposes to keep abreast of the times can well afford to disregard this fact. Our department, "Questions of the Day," has therefore been reserved for those of our readers who wish to express themselves on any subject that might properly come under that heading. We shall always endeavor, however, to have both sides of any question stated. Editorially there will be no expression of opinion. We make this explanation at this time for those who may not have clearly understood our position, and for the benefit of the large number of new subscribers which has recently been added to our list.

The man who lives is one who orders his life well; who sleeps well, eats well, and works well, and allows nothing to interfere. The others exist.

* * *

Any suggestions from our readers in regard to the manner of conducting our departments, subjects to be treated, or ideas to be carried out, will receive the most grateful and considerate attention by the editors, and are respectfully and earnestly solicited from all.

* * *

If I were a woman I would rather be able to cook a good meal and manage a house than be Queen Victoria.

* * *

White.

In one of our large universities a study was recently made as to the effect of colors and their relative importance in daily life. Much stress was laid upon red and blue, but, strange to say, white received comparatively little attention. Yet there is no color that has so many marvelous facts connected with it. The world has always put a peculiar estimation upon white. It has been used as the symbol of purity from time immemorial, and there is that something about it that defies time or explanation. It is a standard towards which the whole world of mankind, as well as plant and animal life, seem to unconsciously move. We believe it to be true that, as a rule, perfection is reached as white is approached. There are, of course, exceptions to this, but there are enough important instances in accord with it to make it a rule. The most perfect race on earth is the white race. The most perfect heat is a white heat, and the most perfect light is a white light. The best and most nourishing bread is white, and most of the best foods are white. The most perfect and efficacious medicines, we believe, are white medicines. The most perfect flowers are white. These few examples will suffice to suggest our line of thought, but many others could be mentioned. There are other facts connected with white that are equally interesting. It is the most enduring of the colors. It is used more than any other, and yet, paradoxical as it may seem, it is the color that is used when the fairer and gentler sex appear at their best. Webster's dictionary says that "white was used as a term of endearment or favor, especially to a favorite child or dependent." Dr. Busby used to call his favorite scholars his "white boys." Probably the present similar use of white, commonly supposed to be slang, can be traced back to this origin. Webster also gives the following definitions of white: "Characterized by freedom from that which defiles, disturbs, and the like; hence, innocent; fortunate; happy; favorable." An example of this usage is found in Walter Scott's works: "On the whole, however, the dominie reckoned this as one of the white days of his life." No color, then, has the significance or importance possessed by white. It holds a unique and very peculiar place, and may have a deeper meaning than the world yet understands.

* * *

You can gain anything you wish if you will sacrifice enough for it.

* * *

Consumption.

The medical profession has struggled in vain for centuries to find some remedy for that dreadful malady—consumption. Yet the labor has not been entirely fruitless, for some of the long-accepted theories have been overthrown by recent investigation. One of these theories, and a very important one, which is now disregarded by the enlightened medical men of today, is that consumption was, in the majority of cases, an hereditary disease. The very opposite of this is now believed to be the case. Investigation has proven that it is a very rare thing to find an hereditary case of consumption, while the majority of cases are those which have been brought on by a disregard of the laws of health. This is a fact of great importance to mankind, and one that will prove of incalculable assistance to the medical profession in meeting, resisting or preventing the spread of such a relentless disease. An ounce of prevention in this case will equal several hundred pounds of cure.

* * *

The trouble with people is that they don't care; or, if they do care, that is often as far as it goes.

Men and Women

The sketch which Mrs. Duniway presents in these two brief paragraphs is too true to life, and too realistically drawn to be passed lightly by.

"Our pioneer women had not long been property-holders before they became taxpayers. Then, gradually, the truth dawned upon them, as they toiled to pay the taxgatherer, that 'taxation without representation is tyranny,' and "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.' By and by the son of the pioneer grew up and left the farm, with its old-fashioned, meager equipments, which satisfied the good old father, who, while he lived, had tried in vain to curb the aspirations of the boy. And the son became an inventor, an actor, a speculator, a printer, a publisher, a doctor, a prize-fighter, a soldier, a banker, a broker, an editor, a politician, a merchant—an anything but a plodding, half-way tiller of the soil his parents loved.

"Then the daughter, finding the young man had left the farm, came also to the city, and began to crowd her brother in the race for livelihood. The young man co-operated with his fellows and built a clubhouse—and still the maiden was alone. But she would work cheaper than he, chiefly because she could not run life's race with him, except in ruinous competition. So she lived in a 7x9 room, with an oil stove and a folding-bed! and more and more she crowded him to the wall. And it was a life of independence compared to that which she had left. Her meager wage sufficed for food and clothes and shelter. She had discovered herself, and for a time she was satisfied."

Whether or not the remedy which she suggests would prove effective, is a matter of doubt, but that the "self-discovered" woman is not particularly pleased with her present situation is apparent to all who presume to read the "signs of the times." In spite of her boasted independence, it is easy to believe that Mrs. Duniway has caught the gist of her soliloquy in the words which she puts into the mouth of the wage-earner: "This box wherein I sleep is not a home? I toil at half wages, and I am ostracized from the society in which my favored sister and brother shine. I have no hope in posterity, for I cannot marry. But I must live, and I am not content!"

It is mockery to be told to keep to her home, seeing that she has only that 7x9 room where no love is. And "when you remind her that 'marriage is her proper sphere,' she is confronted with the fact that the modern bachelor is not a marrying man."

Madame Sarah Grand has been telling the women's clubs of Philadelphia about the influence of "chiffon" upon the progress of the world. She thinks that the noble pioneers of what is termed the "woman movement" made a great mistake in "ignoring the potency of dress and trifles."

* * *

"Love, real love, is not afraid of poverty or of anything else."

Carriage and dress are part of the cultured atmosphere of womanhood. If we are not judged by appearances, how else are we judged? Appropriate dressing is all important, short hair manly; coats and skirts and a sailor hat will not carry the average woman through life.

* * *

In true married life everything is poetry; and in the person who is loved everything is noble.—Michelet.

The divine character is built up slowly by taking loyal hold of the diviner possibilities of human science.

* * *

There is a speech without words which is understood without having been at school, and which is read without having learned to read books.—Lamartine.

* * *

When indivduals have sailed together a certain number of years they become friends from a similarity of destinies, from sympathy of views, from resemblances of places, times and moral living together in the same ship, sailing toward an unknown shore. To be contemporaries is almost being friends, if they are good; the earth is a family hearth, life a kindred relationship. One may differ in ideas, in tastes, even in convictions, while they are floating, but we cannot keep from feeling a secret tenderness for the one who is floating with us.—Lamartine.

Let every woman think there are no limits to her progress, and let her believe it, and make this a living action in her life. With confidence and hope, she can feel a new energy and inspiration to conquer the crisis of life.

* * *

As soon as a girl grows old enough to think of the possibility of marriage educate her to think of it not as a settlement in life, but as the outcome and crown of an honest, healthy, real love.

* * *

It is in the hours of toil, responsibilities and daily duties that the sincere woman rises above her environments. She feels the abounding life and gladness, and mets each new morning with enthusiasm and good will to all mankind.

* * *

"A violet without perfume is like a woman without a soul."

The Woman Who Stands Alone.

You have passed the gates of trouble,
Wiped away your tears for aye;
Seen fear vanish like a bubble.
Loss? There's nothing lost, you say.
Pain you've met and learned to dare it,
Care has like a phantom flown.
Grief? Like victor's crown you wear it,
You who calmly stand alone.

Others 'mongst the dead or living
Have seen love or felt his dart;
You, a very queen in giving,
You have pressed him to your heart.
Why should those we love delude us? ,
For his life you'd given your own;
Yet he kissed like traitorous Judas,
Called your foes—left you, alone.

But for you, all hope must perish;
Darkest billows o'er you roll,
Ere you could be taught to cherish
All the power of your soul.
Death can never more alarm you;
Life eternal is your own;
Baseless hopes no more can charm you,
You can smile, and stand alone.

Look down on the world's wild riot,
Where men struggle, curse—and die.
Unmoved, in your spirit's quiet,
Calmly watch the swift years fly.
Gaze adown the coming ages,
Careless though the storms ne'er cease;
Smile while death's fierce tempest rages,
Somewhere, God has written, "Peace."

Adonen.

The Home

SOME OF THE THINGS PEOPLE SAY ABOUT IT.

What is Home?

The golden setting, in which the brightest jewel is "mother."

A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in.

Home is the blossom, of which heaven is the fruit.

The only spot on earth where the faults and failings of fallen humanity are hidden under the mantle of charity.

The place where the great are sometimes small, and the small often great.

The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world.

The jewel casket, containing the most precious of all jewels—domestic happiness.

Where you are treated best and you grumble most.

Home is the central telegraph office of human love, into which run innumerable wires of affection, many of which, though extending thousands of miles, are never disconnected from the one great terminus.

The center of our affections, around which our heart's best wishes twine.

A little hollow scooped out of the windy hill of the world, where we can be shielded from its cares and annoyances.

"The home means the perfection of the child life for which it exists."

The household and its management is the most important factor in national prosperity.

* * *

Domestic science should become a part of every girl's education. When girls are taught and trained to keep house, as boys are educated for professions, there will be more homes and fewer boarding-houses in the land and more happy wives and wise mothers.

* * *

"The twentieth century household demands of its manager, first of all, the scientific understanding of the sanitary requirements of a human habitation; second, a knowledge of the values, absolute and relative, of the various articles which are used in the house, including food; third, a system of account keeping that shall make possible a close watch upon expenses; fourth, an ability to secure from others the best they have to give, and to maintain a high standard of honest work."

Dr. W. B. Sampson, who is an ardent advocate of and the originator of what he is pleased to term "lacteropathy," gives the following treatment as a cure for smallpox. He claims that it is an infallible remedy.

Mode of Treatment.

Lay three or more blankets on a mattress and take a single sheet, only large enough to envelop the body, and if the weather be cold, first warm the sheet, then saturate the sheet with about a pint and a half of warm milk (not boiled), and open out the sheet without wringing it, and lay it on the top of the blankets. Then pack the patient in the sheet tightly round the body, under the arms, covering the shoulders on each side with the top of the sheet, the arms resting bare on the sheet. Then pack the blankets one by one over the body on each side and let the patient lie in this pack for, say, an hour. When taken off he can either be sponged all over with warm water, or take a warm bath.

The following recipe for "taffy" by a graduate of Lasell should be in every household. The second recipe by the same author, however, we do not recommend:

Any one who is accustomed to make frequent use of this dish should learn this recipe by heart, in order to prepare it on short notice.

Take two teacupfuls of carefully assorted compliments, mixed thoroughly with sugar of exaggeration until each compliment is covered. Add a few drops of oil of common sense and two or three kisses, according to disposition. This should boil half an hour and should be served just before demanding a favor. The effect will be instantaneous and extremely satisfactory.

To prepare this palatable dish, take three hours of fooling in the evening, beat carefully to a stiff froth, adding page by page and with exceeding care a chapter from the last sensational novel smuggled into the room. Now pour in a half wineglassful of gossip and season with half a dozen jokes from Truth. This should bake all night and be turned out in the morning. You will be surprised to find in the pan a beautifully browned and well-done scolding, which should be served hot.

Interchange.

When summer glows from South to North,
Her flower-embroidered mantle wearing,
The city sends her myriads forth
On pleasure's errands gaily faring,
Seeking the shellfish by the sea,
The mountain trout, so timid-hearted,
The wood bird's tender minstrelsy,
Till heat and fever have departed;
To climb o'er peaks and rocky domes,
Seeking the glacier's icy homes;
Or view from heights the flowery fields,
And all the charms the country yields.

When winter comes and fields are brown,
And pictures of the wood-aisles hidden,
The country goes to view the town,
A guest to merry feasting bidden.
And in the city windows sees,
Where, reproduced by cunning fingers,
The summer's scenes, her spreading trees,
Her beauty and her color lingers.
Then, what the city's charm completes,
To view at night far-reaching streets,
Like garden paths a-bloom with light,
The many-colored flowers of night.

Belle W. Cooke.

San Francisco, January, 1900.

Books

PSYCHISM

By Paul Gibier, M. D.
Bulletin Publishing Co., N. Y.

"Psychism" is on the same lines as "A Scientific Demonstration of a Future Life," by Hudson, and others of that class, using the manifestations of psychic phenomena and the occult as a basis upon which to build the theory of future existence. Dr. Gibier has been a member of the Society for Psychical Research of London for several years, and is the director of the New York Pasteur institute. For 15 years he has been investigating this matter among some of the most noted mediums and hynotic subjects, and is firmly convinced of the truth of these demonstrations. He recognizes the fact that many of the clairvoyants and "psychics" are arrant frauds and pretenders, but enough has been shown him to prove (to him, at least) that some can communicate with the world beyond, and that the spirits of the departed can, under certain conditions reveal themselves to the living. The doctor reasons that man is made up of three component parts: The body, or material part, the energy, or life, and the intelligence or spirit. The spirit can leave the body temporarily, as in dreams, delirium, unconsciousness, etc., but is controlled by the energy, or life, and brought back; but when, from accident or lack of strength, this is not effected, then dissolution, or death, as it is termed, ensues.

Unfortunately, the author lacks the power to express himself in a lucid manner, but his earnestness and faith are nevertheless convincing, and one sees as he sees through suggestion, not argumentation. To those who are drifting toward a belief in annihilation, this book is earnestly commended.

* * *

"The Muse of Brotherhood" is Edward Markham's last and greatest poem. It is published in the Saturday Evening Post.

LIFE BEYOND DEATH.

By Minot Judson Savage, D. D.
G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This work is a more pretentious one than Gibier's "Psychism," but reaches the same conclusion, namely: There is a future life, and it is capable of demonstration.

The inspiration for the book is found in the loving dedication to the author's son, who died early last summer.

The belief in immortality is shown to have existed from the earliest records of mankind, even among the most savage and degraded tribes. The conception of it varied as the races varied in character. The American Indian looked forward to the happy hunting-ground, well stocked with game, the Scandinavian to the hall of Valhalla, where the brave warriors again fought their battles, and the Mohammedans to rose-scented gardens, melodious with the songs of birds, and peopled with dark-eyed houris. The fact, however, of an almost universal inborn belief in the future life, leads the author to regard it as well founded.

He brings out the history of clairvoyance from ancient times, including the "Witch of Endor," to that of the present day. Dr. Savage is of the opinion that specially constituted individuals have the power of communicating with those of the "great beyond," and cites many personal experiences in proof of the same. He does not fall back upon the Scriptural writing to any extent, but bases his belief upon analogy and reason. The poets are freely quoted in corroboration, and again we hear Whittier say

> "That life is ever lord of death,
> And love can never lose its own,"

and the familiar sweet words of Longfellow:

There is no death! What seems so is transition,

brings once more its message of consolation.

The gifted author has in this work

added to his already great reputation as a writer, and one hopes that he may yet give us another of its kind.

* * *

THE QUEEN'S TWIN, AND OTHER STORIES.
By Sarah Orne Jewett.
Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

It is always with a feeling of pleasant anticipation that one takes up a volume of stories by Miss Jewett, and her last one issued, entitled "The Queen's Twin," makes us only regret that there are so few of them written. Her stories of New England, while rich in local color, have none of that stern, grim Puritanism which pervades the work of some writers in this field. There is a kindly, genial tone to her characterizations, and a flavor (like the red-cheeked apples of this region of granite soil and fierce summer sunshine) of old wine of a rare vintage.

The initial story of the book is of a gentle, lovable old lady living alone in a picturesque cottage on the Maine coast who was called the "Queen's Twin," as she was born at the same hour as Queen Victoria. There was also a strange coincidence in the husbands of both having the name of Albert, and the first four children of both being given the same Christian names.

The best story of the volume is without question "Martha's Lady," and brings out strongly the unwavering loyalty and fidelity of a neglected country girl to a young lady from the city who has encouraged her. Forty years of absence has not changed the love of her girlhood days, and Sunday afternoons always found her seated at her chamber window with the "little wooden box" open before her, looking fondly over the gifts and trinkets sent her long years ago.

"Aunt Cynthy Dallett" is told in Miss Jewett's best style, while the "Night Before Thanksgiving," although a well-worn theme, gets a new charm in the dainty handling of it.

The admirers of the author of "Deephaven" will not be disappointed in this last work of hers, and her pictures of the self-sacrificing women and men will always be retained in the memory of those who see in these examples the true meaning and lesson of life.

* * *

BANDANNA BALLADS.
By Howard Weeden.
Doubleday & McClure, New York.

This attractive volume, with its vignette in ivory and gold on the cover, makes a good impression at first sight, which is strengthened when the interior is seen. Miss Weeden has brought before us the "quality negroes" of the period before the war, both in portraits and verse, and every one familiar with the South will recognize the types of the old-time darkies at once. Each portrait has its appropriate poetry, and the author seems to have caught the rhythm and melody for which the colored people were famous. Here we see one old darky sighing for the "good old times" and complaining:

> 'I haven't cooked a 'possum, Lord!
> For such a long, long time,

And another homesick and crying pathetically:

> I long to see a cotton field
> Once more before I go,
> All hot and splendid, roll its miles
> Of sunny summer snow.

The "man with the hoe" voices his philosophy thus:

> You can always depend on de fields an' de sky
> Whichever way other things go,
> An' de res' will get plain in time to de man
> Who keeps a good grip on his hoe.

One of the best portraits is one of the old "mammy," so dear to every Southerner's heart; that loving autocrat of the household—whose word was law, from which there was no appeal:

> One face shines whiter than the dawn,
> And steadfast as a star,
> None but my mother's face could shine
> So bright—and be so far!
>
> The other dark one leans from heaven,
> Brooding still to calm me;
> Black as if ebon rest had found
> Its image in my mammy!

* * *

Joel Chandler Harris has written an appreciative introduction, in which he looks regretfully back to the old times when "Here was to be found the courtesy, the refinement, the dignity, the

touch of condescension which the old-time negroes caught from their masters. Alas! that the successors and descendants of these old negroes should now everywhere answer to the name of 'coons,' and that their rich melodies should be degraded into the vulgar and disgusting 'rag-time' songs."

* * *

DANGER SIGNALS.

By Edward S. Tabor.
The Abbey Press, New York.

The Abbey Press is a new publishing house whose books are admirably gotten out. In the way of paper, type and binding there is little left to be desired. This book, "Danger Signals," is written with an obvious purpose, and while it is never a wise thing to try to reform an evil by preaching about it and painting pen pictures of its hideousness, there are many hands into which this work may fall that will make right use of it. The author is evidently an ardent supporter of W. C. T. U. principles, and there is no question about his earnestness. Also, he sees clearly, not only the evils that affect modern society, but the proper remedies as well. He is not a dreamer of dreams, a visionary, but practical reformer who would bring about better social conditions by simple and natural methods. With the exception of one or two pages which good taste would have been glad to dispense with, the book is interesting, instructive and well and strongly written, and certainly no thoughtful person can read it without profit. Such books are not perused for pleasure.

* * *

BIRD NOTES.

By June McMillan Ordway.
Wright Publishing Co., Portland.

Madame Norelli, to whom this exquisite little song is dedicated, speaks of it in terms of the highest praise. Mrs. Ordway is soon to publish other of her musical compositions. She is already known to the world of song by the patriotic production, "Our Country Grand," which has been so often sung during the last two years.

* * *

In the February number of the Century, Captain Slocum, of the Spray, concludes the account of his three years' cruise around the world. Nothing more interesting than this story, simply told, of a solitary voyage in a little sloop no larger than a pleasure boat could be imagined. To those who love the sea it is exhilarating, inspiring. Every line thrills with the unwritten romance and mystery of the deep, which can be felt but never told.

Unspoken.

In drifting boat
Sit man and girl;
Their thoughts remote
And hearts awhirl.

Their fancies play
As free winds blow,
Where shadows stray,
Or streamlets flow.

In mystic gloom
And hazy air,
'Mid wild perfume
They drifted there.

The loon's far cry
The silence smote
Like words on sky
The Magi wrote.

"Cast off the troll
For foolish fish?
Upon my soul
I only wish

"To think and dream;
With you I live,
Then only seem
To have and give."

The lake was cross'd
And cross'd again;
Campfire was lost—
Time was not then.

The day had come
When they must part.
If lips were dumb—
From heart to heart

No message bore;
Yet Nature, bold,
Them o'er and o'er
The secret told.

But, wards of Fate,
Not theirs the prize;
At Destiny's gate
The joylight dies.

C. H. Sholes.

The Idler

A STUDY.

It was nearing the close of a hot, tiresome day, and he was glad to have the opportunity of going to the woods to indulge in the habit he called "reasoning." Reasoning!

That's what he thought it was, but then he didn't know; his mind was too clouded and dissipated by long practice of this same thing for him to perceive the difference.

He walked to the woods and threw himself upon the grass at the edge of the large pond. For some moments he lay there looking up at the hazy sky.

And then, naturally, he began to think: "I am not poetic, else I should be impressed by the largeness of the heavens.

"To me the sight brings recollections of days in grinding college life—a vision of chalk-dusty classroom, sleepy students, book shelves loaded with dry text-books.

"The sky repeats my story—opportunity, promise, effort, discouragement, failure, utter surrender. What am I now? A butterfly in the garden of literature, sipping here and there as my impulses direct, and going deep into nothing."

As time wore on the sky became less hazy, the sun sank lower and lower. At last—sunset. He was vaguely conscious of the change, and he knew he should have risen and gone to his evening meal.

Suddenly he turned on his side and faced the west. The sky was one sea of splendid color. As he gazed in admiration his bitter self-consciousness left him. Peaceful thoughts took form and passed; he ceased to feel weighed down by himself.

Once he had been a hypnotist, and now the old sleep formula came back to him. He smiled in pleasant anticipation. "I will change the formula from sleep to peace. Ah! the herd little knows what rapture is in the power of a human mind! 'Peaceful, contented, quiet, but tired, drowsy, drowsy, forgetful, happy, oh, so happy!' "

The spell of his own cultivated power had taken possession of him, and he wandered in the paradise that was his conception of highest happiness.

Time passed from minutes into hours. The colors in the western sky faded into an all-pervading gloom just as his youthful hopes had paled and lost themselves in the gloom of experience. He expanded, he grew, he wandered on in the self-willed deception, ever higher, higher.

The law of compensation must have been paying him for his usual wretchedness.

The little, sympathetic frogs came out and sang a chorus of contentment, and the world went to sleep.

* * * * * * *

At last, late in the night, he resumed consciousness, bitter consciousness.

Stiff with the damp and cold, he arose and started back to the city. His exalted mental state was paid for in the pains of his physical man. Paid for? Never! A life time of wretchedness is slight in comparison to an hour of that life which is stored in an intelligent, human brain, but which nearly always dies a stranger to its possessor.

* * * * * * *

Some months later he was found dead at the edge of the pond.

He had passed an unusually trying day and had sought the woods at sunset. The usual thing had happened, but it had gone farther.

From "reasoning" he had gone into his only "happiness," and "happiness" had been followed by oblivion—the yielding of the misused brain. With the light of this late peace on his face his wretched life had dissolved.

Loris Melikoff Johnson.

Questions of the Day

This Department is for the use of our readers, and expressions, limited to six hundred words, are solicited on subjects relating to any social, religious or political question. All manuscript sent in must bear the author's name, though a nom de plume will be printed if so desired. The publishers will not, of course, be understood as necessarily endorsing any of the views expressed.

AMERICA'S FEELING TOWARDS ENGLAND.

At this moment, when another Englishman (and one whose name will go ringing down the corridors of time by simple virtue of that daring and original question, "What would you do if Christ came to Chicago?") is congratulating himself upon his success as a prophet of evil, it may seem presumptuous in me to rush into print with the avowed hope and expectation of lifting a corner of the mantle of gloom cast about us by the pessimistic predictions of this man who seems to see all things "as in a glass darkly."

Perhaps it is due to the fact that I was born under an optimistic planet and so inherited from the stars an extraordinary fund of hopefulness, that I cannot quite agree with Mr. Stead when he writes in large, indigo-colored letters upon the wall his "mene, mene," but it stays one mightily to know that there are still several millions of level-headed Anglo-Saxons left who uphold me in my belief that England and English-speaking people are destined to rule the world, and who refuse to quake in their boots at the dire announcement that the empire, stripped of its armor, has its hands tied behind its back, and its bare throat exposed to the keen knife of its bitterest enemies."

But granting such to be the case, I take it that we could count upon our friends to rally to the defense at the first threat of real danger. America, for her own protection, must stand by England and cry "hands off" to all who would dare to take advantage of her in her time of stress. But America would do this for other and less selfish reasons.

Set in this stormy northern sea,
Queen of these restless fields of tide,
England, what shall men say of thee,
Before whose feet the seas divide?

They may say much that is not altogether approving, they may criticise and condemn, but when it comes to the danger point, when England and English institutions are threatened with annihilation, our neighbor republic will not look on, inactive or silent.

"England is our mother." America has said it too often to have forgotten or to ever forget. Does a child repudiate a parent simply because having grown to years of discretion and responsibility it has set up a separate establishment and maintains the right to self-government?

English-speaking people are blood-kin the world over, and "blood is thicker than water" is the editorial opinion of this magazine voiced in its "Point of View" only last month. America will "see that there is fair play," to quote further from the same text. "We cannot stand idly by, should complications arise, and see England, our mother country, set upon by all Europe as by a pack of hounds bent upon her destruction." This sentiment, expressed, reluctantly as it would seem, is, at heart, the sentiment of the people of the United States, in spite of petitions to the president for interference in behalf of the Boers. America may sympathize with Oom Paul—even Englishmen pay tribute to the Boer as a fighting man, but she will stand by England should the need arise. And it is to this one fact that I wish to call Mr. Stead's attention, for he seems to have entirely overlooked it in his

eagerness to hurry the nation on to a dismal and disastrous end.

It may be true, as he is so anxious to have us believe "that there would not be more than the thickness of a piece of tissue of paper between us and a war with France if any incident arose which kindled popular passion on either side of the Channel." But so long as that thickness, or, more properly speaking, thinness exists, or even should it cease to exist, there is not sufficient danger to justify Mr. Stead's lamentation. What, for instance, if it should come to pass that all our battle-ships should be temporarily withdrawn, as he predicts, and that

> The strong sea-lion of England's wars
> Must leave his sapphire care of sea,
> To battle with the storm that mars
> The star of England's chivalry.

There would still be found a force strong enough to protect the British isles from foreign invasion. Let men like Mr. Stead, who see only the dark side of the shield, remember England's past; let them recall the fact that she has given "For every inch of ground a son"; that though today a monarchy in name, she is and has long been republican in her form of government; that she stands for republican institutions—for true democracy,

> And when this fiery web is spun
> Her watchmen shall descry from far
> The new republic like a sun
> Rise from these crimson seas of war.

And so, loving England, loyal to her institutions and believing in the loyalty of our "brothers in blood," and in the ultimate triumph of English arms and English chivalry, I subscribe myself, yours, most respectfully,

Clarence Danvers.

A Sonnet.

O wide, eternal, depth-unmeasured sea,
Of which no wave e'er breaks upon the shore,
Thou wast and must remain forevermore,
Till ev'ry soul is set from bondage free,
And time is lost in vast eternity.
O Sea of Death, thy mists are never torn
Apart by sounds of life, by breezes borne!
O mysterious, dark, unfathomed gloom,
Eternal silence reigneth over thee!
The horrors of a never-ending night—
A darkness that is never pierced by light,
But hangs amidst a silence deep and cold,
That light or life of earth can ne'er find room
To stay when thy dark mists around them fold.

Edith M. Church.

Winter on Puget Sound.

Can I forget that gray, chill day,
Upon the steely waters of the Sound,
When, with the salt spray in my face,
I stood for hours and watched
The broad, white path the vessel left
All shuddering from its contact?
Ever and anon the gulls,
The grand white gulls,
The silent, soft, strong, sympathetic gulls,
Would rise in triumph from the waves,
As if they spurned the element that gave them life,
And sought companionship with man.
O gulls, O waves, O breezes of the sea,
How strong ye are! How tireless! and how

Bernice E. Newell.

The Month

In Politics—

The trend of thought and events during the past month has been in the direction of casting the republican party more firmly in favor of the permanent retention of the Philippines, while the democratic party is becoming more and more opposed to the idea. Judging by the present conditions, this will be the chief issue upon which the parties will divide. Senator Beveridge's speech in the senate January 9 is regarded as "the real opening declaration from the republican side regarding the Philippine policy." Senator Beveridge said, in part:

"The Philippines are ours forever, 'territory belonging to the United States,' as the constitution calls them. And just beyond the Philippines are China's illimitable markets. We will not retreat from either. We will not repudiate our duty in the archipelago. We will not abandon our opportunity in the Orient. We will not renounce our part in the mission of our race, trustee, under God, of the civilization of the world. And we will move forward to our work, not howling out regrets like slaves whipped to their burdens, but with gratitude for a task worthy to Almighty God that he has marked us as his chosen people, henceforth to lead in the regeneration of the world.

"This island empire is the last land left in all the oceans. If it should prove a mistake to abandon it, the blunder once made would be irretrievable. If it proves a mistake to hold it, the error can be corrected, when we will see every other progressive nation stands ready to relieve us.

"But to hold it will be no mistake. Our largest trade henceforth must be with Asia. The Pacific is our ocean. More and more Europe will manufacture all it needs—secure from its colonies the most it consumes. Where shall we turn for consumers of our surplus? Geography answers the question. China is our natural customer. She is nearer to us than to England, Germany or Russia, the commercial powers of the present and the future. They have moved nearer to China by securing permanent bases on her borders.

"The Philippines give us a base at the door of all the East. Lines of navigation from our ports to the Orient and Australia; from the Isthmian canal to Asia; from all Oriental ports to Australia, converge at and separate from the Philippines. They are a self-supporting, dividend-paying fleet, permanently anchored at a spot selected by the Pacific. And the Pacific is the ocean of the commerce of the future. Most future wars will be conflicts for commerce. The power that rules the Pacific, therefore, is the power that rules the world. And, with the Philippines, that power is and will forever be the American republic."

* * *

Senator Hanna, regarding the coming republican convention and the national issues (the first utterance he has made on the question), has said:

"Of course, President McKinley will be renominated, and, without doubt, he will receive every vote in the convention; but when it comes to choosing his running mate and deciding on the platform, there is likely to be an abundance of excitement. . . . The national issues will be, first, the prosperity of the working people of the country; second, the retention of the Philippines."

* * *

The Hamburg chamber of commerce, in its annual report, characterizes the trade relations of the United States and Germany as unjust and unsatisfactory, and places the blame for the situation upon the Dingley tariff and the "harassing restrictions and regulations to which German exporters to the United States are subjected."

* * *

Mr. Bourke Cockran bases his change of position upon what he is pleased to term the "change of issues," and so justifies his determination to support W. J. Bryan for the presidency in 1900, though he opposed him in 1896.

* * *

The Nation says that "something ought to be done to check" the collection and expenditure of money in political campaigns for corrupt purposes. The evil having grown to national proportions can only be effected by the application of a "national remedy."

* * *

The important issues affecting the Pacific coast are the Nicaragua canal bill and the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, which are at present engaging the attention of congress.

England is still firm in pressing the South African war, and expresses confidence in Generals Roberts and Buller. The Boers continue to be victorious in all engagements, and there is meanwhile much suffering on either side from hunger and disease.

* * *

Governor Roosevelt has made public announcement of his intention to decline the nomination for vice-presidency.

In Science —

A prehistoric fossil, a cross between an alligator and a lizard, has been found in Chile. It is believed to weigh about six tons, and measures approximately 28 feet 11 inches in length. The head is nine feet long, and the tail is 14 feet 11 inches long. Across the back it measures 9 feet 9 inches. The fossil is petrified, and has considerable stone hanging to it. It will be taken to Valparaiso.

* * *

Francisco de Borja Pavon, a Cuban has invented an improved electro-magnetic machine.

* * *

The first Chinese electric railway is now in operation, connecting the Peking railway station with the south gate of the city.

* * *

Dr. Schenk has been dismissed from his professional positions by request of the Vienna medical faculty for the "frivolous publication of scientific matter."

* * *

The London Journal, Engineering, in a recent issue, contains an illustrated description of a new freight locomotive, one of 40 constructed at Dunkirk, N. Y., for the Union Pacific railway.

* * *

The printing of books and periodicals upon highly glossed paper is held to be extremely injurious to the eyesight, so much so that the growing practice has provoked a united protest against it on the part of English readers.

* * *

Liquid air is to be put to a practical test in raising the Maine.

* * *

Inventive genius is just now being brought to bear upon the solution of the problem of saving the fine gold in which the sands of Cape Nome are so rich. The ordinary sluice box or flume is not used with profit here because the sand packs the riffles and neutralizes the saving device. An invention of very recent date is being indorsed by practical miners, mining engineers and mineralogists. The salient features of this machine are, first, that it has the same motion in the panning that a Chinaman, who excels in that work, has in panning gravel in an ordinary gold pan, and the agitating fingers have a lateral motion and perform the same service on a large scale that the man does in stirring up the gravel in a gold pan in order to give the gold an opportunity to gravitate to the bottom of the pan It is claimed that one man operating this invention can furnish sufficient power to work from thirty to forty tons of sand or gravel daily. It requires less than one miner's inch of water to run the machine to its full capacity and less than one horse power.

In Literature—

John Vance Cheney, in the contest for the three prizes offered by a New York man for the best answer to Edwin Markham's "Man With the Hoe," was awarded the first.

Nature reads not our labels, "great" and "small";
Accepts she one and all
Who, striving, win and hold the vacant place;
All are of royal race.

Him, there rough cast, with rigid arm and limb,
The Mother molded him,
Of his rude realm ruler and demigod,
Lord of the rock and sod.

With Nature is no "better," and no "worse,"
On this bared head no curse.
Humbled it is, and bowed; so is he crowned
Whose kingdom is the ground.

The third prize was awarded to Kate Masterson, whose "Song" ends with the following lines:

From the wealth of the living age,
From the garden grave of death,
Comes one acclaim like a furnace flame
Fanned to a white-hot breath—
Honor the man who toils
And the sound of the anvil's ring;
From a deathless sky a hand on high
Has reached to make a king.

Mrs. Helen C. Cander's book "How Women May Earn a Living," which appears this month, is already exciting discussion. The volume aims to deal with the problem wage-earning women from a practical point of view, and that the subject is one in which the public is vitally interested is evidenced by this early discussion.

* * *

"The Laws of Scientific Hand Reading" is a book that is to be brought out by G. P. Putnam's Sons to meet a popular demand. It is written by W. G. Benham, who has given many years to the subject along what he terms "the most undisputed scientific channels."

In Art—

There is a reproduction in half-tone in the Art Journal for January of one of Mr. George W. Joy's pictures that inspires one with a longing to see the original. It is Joan of Arc in full armor lying asleep in her tent, her unsheathed sword ready to her hand. A child angel kneeling at the sleeper's feet keeps loving watch, and her outspread wings in the dim glow of the lamp make a soft white glory in the place. There is also in this number a remarkably good half-tone of Turner's mystic "Plains of Enna."

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The subscriptions to the fund in charge of the permanent Dewey arch committee amount already to more than $200,000.

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The exhibition of painting and sculpture by Elihu Vedder at the gallery of Williams & Everett, in Boston, was considered the most important art event of the season. The gallery was crowded with visitors every day. "The Annaean with visitors every day. "The Armaean Sibyl," "The Fair Goddess Fortune" and "The Keeper of the Threshold" were among the pictures attracting the most attention. The exhibition has just been reopened in New York.

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The celebration in Antwerp last summer of the 300th anniversary of Vandyck has had the effect of stimulating interest in the works of this great portrait painter, and as a result there has been an exhibition of Vandyck pictures at the Royal Academy in London this winter.

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The event of the month in Portland has been the exhibition of Vandyck pictures belonging to the Ladd collection at the library, and which is to be followed by a Rembrandt exhibition. These pictures, the Vandycks, are for the most part photographic reproductions made from the original paintings.

In Education—

Mrs. Emmons Blaine is building in Chicago a school of pedagogy, which is to cost $1,250,000.

* * *

It is claimed by those in charge of the free circulating libraries in those sections of New York where the population is largely of the poorer classes that the best standard authors are constantly in demand, and that less fiction is called for than is the case in more prosperous neighborhoods.

* * *

Mr. Robert Barr says: "The man who would coin a word would coin a lead dollar. * * * The only man who has a right to coin a word is the inventor who makes a machine which comes into the world without a name, and therefore needs one."

* * *

The reports at the beginning of the month show the affairs of the university of Oregon to be in an excellent condition.

In Religious Thought—

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps," the book which created such a sensation in England and America, will have control of the Topeka Capital, of Topeka, Kan., for one week, beginning March 13, and will edit the newspaper as he thinks a Christian daily should be edited.

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William R. Moody is announced as his father's biographer and his successor in evangelical work.

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All the talk in missionary circles is of the coming ecumenical conference, which is to be held in April of this year.

Leading Events—

Dec. 27.—Reports of rich strikes of gold near Granite and Sumpter, Or., are corroborated.

Dec. 28.—England withdraws from Samoa, leaving the islands to the care of Germany and United States.

Dec. 29.—Bubonic plague reported in Honolulu.—Boers strongly intrenched at Colenso.—Common council at Boston adopts a resolution of sympathy for the Boers.—Reported that England will secure Delagoa bay through treaty with Portugal.

Dec. 30.—Towns abandoned by American army in Philippines are being terrorized by the Filipinos.—"Bradstreet's" gives 1899 as an unprecedented year for increase of volume of business and prices, and the record year for exports.

Dec. 31.—European powers and Japan assure the United States of their willingness to maintain an "open door" in China.—Chicago has a million-dollar fire.

Jan. 1.—German press very hostile over British seizure of German imperial mail steamer Bundesrath in Delagoa bay.

Jan. 2.—The Chicago drainage canal completed at a cost of $33,000,000.—The contest in Kentucky between Goebel and Taylor for Governor begins.

Jan. 3.—The University of Chicago adopts the phonetic method of spelling.

Jan. 4.—The English under Methuen are attempting to flank the Boers near Douglas.—The financial bill is taken up by the senate.

Jan. 5.—The joint commission to hear the contest in Kentucky was drawn by lot, and 10 of the 11 members are democrats.—The English seize another German steamer at Aden.

Jan. 6.—All American prisoners are rescued from Filipinos.—General Baden-Powell attacks the Boers at Gametree and is repulsed.—The senate committee makes an adverse report on Quay.—Germany greatly excited over seizures.

Jan. 7.—Boers attack Ladysmith and are repulsed.—Lipton will not challenge for America's cup this year.

Jan. 8.—White holds out at Ladysmith.—Small engagements reported in the Philippines.—The plague breaks out in Manila.

Jan. 9.—Senator Beveridge attracts attention by his speech in the senate in favor of holding the Philippines.—The New York Journal presents its loving cup to Admiral Dewey. The cup is made of 70,000 melted dimes and stands 6 feet in height.

Jan. 10.—Lord Roberts and Kitchener arrive at the seat of war.—The Deutschland, the most powerful ship afloat, is launched at Stettin, Germany.—American flour, seized off Delagoa bay, is released.—Secretary Root states that he will not be a candidate for the vice-presidency.

Jan. 11.—Announcement is made that Ladysmith has plenty of food, and can hold out until summer if necessary.

Jan. 12.—White's situation at Ladysmith becomes serious.—Buller reports a forward movement.—The Kentucky contest becomes more complicated.—The shipping subsidy bill under consideration by the senate committee.

Jan. 13.—Republicans in Kentucky refuse to vacate the offices if the legislature decides against them.—Tight censorship shuts out news from South Africa.

Jan. 14.—Report of agricultural department shows that England, Germany and France are our best customers. England comes first in the extent of her purchases, and Germany next.

Jan. 15.—Two British columns are marching to relieve Ladysmith.—An effort is to be made by the democrats "to pull Bryan down."

Jan. 16.—Boers sharply contesting Buller's advance.—Samoan treaty ratified by senate.

Jan. 17.—Buller recrosses the Tugela.—House committee decides against Roberts.

Jan. 18.—Maryland democrats refuse to endorse Bryan.

Jan. 19.—Great battle expected in South Africa; Buller has 40,000 men.

Jan. 20.—John Ruskin dies.—British and Boers meet near Ladysmith.

Jan. 21.—Feeling of confidence in England over Buller's advance.—Ministers of Frankfort, Ky., appoint a day for prayer and humiliation.

Jan. 22.—Buller makes slow headway.

Jan. 23.—Buller cannot advance further.—Roberts case comes up for final settlement.

Jan. 24.—General Warren's troops capture Spionkop, dislodging the Boers.

Jan. 25.—The house refuses to give Roberts a seat.—Body of 1,000 armed men arrive in Frankfort, determined to see that justice is done.—Chinese emperor reported dead.

Jan. 26.—Warren is forced to abandon Spionkop.—Gloom in England.

Jan. 27.—Goebel victory in test vote in Kentucky legislature.

Jan. 28.—Buller retreats, recrossing the Tugela. Great disappointment in England.

Jan. 29.—Bourke Cockran promises to support Bryan.

Jan. 30.—William Goebel is shot down in the streets of Frankfort, and is declared governor by the contesting board.

Jan. 31.—Goebel is sworn in.—Taylor declares martial law at Frankfort.

Feb. 1.—England has nearly 200,000 men in South Africa.

Feb. 2.—Crisis at hand in Kentucky. Democrats talk of raising troops.

Feb. 3.—Goebel dies, and Beckham declared governor in his place.—Buller's army is again engaged.

Feb. 4.—Better prospects in Kentucky.

Feb. 5.—Lord Roberts prepares to invade the Free State.—Republicans and democrats of Kentucky meet in conference in Louisville and come to an agreement.

Feb. 6.—Thomas R. Bard is elected senator from California.

Feb. 7.—Buller, Methuen and Gatacre advance.

The Financial World

CONDUCTED BY DOWNING, HOPKINS & CO.

To convey an idea of the extent to which speculative operations on the New York stock exchange have fallen off of late, it is but necessary to refer to the record of daily transactions. Less than 200,000 shares figured in yesterday's total, and not more than a dozen stocks found favor with the trading element. This showing holds out slight encouragement to the very large number of speculators far removed from Wall street to come into the market.

It is not easy to find a satisfactory explanation for the inactivity of the big operators who are considered the leaders in the bull cause. They are doing practically nothing, offering as an excuse the uncertainty surrounding affairs in South Africa.

From the extraordinary amount of interest manifested by the Wall-street people in the war, one would imagine that the very life of the market depended exclusively upon the success or defeat of the English.

If the so-called leaders would turn their attention from the war to domestic affairs, a far more satisfactory state of things would soon be noticeable. This nation is in no way interested in the trouble between John Bull and Oom Paul, therefore it seems singular that our security market should be allowed to drift into its present position, while every factor of consequence at home favors a broader speculation and better values. If our market possesses the inherent strength which the bulls claim it does, it should act independently of what transpires in South Africa. Whatever happens over there will, at best, produce but a temporary effect.

If there is to be no permanent relief from existing conditions until the war is brought to an end, Wall street may as well begin to prepare for a long siege of dullness and unsatisfactory prices.

Railway earnings, which in the early part of the present month gave rather poor promise, are beginning to show a marked improvement. Returns for the third week, as far as received, are largely in excess of those for the same period last year. The mild winter is, in a great measure, responsible for the increased earnings. There have been no snow blockades or severe weather to incur heavy losses. Traffic has been handled without the delays so common in previous winters, and were it not for the scarcity of cars many roads would make a far better showing. Good earnings are the strong bull argument, and would prove a great help to values were it not for the feeling of apathy that has settled down upon the speculative public at large, and has

Sooner or Later

You must read what we have to say here, and sooner or later you must **think** about it, but

What is the sense

of putting it off, and tramping around in agony with a corn that makes life miserable?

If you have a corn

and nearly everybody has—you know what it means to suffer. We simply want to tell you how to secure relief. You can take advantage of it or not, but if you do what we recommend, we guarantee you will get relief—that the corn will be entirely removed, and a clean white skin left in its place.

We have experimented

a great many years to achieve this result. One thing will do it. We don't know of anything else that will. You are interested in knowing what will. It is

THE WILLAMETTE CORN CURE

A Clear and Colorless Fluid.

It will positively remove corns, and leave natural skins in their places. It sells for 25 cents a bottle (as reasonably as it can be made), and if you are tortured with a corn and will give our cure a trial, you will find that what we say is a simple fact.

BOERICKE & RUNYON,

303 Washington St., Portland, Oregon.

WHEN WRITING OR PURCHASING, MENTION THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

made it indifferent to the bright side of the situation.

Considerable interest was manifested in the speculative markets of the Chicago board of trade during the month just closed, particularly so in regard to wheat. Liquidation in the absence of demand by export had carried prices down to the lowest point during the present crop year, when reports were circulated that the growing crops in France had been seriously damaged by frosts. Then came news of injury to the growing plant in Russia from the same cause. These factors, coupled with the pronounced advance in prices in all European markets, were mainly instrumental in creating a strong tone to the market here, and so lifting it out of the depression from which it had been suffering for some little time past. Prices advanced materially on a fair demand on both foreign and home account. Whether they will continue to do so is a problem. Foreign as well as domestic conditions will have a great deal to do in solving it. Already this has become manifest to a certain extent. Rumors were prevalent that the bubonic plague had broken out in Rosario, and a rigorous cordon established. This will have the effect of temporarily stopping shipments of wheat from that port. Rumors of the same trouble were also reported from Sydney, Australia. Then, true or not, it is claimed that a strong disposition exists on the part of the American farmers to hold their stocks in the hope of getting better prices for them than now prevail.

It is an established fact that liberal quantities of wheat will have to be purchased for consumption in Europe before the coming crops there are harvested. The question is, where this wheat is to come from; and it is fair to assume that there will be a sufficient demand for it in this country to absorb a greater part of the surplus stocks held in the United States. In this event, a much stronger and higher market in the near future should be the result.

* * *

The Catholic church has begun a series of meetings in New York for non-Catholics. In explaining the movement, which is the first of the kind in this country, Father Doyle said that numerous and repeated complaints had been made on the part of the Protestant churches of all denominations that they were losing their hold on the masses. It had been stated that the Protestant church numbered on its rolls only 7 per cent. of the population of Greater New York, so that 93 per cent. are either Catholics or out of the church altogether. It was to reach this large unchurched class that this movement was commenced.

Amongst the minor ills of life

One of the very worst is laundry work that is badly done. It not only uses up the cloth rapidly, but it destroys the temper and gives one an unsatisfactory appearance where finish is most needed & Starched linen collars, shirts and cuffs must be unquestionably immaculate, done with no risk, a certainty as to result.

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Chess

CONDUCTED BY E. C. PROTZMAN.

The Leading Openings.

GIUOCO PIANO.

White.	Black.
1. P to K4	1. P to K4
2. K Kt to B3	2. Q Kt to B3
3. B to B4	3. B to B4
4. P to B3	4. Kt to K B3
5. P to Q4	5. P takes P
6. P takes P	6. B to Kt5 (ch)
7. B to Q2	7. B takes B (ch)
8. Q Kt takes B	8. P to Q4
9. P takes P	9. K Kt takes P
10. Q to Kt3	10. Q Kt to K2
11. Castles (K's side)	11. Castles

Even game.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT.

White.	Black.
1. P to Q4	1. P to Q4
2. P to Q B4	2. P takes P
3. P to K3	3. P to K4
4. B takes P	4. P takes P
5. P takes B	5. B to Q3
6. Kt to K B3	6. Kt to K B3
7. Castles	7. Castles
8. P to K R3	8. P to K R3
9. Kt to Q B3	9. P to Q B3

White has a somewhat freer position.

RUY LOPEZ.

White.	Black.
1. P to K4	1. P to K4
2. K Kt to B3	2. Q Kt to B3
3. B to Kt5	3. P to Q R3
4. B to B4	4. Kt to B3
5. P to Q4	5. P takes P
6. P to K5	6. Kt to K5
7. Castles	7. B to K2
8. R to K sq	8. Kt to B4
9. B takes Kt	9. Q P takes B
10. Kt takes P	10. Castles
11. Kt to Q B3	11. P to K B3

Even game.

KING'S BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

White.	Black.
1. P to K4	1. P to K4
2. P to K B4	2. P takes P
3. B to B4	3. P to Q4
4. B takes P	4. Q to R5 (ch)
5. K to B sq	5. P to K Kt4
6. Kt to B3	6. Q to R4
7. P to Q4	7. B to Kt2
8. P to K R4	8. P to K R3
9. Kt to B3	9. Kt to K2
10. K to Kt sq	10. P to Kt5

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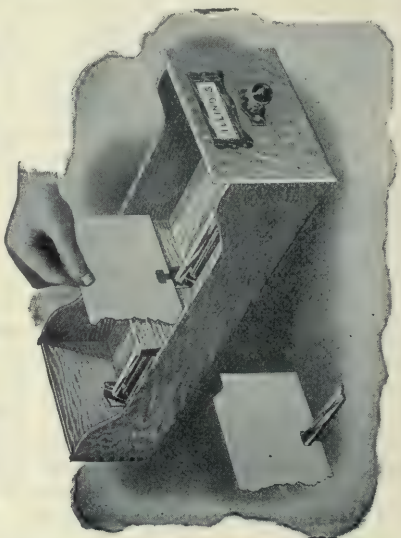
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11.	Kt to K5	11.	B takes Kt
12.	P takes B	12.	Q takes K P
13.	Q to B sq	13.	P to B6
14.	P takes P	14.	Q to Kt6 (ch)
15.	Q to Kt2	14.	Q to Kt 6(ch)

Drawn game.

EVANS GAMBIT.

White.		Black.	
1.	P to K4	1.	P to K4
2.	K Kt to B3	2.	Q Kt to B3
3.	B to B4	3.	B to B4
4.	P to Q Kt4	4.	B takes Kt P
5.	P to B3	5.	B to B4
6.	P to Q4	6.	P takes P
7.	Castles	7.	P to Q3
8.	P takes P	8.	B to Kt3

White now has three approved continuations, viz., B to Kt2, P to Q5, and Kt to B3; to take one.

9.	P to Q5	9.	Kt to R4
10.	B to Kt2	10.	Kt to K2
11.	B to Q3	11.	Castles
12.	Kt to B3	12.	Kt to Kt3
13.	Kt to K2	13.	P to Q B4
14.	Q to Q2	14.	P to B3
15.	K to R sq	15.	B to B2
16.	Q R to B sq	16.	R to Kt sq

The game may be considered about even

KING'S KNIGHT'S GAMBIT.

White.		Black.	
1.	P to K4	1.	P to K4
2.	P to K B4	2.	P takes P
3.	K Kt to B3	3.	P to K Kt4
4.	B to B4	4.	P to Kt5
5.	Castles	5.	K Kt to B3
6.	P to Q4	6.	P to K R3
7.	P to B3	7.	Kt to K2

Black has the advantage.

ALLGAIER — KIESERITZKI GAMBIT.

White.		Black.	
1.	P to K4	1.	P to K4
2.	P to K B4	2.	P takes P
3.	Kt to K B3	3.	P to K Kt4
4.	P to K R4	4.	P to K5
5.	Kt to K5	5.	K Kt to B3
6.	B to B4	6.	P to Q4
7.	P takes P	7.	B to Kt2
8.	P to Q4	8.	Castles
9.	B takes P	9.	Kt takes P
10.	B takes Kt	10.	Q takes B
11.	Castles	11.	P to Q B4

Black has the better game.

(To be continued next month.)

* * *

Are we to be never satisfied? Have we so much of the immer-strebend in our composition that we shall never know peace? Alas, peace that can be bought for a price is not peace. It can only be entered into by the straight and narrow way.

John H. Mitchell — Albert H. Tanner

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Drift

Sudden Light.

I have been here before,
  But when or how I cannot tell;
I know the grass beyond the door,
  The sweet, keen smell,
The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

You have been mine before—
  How long ago I may not know;
But just when at that swallow's soar
  Your neck turned so,
Some veil did fall—I knew it all of yore.

Has this been thus before?
  And shall not this time's eddying flight
Still with our lives our loves restore
  In death's despite,
And day and night yield one delight once more?

Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

* * *

The story, which has not the faintest shadow of truth to it, started recently by the Detroit Journal, that some Indians, "graduates of government schools," had bound a captive to a stake, and the conventional happy thought struck the man who was to be burned:

"If you burn me, the sun will be darkened tomorrow," and the educated Indian's reply: "You will find, if you calculate the parallax to the 43d decimal, that the eclipse does not take place until day after tomorrow," has its counterpart in an incident told of a Pawnee Indian school boy, who was detailed to assist the agency physician in his office.

The boy continued with the physician for a year, but was never heard to utter a word of English.

The doctor thought, of course, that the Indian understood no English, and he was often inconvenienced by awkward attempts to make his directions plain through the sign language.

His gesticulations seemed to be understood, however, for all duties were satisfactorily performed.

One day, after a busy season with some Indians, the boy sat quietly looking at the labels upon the bottles in the dispensary.

"Doctor!" said he, finally.

The startled physician, who had been used to quiet when the two were alone, turned toward the unusual sound and said:

"What's the matter?"

"Will you please inform me," said the boy, "why pharmacists label their bottles in Latin?"
—From the Indian Helper.

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There is No Death!

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best beloved away,
And then we call them dead.

Ah! ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life! There is no death!

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.

The Life of a Boer Girl.

One-half of the Boer girl's life is spent in following the flocks and herds of her father. At the beginning of the dry season the Boer farmer locks his cottage door and becomes a nomad. He places some of his household effects in several large wagons not unlike the old-time "prairie schooners," and, accompanied by his wife and children, leads his sheep and cattle in pursuit of water and pasture.

When the wet season begins and the nomads have returned to their homes, the Boer girl is busily engaged in her studies, which, if the father of the family has realized sufficient money from the sale of cattle and sheep, are directed by a governess brought from one of the towns. If a governess is not provided, the mother teaches the daughter, and if the finances of the family are too low to allow the purchase of the necessary supplies, then the Boer girl has the family Bible as her only text-book. The Boers are as familiar with the Bible as they are with the rifle, and a mother would consider her daughter's education neglected if she were not equally familiar with both

Ladies' Home Journal.

The Sleep.

Love in a life; and after life—the Sleep.
But we hang on a word, a look, and keep
The pulses throbbing, make the spark burn low,
And close the book to laugh, perhaps to weep,
Most surely—if, O gods, we may but know
Love in a life!
And so
Our burning palms we raise.
For dear hand-clasps and kisses on the lips
And close embrace
We give our nights and days;
And in one sweet draught our spirits steep,
Forgetting, whilst the Lights of Love Eclipse
The Sleep.

M. L. van Vorst.

IT IS A GENERALLY RECOGNIZED FACT

That the circulation of The Pacific Monthly is very much larger than that of any other monthly publication in the Northwest . . . . . This is true to such an extent that The Pacific Monthly may lay claim to a monoply of the field . . . . . Besides covering Portland thoroughly, The Pacific Monthly has a large and growing circulation in the cities and towns of Oregon, Washington and Idaho . . . . . There is no better medium in this field for the advertiser who wishes to reach these States in an effective manner . . . . . .

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THE PACIFIC MONTHLY,

Chamber of Commerce,
Portland, Or.

If We Didn't Have to Eat.

Life would be an easy matter
  If we didn't have to eat.
  If we never had to utter,
    "Won't you pass the bread and butter,
Likewise push along that platter
  Full of meat?"
    Yes, if food were obsolete,
    Life would be a jolly treat,
If we didn't—shine or shower,
Old or young, 'bout every hour—
  Have to eat, eat, eat, eat, eat—
  'Twould be jolly if we didn't have to eat.

We could save a lot of money
  If we didn't have to eat.
    Could we cease our busy buying,
    Baking, broiling, brewing, frying,
Life would then be oh, so sunny
  And complete;
    And we shouldn't care to greet
    Every grocer in the street
If we didn't—man and woman,
Every hungry, helpless human—
  Have to eat, eat, eat, eat, eat—
  We'd save money if we didn't have to eat.

All our worry would be over
  If we didn't have to eat.
    Would the butcher, baker, grocer,
    Get our hard-earned dollars? No, sir!
We would then be right in clover
  Cool and sweet.
    Want and hunger we would cheat,
    And we'd get there with both feet,
If we didn't—poor or wealthy,
Halt or nimble, sick or healthy—
  Have to eat, eat, eat, eat, eat—
  We could get there if we didn't have to eat.

Nixon Waterman.

The only sure way in this world to have one-half of what you want is to quit wanting about two-thirds of what you haven't got.

When a woman gets so mad at her husband that she won't speak to him she is always unhappy, because she can never be certain how much it is punishing him.

"Good-bye," I said to my conscience—
  "Good-bye for aye and aye."
And I put her hands off harshly,
  And turned my face away;
And Conscience, smitten sorely,
  Returned not from that day.

But a time came when my spirit
  Grew weary of its pace;
And I cried, "Come back, my Conscience,
  I long to see thy face!"
But Conscience cried, "I cannot;
  Remorse sits in my place."

Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

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Far up a mountain pathway, where the crags hang steep and high,
And fir trees make a network of their arms across the sky,
I heard a fairy concert where the music was so sweet
I laid me down to harken in an ecstasy complete.

The brookway was the concert hall, and every tiny wave
Laughed out its voice in melody I hushed my breath to save.
The score was written on the rocks, but each one knew its part,
And dashed away to join the song with eager, willing heart.

The ferns grew by the water, where they stooped to listen low,
And waved their dainty batons with a gentle motion slow;
The ripples watched their movements, so they sang in perfect time,
A happy, flowing cadence, like a harmony of rhyme.

I could not count the singers as they sang on, glad and free,
Some tripling voices hit the shore and splashed to upper "C."
But, oh, the rushing chorus, it was madly, gladly gay,
And shadows bent beneath the trees to hear it on their way.

Thus, the world is full of music, and Nature has her songs
That can hush away life's discords in a heart where pain belongs;
Go, hear the wonder concert on the pathway up the hill,
And peace will touch your weariness and bid your woes be still.

"Good taste is cheap when you've got it, but it comes mighty high when you haven't."

There is another sight than that of the eye; there is another sunshine than that of the regal day; there is another world than the one we see and feel. There is a love of the spirit as well as of the passions, a pleasure in the intellect as well as in the senses; so there is a higher temperance than concerns this body—a higher digestion and assimilation than goes on here. We are related to the winds and tides, to the morning star and the solar year, and the same craft runs through all.—John Burroughs.

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"Do you ever smoke?" asked Mr. Clemens of Mr. Guthrie.

"Yes, Mr. Clemens," replied Mr. Guthrie, "when I am in bad company."

"You are a lawyer, aren't you, Mr. Guthrie?"

"Yes, I am."

"Ah," said Mr. Clemens, "you must be a heavy smoker."—Saturday Evening Post.

Joan of Arc's Home.

Domremy has changed but little during the four centuries and four score years which have rolled away since Joan of Arc was born. It was a farming village in Joan's day; it is a farming community still. Jacques of Arc (Joan's father) was a prosperous farmer of the village. He owned his modest home and some twenty acres of meadow, field and woodland, and had an income of about $1,000 a year. He was a much respected citizen in the small community, performing many of those duties now relegated to a mayor, or a justice of the peace, and entertaining in a humble way the pilgrims who passed along the great highway. It is truly said that great characters are the children of unusual mothers. Joan of Arc was no exception to this almost universal rule. Isabeau of Arc was a woman evidently far in advance of her village associates. She had a brother who had been educated for the clergy; she possessed some little property in her own right; and what was, perhaps, rarer still, she signed her name with the title of Romee, used only by those who had made the pilgrimage to the Eternal city. The family of seven, three sons and two daughters, lived in the vine-covered cottage beside the mill, on the plot of land adjoining the church. The house has scarcely changed since repaired by one who knew Joan, and were it not for the sculptured details above the door, the tall spruce trees which shelter it, or the well-kept inclosure, there is nothing to distinguish it from the other farmhouses in the village. —Emma Asbrand Hopkins, in Ladies' Home Journal.

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THEN

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THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

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Highest single issue	**6500 copies.**
Lowest single issue	**5000 copies.**

Our rates are unusually low. It will pay any advertiser wishing to reach this field and the entire Pacific Coast at one and the same time, to drop us a postal. Let us tell you more about it. We can make it worth your while. Address

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY,

Chamber of Commerce, *PORTLAND, OREGON.*

2 Overland Trains Daily 2

—THE—

YELLOWSTONE PARK AND DINING CAR LINE.

...When going to the...

BUFFALO HUMP MINING COUNTRY,

TAKE THE **NORTHERN PACIFIC,** THE ALL RAIL ROUTE.

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—OF—
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FOUR Routes east thereof.

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U. B. SCOTT, President

Astoria and Columbia River R. R. Time Card

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Train No. 22 leaves Portland at 8:00 a. m., arrives at Astoria at 11:30 a. m.

Train No. 24 leaves Portland at 7:00 p. m., arrives at Astoria at 10:30 p. m.

Return

Train No. 21 leaves Astoria at 7:45 a m., arrives in Portland at 11:15 a m.

Train No. 23 leaves Astoria at 6:10 p. m., and arrives in Portland at 9:40 p. m.

Train No. 22 runs through to Seaside, leaving Seaside on the return at 2:30 p. m.

All trains leaving Astoria for Seaside or returning from Seaside run on the Flavel Branch.

The Astoria and Columbia River R. R. Winter Schedule is now in effect. Trains leave Union Depot, Portland, daily at 8:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m., arriving at Astoria at 11:30 a. m. and 10:30 p. m. Leaving for Seaside at 11:35 a. m.

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124 Third St., Portland, Or.

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* 7 00 p. m.	OVERLAND EXPRESS, for Salem, Roseburg, Ashland, Sacramento, Ogden, San Francisco, Mojave, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and the East.	* 9 15 a. m.
* 8 30 a. m.	Roseburg Passenger....	* 4 30 p. m.
Daily except Sunday.	Via Woodburn for Mt. Angel, Silverton, West Scio, Brownsville, Springfield and Natron.	Daily except Sunday.
‡ 7 30 a. m.	Corvallis Passenger.....	‡ 5 50 p. m.
‡ 4 50 p. m.	Independence Pass'ng'r	‡ 8 25 a. m.

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday.

Direct connection at San Francisco with Occidental and Oriental and Pacific Mail steamship lines for JAPAN AND CHINA. Sailing dates on application.

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Yamhill Division:—Passenger Depot foot of Jefferson St.

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Leave for SHERIDAN daily, exeept Sunday, at 4:30 p. m. Arrive at Portland at 9:30 a. m.

Leave for AIRLIE Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8:35 a. m. Arrive at Portland Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 3:05 p. m.

* Except Sunday

R. KOEHLER, Manager.

C. H. MARKHAM, Gen. F. & P. Agt.

O. R. & N.

DEPART	TIME SCHEDULES FROM PORTLAND.	ARRIVE
Fast Mail 8:00 p. m.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	Fast Mail 6:45 p. m.
Spokane Flyer 3:45 p. m.	Walla Walla, Spokane, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago and East.	Spokane Flyer 8:00 a. m.
8:00 p. m.	*Ocean Steamships.* All sailing dates subject to change. For San Francisco—Sail every five days.	4:00 p. m.
8:00 p. m. Ex.Sunday Saturday 10:00 p. m.	*Columbia River Steamers.* To Astoria and Way Landings.	4:00 p. m. Ex.Sunday
6:00 a. m. Ex.Sunday	*Willamette River.* Oregon City, Newberg, Salem & Way Landings	4:30 p. m. Ex.Sunday
7:00 a. m. Tues, Thur and Sat.	*Willamette and Yamhill Rivers.* Oregon City, Dayton and Way Landings.	3:30 p. m. Mon. Wed. and Fri.
6:00 a. m. Tues, Thur and Sat.	*Willamette River.* Portland to Corvallis and Way Landings.	4:30 p. m. Tues, Thur and Sat.
Lv. Riparia 1:20 a. m. Daily	*Snake River.* Riparia to Lewiston.	Leave Lewiston Daily 8:30 a. m.

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W. H. HURLBURT, Gen'l. Pass. Agt.,

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AT AN HONEST PRICE

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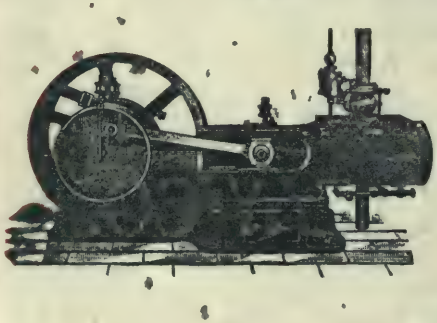
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on "The Republican Outlook."

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

VOLUME THREE
NUMBER FIVE

MARCH
1900

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Electric Supplies

SAMSON BATTERIES

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TELEPHONES (Both) 385

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It also makes Pearly Teeth, a Sweet Stomach and a Pure Breath.

See our Great Premium Offer a few pages over.

The Pacific Monthly.

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Agents for THE PACIFIC MONTHLY are wanted in every locality, and the publishers offer unusual inducements to first-class agents. Write for our terms.

Manuscript sent to THE PACIFIC MONTHLY will not be returned after publication unless definite instructions to that effect with stamps accompany letters enclosing manuscript.

Address all correspondence, of whatever nature, to

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY PUB. CO.,
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DIRECTORS:
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WILLIAM BITTLE WELLS,
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THE ELLIS PRINTING CO., 105 FIRST ST., PORTLAND, OR.

SEE OUR GREAT PREMIUM OFFER.

Our Talks with the Public

READ, PONDER AND CONSIDER

III.

The Pacific Monthly began last month a series of "Twelve Talks with the Public on Advertising." The publishers have been led to adopt this course because they believe that advertising is an art that is appreciated by the advertiser himself, but, as a rule, given too little thought or consideration by the general public. This condition of affairs, however, has been undergoing a rapid change during the past few years. The Pacific Monthly wishes, in relation to itself at least, to hasten the process—hence these talks.

▲ ▲ ▲ ▲ ▲ ▲

THE advertising pages of a magazine are considered by some people simply as a "necessary evil." If the advertising attracts their attention, it has been the result of curiosity more than of anything else. But such people, behind the times in regard to advertising, are usually behind the times in regard to everything else.

One of the most important, and, to the wide-awake person, necessary features of our periodicals is the advertising section. It is there that he finds direct messages from the advertisers,—appeals to his self-interest and to his sense of economy, and the latest improvements in the industrial world—a literary exposition, as it were, of the necessities, luxuries and conveniences of the day. This fact is being more and more recognized by the thoughtful public, until now messages from the business world, as represented in the advertising pages, attract almost as much attention as the literary part of the magazine.

Look over our "ads" and if you see something that you want, get it—and mention The Pacific Monthly.

A List of the Firms which make their ANNOUNCEMENTS in THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

ALLESINA, JOHN—Umbrellas.
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AMERICAN BICYCLE CO.
ANDERSON BROS. — Livery, Hack, Feed and Sale Stables.
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BUFFUM & PENDLETON — Hatters and Furnishers.
BARNES MARKET CO.—Butter, Oysters, Game, Fruit, Etc.
BLUMAUER-FRANK DRUG CO.—Wholesale Druggists.
BLUE MOUNTAIN ICE & FUEL CO.
BOERICKE & RUNYON—Willamette Corn Cure.
CLARKE BROS.—Florists.
CLOSSET & DEVERS—Coffee, Golden West Baking Powder.
CORBITT & MACLEAY Co.—Kusalana Tea.
COLUMBIA TELEPHONE CO.
DOWNING, HOPKINS & CO.—Brokers
DENVER & RIO GRANDE R. R.
ELLIS PRINTING CO.
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FIRST NATIONAL BANK.
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GILL, J. K. CO.—Booksellers.
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INMAN, POULSEN & CO.—Lumber.
JOLLS—Chocolates.
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NATURAL HEN INCUBATOR CO., Columbus, Neb.
NOON, W. C. BAG CO.
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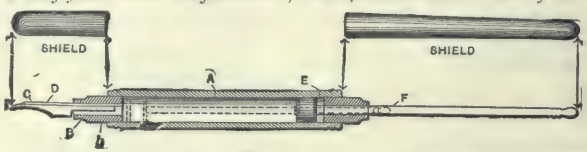


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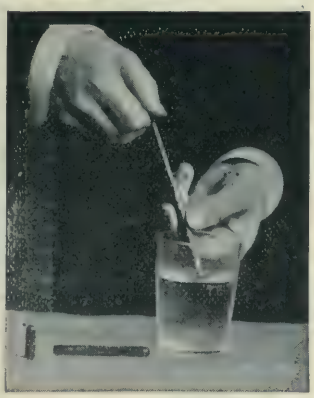
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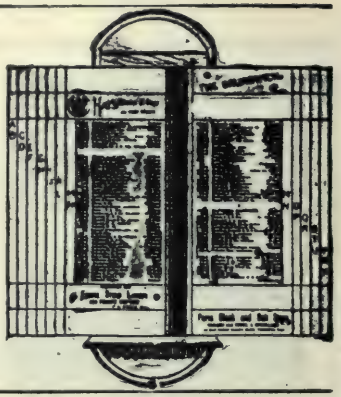
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The Pacific Monthly.

Vol. III. *MARCH, 1900.* *No. 5.*

The Chinese of the Pacific Coast.

By WILLIAM SYLVESTER HOLT. LINE DRAWINGS BY MISS LILIAN BAIN.



HERE are 105,000 Chinese in the United States. Of these some 70,000 are found on the Pacific Coast. To the resident they are such an every-day sight as to attract but little attention. They go their quiet, unobtrusive way and we scarcely think of them unless we need a cook or some one to cut the grass, or unless there is a highbinder fracas. But much interest attaches to these aliens, when we remember that they are our neighbors, since the war with Spain.

The first coming of Chinese to the Coast, as an immigration, was due to the demand for laborers on the first transcontinental railroad. Then they were cheap labor as compared with the white man, who had forgotten how a penny looked, and to whom the minimum of value was a "short bit." To the Chinese, in those days, the Golden Hills, their common name for the United States, were a veritable land of promise. Here a day laborer could earn in one month more than he could hope for in a whole year at home; while the cook whose services would command $4 or $5 per mensem, not including board, was worth from $20 to $75 in gold, with board and room provided. And an autocracy beyond his wildest dream was yielded him by the housewife, who was charmed with the bland manners, punctuality and skill of the domestic who wished no Sundays off. This combination of cheap labor, then needed not only for railroad work but also for clearing land, gardening, factory work, and for competent domestic service on our part, with an opportunity for good wages and consequent wealth on the part of the Chinese, lead to what may be termed the rush to the Coast.

At the outset this rush called for no comment. White men were not numerous, money was plenty, work was abundant, times were good, and no objection was raised to the presence of the Chinese. They were not regarded as a menace, but as a needed help in our industrial conditions.

But times changed. The railroads were completed. They made it easy for people to come in from the East. Among those who came were many who depended upon day labor for daily bread for themselves and their families. They found the Chinese intrenched in positions which white men filled in the East. They found themselves in competition, in the labor market, with men of a different land, who could not vote. Then it was learned that the Chinese were very objectionable. They were heathen, and this was awful. They smoked opium, and this was worse. They gambled, they carried revolvers,

they organized highbinder societies; they got control of the best portions of some of our cities. Then came sand-lot oratory, and "the Chinese must go" demand. Such an element as the Chinese, who would not become citizens (why?); who lived frugally; who sent money out of the country to support dependent families in China; who lived in narrow quarters where white men would suffocate; who spent little money in saloons; who worked for less wages than the white man, and who could not be rounded up on election day, because they had no vote, could not be tolerated in an enlightened country.



Then we were treated to statements about the millions of Chinese in China, who would come here and overwhelm us. This, too, in face of the fact, still a fact, that there are no Chinese in this country except from the single province of which Canton is the capital city, and in which there are but 16,000,000 of people.

The result of all this was the Tacoma effort, in which the then President of the Y. M. C. A., whose sister was a missionary in China, took an important part; the attempt at Seattle, which proved futile because of a determined judge and the militia; the little affair at Oregon City; the effort in Portland, stamped out by the manly attitude of the Oregonian and the firmness of officials. Out of all this agitation came the stringent restriction legislation so creditable to a powerful Christian nation.

We have learned some things in these years, and, since China is taking such cargoes of American flour and is in large measure the future market for many of our products, there is less excitement about being overwhelmed with anything from China except orders for our lumber and flour. Those we are prepared to welcome. Indeed, we are not much disturbed to learn that in Portland there are some 60 native-born Chinese who will vote at our next election, if they do not forget to register.

The Chinese who are now here have more chances for a permanent residence than was possible before our restriction measures were adopted. Then the increasing number, by various methods, of those who are born here, will call attention to them.

When we consider the Chinaman as a citizen, it must be remembered that the average Chinese, at home, has no definite idea of citizenship. Laws are made, officials are appointed, not elected, and taxes are levied by the imperial government. The people have no share in such business. Their share is to pay the bills and carry the burdens of government. This lesson of citizenship must be learned by our Chinese citizens here. It is not innate, but must be taught. If we are content to leave it to ordinary political sagacity to do the teaching, the Chinese voter will make a splendid ally of the boss. Bossism he understands. But as he is a man of quick perceptions and many resources if taught independence, he will know how to exercise his right as well as an old-time, independent American, and at the same time keep his own counsel, so that no boss can know what he will do. We must never belittle his keenness, but rather help him to use it for the good of the state whose privileges he shares. When he gets into politics we shall have some revelations in astuteness and adaptation to environment which will surprise us, especially if we have had a small notion of his ability.



At the entrance to a Joss House.

For domestic service and as laborers the Chinese are probably unsurpassed in the world. Fortunately or unfortunately, depending upon the point of view, we, as Americans, know nothing of a servant class. The girl in the kitchen today will be the teacher in the public school tomorrow, and a daughter-in-law the third day. The American girl is not a servant. She "helps" that she may help herself, and can do it as no other woman in the world can. Those domestics who come from other lands soon learn the possibilities here, and by and by are on the force, or in politics, through matrimonial alliances, and work, naturally, toward the top. So of the laboring man who is born here, or is not too old when he comes here. The stump-digger of today is the rich man of tomorrow. The plowboy edits the great paper; the clerk goes to Congress. But in China there is a vast multitude who must serve. Men of

that sort come here. They find that by neatness and skill and knowledge of the language and good manners they can get on. They take pride in their work, in their own appearance and their skill. In some communities of Chinese in this state the cooks are the aristocracy. They are well dressed, polite, affable, and know their value. The Chinese man who tips his hat to a white lady is, or has been, a domestic. If they ever fail to give satisfactory service, the reason for it will be found in the households where they serve. As laborers their fidelity is attested by those who employ them. Although it is noted that the section men on our railroads today are Japanese, instead of Chinese, the reason for this is not known to the writer, nor has he had opportunity to inquire.

As a resident, citizen or servant, the Chinese are worthy subjects formissionary effort. Nor by this do we mean simply religious missionary effort. Of course, that is the highest form, and under that head all else may be done. But in education the Chinese readily respond to efforts made. In fifteen years of educational work in which the writer has been interested, not one pupil has been found, except among children, who has not shown appreciation of help. Men grown, who are compelled to arise at 4 o'clock A. M. to work; clerks in stores, gardeners, laundrymen, fishermen, after a day of wearying toil, attend night school and pore over the new language with a zest and earnestness which wear out the white teacher. They are equal to the Germans for persistence. They learn to write more readily and more exactly than do our own young people, and are neater than the ordinary schoolboy with his copy-book. Were there manual training-schools to which they could have access, they would have the dexterity which insures success.

Where the opportunity is offered for higher education the Chinese have taken high rank in our colleges and universities. They have mental ability of the highest order, and only need the chance to show it.

In religious work among the Chinese in this country certain facts must be borne in mind. They are here separated from their families; they are not here to learn religion, but to make money; they have a religion of their own to which they are attached by birth, inheritance, training and family affection. Each of these facts presents a barrier to the acceptance of a new religion, and the first two facts are a barrier to the practice of any religion.



Yet the Chinese are not beyond the reach of the Gospel, and many of them are consistent members of Christian churches. Sometimes we think gifts to religious work are a proof of sincerity. The Chinese Christians in this country send thousands of dollars, annually, to their own country, to maintain churches and schools, and employ preachers among their own people. Some of them return home and become efficient helpers there.

The church with which the writer is connected—Presbyterian—has no less than six mission stations in Kwongtung Province, opened by the aid of men who had returned from this country. A fine church building and school were erected largely by contributions from Chinese here, and one church and a book distributing society draws nearly all its support from Chinese Christians in this land. A Chinese man and woman converted here in Portland, and afterward married, returned to China, built a comfortable home, and gave a house-warming. After receiving the congratulations of his neighbors on his good fortune in saving money in the Golden Hills to enable him to build such a home, he replied thanking his friends for their kind words; then he added: "I got some-

thing in the Golden Hills much better than money, and wish to tell you of it." Then he confessed himself a Christian, and urged the Gospel as worthy their attention. His wife also visits among the women, telling them of Christianity.

In his native religion there is not much show. There are "joss houses," but they resemble very faintly the temple of the home land. The God of War, Kwan Ti, seems to be the favorite idol, and his image is found in the joss house and in the Chee Kung Tong, Most Just Hall. His picture is also seen in some of the stores.

Worship consists in offerings of incense, burning candles, libations, and prostrations before the image. If the oracle is to be consulted, lots are cast after worship, and these lots direct the inquirer to the book where the desired message is found. On doors and walls of shops and houses felicitous expressions are found. At New Year the word for happiness abounds, and "May the five blessings descend upon the door" is



a favorite. "May the single door yield wealth"; "May the opening of the door be greatly prosperous"; "May the Chinese be at peace and the foreigner be in harmony," and many others are seen, written upon slips of red paper.

Often under a small table we find a strip of paper on which is an inscription invoking the aid of the god of wealth and tutelar god of the locality; near this incense and candles burn, or a dish of oil with a lighted wick is set.

Perhaps the keenness of the Chinese is not better shown than in their selection of quarters. When they have been allowed to decide where they shall live, the 10,000 Chinese in San Francisco, the 3,000 in Portland, and the smaller communities of other towns, are in the midst of the business portion of those cities and towns. They compel our admiration in the business sagacity they show. There are some 14,000 Chinese in this collection district, and when they have had their own way they have hit upon good business locations for their various enterprises.

Let it be remembered that, in the main, our immigrants from China are peasants. We have not many of the mercantile community, nor have we more than a few literary people.

The peasant is accustomed to very humble fare. Rice, some vegetables, occasionally fish, or pork or chicken, eggs, fruit. But the staple is rice, with a flavor, only, of meat. Here he eats the best he can get, and he much enjoys good food. Relishes are much appreciated, and fruit is enjoyed. A visit to a grocery will show as much variety as in our own.

When they can afford it they go well dressed. Broadcloth upper garments, fashionable material for trousers, shoes of the approved model, and ordinarily a soft hat, is his equipment. If he has adopted our costume the apparel usually is neat and fits well, while the hat is the Derby of that general style.

One who converses with the Chinese in English hears him often say of another man, "He is my cousin." Some think that the cousinship is a very common relation, and that the Chinese have as many cousins as the white man who wants to see a game of football has sick relatives.

But a "cousin" is simply one who bears the same surname, and is not an immediate relative. This grows out of the family or clan notion. All the Smiths belong to the Smith family. Therefore all the Smiths are relatives, and this relationship is expressed by the words "Heng Die," which the Chinese roughly translates "cousin."

This calls to mind a peculiarity connected with Chinese names. Every Chinese has a family name, which never

changes. Wong remains Wong, and Lee remains Lee to the end of the chapter. This name always is pronounced and written first, for it is the important name. Wong Ah Kai in Chinese is



Ah Kai Wong in English. But what we call the given name or Christian name changes. The baby has a pet name—"milk name," the Chinese call it—given by the mother. This name she will always use, doubtless, and so will many of his friends. When the boy goes to school he has a "book name"; when he is "capped," a "man name," when he is married, another may be taken; when he attains office, another, and after death a posthumous title or name may be bestowed.

The pet name is sometimes apparently entirely out of place, and is given as a protection. A boy is a priceless treasure, and some evil spirit may seek to harm him. But a silly name will deceive the spirit into thinking: "The parents do not care much for that boy, because they have given him a senseless name. I will not harm him." So a boy is called "the dog," "the cow," "the calf," "the female," or any such ridiculous name.

"Ah," prefixed to so many Chinese names, sometimes has no meaning and sometimes has the force of "the." For example, in a family of eight boys known to the writer they were numbered, and to the numeral was prefixed "Ah." "Ah Ng" was "the 5th," "Ah Sam" was "the third," and the boys were ordinarily called "the 3d," and "the 5th."

As a people, the Chinese are one of the most interesting in the world. The linguist, the ethnologist, the philosopher, the historian, the philanthropist, the Christian, finds among them a world of material for delightful study and research. They are not readily measured or understood. But they repay all the labor one is disposed to expend in the multiform phases of their national or in-



dustrial life. We have not uncovered the ledges of wealth which lie in that field. But here and there a prospect has been made, and in developing these prospects new discoveries of increasing richness are found.

They are a wonderful people, and but just entering upon their career in the world's history. We need to make and keep them our friends.



Me Kim's Funeral.

By CAPTAIN HARRY L. WELLS.



ME KIM is dead; not only dead, but buried, and buried with all the barbaric pomp of a Mongolian funeral. Me Kim was an educated Chinese merchant, who came to Portland some 30 years ago, and, though he lived here continuously and never returned to his native land, he was just as much of a Chinaman at the day of his death as the day he set foot on American soil, with the slight difference that he had learned to talk pretty fair English. This is one of the most powerful objections to Chinese immigration, that the subjects of the Brother of the Sun never cease to be alien in dress, customs habits of thought and sympathies, no matter how long they may live among us or how much better off they are here than they could ever hope to be in their native land.

Two days ago Me Kim paid the debt of nature, and today his grotesque funeral cortege moved through the streets with its discordant orchestra and all that was mortal of the distinguished deceased was laid to rest temporarily, awaiting final shipment to China; for be it known that no matter how long a Chinaman may expatriate himself in life, he wants his bones to be finally buried in the Flowery Kingdom, for upon that depends his hope of such a heaven as he expects to reach.

As an overwhelming exhibition of grotesque ceremonies and imposing awkwardness a Chinese funeral stands unrivaled. However impressive it may be to the true believers, to the unregenerate heathen of this country the spectacle is supremely ludicrous. Neither pen nor pencil can convey to one who has never witnessed the scene an adequate idea of the manner in which the numerous ceremonies are performed. Neither grace nor dignity is exhibited in any portion of the service; unless striding jerkily about in long and flapping robe of white cotton, with the head bandaged with a strip of the same material, may be called dignity, and jouncing up and down irregularly on the back of a horse that wanders about the street at its own sweet will may be denominated graceful. Chinese locomotion is the perfection of awkwardness, whether it be the ordinary shamble of the lounger, the jog trot of the vegetable vender, or the supposed stately tread of the priest; and when these are all combined in a funeral procession, the effect upon the Caucasian observer is far from impressive.

Me Kim was not an ordinary Chinaman. The coolie, when he departs this life, is unceremoniously nailed up in a pine coffin and hurried away to the temporary grave, the procession usually

consisting of a hearse, a hack with a Chinese orchestra, and an express wagon, containing a few good things for the departed to eat, his blankets and other worldly effects. It is only when a man of wealth or position dies that the genuine funeral service is performed, making it an event sufficiently rare to be always novel and interesting. Me Kim was a great man, and his funeral today was the most elaborate and impressive that has been witnessed in Portland for many years.

The body lay in state in Me Kim's store, on Second street, encased in an elegant rosewood casket. In the street by the side of the store, a wooden canopy, covered with white cloth, was erected, and in front of this were placed three long tables, with intervals between them. Upon the tables reposed a whole roast pig, bowls of rice, confections, and a mass of eatables and drinkables, enough to make a banquet for a score of men. These were to be taken to the grave and left there for the use of the departed spirit, it being one of the Chinese beliefs that the dead still hunger for the fleshpots of this world, and will severely punish those still on this side of Jordan who should feed them and do not. The body was brought down and placed upon an elevated platform beneath the canopy and overlooking the tables. Smoking and smelling punk, fluttering paper prayers, flapping banners, and numerous odd and fantastically colored devices completed the equipment, save mats before the tables upon which the priests kneeled. About the tables was gathered a motley crowd of spectators, Caucasian and Mongolian, and within the circle the cotton-gowned priests performed the various ceremonies of the occasion.

The priests bowed themselves successively upon the mats, sometimes singly, sometimes in pairs, and at times three together, kneeling and touching their foreheads to the ground, continually chanting in a shrill and unmusical voice some form of supplication, never forgetting at all times to agitate vigorously the fans they held in their hands. For nearly an hour this performance was carried on, a constant clatter being maintained by two Chinese orchestras seated in hacks stationed conveniently near. The culminating spectacle was the procession, intended, no doubt, to be imposing. For lack of a competent field marshal there was great difficulty in getting the component parts of the parade in their proper places in the column, but after much running backward and forward, wrangling and chattering, the different elements of the pageant were properly disposed and the line of march was taken up.

Owing to the wealth and exalted position of the deceased, an American band had been engaged to help render the occasion more impressive. This innovation was introduced a number of years ago, when a wealthy merchant died and his funeral cortege passed solemnly along the street with the band playing "Maginty." During the preliminary ceremonies the band gave expression to the general grief by playing "Two Little Girls in Blue" and "Daisy," but when the procession started it struck up a dirge, and even at that cadence it nearly ran away from the remainder of the procession before it was properly placed in line. The most difficulty was had in locating two white-robed musicians, who were evidently an important factor in the display. Each bore across his left shoulder a long pole, from the rear of which fluttered a banner, while a gong depended from the end in front. Upon these gongs they beat at irregular intervals. Whether it was intended to frighten away evil spirits or to announce to those on the other side the approach of another to join them, it must have had the effect desired. It was loud and discordant enough. They first took the head of the procession, then were moved to the rear, then given a place in the center, and finally, after a start had been made, came trotting to the front again, and stationed themselves immediately behind the hearse. At this point a Chinaman ran towards them excitedly for the fifth time, and snatched from their heads the dirty black hats they had forgotten to remove, revealing two red turbans that made quite a transformation in their appearance.

When fully in motion the cortege con-

sisted of two white-robed couriers on horseback, who looked exceedingly uncomfortable and could neither keep abreast of each other nor in the middle of the street; the band, playing Mendelssohn's beautiful funeral march; the hearse; the two red-turbaned gong-beaters; a dozen white-robed priests; the widow, with disheveled hair and bare feet, weeping copiously; an express wagon containing the feast to be left on the grave, and a Chinaman who strewed little pieces of paper along the street as a guide for the departed spirit upon his friendly visits to his former home, and a long procession of hacks, two of them containing clattering and shrieking Chinese orchestras and the others having Chinese occupants or being entirely empty. In the number of persons participating and of carriages, it was the largest funeral procession that has passed through the streets of Portland for years, and it attracted greater crowds upon the streets as it passed along. Me Kim was laid to rest in a style that must have been highly gratifying to his observant and exacting spirit, and expensive to his estate, and when, at some future time, his bones shall have been given final interment in the sacred soil of China, there will be nothing of which his ghost can complain.

Christine Sturburg's Ride.

IN TWO PARTS.

By MARY BURKE CALHOUN.

Part I.

THE California coast country is always lonely. It consists mostly of the foothills of the Coast Range, which slope down to the sea, ending in abrupt cliffs whereon the billows of the Pacific crash, whirling their spray into the wind. Here and there a little stream tumbles down from the mountains, cutting out a little valley which terminates in a bit of beach. Despite the loneliness, the dairymen who live along the coast have pretty homes and comfortable ranch houses, all built down in the brook hollows to avoid the cold trade-winds which sweep down the coast all summer long. The grass of the hillsides, green through the spring, is cured by the summer sun and affords pasture the year round. Swedes and Italians have usurped this country for their dairies, and no thriftier, cleaner countrymen can be found.

Gustaf Sturburg, nicknamed "The Don," was one of these, and he prided himself on the weight of his butter rolls and on the size and color of his cheeses; no better were ever found in market on shipping day.

This rainy morning, he stood with folded bare arms in the doorway of the barn, facing the hills. A justified pride gleamed in his eye as he watched the great black-and-white Holstein cattle winding down the paths from the upper pasture. Some dairymen counted their cows by units, running no higher than twenty or thirty; Gustaf Sturburg counted his by tens and did not stop with hundreds.

The vaqueros slid sidewise down the hills, turning their horses this way and that to catch the strays. "The Don" observed with satisfaction that they obeyed his every suggestion in managing the herd. But his satisfaction died away into a frown that darkened as a Spanish vaquero broke from the herd and rode straight toward him. He dismounted by the fence, and, leaning over it, addressed his master in imperfect English:

"Senor knows the cow we found in the far pasture? Senor examined it himself.

He is mistaken. No lion ever killed it. It has been carved, here and here, so and so—" illustrating with the edge of his hand on the side of his broncho.

"The Don" bit convulsively at the ends of his long black mustache and his eyes grew ugly with passion. Of all hated things the coast country most despises a cattle-thief. Not even a fence-breaker is so detested. Without a word the master turned from the expectant face of the vaquero and walked to the stall of his ready-saddled mare. Throwing a noose of rope about her nose, he mounted and rode from the barn toward the hills, the vaquero, unbidden, following at a respectful distance.

"The devil's afoot," he whispered as he passed his fellow-herders. This word was whispered from one to another as they pushed the cattle into the yards. The milkers went to work hurriedly, only pausing in passing from one cow to another to look furtively toward the hills. "The Don" in anger was a thing to be dreaded.

"Kossuth is a brave one to go with him," said one.

"It was braver of him to inform him," replied his neighbor, moving past with his stool strapped to him to squat at a cow close by.

"Had it been among the trees there would have been no need to report it," said the first.

"No," replied the second, "but 'The Don' doesn't appoint his days of riding the ranch, and had he found those cuts it would have been all up with us."

And then a third milker, bolder than the rest, struck the thought all were engaged with. " 'The Don' said it had been killed by a mountain lion, and he does not like to be mistaken."

Meanwhile "The Don" and his companion had silently wound their way over the foothills to the far pasture, a flat space of several acres on the top of a ridge. This same ridge ran down into the sea in the form of a sandy headland, separating the Sturburg property from that of Waddell's canyon.

The men rode to the far edge of the open. There lay the dead cow. The vaquero pulled back the hide to show the great slashes a knife had made. He made no comment, merely pointing to the tracks now filled with water, leading up from the other side to the carcass. "The Don" said nothing, but turned home. Kossuth kept his wonted distance, lost in the contemplation of the little wells of muddy water which fell from the hoofs of the mare of his leader.

All the while, "The Don's" little sister, Christine, was busy scouring the shelves of the cheese room. This done, she watched the new milk pour into a great vat from without. Through the little window she could see the milkers at their work. One of them approached to empty his bucket into the vat funnel outside, bending his head to avoid the water which was blown into his face from the dripping eaves. Raising the funnel lid, he poured in the rich milk, which ran in a wrinkled, creamy stream through the trough inside, falling in bubbles into the vat below.

"There'll be a gale," called Christine.

"Yes," smiled the milker with a glance at the sky, "and a bad one, too."

"Where is my brother?" queried Christine. The milker opened his lips as though to reply, but, with a swift look at the hillside, he sped away and squatted to his work.

Christine followed his glance, and saw her brother slipping and winding his way down the hill. Her little forehead knitted itself into wrinkles. What could be the matter? Was her brother angry? That would be too bad, for when angry "The Don" was not kind even to his little sister, the only member of his family. Christine waited, but worked while she waited. She determined to watch her chance and interview Kossuth. She saw her brother call two of his milkers and enter the stable with Kossuth. Just at this juncture she was called to help the old housekeeper, Ursula.

"You are quiet as a tomb," exclaimed Ursula, noting the solemnity of Christine's face as she flitted to and fro, arranging the table. Christine made no reply, but, winding her two thick braids of hair about her head, she snatched up a bonnet and tied its strings securely beneath her chin.

"You are not to go out," grunted the heavy Ursula, raising a finger at her.

"Your brother won't have it. He says he has enough to run out into the wet without your having to go."

"I go to the cheese room," replied Christine, without looking at the wrinkled face whose eyes were bent upon her. Hearing no reply, she slipped away and stood guard behind the cheese room door. One by one the men came up on the long porch, washed themselves, and went in to supper. By and by her brother came. Kossuth was not with him. As she had hoped, he had remained in the stable to rub down the horses. Never had she seen her brother's face so terrible. With flying feet she ran down the steps, and, leaping from block to block, she crossed the muddy cowyard and opened the stable door.

"Sh—sh!" she warned Kossuth the minute he turned his dark eyes upon her. With brushes in hand, he hastened toward her.

"Go back, Christine. Thy brother is very angry. Go back! He might tear thee to pieces," and he stooped to peer through a chink to see if the brother were visible. He had spoken in Spanish, but she understood too well.

"But, Kossuth, you must tell me the why that my brother is so angry," her little Swedish tongue struggling with the English words.

"The cow in the far pasture was killed by a man. Meat has been cut from it," he replied abruptly.

"Does he know the killer?"

"Everybody knows. That fellow back in the hills with the herd of muchachos. Too many muchachos. He robs to feed them," and Kossuth pursed up his lips in disgust at the thought of such a family. Little Christine stood looking up at him with round blue eyes, her pretty mouth drooping fearfully.

"And what means my brother to do?"

Kossuth put a finger across his mouth and rolled his eyes toward the house.

"Will he be hung like old Jacobson's son?" she persisted. Kossuth took up the end of a lariat hanging close by and wound it about his neck. Dropping it again, he smiled grimly.

"When?" asked Christine.

"We leave after the morning milking to drive the cows to pasture. It takes four to do that." Kossuth winked knowingly.

"It will be too wet for the cattle," suggested Christine.

"The storm has not yet broken. This is only wind." Kossuth turned to his work of brushing off the horses. There was a long row of them and Christine saw that he could not leave his work to carry her back to the house, so she went out into the wind once more, and, nearly losing her balance at every leap, she at last gained the protection of the porch.

Dropping her bonnet, she peered into the dining-room, but not seeing her brother, she ran into the front hall and up the stairs to his bedroom. Without knocking, she opened the door. She was doing a very brave thing for a little girl of thirteen, but because she was small for thirteen, she dared to do it.

"Gustaf," she whispered, "I want to be with thee." She spoke in the native tongue.

"The Don" looked sharply at her as he turned on his stool and dropped his pen into its holder.

"Gustaf, thou wilt not be a man-killer?" She put a little hand on his knee and looked up into his face, her chin quivering.

"Who has told thee such nonsense?" he growled.

"No one," she quickly replied, remembering the fears of Kossuth. "But I hear talk from the dining-room." She knew "The Don" was no match for a roomful of men.

"Stop thy silly ears to such talk. It is not for them"; he scowled terribly.

"But, Gustaf," (she was calling him purposely by his own name), "I was climbing up the creek for ferns one day, and I came to that poor English lady's home. It was so miserable, and the children were so ragged. I gave them my lunch. The lady has such beauty and she is so pale. Thou wilt not take away their papa?" She pressed hard on his knee.

"Be gone with thy talk. It is none of thy doing!" He was growing angrier.

"Oh! But Gustaf, I have no papa, and it is very hard." She began to cry. At this her brother took her up in his arms and carried her into the hallway.

He was exasperated, but there was something softer in his manner after he had called Ursula.

"We do nothing until we are sure. And, Christine, thou must not weep for a thief. Go, white heart," and he shut the door with scorn.

Christine ran to the fat arms of Ursula and buried her face in the plump bosom. Ursula led her to her chamber and talked to her as she unfastened her little garments.

"Thou hast had a busy day, and art tired. I shall tuck thee in and give thee thy supper here. There, little one." Christine put in no protest.

Ursula got the goodies of the kitchen together and took them to her charge. Christine appreciated the treat and ate heartily, while old Ursula busied herself fixing up the cozy little room. She loved this child as her own; she had been her mother all the years of her young life.

"Ursula, dost thou think that my brother will go tomorrow?"

"That is not for us to say," replied Ursula.

"But, Ursula, the little children will have no papa. There are four of them and their papa has been ill. That is why they came here. The lady told me so, and she is so beautiful. My brother is very bad if he is a man-killer." The little face on the pillow was flushed but very positive.

"That is none of thy business," said Ursula sharply. She well understood her place in the family. Christine sat up in bed.

"But I shall hate him!" she screamed. Ursula blew out the candle.

"Sleep will be good for such a temper," declared the old lady, feeling vainly in the dark for the tray of victuals, many of which had not been touched.

"Well, it can stay," she grunted, and left the room, closing the door behind her.

Left alone, little Christine lay awake wondering. She was so worried. She pressed her little hands to her head, for it ached; but she lay very still, and when Ursula looked in on her way to bed Christine was peacefully sleeping. But, if asleep, Christine did not sleep long. She listened until every noise in the house had died away, though the wind rattled the doors and windows alarmingly. About 1 o'clock she lighted her candle, screening it carefully for fear of detection. Then she dressed herself and ate what she could, at last stealing into the hall, where a long row of coats and hats hung. It was very draughty in the hall. She lifted a bunch of clothing from a hook and slipped back into her own room. She laid her load on the bed and looked it over. There was one short, woolly coat. She put this on. It nearly reached the floor, and a great deal of sleeve had to be turned back. A very wide flap had to be pinned over to make it fit her body. With difficulty she pulled on her rubbers, and, tying her knotted scarf about her head, and stuffing the candle and matches, together with a bit of bread, into her pocket, she again entered the hall, now only lighted by the dim moonshine.

Her little footsteps could not be heard above the clatter of the storm. She opened and closed doors without fear, and at last stood on the porch. Above, now and then, the moon peered through the clouds which nearly covered the heavens, the force of the wind to be guessed only by their flight. She looked toward the barn and was afraid; but she pushed her way toward it, muttering: "My brother shall not be a man-killer."

She opened the stable door with difficulty, lifting the heavy bar. Now inside, she lighted her candle, and with this in hand she stole along back of the row of horses to the far end of the stable. Here, Jason, the swiftest and blackest steed of the dairy, was tied. Snorting a little at the sight of her, he struggled to his feet. In spite of her fears she laughed, for she knew that she looked more like a chubby bear than a harmless little girl.

"You must take me to Pescadero, Jason. It is not far, but the way is so bad." She pulled him up to the manger, and, standing on its edge, she struggled long and hard to put on his bridle. At last she succeeded. As for a saddle, that was out of the question. She found her own surcingle, and, throwing it again and again, finally got it over his back and strapped on the side, though not tight

at all, for he swelled out his sides and nipped at her sleeve as though her feeble little hands were lacing him in two.

This done, she propped the door open, likewise the yard gate; then she returned and managed by climbing the side of the stall to get to the back of the great horse. Not until then did she untie him, and this with the greatest difficulty. He turned so suddenly that she came near falling, but, tightening her grasp on the reins, and forcing her feet in between his sides and the surcingle, she clung to him as he bounded from the barn.

Twice he circled the yard before she could get him back to the barn door, to shake the prop from it and swing it to. As for fastening it, it might remain unfastened to account for the escape of Jason. With the gate she had the same difficulty, but she knew the wind would keep it shut if once closed, so she galloped away under the cloudy moon.

(To be concluded next month.)

Spring.

The Spring has come and buried lies
The joyless, cheerless Winter's gloom,
Each bird his love-spurred task now plies,
And plumes his wing to please her eyes,
New tender love-notes ever tries.
The present days the past illume,
Since Spring has come and buried lies
The joyless, cheerless Winter's gloom.

Margaret Stanislawsky.

My Message.

I send to you a message,
O'er mountain, stream and plain;
Like summer bird of passage,
Returning home again.
Though wild March winds are snarling,
Its mate comes with the starling;
But all alone, my darling,
I send the old love word.

Not steam, or wire flashing,
I'll trust my message to;
No dove, or courier dashing,
Shall bear my thought to you;
But, by the might of loving,
Time, distance, doubt removing,
The spirit's God-power proving,
In your heart, I'll be heard.

New hopes, new prospects gladden;
New plans are forming fast;
Since memory comes to sadden,
You've buried deep your past;
Yet, through the joy-bells' ringing,
Through shame or sorrows stinging,
Yes, e'en through angels' singing,
Your soul shall hear me call.

And like that strange star's gleaming,
That o'er Bethlehem shone,
Shall flash your old, fond dreaming,
Of one you called your own.
That dream your whole heart filling,
All newer passions chilling,
This message your soul thrilling:
"I love you best of all."

Adonen.



The Indian's Turkish Bath.

IN AN Indian's estimation of things cleanliness is not very apt to be placed next to godliness. As a matter of fact he thinks little or nothing about his person other than to adorn it with bright colors. The Indian's Turkish bath, therefore, or the substitute for it, the sweathouse, is not intended as a cleansing process. It is his cure for disease, and doubtless is efficacious in curing or relieving rheumatism.

Indian sweathouses are found along the river banks of most of the Northern Indian reservations. The one shown in the illustration is located on the Umatilla river in Eastern Oregon, and was made for Che-lum, the figure in the picture, one of the wise men of the tribe, who stands high in the councils of his people, and who has made many trips to Washington in their interests.

In the autumn when the Indians leisurely return from the hunt and gathering huckleberries in the mountains, they are wont to establish a temporary residence on the banks of a river. A sweathouse is an indispensable feature of these nomadic establishments. Almost before the camp is pitched, the earth is lightly scooped out in the form of a round hollow, and a skeleton framework of willow boughs is bent over it, making a sort of beaver's house, and not much larger. This is carefully covered with deerskins, fir boughs and earth—anything to exclude the air. With the exception of the hole in front, the place is air-tight, and the "waste-te-mo" is complete.

In a fire near by, some stones from the river's marge have been heated until they are very hot. The Indian to be healed now enters the "waste-te-mo" and the Turkish bath is begun.

The hot stones are rolled into the house, which is quickly and closely closed by blankets by the attending squaw, and water is then thrown upon the heated stones within. Immediately the "waste-te-mo" is filled with steam, and the rheumatic joints of the old siwash become limber. He endures the stifling atmosphere, sweats until the heat becomes intolerable, and then with a whoop dashes out of the sweathouse and plunges into the cold water of the river, and the bath is finished.

Elise.

A Sequel to "The Voice of the Silence."

Chapter III.

THE girl lifted her graceful length from the lounging chair, crossed the hearth-rug in a single step and threw her arms about her startled hostess.

"I object to being tolerated as an outsider any longer," she said, with a half-sob in her voice. "Either let me into your heart, or shut the door upon me and be done with it."

"Why," stammered Elise, surprised, confused and vaguely troubled, "I have not meant—"

"No; you have not meant to do either the one thing or the other. That is where it hurts. I have been to you neither more nor less than the rest of the world. I want to be more." She released the slender, passive figure and half turned aside. "If I cannot be that, then—"

"But you are," murmured Elise, wishing to be kind. "I assure you—" But the girl broke in, impatiently:

"Let us have done with conventionalities," she cried. "I want to be of some use in the world, of some use to you. I am tired of this senseless round of pleasure that is, after all, nothing but a mockery. You put me to shame with your seriousness. Set me to work—let me help you—let me go down into your precious slums and learn something about life."

She spoke rapidly, but with a note of deadly earnestness in her voice.

"I am sure," began Elise protestingly, "that your time is anything but wasted. You are secretary of the board of Associated Charities and vice-president of the Twice a Month Club, and—and—interested in ever so many things," she concluded lamely, conscious that she was begging the question, and yet scarcely clear as yet as to just what she ought to do and say under the circumstances, finding it difficult to recognize in this suddenly earnest woman, whose flushed cheeks and wet eyelashes betrayed the depth of her emotion, the brilliant, if somewhat cynical Katherine Farmer, whom she had always regarded as a clever but rather heartless society girl.

"There it is again! You are putting me off with empty words and meaningless phrases. You know as well as I that the offices you name are mere vacuous titles, and the organizations that are their excuse for existence are only make-believes when it comes to a question of real work. It's a sort of salve which we of the world and the flesh use to soothe a not quite stifled conscience. Bah! what fools we are to cheat ourselves with self-created shams. I am sick—sick of it all. Show me how to get hold of something true, something honest, and I will bless you for it as long as we both shall live."

"You ask much," said Elise in a low voice.

"Yes, I know, but you will do it. You

have found a better way in which to walk." She spoke with hopefulness and animation now.

"Have I?" cried Elise, and turned back to the mantelpiece, laying her arm along its narrow shelf and hiding her face against her arm. "Oh, have I found anything but a path beset with thorns?" But the last part of her speech was breathed to herself and Katherine did not hear.

"Have you not, dear Mrs. Randolph? Do we not, all, even the giddiest among us, see and admit it?" She came close again and laid her hand in Elise's open palm, and stood facing her upon the hearthrug. "Oh, if you knew what a reproach you have been to me these last few years. At first I did not realize that you were different, and I was skeptical and thought you did it for effect when you began to interest yourself in these things; but I have known better for a long time now, and I have been trying to find out why you cared to do it and—and I want to help you. I want you to show me how to do something useful."

"No one can help me," murmured Elise under her breath; and then aloud, "how can I show you that which I have not yet found out for myself? It is all a mistake to think we can do anything to lessen the woe of the world. The trouble lies deeper than a woman's hands can reach." She spoke wearily, almost hopelessly, and Katherine noticed for the first time how thin and drawn her face looked as she turned toward the light. Her cheeks were pale and there were dark circles under the eyes, and the eyes—there was a desperate sadness in their blue depths that made them almost black.

"I don't think I quite understand, Mrs. Randolph."

"No, of course not. I cannot explain because I am not quite clear about it myself, only this much, it is not by giving them bread that the poor are helped to any permanent good."

"How then?"

"Ah, that is beyond me. I only know that it needs a stronger hand than woman's to right the wrongs imposed by universal selfishness upon the weak and ignorant."

"But must they not be fed meantime?"

"They must be taught to feed themselves, and then—"

"And then?"

"They must be permitted to do so. Equality, universal brotherhood; how men prate and preach about it, but where is the man who dares or cares to practice what he preaches? We call ourselves Christian, and by our actions mock the name of Christ every day and every hour. Or if there is upon the earth one man brave enough and honest enough to form his life upon the New Testament ideal he is called a fanatic, a visionary, a monomaniac. Do you wonder that seeing the wretchedness of the laboring poor, the horrible conditions under which they toil and starve and sin and suffer, and realizing the hopeless selfishness of those in whose hands lies the power to impose these conditions or to improve them, he has grown to believe that the only remedy for human misery lies in the extermination of the race? Oh, there are too many children in the tenements of the poor, too few in the houses of the rich. If God himself is powerless how shall we, who labor blindly, ever hope to work a change?" She spoke with vehemence, almost with passion, yet the weary look did not leave her face, nor did the color come into her cheek. Katherine regarded her wonderingly. She had a curious impression that these earnest sentences were uttered to conceal the woman's real feeling.

"There is something else," she thought; "something which she does not wish me to know or suspect. I wonder what it is, and why?" But she only said softly: "Yet you will not give up your work down there in—Reese Alley, I mean, and the schools and homes and things?"

Elise looked at her steadily for a moment before replying, and the girl had again that curious sensation. "It was as if," she said to herself, recalling the interview later, "as if she looked at something far off and did not see me at all."

"Will I give it up?" she said. "No, no, I shall not give it up. For whether or not anything comes of it to others, it is my salvation." She left the hearthrug and walked slowly down the length

of the room, then came back, and smiling held out her hand. "Forgive me," she said sweetly. "I am afraid I have seemed very brusque and—and unkind. It is lovely of you to offer to help me. You will be disappointed and disgusted and discouraged a thousand times; but if you are as much in earnest as you think you are you will never give up once you enlist in the cause."

"Then you will let me do something?"

"Let us go down to luncheon now. When you are physically refreshed you shall go with me to Reese Alley and make the acquaintance of Mam Betz, whose capacity for beer is something phenomenal, but in whom the maternal instinct predominates to a marvelous degree. If you can overcome your natural repugnance to vile odors and viler sights long enough to get below the surface you will find that human nature is, at bottom, about the same in a rickety tenement in Reese Alley as in a drawing-room on the upper avenue."

As they left the room a childish figure emerged from the fartherest corner of the room and slowly followed them. It was the Indian lad, Nanita's son, who never appeared at the family board when Colonel Randolph was at home, and never missed doing so when he was not. Elise waited for him at the foot of the stairs and drew him to her side when he came down. "I thought you had forgotten," she said tenderly. "You know Miss Farmer?"

The boy held out his hand, small, delicately shaped and brown, and Katherine clasped it in her own jeweled white one and made some commonplace remark. She was not particularly fond of children, did not know them, in fact, and this little black-eyed lad always inspired in her a sense of uneasiness.

"I am honestly afraid of him," she said once to the colonel. "He makes me feel my own inferiority when he stares at me with those big solemn eyes. Does he never smile?"

"Really," replied the colonel, "I do not know that I have ever thought to observe. He keeps out of my way, you see. Mrs. Randolph prefers him to a dog—a woman must have some sort of a pet, I suppose. I never liked dogs, so, on the whole, I commend her good taste. However, if he annoys you he shall be suppressed."

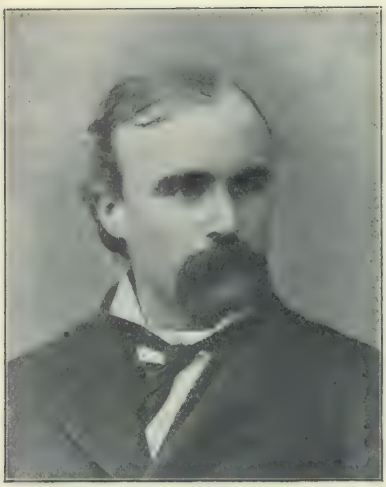
Katherine laughed. "On the contrary, he interests me; though for companionship give me the dog."

Since his marriage Colonel Randolph had seen much of Miss Farmer. He had always regarded her as a girl of exceptional natural ability, but she had never appealed to him as being particularly womanly. In fact, he had been rather repelled by her apparent cynicism, and accepted that as one of the reasons why she had not married. A man admires a clever woman and a ready wit, but a tongue too quick at repartee is not coveted in a wife. He was beginning to ask himself of late if he had not been too hasty in his judgment of her. Perhaps his present opinions were somewhat colored by her evident devotion to Elise. For Colonel Randolph was still deeply in love with his wife and was inclined to think that the whole world ought to look at her through his eyes. It is one of the severest tests of a woman's character, this close intimacy of marriage, and she who can live through it without losing some measure of her husband's respect is to be envied. When a woman loses her hold on her husband's heart it is herself and not he or some counter charm that is to blame. This man would go down to the grave loving, adoring this woman, but understanding her—never. She was to him, after all these years, as sweetly incomprehensible as when on that not-to-be forgotten night she had quickened his pulse and stirred his heart to love by the touch of her lips against his throat. She had puzzled him then—she was a mystery still. The little Indian lad knew her better, was closer to her thoughts than he. For he was not of the initiated.

(To be continued.)

Recently Discovered Unpublished Poems of Sam L. Simpson.

OREGON'S GREATEST POET.



Sam L. Simpson.

Courtesy of "Oregon Native Sons"

To Editor Pacific Monthly—

Since the death of Oregon's gifted poet, S. L. Simpson, I notice a revival of interest in his charming poesy. To help it along, I enclose some specimens that I believe have never been in print. During the winter of 1879 I had the honor and pleasure of entertaining our "poet laureate" at my bachelor quarters on Williams creek, Josephine county, and he then and there, through my urging and advice, undertook and carried through the work of collecting and preparing a volume of his poems for publication. He did not have in his possession a single scrap of the many gems he had scattered broadcast to our Western breezes. I had many of his choicer poems, however, carefully pasted away in a scrapbook, which, with others procured from different sources, formed the nucleus for an interesting volume.

It was a part of the programme that he was to indite some new pieces to go with it; but so dilatory was he in getting his muse in right temper for the fray, that I began to think the additions from this source would not be large. When he did get down to work, however, his industry was what amazed me. I thought he would never stop. Many of his best poems were written on that occasion, with anything but poetical surroundings to inspire his verse, so that when he left Josephine county he carried with him a completed volume of resplendent song. My own valued usufruct of the performance consisted in several first-draft copies of the new pieces. This will explain how I came to be custodian of so much of his manuscript. The finished product which he intended for publication, of course, was often different from the first-draft copy, but in the absence of the ripened fruit some idea of its quality may be formed from the specimens we have at our command. But his book, so far as I am advised, never saw the light of publication day. The printing-house that undertook its publication, I believe, failed, after it had the entire volume in type.

"Dashings of the Oregon" was to have been the title of the book, suggested by Bryant's beautiful lines:

> "Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
> Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
> Save its own dashings."

His preface you will find enclosed with this communication.

Very truly yours,

Wm. W. Fidler.

Grant's Pass, Feb. 20, 1900.

* * *

Preface to Book of Poems by Sam L. Simpson.

Where the kings of the mountains are lifted
  In an armor of silver and pearl,
And the shadows of ages are drifted
  In the banners the forests unfurl,
Where the Oregon's gathering waters
  Go down to the strife of the sea,
And Willamette meanders and loiters
  By many a rose-clustered lea,
In the regions of Hesper—the starlands
  Abloom in the gold-gated West,
I have crowned a wild muse with these garlands—
  The rue-leaves along with the rest.
In the chaplets of verse that I bring her
  Some strain you may haply prolong;
Then to me is the joy of the singer,
  And to you—the delight of the song.

Love Will Surely Come To-morrow.

In a chamber rich with wedded color
A maiden loosed her lustrous hair,
Like a young moon meshed in threaded sunlight
Her beauty throbbed in the tressy snare.
Oh, she was fair as a rose-lipped lily—
A rosy marble of molded song,
And around her lips fond thoughts were humming
Like sweet-faint bees that feast too long.
Love will surely come tomorrow,
Even now his glowing feet
Dash the dappled shore of darkness
Into blushes warm and sweet,
And his wavering, ruby arrow
Pledges heaven to me tomorrow.

Awhile she stood in the rippled splendor
Of amber tresses all unbound,
And the irised clouds of castled dreamland
Ever her sea-deep soul surround.
And the dear eyes drooped with a sudden languor,
And over her curving lips a shade
Of far, faint trouble fell and flitted,
As she gathered her hair in a careless braid.
Love will surely come tomorrow;
But if love inconstant be
Death had better wear my favor
As a faithful knight to me;
Better, if love assail with sorrow,
Death should be my guest tomorrow.

And the twin-sphered bosom, like camelias,
White-clustered round twin buds of rose,
Now loose a gilded swarm of star-beams
To feed upon her sweet repose;
As the lashes, brown as twilight shadows,
Droop softly o'er the sapphire eyes,
And around her lips the bashful dimple
Of love's young hope entranced lies.
Love will surely come tomorrow;
All the roses at the gate
Lean their dewy heads together
As they whisper, "Dream and wait!"
Many maids a wreath will borrow
When they greet their loves tomorrow."

And the moon uprose; her slender sickle
From steep to steep was handed on,
And all the harvest gold of midnight
In sheafy splendor showered down;
An angel, from the fretted casement
Of one far star, on wings of pearl,
Kept tryst with her, upon her bosom
One moment lay his fragrant curl.
Love will surely come tomorrow;
Whom the angels kiss at night,
'Neath the vermeil arch of morning
Ever find their soul's delight—
Never more a doubt will harrow,
Love will surely come tomorrow.

And the morning broke, its beryl billow
Fringed with scarlet foam outspread,
And the day had burst its dewy calyx,
And flamed in blossom overhead;
But the maiden, pale as some wan flower,
In whose pure chalice love had burned
Its magic perfumes, lay unlitten
Heart and hope to ashes turned.
Death will often claim the morrow
We have wreathen with desire,
Often hope but decks the altar
Where her flames at last expire.
Yet, if love assail with sorrow,
Death were truer king tomorrow.

Forever.

The temples of youth are decaying
In Beulah, the beautiful vale,
And my life has been wearily straying
Away from its beautiful pale,
Where the waters of Marah are sobbing
The sorrow of desolate years—
The sorrow and tremulous throbbing
Of hopes that have darkened to fears.
Forever, forever, forever,
The dolorous song of the river,
The wail of the river of tears.

In Beulah, a ring-belted river,
That danced in a garland of pearl,
First sang the refrain of forever
With many a wimple and swirl,
And the flag-flowers bent in the rushes
For a touch of the fanciful stream,
And the roses in redolent blushes
Were aflame with the magical dream.
Forever, forever, forever,
Was the song of the ring-belted river,
The refrain of a beautiful theme.

And love, with red lips, in the pauses
Of passion took up the refrain,
And the birds, in their rapturous clauses
Of silence to listen were fain;
But the leaves in a silvery quiver
Of mystery whispered the breeze
That a rainbow of crimson would ever
Rekindle the blossom of ease.
Forever, forever, forever,
Was the song of the jubilant river,
In the odorous haunts of the bees.

Where the mountains, in desolate places,
Are kneeling, bare-kneed, in the sand,
And my Sphinxes, with mystical faces,
Are gazing in revery grand—
The garlands I twined by the river
Are fillets of flame on my brow,
And the crystalline chime of forever
Is the dirge of Elysium now.
Forever, forever, forever,
Alas, for the musical river
That sang me the treacherous vow.

The stars, on their cold eminences,
  May weave immortelles of the light,
But my soul, in its vapor of senses,
  Is crowned with the sorrow of night;
And the oceans may chant, as they follow
  The glittering shield of the moon,
But their music is weary and hollow—
  A gloomy, unsyllabled rune.
    Forever, forever, forever,
    Is a lonesome refrain, if it sever
  A soul from the loves of its June.

There's an odor of death in the flowers
  That droop in this chaplet of mine;
Believe me, in sunnier hours
  They breathed an aroma divine—
And so I shall wear them forever,
  Thus drying in garlands of death,
As I turn with sick lips and a shiver
  From the kiss of a following wraith.
    Forever, forever, forever,
    Is the song of a shadowless river
  That shall heal the old sorrows of faith.

The Indian "Arabian Nights."

Began in September, 1899.—(Conclusion.)

By H. S. LYMAN.

IN THE legendary lore of the Tlah-tsops all objects, the air, the water, the earth and rocks and trees are endowed with life and intelligence.

For instance, the roar of the sea was not to them the sound of the waves breaking upon the shore, but the voice of a spirit chained in depths of the ocean who clamored to be free. When the wind was from the south the captive spirit roared for storm. When it veered to the north he roared for fair weather. The story of his captivity was this:

In the beginning the earth was inhabited by mighty giants—cheatcos—who were man monsters. This spirit was a cheatco, but in the days when he lived in that form his race had all but vanished, and the sight of him filled the minds of men with terror. When they heard him passing through the distant forest on a still day, striking down trees with his staff made of dead men's bones, they were like to die of fear. At last a young warrior, braver than his fellows, plotted to free the land from the presence of this terrible monster. The warrior was aided in this undertaking by the friendly elements, and the cheatco was cleverly lured into a tide stream and carried out to sea, where he was securely fettered, but with the privilege of roaming from north to south and back again along the coast. And you can hear him to this day, on a still afternoon, or a breathless morning, drag his clanking chains through the heavy surf. It is a sound that always portends a change in the weather.

Of the winds themselves, who were spirits, the Tlah-tsops had many traditions. The contention of the northwest wind, the southwest and the east wind, with their sons and daughters, was a story told in many chapters, and drawn out by good story-tellers to a great length. Of the storms, too, and the clouds, and the thunder bird whose eye flashed lightning, and whose outspread wings darkened the sky, they told countless tales. They gave minute descriptions of the nest of the thunder bird on the summit of Swalla-la-chast and told of its excursions to the sea where it fished for whales.

But the stories of the rocks, those lonely sentinels along the seashore or river stretches, now shrouded in mist or curtained in cloud, or again gilded and resplendent in the sunlight, were perhaps the favorite subjects of all. Each had its legend. They were said to be human souls fixed in these rude rock forms in punishment for some transgression.

A group of rocks off Tillamook Head were a man and his family, who had committed some unpardonable folly and were turned to stone by the exasperated power. A rock off Chinook was a girl who shamelessly bathed in the river. There was a higher power, not highest, but

greater than the wind or the water or the sun, who wrought these transformations. This power, whose work was hidden and who left no trace, they called the Fox, Tallapus. He was simply a necessity of thought, but once conceived he became the main hero of native mythology; shrewd, cunning, humorous, often getting himself into difficulty and working wonders to get himself out again, but on the whole, just and benevolent. Tallapus could not be the highest power since, according to Indian logic, he who found it necessary or expedient to transform things could not have made them. The Supreme Being was to them the god of fire, the builder of mountains, whose voice shook the earth to its foundations and whose anger blazed to heaven.

There is the graceful legend of the waterfall and the two rocks. The waterfall was a maiden with flowing hair and the rocks her two lovers. She would accept neither, but dallied with both till as a punishment for her coquetry she was fixed to the mountain side, ever fleeing but never getting away, and the two lovers, one on either side of the river, were immured in stone; the one who hoped to win by wiles laid low in the waves, the one who hoped to win by bravery raised on high.

In the native Indian mind was ever the double conception—the thing and the spirit of the thing. And the thing is conceived as but the show of the spirit within. There is much that must be left untold concerning these people. These Tlah-tsops of the lower river, but there is nothing concerning them that is not of interest. For the children of Celiast, the daughter of Kobaiway, are honored citizens and useful members of society today.

(The end.)

Note.—In the story of Kobaiway's Revenge, it should have been the Cascade Indians instead of the Cayuses, that were nearly annihilated.

Youth.

I

Youth is like a moonlit gleam
On a stream,
In the darkness it is bright,
And the glitter of its light
Seems a dream;
Seems a dream of happy times,
When the shadows are the mimes,
And the ripples are the rhymes
Of its theme.

II.

Youth is like a summer breeze
In the trees,
For it strays among the bowers
And it sips the sweets of flowers
At its ease;
Sips the sweets of summer fair,
And the shapes of light and air
Are companions sweet and rare,
Formed to please.

III.

Youth is like a star at night,
Ever bright,
And the clouds which may arise,
Never linger in the skies
Of delight;
Never linger with the mimes,
Till the rippling of the rhymes
Beat on shores of after-times,
In their flight.

IV.

Youth is like the rhythm low,
When will flow
Waters from a mountain spring—
Youth is like the birds which sing
All they know;
Birds which warble all the day,
Bidding careless youth to stray
Where the flowers on the way
Ever grow.

Valentine Brown.

A Glance at California's Educational Policy.

By GEORGE MELVIN.

IN THE year 1769, in the month of July, on the bank of the little stream that is dignified by the title of river, was founded the mission of San Diego de Alcala. And this was the beginning of education in California. For the old missions where the Indians were taught by the gentle Franciscan fathers were the first schools in the Golden state, whose institutions of learning now rival in excellence those of any commonwealth in the land.

It is a far cry from the simple walls that sheltered the brown-hued savage to the magnificence of Stanford, and the beauty of Berkeley, but it may be accepted as a proof and a recognition of the eternal fitness of things that Stanford's splendid quadrangle retains the motif of the early mission, and has preserved in enduring stone an architectural type which is, above all others, in harmony with the blue, unclouded skies and sunshine-flooded hills of California.

They were mainly industrial, those first schools. The Indians were given religious instruction, it is true, but they were also taught to plant and sow, to spin and weave, and, all things considered, they were apt pupils. That chapter of the history of the West reads like a romance, and can be viewed only through the golden mists that hallow half-forgotten ideals.

To speak of education in California is to bring before the mind's eye a vision of the two great universities that have given the state a name and a fame dimming the glory of her age of gold. And yet these are but the natural results of an educational system that is unrivaled in its soundness, its thoroughness, and its spirit of progression.

The first American school was opened in San Francisco in 1849, following immediately the gold discovery, and was supported by subscription. In this year, also, plans were begun for the establishment of the College of California, which was primarily a school for boys in Oakland, but which grew into a recognized college in 1860, and opened its doors with but four students enrolled. But from this modest beginning sprang the University of California, with its magnificent site, its annual income of six hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, its fifteen hundred students, and faculty consisting of a hundred and thirty professors. It is a notable fact that Dr. Martin Kellogg, the former president, was one of the first professors in the College of California.

The best evidence of the vital interest which the people of the state take in educational progress is to be found in the laws which they have made and the obligations which they have imposed upon themselves to the end that means shall never be lacking wherewith to secure the best in regard to instruction and appliances.

"The state has a permanent school fund of $4,000,000, invested in United States, state, county and city bonds, the interest of which goes into its annual school fund. Every male citizen between the ages of twenty-one and sixty years is required to pay a poll tax of two dollars for the support of the schools. Five per cent. of all collateral inheritances is also added to the state school fund, and an ad valorem state school tax, amounting to seven dollars for each child in the state over five and under seventeen years of age is annually levied. . . . This is supplemented by a county tax of at least six dollars for each child of the school age. City charters provide for the levying of school taxes in their respective limits, in addition to the state and county taxes. School districts are authorized by a vote of the people to levy additional taxes for school purposes" within a certain limit. All of which goes to explain why California is in the van of educational progress, with her hundred and twelve high schools,

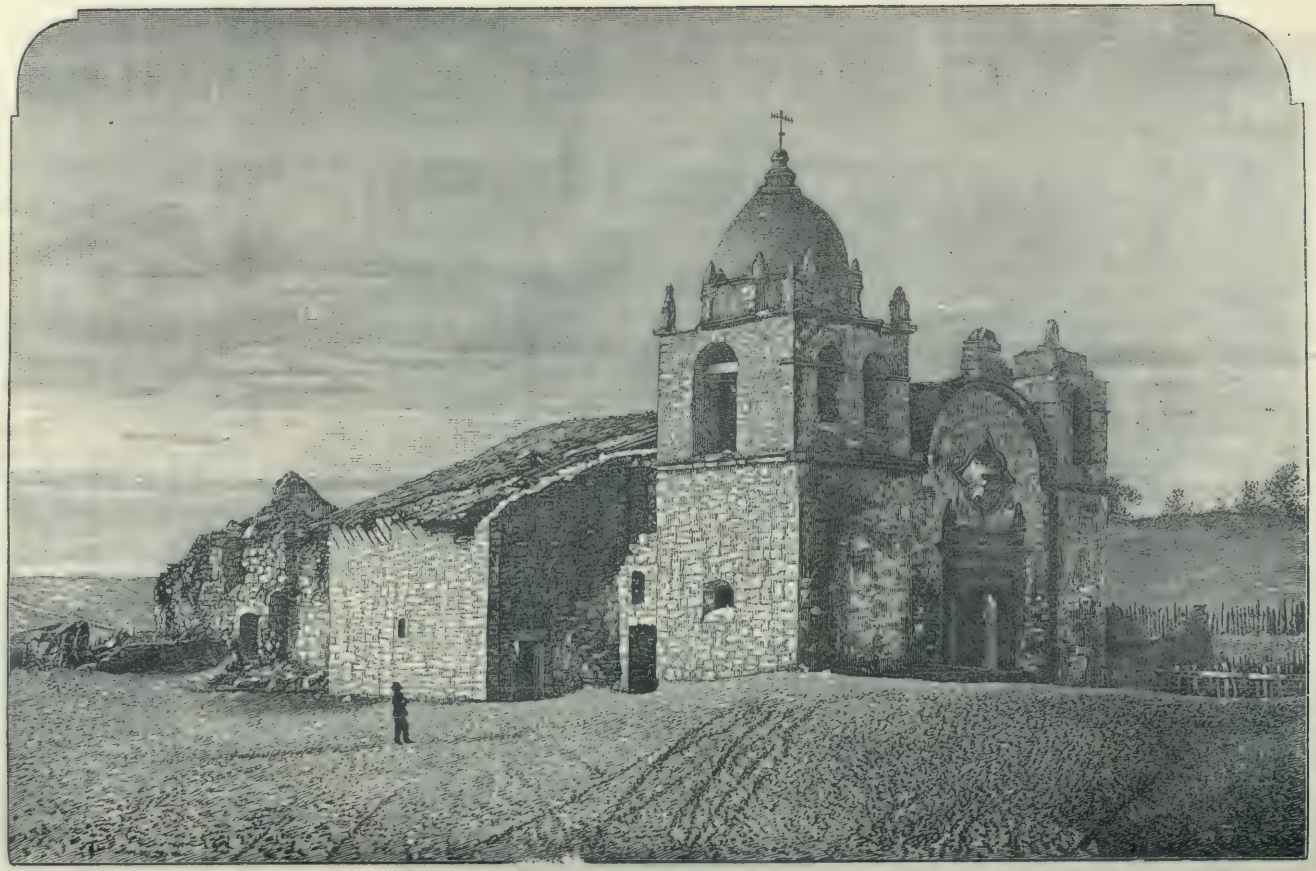


A Glimpse in the Quadrangle, Leland Stanford Jr. University.

her thoroughly equipped normal schools and her state university.

The broad policy outlined and pursued by the commonwealth has been generously supplemented by individual effort and munificence. As witness the splendid legacy of James Lick in the California School of Mechanic Arts at San Francisco, and in the observatory that crowns the summit of Mount Hamilton; the Throop Institute, of Pasadena; the Cogswell Polytechnic School at San Francisco, and many others there and throughout the state, to say nothing of the vast number of private schools and colleges that find a liberal patronage.

Whether it be along industrial, professional or scientific lines, the schools of California rank well with those of any other state in the Union. And the whole system may be said to culminate in the magnificent memorial that is the crowning glory of education on the Pacific slope—the Leland Stanford, Junior, University. Opened in 1891 under the administration of Dr. David Starr Jordan, it has been a powerful stimulus to the cause of education in California, or, as Mr. Hoitt has it, "a lifting force to the educational strength of the state." Stanford University, founded through the munificence of Leland Stanford, recalls



Carmel Mission.

the significant part which the Southern Pacific Company has taken in the development of the state, especially along educational lines. The great Leland Stanford University owes its existence today to the Southern Pacific, and what the establishment of this university has meant and will mean to California can hardly be appreciated by any but those who have been in touch with the great strides in educational lines that the state is making as a direct result of this foundation. We cannot recall any other railroad corporation that directly or indirectly has been such a prime factor in so worthy a cause as the Southern, a fact which is not appreciated as it should be in California. Verily, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country."



Leland Stanford Jr. University Views.

Our Point of View

What Portland Lacks.

Perhaps we can say without fear of contradiction and without seeming to disparage any of the other cities on this Coast, that Portland is situated on one of the most beautiful and favorable spots for the location of a great city that could well be conceived. It is at the head of navigation on the Willamette river, with a channel to the sea sufficient in depth for the great graincarriers and battleships which frequent the harbor. It is at the head of the Willamette valley, one of the most fertile and prosperous in the world, where crops never have been known to fail. It is the distributing center for hundreds of miles in every direction. It is the real terminus of five great transcontinental railways. It is the natural outlet for the great mining region of Eastern Oregon, and for the lumber, wool and grain which are making the Pacific Northwest famous the world over. It has every advantage that a mild and equitable climate can give. As a place of residence it offers every inducement to the homebuilder. Five towering and majestic mountains clad with eternal snow are visible from its homes the year round. The city's streets are characterized by their beautiful shade trees, and the Presbyterian general assembly called Portland "the city of roses." Commercially or aesthetically there seems to be nothing that could be desired. Yet the fact remains that Portland is fast slipping behind in the race for supremacy which is now on between the cities of the Coast. There is no use in closing our eyes to this fact. It is patent to every observer. What is the reason and where is the remedy? We do not have to go very far to find the reason. Let each one, individually, look to himself and he will find it there. As a city we lack civic pride, however much we may talk it. There is no unanimity of action—there is plenty of it in feeling. We have the best of intentions in the world, but very unfortunately that is as far as we go, so we accomplish nothing. We wait for the other man to do what we think he should, and we will die waiting. We preach home industry and enterprise and all that sort of thing, and we practice—selfishness. This is a plain truth which Portland must realize sooner or later. We say "buy Oregon-made goods," and straightway purchase those "made in Germany" or France, or anywhere else, if only a foreign mark is upon them. But our wool and our fruit and our cloths, etc., are shipped East and South and West and North, and are pronounced the best in the world. We say we believe in ourselves, but do we? We do not show it by our practices. The great trouble is, to use an excusable slang phrase, we do not "pull together." We say the best things in the world about encouraging enterprise, but our attitude, and that is what counts, when some material assistance is required, is that of one who is concerned only with his own affairs. There can be no civic advancement under such conditions. Our sister cities north have none of these faults. They are far too wise. The remedy? It suggests itself. Let us not change our mental attitude—that has always been satisfactory—but let us make out attitude a reality. It is a case for individual effort, not for the Board of Trade or the Chamber of Commerce or any other body. Those who have diagnosed the case heretofore and have sought relief through organized bodies, have made a common mistake. Portland will never awake from her lethargy until individuals as individuals realize this fact and act upon it.

* * *

Make-Believe Art.

If a city is to have water works or an electric plant installed, or any engineering or mechanical work of a public nature performed, it is taken for granted at once by the whole community that a competent committee will pass upon and

approve the plans for the work before it is begun. This is simply a common-sense, business proposition. A very different condition exists, however, in regard to the additions to a city of an artistic nature. There is no supervision or restriction in American cities of any kind as to what is good or bad from an artistic point of view. It is true that one or two of our larger cities have limited the height of buildings, but it was a practical, not an artistic, reason which dictated this course, although the restriction is on the side of art. We are permitted to erect any sort of building we may choose. It may violate every rule of good taste, every canon of art; it may be an eye sore for coming generations, and yet there are none that can say nay should we choose to do this. Or if we have a little money and wish to perpetuate our name we can leave a measly sum for a statue or a drinking fountain, fashioned by an amateur sculptor, or worse, to disfigure our streets, make us ashamed of our city from the true artistic standpoint and corrupt the artistic conceptions of our growing children—and if we wish to do so is there any municipal art commission that can step in and say, "This must pass our inspection and approval?" But unless there should come into existence in the near future some such committee, how can we prevent such a travesty upon our artistic decency as that which is proposed in memory of the heroes of the Second Oregon? Such a monstrosity ought not to be allowed to appear even in outline, much less to disfigure our beautiful streets. People with inartistic conceptions have no moral right at least to inflict those conceptions upon the public. The money spent had far better be thrown into the river where it can do no harm. Portland already has an artistic creation—the Skidmore fountain—of which any city might justly be proud. This should be our standard. At least, let us not discredit ourselves from an artistic standpoint before the world and posterity.

* * *

War and Murder.

If one man shoots another down upon the street and he dies, that is murder. If a man behind a "Long Tom" or a "Joe Chamberlain" pulls a trigger that sends a hundred men in an instant to eternity, shattering their bodies in the most frightful and horrible manner, that is war. If a man stabs another in the heart and is actuated by hatred, that is murder. If a man stabs another in the back with a bayonet and is actuated by hatred, that is war. If a man steals upon another in the dark of night and clubs him to death, that is murder. If a hundred or a thousand men steal upon others in the dark of night and club them to death, that is war. What is the difference? In one case we raise our hands in horror. A trial ensues and often the guilty party expiates his life at the command of the great state. It was a crime. In the other, if we are the aggressors, we shout for joy. Who can say that we are not barbarians? Who cannot cry "O Liberty, Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

* * *

The Indian.

The Indian's is a character that is a never-ending source of interest and wonder. The very sight of him is a mute and pathetic appeal recalling his heroic and fruitless struggle against the onrushing tide of civilization. His is a sad and picturesque past, a doomed future. The struggle which he has so manfully maintained for 400 years or more is nearing the close, and, like his contemporary, the buffalo, he is gradually passing away. Here in the Pacific Northwest, where it is not long since the Indian ruled supreme, and where he is still a factor for government supervision and misrule, we are not so apt to think of the noble red man as "a passing shadow" as those are who are further removed from him. We are too closely in touch with his life and customs; his legends and history are too nearly ours for us to see him in perspective, or to feel that, as a race, he is rapidly disappearing as a result of the relentless movement of the "survival of the fittest." A feeling that we are at a turning point where we must either gather together or lose forever valued personal reminiscences, first-hand accounts of historic or semi-historic characters, legends and stories, may, in some degree, account

for the very active interest in the Indian which is now being manifested in so many parts of this section, and which this magazine has, from its inception, carefully fostered. A series of articles on this subject, which the Pacific Monthly began in September, is brought to a close in this number. In "The Indian 'Arabian Nights'" Professor Lyman has given us an unique and valuable contribution to the literature of the Pacific Northwest, and one that will become more valuable as time goes on. The inception has been original and striking, and we feel no hesitancy in saying that those of our readers who have failed to follow the series have missed the best contribution to this class of literature that has, as yet, been made.

* * *

The Modern Miser.

The modern miser, unlike his predecessor, who still exists in the popular imagination, is a very respectable and dignified individual. He wears the best clothes, has a high business standing, and usually affects society. He is well pleased with himself and the world, and his friends, as well as himself, would indignantly resent any imputation that might connect his name with that of a miser. Very often, indeed, they would be the last ones to recognize the true inwardness of his nature. But he is a miser, nevertheless. That he does not live in a hovel and fondle his gold signifies nothing. This difference is not essential. That which is essential lies in the fact that the modern miser is more cunning, more respectable, more secure in his miserly ways because he is better able to prosecute them undiscovered; he may for a time even deceive himself and his family, but sooner or later he must recognize himself as he is—a wolf in sheep's clothing. He gives sometimes to charity, sometimes to perpetuate his name—but the very fact of his giving, the manner and spirit in which it is done, proclaims him a modern miser. He gives because he is afraid not to do so, and whatever he does, whether for himself or others, is characterized by that little degree of penuriousness which the broad-minded, healthy man would despise. He would say—swear that it is not so—but money is his god and he is its slave.

* * *

Pessimism.

Every first move is the foundation of some habit. Man is a machine that is naturally systematic. It is easier to do a thing a second time, as a rule, than a first. Repetitions are human nature, and whether we will or no from the cradle to the grave we are constantly making and breaking habits. Our business and social life, our pleasures, our modes of thought are but a string of habits that characterize us among our fellowmen. We are optimistic or pessimistic, as a rule, because we have allowed ourselves to think along certain lines to the exclusion of others. Pessimism is the result of introspection systematically applied, and unhappiness generally has the same origin. Confinement is a seed of pessimism, and the environment of city life nurtures it. Habit tends it, and a race of pessimists is born. If we are to make the most of ourselves and our work we must get out of ourselves. We must have an occasional change of environment The tendencies of the hum-drum business world must be buried in the expanse of the country and in the fresh air that fills our lungs there. Who can be pessimistic if the unobstructed sky is above him, and the woods and fields, even though bleak and bare, are spread out before him? The country is God's, the city is man's. We can all say with the duke in "As You Like It"—

"Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The season's difference; as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites, and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
This is no flattery; these are the counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Men and Women

THE GREATEST QUESTION THAT MAN CAN FACE.

(Fifth, and concluding article, in this Series.)

It will be conceded at once by every thoughtful person that there is no question of greater import to the human race than that which has to do with man,—his origin and destiny. Other subjects may occupy our attention for the moment. We may even live, fight or die for them; but to the observing and investigating mind they are, they must be, of secondary importance to those which we have suggested. These are not restricted to the narrow confines of what man may do or say. Political affairs, wars, educational or scientific thought are, in comparison, but the playthings of a day. Once settled, they are, in a large degree, forgotten. It is the present that calls forth the energies of men. But what will posterity a hundred years hence care for the struggles of today? It will have its own problems to meet, and its present will cast into a shadow the past and the future. But the great questions involved in man's origin and destiny go on forever. A hundred, a thousand years hence they will be as fresh, as full of significance, as inspiring, as great, as they are today, or as great as they were when, in the mysterious past, the intellect of man was first staggered by a dawning consciousness of his responsibility to himself and the world of mankind, and he was oppressed by what was to him an unanswerable, an unknowable problem—the sphinx of human existence. What a marvelous thing it must have been for him! What a marvelous thing it is for us, when thousands of years have added to the store of knowledge, and yet the question is still as great, as inspiring!

* * *

To say that man sprang from a monkey and that all is over with him at death is as foolish as it is unsatisfactory. It is no answer—worse than none. And yet this is the way some men would answer it. Conceive such an answer being given to the man whose brain was first puzzled and perplexed over the tremendous import of his own existence. Conceive him standing, in those bleak old times, with his face to the heavens in question and his arms extended—the picture of perplexity and almost despair. Conceive a nineteenth century Darwinism-theoried agnostic saying to him: "Man, you sprang from a monkey. You are alive to struggle and faint. You are doomed to trials, disappointments, failure. Then death, and you are done with." What then? Would he have cowered like a whipped cur and fallen in agony of thought at his miserable punishment in being brought into existence and the far more miserable prospect? It is not conceivable. The divine in man would have asserted itself, and, as though inspired, he would have risen to his height and shouted: "Thou liest! Man is an immortal being. There is that within me far beyond the power of mere words to name or explain that tells me, and I know thou liest!"

* * *

The great and tremendous fact of immortality, however, is not denied today by the healthy, enlightened mind. There are, it is true, some few diseased pessimists who would pose as rejecting it, but we do not believe that it is possible—conceivable—for an intelligent man on his deathbed to assert, and truly believe in his inner consciousness, that there is no life for him after the grave. When that great test comes, the mind reverts to nature and God, and both proclaim in the most unmistakable terms that man is immortal. No man who believes in his own existence and the existence of the world around him, whose observation has extended to the laws of nature and who is in touch with the testimony of the world

from the beginning can consistently doubt this. The belief in immortality is inherent in the human race. No nation, no tribe, however uncivilized, savage or ignorant, has been without some form or shade of it—none but has put its hope in it. Without immortality man, the animals, this world, nay, the very universe itself, would be in vain, and man's struggles and hope a delusion and mockery, his existence a crime against reason and every law of justice. Without immortality—what a terrible, what an awful thing to contemplate!—the problem of life would be solved—in suicide. But we are as certain as it is possible for us to be certain of anything that immortality is a fact, and it is the greatest fact with which man can deal.

* * *

The question of the origin of man, then, is not of paramount importance. We are on this earth, a living fact. Where are we to go? What is our destiny? What are we here for?—these are the great and paramount questions which each man in the life that is given him must decide for himself. But men live as if they did not realize this fact, as if the present were of more consequence than an indefinite but eternal future, and it was this phase of the subject that we formerly attempted to emphasize. Men are the creatures of a day—of an hour. They fail to realize the importance of this great and inclusive question, "What are we here for?" until the years have passed over their heads and their hairs are gray, or some sorrow or disappointment brings them to a halt, and the purpose of our existence on this earth is made clear. Then it is not a question of eating, drinking and being merry. Then life is dear possession—something in which each one of us has a part to do for himself and the world. Then the connection between our living and the eternal future is life itself, and we no longer see as through a glass darkly. We may fight shy of the question now; we may live a life of recklessness and unconcern; we may lie to ourselves and deny God and immortality, or we may, as thousands, millions, do, wait for a more convenient season, but we are sure to meet the question face to face some day. It is only a matter of time. There is, there must be, one correct answer, and only one, to this all-important and inclusive question. Either we are here for a distinct purpose, or we are not. Either we are the creatures of an all-wise Creator, or we are not. Either there has been a distinct plan for the existence, present and future, of man, or there has not. There is no middle ground. That we are here for a distinct purpose which has a direct bearing on our future life; that we are the creatures of an all-wise Creator who has a great and tremendous plan which men and nations are working out is the only reasonable and sober conclusion based upon history, geology, philosophy and divine revelation that the broad and healthy-minded man can reach.

The Minister.

Vision.

Winged with desire for worlds unknown, my soul
Absorbed itself beyond itself, and free,
Floating in pure white flame, I thought to see
The immaterial vision of life's whole;
To find the sealed invisible unroll
And grasp the flying form of Mystery.
But lo, near earth-born voices came to me,
Fraught with our common happiness and dole.
I felt a little child's glad love of life;
I wept with women in the house of death,
Worshipped with sinners at the Virgin's shrine.
Within all joy, within all pangs of strife,
I touched the silent spirit's quivering breath,
And in the human found the light divine.

Katherine Coolidge in the Atlantic Monthly.

The Home

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING.

There is no sufficient reason why it might not be made a successful experiment, at least. Thus far the main trouble has lain in the fact that the right people have not gotten together for the purpose, or they have been lacking in the earnestness of their desire to make a thoroughly practical test of the matter of co-operative housekeeping.

If it is possible in part, it is certainly practicable as a whole, even down to the minutest detail. Every one who has tried it knows how much lighter the burden of housekeeping is in a well-appointed flat than in a house, no matter how many conveniences the latter may contain. And life in a flat is in a sense co-operative housekeeping, for you are supplied with heat, light, water and janitor's services at a merely nominal charge included in the rent—about one-tenth the amount it would cost you if you were compelled to supply yourself—and you escape the worry, the responsibility and loss of time that are necessary consequences of the effort.

The next step in the movement would be to abolish the kitchen from the flat and establish a co-operative culinary department in the basement, or, better still, on the top floor, from which all tenants could be served as desired, at less expense and far more satisfactorily than they could serve themselves.

But this is not the sort of co-operation that I have in mind. My idea is much simpler, and yet perhaps more difficult, because it is not always as easy as it seems to bring together families of similar tastes and inclinations and prevail upon them to try an experiment which people of the right sort naturally shrink from. To lessen the friction of life, the cost of living, the wear and tear upon the nervous system and to increase the comfort, the pleasure and the leisure for intellectual enjoyment. This I hold to be the end and aim of co-operative housekeeping. It is not necessary to go into detail concerning the expense of maintaining even the most modest establishment, and the expense in dollars and cents to busy people is the least of the cost. The thing which I wish to impress upon you is this: If two or three or a dozen families could sufficiently harmonize their different modes of life to provide themselves with a common roof-tree, kitchen, laundry, domestic service, gardener, stables, etc., they could materially diminish the cares and increase the joys of human existence. That the tendency of the age is toward co-operation in all things is too apparent to call for remark. And it is particularly manifested along this line of domestic economy in the multiplication of clubs—for women as well as for men, where one may secure the comforts and privacy of home-life at a merely nominal cost. Meantime Helen Campbell is right when she says that the only reason that co-operative housekeeping has not succeeded as a domestic experiment on a small scale is because people are not as yet really convinced of its advantages and are afraid to really make an earnest trial of it. In short, man is still too suspicious of his neighbor to love him in the Scriptural fashion. But human nature is improving every day. The light of that star that illumined the world two thousand years since glows with an ever-strengthening radiance, and the evolution of the perfect man is going forward in spite of war and famine and greed for gold.

G. M.

Books

PRIMITIVE LOVE AND LOVE STORIES.
By Henry T. Finck.
Chas. Scribner's Sons, N. Y.

When Professor Finck writes on any topic we are always sure of his being interesting. Music, travel, nature, art or peoples are fascinating subjects in his hands, and this latest, which might be termed "the evolution of true love," is even more than usually entertaining, for it is a history and an analysis of the foundation of religion and human conduct. The author has spent 12 years on this work, which comprises a volume of 850 pages, 15 of which are taken up by a copious bibliography. The interest never lags, however, as the writer leads the reader on through the development of love in the barbarous ages to its highest development into altruistic affection. Necessarily the subject at times compels frank speech, but it is always treated respectfully and delicately, and his manner could be imitated to advantage by some of the problem-story writers.

The author describes the ingredients of love as Individual Preference, Monopolism, Coyness, Jealousy, Mixed Moods of Hope and Despair, Hyperbole, Adoration, Purity, Pride, Admiration of Personal Beauty, Gallantry, Self-Sacrifice, Sympathy and Affection. Of these, seven are egoistic and seven are altruistic. The egoistic include Individual Preference, Monopolism, Jealousy, Coyness, Hyperbole, Mixed Moods and Pride, while the essential characteristics of the altruistic side of romantic love are Sympathy, Affection, Gallantry, Self-Sacrifice, Adoration, Purity and Admiration of Personal Beauty. Lack of space prevents my making extended quotations, but his definition of "Romantic Love" is admirably expressed in his description of the feelings of the lover toward the object of his affections:

"Toward such a superior being the only proper attitude is adoration. She is spotless as an angel, and his feelings toward her are as pure, as free from coarseness as if she were a goddess. How royally proud a man must feel at the thought of being preferred above all mortals by this divine being! In personal beauty had she ever a peer? Since Venus left this planet has such grace been seen? In face of her, the strongest of impulses—selfishness—is annihilated. The lover is no longer "number one" to himself; his own pleasure and comforts are ignored in the eager desire to please her, to show her gallant attentions. To save her from disaster or grief he is ready to sacrifice his life. His cordial sympathy makes him share all her joys and sorrows, and his affection for her, though he may have known her only a few days—nay, a few minutes—is as strong and devoted as that of a mother for the child that is her own flesh and blood."

The universal regard for personal beauty Professor Finck considers a natural safeguard, as beauty is the expression of health, and the welfare of posterity should be considered above all things, and that a strong sentiment should be fostered against marriages for convenience where there is a liability of other than healthy offspring. The tone of the book is hopeful, and we are nearing the period, in the author's estimation, when public opinion will demand that marriage be based upon love. The reactionary wave, with its mannish women and effeminate men, will have spent its force, and the coming tide of enlightened and altruistic love will carry the bark of matrimony into the peaceful haven of perfect happiness.

* * *

THE CARPETBAGGER.
By Opie Read and Frank Pixley.
Laird & Lee, Chicago.

One of our most competent critics has said of Opie Read, "he just missed being great." In "The Carpetbagger" he is at his best, and there is a refinement and

delicacy not found in his other works.

How much this is due to collaboration one cannot say, but his admirers will earnestly hope that it is growth and development. The story is of the reconstruction days just following the Civil War, and is full of action and exciting events. The hero, Melville Crance, is appointed Governor of Mississippi, and is ostracised socially and hated cordially, not so much for his politics as for the fact that he is an "alien," and cannot, of course, have any abiding interest in the affairs of the state. How much they are in error in their premises is brought out strongly as the story develops. The Governor is, of course, the central figure all through, but all the characters are very much alive and a part of the romance. Mrs. Fairburn, the Southern widow, is a noble woman, and is directly responsible for the regeneration of the "carpetbagger." Lucy Linford, the attractive schoolbook lobbyist, is a type met with everywhere, and Willetts, the political "worker," might find his prototype not a thousand miles from Portland. It would be unfair to the reader to tell how the reformation of the Governor was brought about, but his own words will give an inkling: "The rose will blossom in the heart of Sahara desert, but it has got to be watered."

The book is bright with epigrams and bits of laconic wisdom, of which these are fair samples: "Some men, getting along in life, are never so happy as when a woman is making a fool of them"; "There is no hope in a community where work is not respected"; "If the majority always ruled, the mosquitoes would govern New Jersey."

The book is adapted from the successful play called "The Carpetbagger," and is embellished with photogravures of well-known people in the dramatic world, after the manner of illustrating introduced by the French publishers.

* * *

BY THE MARSHES OF MINAS.
By Charles G. D. Roberts.
Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston.

The scene of the twelve stories of this volume is laid in Acadia, that land of romantic associations and poetic remembrances. The very name brings to mind the long sweeps of fertile valley dotted with orchards fragrant with bloom, the pastoral simplicity of the people, and its blue-eyed, red-cheeked maidens.

Professor Roberts has here written of the stirring times when the French and English were engaged in their fierce struggle for supremacy in the peninsula now called Nova Scotia. In several of the tales Father La Garno, the Black Abbe, that cruel, relentless and implacable enemy of the English, is one of the chief characters, and is drawn with great skill.

The author is an admirable story-teller, and never spoils the effect by overdoing it. His heroines are fascinating creations and it excites no surprise to read of the heroic devotion of their admirers. There is a wholesome freshness in these sketches that will be appreciated by a long-suffering public, which has been nauseated by the unhealthful pessimism of the last decade. It strikes one like an ozone-laden sea breeze, bearing life and vigor on its wings.

Of these stories, "The Rampart of Port Royal," "The Bewitchment of Lieutenant Hanworthy" and "The Blue Dwarf of Belle Mare" are perhaps the most interesting, but there is the same master hand shown in them all, and one regrets leaving the book when the last page is turned.

The Mandolin She Played.

The cherry blooms were filling
With fragrance sweet the air;
The meadow lark was trilling
His challenge to life's care;
When at her dear feet lying
Beneath the maples' shade,
I heard her young heart sighing
From the mandolin she played.

Tonight the winds are calling,
Like fiends they shriek and rave,
Drifting the snow that's falling
Upon her little grave.
My life is cold and lonely,
For, ah! I saw her fade,
'Till there was left me only
The mandolin she played.

Adonen.

Questions of the Day

THE REPUBLICAN OUTLOOK.

By HON. T. T. GEER, Governor of Oregon.

There is not necessarily any partisanship in the statement that the Republican party never entered a campaign with brighter prospects for success than those surrounding it at present. This statement is devoid of party prejudice for the reason that conservative leaders of the Democratic party tacitly admit the fact themselves. It has been scarcely more than a month since Mr. Bourke Cockran and Senator Jones each made a public statement to the effect that he was not sure what particular objections their party would urge in opposition to the Republicans this year, but that the people might rest assured when the proper time comes, objections would be invented or discovered, or both!

The fact is, as seen by everybody whose vision is not warped by party blindness or studied perverseness, that every prophecy made by the opposition to the Republican party in 1896 has fallen absolutely and conspicuously unfulfilled. There were two great questions involved in that campaign, the menace that threatened the very liberties of the people, in a further continuation of the accursed gold standard, and the "downfall of the Republic," which was soon to be realized through "government by injunction." Certainly no commentator on the present outlook for the prospects of the Republican party can be justly charged with unfairness, if he refers to these two bugbears of two years ago. It would be impossible to forget the prophecies of dire calamity which would overtake the country in the event of Republican success, even if one were so disposed. It requires no gifted memory to recall the famous speeches of Mr. Bryan as he swept across the prairies of the Mississippi Valley, warning an unsuspecting people from the rear platform of a railway train that a doom more awful than anything known since the days of Sodom and Gomorrah was awaiting them unless they threw off their apathy, and, with a final, struggling effort to free themselves from the insidious encroachments of the deadly Octopus, demanded the free and unlimited coinage of silver, without waiting for the consent of any other nation on earth!

Of course, no Democratic or Populist brother can have any objection whatever to recalling these dire forebodings, for he not only shared them, but gave voluminous and forceful expression to them on every occasion that furnished the slightest opportunity. Four years ago, at this time, if three men were gathered together on a street corner, one might safely assume that two of them were silver men, explaining with loud tones and fierce, vehement gestures to some timid, uncertain Republican that the low prices then prevailing for everything, the excessively large number of workingmen who were out of employment and the distressingly low wages allowed those who were employed, was all due to a contracting currency, resulting directly from the "crime of '73," which "struck down one-half the money of the country," etc. How familiar these expressions seem after being tenderly entombed for a season of rest! In this connection, one is prone to pause, and with listening attitude, harken for the admonishing voice of the silver orator as he threatens to prove to a suffering people that "wheat and silver go together" by the exhibition of a chart, that, no matter where the speaker might land, could never be mistaken.

But he is not to be heard. Surely the student of the times is not to be criticised if he ventures to observe that the silver orator is not to be heard with his wheat

chart. Nor that he is resting from his labors in a field of contracted currency. Nor that Colonel Bryan, in his incessant round of perambulating oratory, has made no mention of a discredited and disabled wheat chart, nor that he has not, for more than a year, singled out for special castigation that bedeviled emissary of the English goldbugs, who came over here in 1872, and, with $100,000, corrupted Congress into "striking down one-half the money of the country." And yet, wheat is as low now as it was then. Why this abandonment of the cause of the people? The Colonel's silver voice was never more eloquent than now, nor, seemingly, more unreluctantly disposed to notify, with volatile phrase, an indifferent people of an approaching destruction of their governmental fabric.

The fact is resurrected echoes from the campaign of '96 stretch across a field of experience that has exposed to the public gaze a state of flagrant dissension in the domestic coalition which wheat and silver are said to have entered into in 1873, and which has become dissevered and discordant, if not belligerent. It is not going too far to say that his infidelity has several times reached that degree of abandoned recklessness where silver actually went up, leaving wheat to continue its downward course, unwept and unhelped. Of course, this easily accounts for the desertion of the "cause" by the erstwhile Democratic and Populist brother, but it does not account for the faith—if such faith exists—which any one may have in the dark disasters these discredited prophets again profess to see in the clouded horizon, by means of a distorted fancy.

It is, indeed, a mark of patriotism to see an active solicitude for the welfare of the country and to be ready to ward off the approach of impending danger, but when a party professes to see disaster of the worst form in a certain line of policy, and a trial of that policy proves its fears to have been utterly without foundation, and especially when this experience has been repeated over and over again with the same result, the people begin to accept the new quadriennial batch of alarms with a degree of skepticism not to be wondered at. There could be no greater dangers threatening our institutions and the welfare of our people than those so repeatedly and even eloquently depicted by Colonel Bryan four years ago, and they were evidently believed by hundreds of thousands of people. The writer heard him declare, at Salt Lake, in July, 1897, to a large assembly, that the "gold standard was laying waste more acres of land in the United States every year than was the Spanish army in Cuba." And he declared that the "gold standard is causing the death of more people in the United States every year than is the Spanish army in Cuba." When he made the first statement he was unable to say another word for several minutes by reason of the wild and tumultuous applause and throwing of hats in the air by which it was greeted. And the same hysterical reception was given the other statement by the excited multitude, who really seemed to believe it and to get actual comfort from the satisfaction it appeared to afford.

The utter recklessness of these statements should have been apparent at the time to every thoughtful person, and it is tacitly admitted now by Mr. Bryan himself, as he goes up and down the country in the pursuit of his profession and says practically nothing about the destructive agency of the gold standard. He sees dangers in other directions now, and although wheat is as low as in '96, and needs the same legislative nurture, it gets no word of encouragement from the Colonel, and his wheat chart and the crime of '73 form no part of his campaign vocabulary.

Mr. Bryan sees no greater dangers now than he did four years ago—indeed, there could be no greater ones than those which disturbed his slumbers then, and, since they failed to materialize at all, the results of his prophetic vision will be accepted with even less seriousness than then. At that time factories were not in operation and appeals were made to workingmen to vote for free coinage as the only means of restoring a condition where employment could be reasonably expected. Prices were too low. They were low everywhere because one-half of the money of the country had been struck down and there was not money enough

to do the business of the country. It required a thousand dollars in money to do a thousand dollars' worth of business. The "quantitative theory of money" was all right. We wanted high prices.

Now we have high prices for practically everything in the United States, excepting only wheat and hops, and our brothers of the opposition are not asking any legislative help for them, as they were four years ago. Nothing is being said about the "quantitative theory" of money, and since the business of the country is now larger by far than ever before, and is so admitted by them, and since the business is actually being done, there is no cry anywhere any more that "there is not money enough to do the business of the country."

Now that low prices have disappeared and workingmen are everywhere employed at increasing wages, high prices are steadily denounced as an industrial outrage, the product of the trusts that have been created by a high tariff and threatening to enslave the masses, etc. Four years ago the country was on the borderland of ruin because of the prevalence of low prices. Salvation would only come through high prices, which never could be realized except through the free coinage of silver. Now that high prices have come through other means, they are a curse of untold magnitude.

The sincerity of our brothers would be more nearly proven if they would, this year, continue their gallant fight for wheat in the present despondent condition of the market. The price of everything else is beyond the need of any special assistance, which affords an additional reason why its heartless desertion by its spectacular champions of four years ago is actually cruel.

There are so few exceptions to the reasonably prosperous condition of the country, either as to products or localities, that the continued supremacy of the Republican party cannot be well doubted. There is another reason for this belief that surpasses the fact mentioned. It is positively right on most of the great questions that concern the people and their interests. This is not to say that it does not make mistakes. Blind devotion to party is not an evidence of either patriotism or good judgment. The writer is decidedly of the opinion that it is now making a mistake on the Puerto Rico question, from which it will be compelled to recede, but there is a line of policy on the great national questions that the people have uniformly indorsed since the Government was organized. The Republican party today occupies practically the same ground on the two leading questions before the country that the Democratic party always held prior to the advent of Bryanism and Populism. Reference is had to expansion and sound money.

The fact is, until the question of slavery became the paramount one before the country, the position of the Democratic party was generally in harmony with the best interests of the country. It went wrong on that question, and hundreds of thousands of men who are Republicans today became so only because of its mistake on that issue. The emancipation proclamation eliminated the slavery question from national politics, yet the Democratic party has never been able to get back to its former sound position on other issues, but, instead, has been courting with unsound finance, at intervals, until four years ago it had so far departed from the faith of its founders that its Presidential candidate was perfectly satisfactory to the most ultra fiatists the country afforded.

In February, 1842, Thomas H. Benton, who was one of the most eminent and conspicuous Democrats the country ever had, made an elaborate speech in the United States Senate, in which occurred this paragraph:

"If there were a thousand constitutional provisions in favor of paper money, I should still be against it—against the thing itself per se, and propter se—on account of its intense baseness and vice. But the constitution is against it—clearly so upon its face, upon its history, upon its early practice and upon its uniform interpretation. The universal expression at the time of its adoption was that the new government was a hard money government, made by hard money men, and that it was to save the country from the curse of the paper money. All the early actions of the government conformed to this idea—all its early legislation was as true to hard money as the needle to the pole."

And while the country had at all times had paper substitutes for money—promises to pay money when due—the idea of absolute fiat money, the material of which it is made being wholly immaterial, depending for its sole value upon the stamp of the Government, never found expression in the mind of any Democrat whose utterances were recorded in the history of the country before the war. And yet Mr. Bryan, who holds the Democratic party of today in the hollow of his hand, is the idol of the Populist, as well, and is accepted by the members of that party as a satisfactory exponent of its fiat notions of money. A comparison of the "Omaha platform," whose indorsers enthusiastically supported the last Democratic candidate for President, with the above quotation from Colonel Benton's ideas on the money question, will show where the Democratic party has drifted, and furnishes one reason why the Republican outlook at this time is conspicuously bright.

The Republican party of today not only occupies the same position on the money question the Democratic party did for forty years before the war, but its expansion policy is identical with that of the same party during its entire history. The fact is, the expansion of our national domain has always been extremely popular and has always been favored by the party that happened to be in power when the opportunity for acquiring additional territory has offered itself. Expansion has always served as a bugbear to be used by those out of power, at the time, to predict the most awful consequences to the Government and to our "liberties."

For instance, when the treaty for the purchase of the Louisiana country was before Congress, in October, 1803, Mr. Griswold, of Connecticut, said:

"In my judgment it would be a happy thing for this country if our boundaries were confined to New Orleans and the Floridas. The vast and unmanageable extent to which the accession of Louisiana will give the United States, the consequent dispersion of our population and the destruction to that balance which it is so important to maintain between the Eastern and Western states, threatens, at no distant day, the subversion of the Union."

That was nearly a full hundred years ago, and the Union has not been "subverted" yet, although no doubt Mr. Griswold had the same painful solicitude for the welfare of the country that disturbs Mr. Bryan today. There has always been a prolific and noisy crop of alarmists who have seen destructive agencies at work at the root of our liberties, but in despite of their prophecies, our Government is now the strongest in the world—the strongest the world has ever known—and our people are the freest and most prosperous. The time is rapidly approaching when, as the result of a protective tariff, we shall furnish all the countries of the world with foodstuffs, clothing and every species of manufactured goods. Indeed, that time is now here, and its coming is accompanied with the probable ability to contribute to the peace of mind of our Democratic brothers, by materially reducing, in the near future, our tariff duties in many directions—but just what injury can be worked by a tariff, no matter how high, on the importation of an article which we are all the time importing, is not easily to be understood.

The condition of the country may not be, indeed, is not, in all particulars, what we would have it, if details were left to us, but we have, within the last decade, seen it so much worse, that thoughtful men will be slow to seriously criticise. Our bonds have always been paid in gold, but the average Republican Congressman has heretofore been so timid about publicly pronouncing the word "gold" that he would not support a law distinctly saying they would be so paid. He was afraid to vote for a law providing for doing the thing that he was in favor of, and was really doing. He was timid. That is all passed now. We have the gold standard established, and the opposition, in looking around for their quadrennial specter, have selected the trusts as a probable nightmare that will answer their purpose. The formation of trusts may yet be a question of sufficient importance to justify serious legislative interference, but up to this time their probable injury to the public interests has been largely exaggerated for political purposes. The average citizen, who is the representative of the "plain people," easily remembers that five years ago we had no trusts, and

very little else, and that while we now have a great array of them, we also have the greatest business activity in all lines ever before known, with workingmen employed everywhere, very few failures in any kind of business and prices for most every product of the country more satisfactory than for some previous years —although people have learned that prices are not always affected by legislation.

Under these circumstances, it is not at all probable that the Republican party will be displaced at the coming election.

The Idler.

"The poor little Japs," writes Genevra Ingersoll of the Mikado's royal dramatic company, "are having a sorry time of it in our harsh climate. Kawakami has had an operation for appendicitis. Just imagine the gentle innocent cruelly carved by scientific vandals! I warrant it is a new experience for his race, and it appeals to me as being a barbarous outrage perpetrated upon the unsuspecting heathen. But Kawakami is not alone in his misfortune. At least half of this very excellent troupe are in the hospital. I think the principal cause of the trouble lies in our food, which they order and eat without knowledge or discretion."

M. Ysaye, not unknown to Portland music-lovers, is at present in London, where he is winning both fame and fortune and where he is looked upon as the probable successor of Joachim should that master see fit to retire, as he hints, from active public life.

After all is said and done, the happiest of us are bound to feel the lack of appreciation for the best there is in us. And the warmest praise of our dearest friends and closest relatives frequently leaves us disappointed and discouraged, not because it lacks warmth or sincerity, but because it is bestowed upon that in our lives which lies too near the surface, and so forces us to feel that our best efforts and our best motives are to them, and to the world, a sealed book. And then, if we are weak (which, being interpreted, means if we are human), we will pause for a discouraged moment and ask whether, after all, it is worth while to stand for the best and highest that has been given us to see.

St. Martin.

Note.—In 1884 I made a tour of Europe. At Avignon I was much impressed by a painting which I saw in a private gallery at that place. It was of singular excellence, by some old but unknown artist. It was termed "The Temptation of St. Martin." The painter represented the saint in his cell, clothed in the garb of a monk, with his cowl thrown back, kneeling on one knee, his countenance expressing doubt and fear. In front of him, with upraised hand, stands a majestic figure of commanding but evil aspect, clothed in a scarlet robe and bare-footed. A reddish light seems to emanate from the standing figure and lights up with its glow the face of the kneeling saint. A life of St. Martin of Tours placed me in possession of the incident depicted by the painter. This incident I have attempted to tell in the enclosed sonnet.

Respectfully,

J. W. Whalley.

Whilst good St. Martin prayed within his cell,
A form appeared as though 'twere heaven-born,
Of presence noble—brighter than the morn,
And claimed his worship with alluring spell;
St. Martin, doubting, scanned the presence well,
And said: "Thy brow doth wear no crown of thorn,
No nail Thy hands or feet hath pierced or torn,
No trace of suff'ring on Thy face doth dwell."
Then, bending down his eyes, from next his heart
He drew a crucifix, and rev'rent said:
"In suff'ring Thou through suff'ring dost impart
The knowledge of Thyself to him whose tread
Is in Thy footsteps"—then he raised his head,
And lo! the evil vision far had fled.

The Month

In Politics—

The world is having a great deal to think about just now, and history is being made at a rapid rate. In America we have our approaching national campaign, the war in the Philippines, the Nicaragua canal bill, the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, the Puerto Rican tariff question, the Kentucky imbroglio, the Alaska boundary, the treaty with France and numerous commercial and economical questions which are now under consideration and which must be settled this year.

* * *

England has her war in South Africa, which has made every other subject for the time being of secondary importance. The fear of complications, however, has brought about the mobilization of a large fleet, and the futility of striking a successful blow against England is apparent to all Europe. France is, nevertheless, unusually outspoken in her hatred of England, and there are many who consider a war between the two nations as among the possibilities of the near future. The sentiment in France towards England is shared by unofficial Germany to such an extent that there is now a common bond between the nations that have been sworn enemies for the last thirty years. It has been rumored that England had arranged for a new triple alliance—between the United States, England and Germany. Lord Rosebery, however, threw considerable light on the subject in his statement in the House of Lords on February 15, viz.: That the British Government "made vigorous overtures to two great powers—Germany and the United States—for an alliance, but these overtures were not received with such cordiality as to encourage the government to pursue them."

* * *

A conflict between Russia and Japan, judging by present conditions, is only a question of time. Russia is anxious, however, to defer this until the completion of the Siberian Railroad, a fact which the astute politicians of Japan are not slow to recognize. It is rumored that, as a result, Japanese soldiers are reorganizing the Chinese army, and that a close alliance exists between the two nations.

* * *

The Puerto Rican tariff bill has been the source of considerable uneasiness among politicians. The dispatches say:

"There never was such a muddle in congress in many years as has occurred from this Puerto Rican bill, nor has any action ever been taken by the party which has raised such a storm of opposition through the country, and threatened the success of the party in the presidential and congressional elections."

* * *

In Science—

The Automobile Street Sweeping Company, recently incorporated in Boston with a capital of $3,000,000, marks the beginning of a new order of things in that particular department of municipal affairs.

* * *

That electric railway motors will, in the near future, take the place of steam becomes more patent every day. There is now scarcely a city of any consequence in the Union that has not made practical demonstration of the utility of electricity versus steam as a means of transportation.

* * *

Athens now has a corporation known as the Greek Electrical Company, which exists for the purpose of lighting its own and the classic shades of Piraeus, Patras, Syra and Kalamata. The capital stock is $600,000, and shares selling at par.

* * *

Dr. Julius Athans has, he claims, discovered "a practical, scientific method of postponing old age." It is by the simple application of electricity to the base of the brain.

* * *

In Literature—

John Huneker has written a book on Chopin, the title of which is "The Man

and His Music." Charles Scribner's Sons are to be the publishers. One feature of the work is an appreciative study of the man as a "psychologist."

* * *

It is announced that Bret Harte will publish a second series of "Condensed Novels," and naturally everybody wants to know what authors are to suffer this time.

* * *

McClurg is soon to publish the "Private Memoirs of Madame Roland."

* * *

"In the Palace of the King" is the title of a new novel by Marion Crawford which will be brought out by Macmillan later in the year. It is a "Love Story of Old Madrid," and will probably be dramatized at about the same time that the book appears.

* * *

Longmans, Green & Company have in preparation a valuable work by Dr. James MacKinnon. It is to be called the "History of Edward III," and deals with the Hundred Years' War, showing the part that England played therein.

* * *

The first serious book on the war in South Africa makes its appearance this month, and is written by a man who has been there since before the trouble began. He is Mr. J. A. Hobson, South African correspondent of the Manchester Guardian.

* * *

The reorganization of the house of Harper under the old name, but with no Harper therewith connected, seems almost tragic. Colonel Harvey, who is receiver for the bankrupt corporation, is to have entire management of the new organization.

* * *

Of the six books crowned by the London Academy this year, Mr. William L. Alden seems not to have the highest opinion. He thinks that the books unhonored are the greatest, and one is led to wonder how the Academy could have so blundered. For, of course, Mr. Alden must know which is best. It seems too bad he was not consulted in the matter.

* * *

Ernest Seton-Thompson's story of the "Kangaroo Rat" is to come out in the April Scribner's, and will be illustrated, as all his stories are, by his own hand.

* * *

There is an interesting divergence of opinion regarding the respective merits of "Janice Meredith," "Hugh Wynne" and "Richard Carvel," the three great novels of the Revolutionary period.

* * *

Paul Du Chaillu, who is now in New York, is about to publish a book on the "Animals of the African Forest."

* * *

In Art—

Ernest Seton-Thompson's drawings have been on exhibition in the Youth's Companion art department, on Columbus avenue, Boston, during the month.

* * *

The sculptor, Herr Johannes Hartmann, has had his design for the monument to Robert Schumann accepted by the jury.

* * *

The Burlington Club is forming a collection of Ruskin's drawings.

* * *

The Van Dyck portrait of Charles I of England, owned by William C. Whitney, is counted a "finer example of that master than the famous equestrian portrait in the English National Gallery."

* * *

Mr. Eugene Fischhof has been appointed by Emperor Francis Joseph Chief Commissioner for the Fine Arts for Austria at the Paris Exposition. He served in the same capacity at the World's Fair, in Chicago.

* * *

Miss Osgood's lectures upon the art of Northern Europe given at the Portland Library constitute the principal feature of the month in local art. The fact that the lecture-room is so closely packed each afternoon that there is not room for another chair goes to prove that the people of this city are not unappreciative. Durer, the German artist, is the subject of these lectures, though supplemented by other artists of that day and age, and embracing, in a general way, art in its many phases. Miss Osgood's attitude toward her subject is one of the noblest. It is not "art for art's sake" with her, but art that helps and elevates and enlarges.

The picture is but the symbol of a beauty too perfect to be expressed save by suggestion. But of this more will be said at some future date.

It is not likely that any one after listening to Miss Osgood will be forgetful of the fact that the Portland Art Association has the finest and most valuable collections of photographic reproductions of the best in art that is to be found this side of the Rockies. The Western public is deeply indebted to the class of art students who were instrumental in bringing this most excellent of teachers to the Coast.

* * *

In Education—

There is a theory extant among teachers in the common schools that the behavior of the pupil is affected by the state of the weather, but, oddly enough, no satisfactory consensus of opinion can be obtained as to whether it is the sunshine or the rain that exercises a moral influence and stimulates youthful mentality.

* * *

The Chicago school board seems to be always tossing on turbulent waters. Dr. Andrews failed to prove himself the tractable "servant of the board." Strange that they should have expected such a thing of Dr. Andrews.

* * *

An attendance of 100,000 children is reported in the public schools opened in Cuba by the United States Government.

* * *

Rear Admiral Sampson has been offered and declined the Presidency of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Sir William Magnay, author of "The Pride of Life," has written another book which reaches American readers through Appletons. It is called "The Heiress of the Season" and is "an incisive study of social and political life in London at the preent day."

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WHEN WRITING OR PURCHASING, MENTION THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

In Religious Thought—

"The Christian Spirit," writes the editor of the Christian Science Journal, "is not exemplified alone through human sentiment, human sympathy and human love. . . . There must be a Savior above the human."

* * *

This question is one that is to be found in some form in nearly every book and periodical one picks up today. How many can answer it in the affirmative? "Is your trust in God honest and real, or merely theoretical? If the former, why are you not willing to make some practical demonstration of your faith?"

* * *

Bishop Penick, formerly of the Protestant Episcopal Mission of Liberia, says in this month's Missionary Review: "The outlook of Africa is a church of God, for God and according to the wisdom of God, applied to the whole needs of man; nations and civilizations being His instruments, as well and surely as individuals, schools, boards, denominations or creeds."

* * *

Rev. George Lester, of Truro, England, who has had practical experience in the Bahamas, says that "whatever missionary work is done in Cuba should be done on a large and generous scale." He also advises that, so far as is possible, native Cubans be employed as missionaries and teachers.

* * *

Maud Ballington Booth's present work in the slums of New York for the children is one that appeals or should appeal to every woman in the land.

* * *

In reading of the missionary zeal of the Protestant churches exercised in Cuba and the Philippines one somehow is reminded of Grant Allen's story in the December number of the Pall Mall Magazine.

* * *

Leading Events—

Feb. 8.—Ways and means committee of the house reports on Puerto Rican tariff bill.—Annual meeting of woman suffragists in Washington.—Recopricity treaty between United States and Italy is signed.

Feb. 9.—Buller's third attempt to relieve Ladysmith ends in failure.

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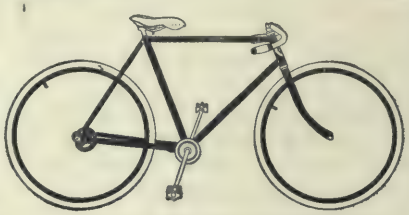
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Feb. 10.—Governor Taylor, in Kentucky, orders troops home and recalls legislature.—Molineux, in New York, is convicted of murder in the first degree.

Feb. 11.—The house recommends territorial form of government for Hawaii.

Feb. 12.—Lord Roberts begins invasion of Orange Free State.—Anti-trust conference is held in Chicago.—3,784,000 people in India are receiving famine relief.

Feb. 13.—France concludes hearings on reciprocity treaty with America.—General French makes a successful advance at Modder River.

Feb. 14.—Bimetalist amendment to currency bill offered by Chandler (Rep. N. H.) is defeated in senate.—Ex-Consul Macrum makes serious charges against England.—General Buller begins fourth attempt to relieve Ladysmith.

Feb. 15.—Senate, by vote of 46 to 29, passes substitute for house currency bill, in favor of international bimetalism, and providing for national banks with $25,000 capital in towns of not more than 4,000 inhabitants.—Kimberley is relieved, and Cronje retreats.

Feb. 16.—British house of commons passes supplementary army estimates of £13,000,000.—New Samoan treaty is ratified.

Feb. 17.—Hepburn reports in house on Nicaragua canal.—Roberts' forces in sharp pursuit of Cronje.—8,000 Finlanders have emigrated to Canada in past six months.

Feb. 18.—Buller meets with success, taking several Boer camps.—The house committee reports favorably on Nicaragua canal bill.

Feb. 19.—Reported that Cronje has eluded Roberts.—The Kentucky contest becomes more complicated.

Feb. 20.—Cronje is surrounded.—Nebraska Populists split over fusion.

Feb. 21.—Boers retreat and will give up Ladysmith.—House debates Puerto Rican tariff bill.

Feb. 22.—War in Philippines is drawing to a close.—Strenuous efforts are made to pass Puerto Rican bill in the house.—Hay answers Macrum's charges.

Feb. 23.—General Cronje will probably surrender.—Democrats will make silver a secondary issue, and will meet in Kansas City, July 4.

Feb. 24.—President McKinley announces the appointment of Judge Taft, of Ohio; L. T. Wright, of Tennessee; H. C. Ide, of Vermont, and Dean Worcester, of Michigan, as four of the five members of the new Philippine commission.

Feb. 25.—Cronje holds out.—President McKinley and the house disturbed over opposition to Puerto Rican bill.

Feb. 26.—Cronje surrenders.—Agreement reached by the house Republicans on Puerto Rican bill.

Feb. 27.—England goes wild with joy over surrender of Cronje.

Feb. 28.—The house passes the Puerto Rican tariff bill by vote of 172 to 161. Bill as amended provided for 15 per cent. of the American tariff, and its life is limited to two years.

Amongst the minor ills of life

One of the very worst is laundry work that is badly done. It not only uses up the cloth rapidly, but it destroys the temper and gives one an unsatisfactory appearance where finish is most needed. Starched linen collars, shirts and cuffs must be unquestionably immaculate, done with no risk, a certainty as to result.

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The Financial World

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The guessing as to James R. Keen's losses or gains in Third Avenue continue, the general belief being that he has come out of the transaction a loser, but not by any disastrously large amount; but it is a generally believed fact that a number of leading spirits in Wall Street have been badly hurt financially by the enormous shrinkage in Third Avenue securities, and not a few of them have been forced to part with their holdings of other stocks as a consequence.

Until the dividend on Sugar was declared the bears found that industrial a much easier victim than they expected. In fact, the weakness of the stock was a surprise to everybody The operations of the professional traders were interrupted, however, by the unexpected action of the directors in declaring a quarterly dividend of 1½ per cent. on the common stock. This sudden tearing aside of the veil of mystery rather nonplussed the professional traders, who had counted upon a period of uncertainty for a few days more in which to circulate vague tips and to keep up an excited fluctuation in the stock, with opportunities for profit both up and down. The cutting in half of the dividend was about what Wall-street sentiment had settled upon. But coming suddenly upon the half-executed plans of the speculative contingent, it left them all at sea.

In the railroad list, St. Paul, Burlington, Baltimore & Ohio and a few others show a nominal decline, but the net changes in the railroads for the past few days are small throughout. It is evident that the final disposition of the financial bill by congress is awaited by the bull contingent, who are generally confident that the provisions for additional bank circulation will be enacted into law and will result in a notable expansion of the currency. The large buying of government bonds by national banks all over the country, and the expert estimates which are current of the profit offered on circulation by the new provisions are the grounds of this confidence. Meantime, the money market is working constantly closer, and the favorable factors in the outlook are ignored in the fear that the available supply of money will not bridge the interval until the expected relief.

The wheat situation continues to be somewhat of a puzzle. On the 2d of March May wheat at Chicago sold at 64⅝c, the lowest since the fall of 1808. The buying around 65c was supplied mainly by a certain class of operators that continue to accumulate wheat at this season of the year and by the filling of some open orders, and there was a fair rally.

At the moment reports from the winter-

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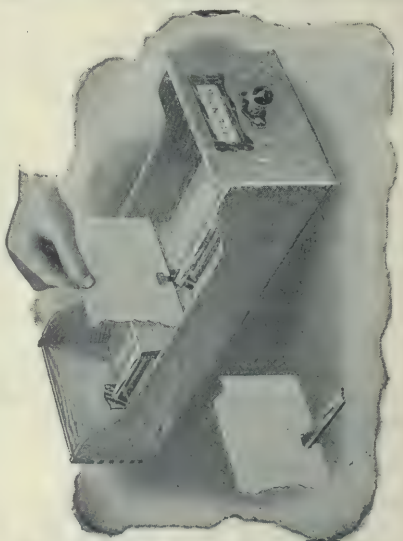
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wheat belt are favorably construed, owing to the snow covering. The unwillingness on the part of foreign consumers to purchase was largely attributed to the heavy Argentine shipments. The prominence of Argentine competition has turned attention from the diminished Russian exports, and sentiment abroad is reported bearish generally. Advices from Europe state that consumers are not disposed to purchase freely, owing to the belief in lower prices during the summer months. In view of the famine in India, doubtful crop prospects in France, Russia and Germany, and the existence of war, uncertain elements are the factor, however, and prices recede with difficulty. Stocks of wheat continue liberal here and abroad, and the trade is awaiting the government estimate of farmers' supplies that will appear on the 10th of the month.

Last March reserves were estimated at 198,000,000 bushels, or 29.3 per cent. of the total crop. A reduction of 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 bushels in this figure is generally looked for, but even then the supply would exceed the average of the past eleven years—128,000,000 bushels. Receipts since July 1 have been 169,000,000 bushels, against 215,530,000 bushels last year, and 183,000,000 bushels in 1898. Consumption for the eight months is placed at 220,000,000 bushels, and exports aggregate 130,500,000 bushels.

* * *

The Price it Cost.

The men are splendid. * * * The people exulted in the feat of arms which had transformed the situation. * * * The relief of the tension on the Stock Exchange was very marked. Business began more cheerfully all around. * * * The casualty list will be a long one, but the position gained was worth what it cost.—Extracts from London dispatches.

O they took the height and they put to flight
The foemen who guarded there,
And the rocks are red and the turf is spread
O'er some who have ceased to care.
And they glance at the list, the sad, long list
Of the men who dared and lost,
And they turn away and they cheerfully say
"It was worth the price it cost."

There was gold to win, there was land to gain
When the bristling height was won;
There was glorious prestige to maintain.
And duty that must be done!
And he read the list who had neither son
Nor brother among the lost,
And he raised his head and cheerfully said:
"It was worth the price it cost!"

They took the height that stood in the way
To the vantage that must be won,
And the brokers turned to each other to say
That the work was "splendidly done!"
But others are reading the sad, long list,
Their loved ones lie with the lost—
Ask the mother who grieves if she believes
It was worth the price it cost.

E. S. Kiser.

John H. Mitchell Albert H. Tanner

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Chess

CONDUCTED BY E. C. PROTZMAN.

Another Game to Study.

The following remarkable game was played blindfolded by Mr. Morphy, simultaneously with five other games, and is an excellent example of the wonderful strategy which placed Mr. Morphy upon the chess throne. It will pay any chess student to play this game several times carefully:

MR. MORPHY. White.	MR. C. Black.
1. P to K4.	1. P to K4
2. K Kt to B3	2. Q Kt to B3
3. B to B4	3. B to B4
4. P to Q Kt4	4. B takes Kt P
5. P to B3.	5. B to Q R4
6. P to Q4	6. P takes P.
7. Castles.	7. P takes P
8. Q B to R3	8. P to Q3
9. Q to Q Kt3	9. K Kt to R3
10. Q Kt takes P	10. K B takes Kt
11. Q takes B	11. Castles
12. Q R to Q	12. Kt to K Kt5
13. P to K4 3	13. P to K R3
14. Kt takes Kt	14. Kt takes Kt
15. B to K2	15. P to K B4
16. P to K B4	16. Kt to Q B3
17. K B to B4, ch	17. K to R
18. Q B to Kt2	18. Q to K2
19. Q R to K	19. R to B3
20. P takes P	20. Q to K B Sq
21. R to K8!!!	21. Q takes R
22. Q takes R	22. Q to K2
23. Q takes Kt P, ch	23. Q takes Q
24. P to K B6	24. Q takes Kt P, ch
25. K takes Q	25. B takes P, ch
26. K takes B	26. P to K R4
27. R to Kt sq and wins.	

Chess Openings.—(Concluded.)

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

White.	Black.
1. P to K4	1. P to K4
2. K Kt to B3	2. Q Kt to B3
3. P to Q4	3. P takes P
4. B to Q B4	4. B to B4
5. P to B3	5. Kt to B3
6. P takes P	6. B to Kt5, ch
7. B to Q2	7. B takes B, ch
8. Q Kt takes B	8. P to Q4
9. P takes P	9. K Kt takes B
10. Q to Kt3	10. Q Kt to K2
11. Castles (K's side)	11. Castles

Even game.

SALVIO GAMBIT.

White.	Black.
1. P to K4	1. P to K4
2. P to K B4	2. P takes P

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3.	K Kt to B3	3. P to K Kt4
4.	B to B4	4. P to Kt5
5.	Kt to K5	5. Q to R5, ch
6.	K to B Sq	6. Kt to K R3
7.	P to Q4	7. P to B6
8.	Kt to Q B3	8. P to Q3
9.	Kt to Q3	9. P takes P, ch
10.	K takes P	10. B to Kt2
11.	Kt to K B4	11. Kt to B3
12.	B to K3	12. Castles
13.	Q Kt to Q5	13. Q to Q Sq
14.	P to B3	

White has a slight advantage.

MUZIO GAMBIT.

White.		Black.
1.	P to K4	1. P to K4
2.	P to K B4	2. P takes P
3.	K Kt to B3	3. P to K Kt4
4.	B to B4	4. P to Kt5
5.	Castles	5. P takes Kt
6.	Q takes P	6. Q to B3
7.	P to K5	7. Q takes P
8.	P to Q3	8. B to R3
9.	B to Q2	9. Kt to K2
10.	Kt to B3	10. Q Kt to B3
11.	Q R to K Sq	11. Q to K B4
12.	R to K4	12. Castles.
13.	Q B takes P	13. B to Kt2
14.	Q to K2	14. P to Q4
15.	B takes B P	15. Q to Kt4
16.	P to K R4	16. Q to Kt3
17.	Kt takes P	17. Kt takes Kt
18.	B takes Kt	18. B to B4
19.	Q R to K B4	19. B to K3
20.	B takes B	20. P takes B
21.	R to K4	21. R takes R, ch
22.	K takes R	22. R to B Sq, ch
23.	K to Kt Sq	23. Kt to Q5

Black has the better game.

A BRILLIANT GAME.

A competent critic says that "the manner in which white in this game forces the victory, though losing piece after piece, scarcely finds a parallel in the records of chess strategy."

Herr Anderssen. White.		Herr Kieseritzki. Black.
1.	P to K4	1. P to K4
2.	P to K B4	2. P takes P
3.	B to B4	3. Q to R5, ch
4.	K to B Sq	4. P to Q Kt 4
5.	B takes Kt P	5. Kt to K B3
6.	Kt to K B3	6. Q to R3
7.	P to Q3	7. Kt to R4
8.	Kt to R4	8. Q to Kt4
9.	Kt to B5	9. P to Q B3
10.	P to K Kt 4	10. Kt to B3
11.	R to Kt Sq	11. P takes B
12.	P to K R4	12. Q to Kt3
13.	P to R5	13. Q to Kt4
14.	Q to B3	14. Kt to Kt Sq
15.	B takes P	15. Q to B3
16.	Kt to B3	16. B to B4
17.	Kt to Q5	17. Q takes Kt P
18.	B to Q6	18. Q takes R, ch
19.	K to K2	19. B takes R
20.	P to K5	20. Kt to Q R3

White gives checkmate in three moves.

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All persons, old and young, should have their teeth examined once every six months by a competent dentist. Decay will be present, and tartar forming, which nothing but a thorough examination will reveal. Professional service rendered in time means high-class work, less pain, and great economy. A tooth filled when decay is slight will not be sensitive, the operation not long, and the filling lasting, because the operator has more and better structure to work on. He is enabled to make the walls of the cavity thicker and stronger, and with slight danger of exposing the nerve, the dread and fear of all when having teeth filled. Have your teeth attended to in time. Do not procrastinate. Give the dentist good tooth-structure to work upon, and he will render you excellent service. One person in a hundred has good teeth; ninety-nine persons in a hundred could have good teeth with the proper attention.—H. G. Vorhies, D. D. S., in the March Woman's Home Companion.

* * *

One of Oregon's business enterprises which is attracting attention all over the country is the manufacture of the higher grade of woolen blankets as carried on by the Pendleton woolen mills, of Pendleton, Or. Oregon's wool, as is well known, is amongst the finest in the world, and the blankets and robes turned out by the Pendleton house contain only the highest grade of strictly fleece wool. The Pendleton mills, it is a relief to say, turn out no shoddy. They have a standard and maintain it, and in these days, when inferior goods are made to appear so like those of the highest grade, it is well to know where the best, under the highest guarantees, can be secured. The name, "The Pendleton Woolen Mills," on each blanket, is the guarantee that people should insist upon when looking for the best.

* * *

An Indian Poet.

Chinnubbie Harjo is the nom de plume of Alex Posey, a Creek Indian, born near Eufala, I. T., ir 1874. He grew up on the farm, and was educated at the Baptist University at Muscogee. He has been Superintendent of Public Instruction of the Creek nation, and is now Superintendent of the Eufaula Creek High School.

The personal appearance of the poet is said to be striking, with coal black hair, swarthy complexion and an impulsive and warm-hearted manner.

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My Hermitage.

Between me and the noise of strife
Are walls of mountains set with pine;
The dusty, care-strewn paths of life
Lead not to this retreat of mine.

I live with Echo and with Song,
And Beauty leads me forth to see
Her temple's colonnades, and long
Together do we love to be.

The mountains wall me in complete,
And leave me but a bit of blue
Above. All year, the days are sweet—
How sweet! And all the long nights thro'

I hear the river flowing by
Along its sandy bars;
Behold, far in the midnight sky,
An infinite of stars!

'Tis sweet, when all is still,
When darkness gathers round,
To hear, from hill to hill,
The far, the wandering sound.

The cedar and the pine
Have pitched their tents with me.
What freedom vast is mine!
What room of mystery!

And on the dreamy southern breeze,
That steals in like a laden bee
And sighs for rest among the trees,
Are far-blown bits of melody.

What afterglows the twilights hold,
The darkening skies along!
And Oh, what rose-like dawns unfold,
That smite the hills to song!

High in the solitudes of air,
The gray hawk circles on and on
Till, like a spirit soaring there,
His image pales and he is gone!

Chinnubbie Harjo.

* * *

A Tuneful Liar.

This story, emanating from Puget Sound, is authentic.

A small boy of 6 or 7, unfortunately not brought under control by his parents, was also especially untractable. On one occasion he was sent to bed and his clothes hidden. He arose in his impishness and, failing to find his clothing, sallied forth to his play in the garish light of day in a single garment. Another time he donned a suit of his father's in lieu of a better fit.

He once boarded an Eastern train and was several miles from home before the conductor reached him. When asked for his ticket, he nodded towards a gentleman sitting near, saying, "I'm with him—he has my ticket." The gentleman, casting his eyes on this small Ananias for the first time in his life, repudiat-

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SHOES
For Women.
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Send 5 cents to Ripans Chemical Co., No. 10 Spruce St., New York, for 10 samples and 1000 testimonials.
THEY REGULATE THE BOWELS.
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THE NAT'L HEN INCUBATOR beats old plan 3 to 1. Little in price but big money maker. Agts. wanted. Send for cat. telling how to get one free.
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Reliable persons of a mechanical or inventive mind desiring a trip to the Paris Exposition, with good salary and expenses paid, should write
The PATENT RECORD, Baltimore, Md.

ed me claim, but the little wretch insisted, saying, "That's a nice way to treat your own son, and you asked me to come with you, you know you did." Notwithstanding his protests, the youth was nevertheless assisted to alight at the next station and made his way home as best he could.

School teachers, as well as parents were powerless to subdue this vicious juvenile, and at last in desperation he was sent to the Roman Catholic school, in the hope that the gentle Sisters might control him by love. But even to them he refused submission till finally, under a flag of truce, terms of peace were discussed. Smallfry consented to "behave" if they would allow him to sing a song. Permission was granted instantly, and the hope sprang up that the young savage could be tamed after all. Imagine the consternation that ensued when, mounting the platform, with brazen face he sang the doggerel, beginning—

"My father is an A. P. A.,
He kills a Catholic every day.
Ta ra ra boom de ray."

* * *

Love.

Sweet are the thoughts to friendship given,
Sweet the emotions friendship knows.
Love is a glimpse of the very heav'n—
Land where the true love-blossom blows.

Earth is sordid and sad, and musty,
Life is dull, to the loveless one.
Love, as the sun, lights up the rusty.
Ragged debris—and the old life's done.

Ever a newer and better existence,
Ever-alluring does life become.
Love, alone, is the soul's subsistence.
Blind though he be, can Love be dumb?

Nay! though the world should thunder "Silence!"
Hell and its imps should swell the cry,
Heaven-held is the trial-balance;
Louder than these were his softest sigh.

Pampered tyrant, his chains are softer
Far than the finest silken skein.
Often released, we seek him ofter,
Seeking his slavery, sweet, again.

Lightly his vows are often broken,
Lightly, alas! are they often made.
Thoughtless words, by the thoughtless spoken,
Mockery! far better left unsaid.

Love and truth should be joined together.
Honest love is the salt of life.
Love is a man's salvation whether
It be of mother, or maid, or wife.

Hold such love not a gift ignoble;
High reward may it justly claim.
Wear it proudly—a jewel, double,
Treble in value the ruby's flame.

John Leisk Tait.

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In the Northwest who has use for PAPER BOXES, CARTONS, Sample Envelopes and Boxes, Mailing Tubes, or anything in this line, will find that it will pay him to figure with

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Paderewski will give but one recital in Portland, at the Marquam Grand, April 11, and the prices will be $1.50, $2, $3 & $4.

IT IS A GENERALLY RECOGNIZED FACT...

That the circulation of The Pacific Monthly is very much larger than that of any other monthly publication in the Northwest . . . . . This is true to such an extent that The Pacific Monthly may lay claim to a monoply of the field . . . . . Besides covering Portland thoroughly, The Pacific Monthly has a large and growing circulation in the cities and towns of Oregon, Washington and Idaho . . . . . There is no better medium in this field for the advertiser who wishes to reach these States in an effective manner . . . . . .

Address

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY,
Chamber of Commerce,
Portland, Or.

Across the Ferry.

The evening boat, crowded with passengers, steamed slowly up to the mole. Foremost among those on the lower deck who thronged about the rail was a roughly-dressed middle-aged man, evidently a mechanic.

The first to cross the gangplank, he pushed hurriedly toward an overland train, already discharging its passengers at the door of the ferry depot. As he was about to mount the steps of the emigrant car, a woman's timid hand was laid on his arm.

"Please, sir, can you tell me—"

At the sound of her voice the man turned and peered half doubtingly into the anxious face lifted to his.

"Katie!" he exclaimed.

"Why, Dick!" Then, to the infinite amusement of bystanders, "Katie" was snatched up and fervently embraced.

There were smiles on the faces of those who witnessed the scene, but the actors in the little drama heeded them not. The man held the woman closely, as if he would never let her go, until a tug at his coat and a piping voice demanding "Mammy" claimed his attention.

"Sure, an' you don't know your own lad!" she cried. "Dicky, tell pappy how glad we is t' see him."

But Dicky was doubtful. That great man with black whiskers might be the pappy who would give him a soldier's cap and gun, as mammy had said; yet he was not inclined to accept him as such on short acquaintance.

Poor baby! What did he remember of the father who had left them so long ago?

"I've got two as snug rooms as you ever see at the Point," Dick was saying, his face one broad smile of contentment. "I couldn't a-bear t' take you an' the kid right out o' green fields an' prison you in a 'Frisco ten'-ment. We has a bit o' yard at ol' Dan's—he's a blacksmith, Katie, an' his forge is right ag'in the winder; but we won't min' that, will we darlin'?"

"Min' it Dick, with you?"

"I knew jes' how you'd feel. Mebbe 'twill be sort o' comp'ny fer you when I'm across the bay. We'll have our own cot yet, my lass, with a park fer chickens an' a posy bed in front fer you an' the kid. There's the local now, jes' pulled in. Come Dicky, come Katie. We'll get aboard an' be home in ten minutes.

* * * * * * *

The summer day was almost done.

"Six o'clock!" shrieked the shrill-voiced factory whistles.

"Six o'clock!" the bells clamored in unison.

The outer doors of shops and factories swung open, and an ever-increasing stream of humanity poured forth—men with lowering brows, pallid-faced women, and, saddest of all, mere children who had never known a childhood.

At the foot of the street the people were



Would you

Like one of these fine Post Fountain Pens

FREE?

They are...

Self-Filling
Self-Cleaning
Non-Leaking
Reliable
Simple
Durable

They are recommended by prominent men all over the world. They received the only Gold Medal and Diploma awarded by the *Academie Parisienne Des Inventeurs Industriels et Exposants* of Paris, to a fountain pen.





IF YOU WOULD,

Read our GREAT PREMIUM OFFER in front of magazine.

already flocking through the ferry gates.

"Jes' in time!" Dick muttered to himself, and turned to cross the street, nearly stumbling in his haste over two evil-faced imps, scarcely older than his own little Dick, who were squabbling in the gutter for the possession of a half-smoked cigar. Their oaths rang out above the noise of the busy street as they rolled together on the ground, and, used as he was to sights like this, Dick paused, shuddering, with a prayer in his heart for the lad at home, innocent and safe.

Suddenly the crowd parted, right and left, and in the wake of those fleeing for safety dashed a pair of maddened horses, dragging at their heels a heavily-laden express wagon. One moment and the frantic beasts would be upon him!

With a mighty effort, Dick sent the two combatants, still struggling blindly, reeling out of the path, just as the runaways clattered past.

* * * * * * *

The setting sun threw broad bands of crimson light across the bare floor of the humble room.

"Dick mustn't wait fer his tea," said Katie, glancing at the clock and stirring to a brisk blaze the fire beneath the singing kettle.

Little Dick ran to help mammy, prattling all the while of the soldier's cap and gun that had been promised him. Somehow the plate he was laying for pappy slipped from the careless fingers and was shattered on the floor, but the hasty words of reproof that rose to Katie's lips were never uttered, for at that moment the gate opened and she heard the sound of many feet on the gravel walk.

She sprang to the door, and was met on the threshold by old Dan.

One glance at his face, turned a chalky white beneath the grime, told her that something was amiss.

"Dick!" she gasped.

"Bear up, marm, it's only a bit o' accident. You'd best come in t'other room along o' me—" But she eluded the hand stretched out to detain her, and turned to face the ghastly burden they were bringing in so tenderly.

Was that Dick—that crushed semblance of a man—lying at her feet?

She gave a low cry, and flung herself down beside him.

The sound of her voice stirred his numbed senses; he opened his eyes.

"Katie!" he said, with a faint smile.

"'Twas jes' this way, marm," began Dan, with awkward sympathy. "He was—"

"Hush!" she whispered, lifting a warning hand. "He's tryin' to speak."

The labored breath of the dying man grew fainter and fainter. His eyes again opened.

"There's the six o'clock bell, men—time t' knock off. How the sun reds the water—like blood! We're most—across—the—ferry."

"Hats off, mates," said old Dan, laying his hands tenderly on little Dick's curly head.

J. Torrey Connor.

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THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

Covers this field exclusively. Others may dabble in it. The Pacific Monthly covers it. As for circulation, the Pacific Monthly is one of the few magazines west of the Mississippi that guarantees circulation. Our sworn statement is as follows:

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U. B. SCOTT, President

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Train No. 22 leaves Portland at 8:00 a. m., arrives at Astoria at 11:30 a. m.

Train No. 24 leaves Portland at 7:00 p. m., arrives at Astoria at 10:30 p. m.

Return

Train No. 21 leaves Astoria at 7:45 a m., arrives in Portland at 11:15 a. m.

Train No. 23 leaves Astoria at 6:10 p. m., and arrives in Portland at 9:40 p. m.

Train No. 22 runs through to Seaside, leaving Seaside on the return at 2:30 p. m.

All trains leaving Astoria for Seaside or returning from Seaside run on the Flavel Branch.

The Astoria and Columbia River R. R. Winter Schedule is now in effect. Trains leave Union Depot, Portland, daily at 8:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m., arriving at Astoria at 11:30 a. m. and 10:30 p. m. Leaving for Seaside at 11:35 a. m.

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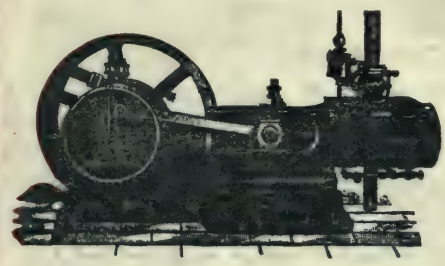
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1790	3,929,214	929,214	31
1800	5,308,483	1,379,269	35
1810	7,320,881	2,012,398	37
1820	9,638,453	2,317,572	32
1830	12,860,020	3,221,567	33
1840	17,069,453	4,209,433	33
1850	23,191,876	6,122,423	35
1860	31,443,321	8,251,445	35
1870	38,558,371	7,115,050	22
1880	50,155,783	11,597,412	30
1890	62,622,250	22,466,467	25

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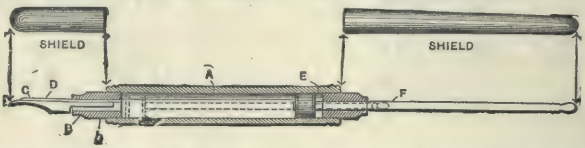


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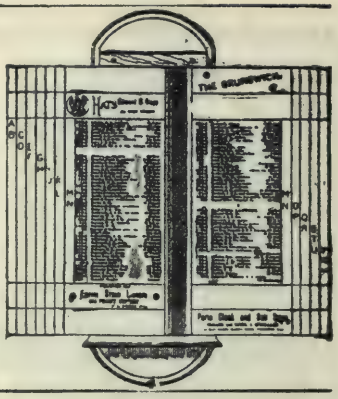
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The Pacific Monthly.

Vol. III. *APRIL, 1900.* *No. 6.*

New Elements in the National Political Situation.

By JUDGE THOS. O'DAY.

THE new elements in National politics will, in a great measure, eclipse those of all former years. Generally speaking, since 1888, the great parties have been divided on economic questions. First it was the tariff; then came the money question and its relation to labor and capital—whether it were the better policy to increase the volume of money, thereby facilitating exchange of commodities and the discharging of debts, or whether the volume of money should be contracted, debts increased, interest burdens multiplied by increasing credits, and thus keeping everpresent conditions whereby any financial disturbance might cause a liquidation of debts, precipitating a panic and paralyzing business—and while this question is still a live political issue, it is, in a measure, to be overshadowed by those occurring as a result of the Spanish-American war.

As a result of this war certain territory was ceded by Spain to the United States, and while we have heretofore annexed vast areas of territory, it was in the main uninhabited, and was annexed with the avowed purpose of eventually being admitted into the sisterhood of states as soon as the population was sufficient to warrant such action. The people inhabiting this territory were likewise accepted into full citizenship and given all the rights of other citizens, with the right to appeal to the Constitution as the Charter of their liberties. But now, for the first time, territory has been annexed, densely populated, with a race of people different from our own, and situated remote from our shores. If this territory with its millions of the Malay race is to be retained, what shall be the civil status of these people?

Is this territory a part of the United States, and, if so, are these people within the Constitutional guaranties? Are they entitled to trial by jury, the writ of habeas corpus, the right to peaceably assemble? Shall they have the right to a speedy and public trial—be informed of the nature of the accusation—be confronted with the witnesses against them and have all the other constitutional rights which citizens are guaranteed by the Constitution, or shall they be subject to the personal caprice of a President or a Congress, the mere subjects of a superior power, and governed outside of the constitution? To this last question the answer of the Republican party is yes, for by the passage of the late Puerto Rican tariff bill, the Republicans say that Puerto Rico is not a part of the United States in the sense that it is governed by the Constitution, but that it is merely subject to the United States, to be governed in such manner as Congress may determine. Hence, the Filipinos are to be likewise subjects of and under the jurisdiction of the United States, but not a part of the United States. For, if it be once admitted that Puerto Rico and the Philippines are within the United States and subject to the Constitution, it follows that Congress would have no more power to levy a tariff on goods coming from these islands to the rest of

the United States, than it would to levy a tariff on goods going from Oregon to California. Again, if these people are to be governed without their consent, they must of necessity be governed by force. This means a large standing army. An army is not a body of men who earn their living by the sweat of their face, but men who live by the sweat of some other man's face. In the coming campaign these questions are new elements in National politics to be argued and decided by the American people as a jury.

Another new element is the trusts. What shall be done with them? The Standard Oil Company today has so perfected its organization that it takes the raw material from the ground and delivers it direct to the consumer at retail. It has no use now for the "middle man." It does not need the little grocery and the other stores to distribute its goods. The profit of the grocer is now absorbed by the trust. It deals direct with the consumer. When the tobacco and other trusts controlling other staple articles shall have, like the Standard Oil Company, perfected their organizations so they can likewise take the "raw material" from the producer, and deliver the manufactured product to the consumer, they will not need the "middle man," but he will be allowed to join the ever-increasing army of the unemployed. They will fix the price of the raw material to the producer, and also the price of the manufactured article to the consumer.

I shall not undertake to give the remedy. Some say municipal ownership or government control; others, that the trusts are the necessary evolution of business and under the inexorable law of trade, should not be interfered with. In other words, that the trusts will regulate themselves; others, that each state should prohibit the sale of articles manufactured by trusts. The difficulty with this last proposition is, that under the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, the state has no such power.

It is not my object, in this article, to suggest my own views as to the remedy, but merely suggest this as one of the new elements in the National political situation.

The Democratic party will say that new territory acquired by the United States by treaty becomes a part of the United States, and, as such, the people within the new territory are entitled to al the guarantees of the Constitution. That is, that the "Constitution follows the flag," and that the Filipinos should be allowed to form their own government and work out their own destiny; that God never made a people who are incapable of self-government, and that no man can point to the Almighty, and say, "by Divine right I may govern another man without his consent."

That these questions are important no thoughtful peron will deny. If the Puerto Ricans and the Filipinos are to be governed outside of the Constitution, by the President or Congress, this is all that Queen Victoria and the Parliament of Great Britain do in India—it is imperialism pure and simple. A military force—an aristocracy—must be maintained, not by what they shall produce, but by what shall be produced by the labor of other men.

Easter.

Leaf, and blossom, and bud,
The world is in bloom today,
And the robins sing like the soul of Spring,
Or the heart of a child at play,
Tender and sweet and clear,
Yet you must lean to hear—
So soft is the note that falls,
As the robin calls and calls.

Christ is risen indeed!
The earth and the fragrant air,
The blossoming bowers, and wind-kissed flowers,
And the sunlight quivering there,
Are calling it o'er and o'er,
Death and the grave are no more,
And the endless joy of loving and living,
Is ours by the grace of God's own giving.

L. M. M.

Christine Sturburg's Ride.

IN TWO PARTS.

By MARY BURKE CALHOUN.

Part II.

THE clatter of Jason's hoofs decreased, much to Christine's relief, when they reached the sand dunes. The horse spent much of his mettle on the hill, and as he worked his way laboriously through the sand where every step loses half its length in the slip back, Christine had an opportunity to catch her breath which had nearly been blown and jerked out of her body. She peered ahead into the night. Before her the sandy way lay white as the milk which poured into the vats. The short fir trees scattered along the road cast ominous shadows, and Jason snorted and jumped aside when, on rounding a turn, he came suddenly upon a dark wood-pile.

Sometimes Christine thought she must be pursued, but on looking back she saw only the empty road, and caught occasional glimpses of the dark, sleeping farmhouse below. What she had heard was only the wind in the fir trees.

At last the summit was gained. She stopped her horse and looked about her. Behind, she could see the dairy in slumber, its yards, the barns, the old house with its broad porches. Before her—her heart sank—there was, first, the abrupt descent of the sandy hillside, then the low bridge over the mouth of Waddell's Creek, which ran through the treacherous quicksands to the sea; then a great, dark mountain, with its top in the clouds and its precipitous sides gleaming faintly through the gloom, along whose base the narrow beach curved like a strip of pale moonshine between the mountain wall and the angry sea. Beyond this two miles of beach over which she must travel, was a point of rocks running out into the water, the limit of which was marked by the white tower of the light-house, whose revolving lantern turned its light into a wheel of long beams. As these flashed across the waters towards Christine, she noticed how broken they were, which told her that the sea was wild.

Its roar shook her resolution. She recalled how the stage had been wrecked there; how the horses had been lifted by the waves, while the stage itself was dashed against those rocks which, midway, compel the traveler, in order to pass them, to drive into the undertow, even in summer.

Just yesterday morning the old stage driver had shown the boys how he had strapped the thin mail to his back and how he had secured the few treasures of the express in his bosom before venturing on the ride, laughing as he remarked: "If the whole concern of us are lost in the sea, a drowned body comes up, you know, and old Mrs. Clark will hear from her boy."

So Christine faltered, but suddenly she remembered the family that lived away upon that mountain. Filled with the terror of the sea, she recalled the pale face of the young English mother.

"If sister is drowned it will be just," she pondered, thinking of her brother.

Glancing towards the house again she saw lights. Already the feeders and milkers were stirring, earlier than usual, for this was market day. Still, it could not be later than three o'clock. In two hours more, at least, the herders would start for the pastures with the cattle; that is, if they went at all. Christine though of waiting until then to make sure, but no, she would then be too late to get the men of Pescadero to the rescue, also her flight would be discovered.

"Oh dear, oh dear," she moaned, feeling Jason shivering beneath her. "He is so cruel a brother, that Gustaf, and he will kill their papa."

Jason must have felt the necessity for

a move, for he took to the road, and looking from side to side broke into a trot down the hill toward the creek bottom. Little Christine felt that he understood. She slackened the rein and petted him with her hand.

He trotted along, picking his own way until he came to the bridge. Here he stopped. Christine said nothing. He hesitated but a moment, then crossed the bridge and stepped down into the sand. After a few steps in the sand he stopped once more, right at the beginning of the great mountain precipice.

Up along the creek bottom this mountain bent in one unbroken wooden wall. At this hour the dark of the little valley, where Christine had so often gathered water-lilies, looked far more inviting than the wet sea beach. Where Jason stood, his mane curling into waves in the wind, the sand was higher than elsewhere, and beside her Christine saw the little fence surrounding the grave of an unknown. The wooden cross had been blown to one side. She recalled how many times she had decorated it and scratched anew the letters on the cross, "Stranger's Grave."

"He is so lonely here," she sighed. Then a huge wave broke on the shore and Jason pricked up his ears and tossed his head as he watched it.

"Shall we go back, Jason?" The horse shivered. "My brother might beat us both, Jason. But it is so terrible here." The wind tore the wrapping from her head and flapped it about her face. She struggled to replace it.

Jason looked along the beach and afar at the revolving light. Christine glanced up at the mountain: "But, Jason, it is so hard to have no papa."

There were tears in her voice. Maybe her words were lost in the wind, maybe Jason heard them and understood. At any rate, he took a few steps down to the water's edge which was too, too near the precipice, and broke into a gallop. He was started. Christine felt that he would keep the way. She held with one hand to the surcingle and wedged her feet in tighter to his sides. When the great waves broke the wind took the spray and dashed it into her face. She kept her head bent from it, but the water dropped from her ears, now bare, and trickled down her forehead.

At first she knew only terror; finally she became dumb to all feeling. So near the precipice, the roar of the ocean was deafening. She could not hear the feet of Jason on the hard sand. She could no longer see the point light, she was so blinded by the spray which was driven against her in rainy torrents.

Now they were galloping through the very undertow of the surf. Why did not Jason crowd nearer the precipice? Maybe there was deep water at the base. Maybe he was afraid of fragments of the old tramway, broken by the slides above them. She felt he knew best. She dared to look back just one instant—a swirling tempest—they might be galloping through mid-ocean for all she could tell.

Suddenly dark objects began taking shape before her. They were the Midway rocks. Surely Jason could clamber over them. What if he could not? Already he was attempting it, and even above the awful surge which engulfed her she could hear the click of his iron hoofs on the black, slippery rocks, as the noble beast struggled to bear his precious burden safely over them. Now he was up on the shelf rock, and was mounting the others. Christine saw the light on the point, but:

"Great God in heaven!" she cried.

A huge wall of water was tearing down upon them. The next instant, as she grasped with both hands at the surcingle, she was lifted away from the earth with a great, boiling, foaming cataract surging over and around her. She closed her eyes. The water slapped her in the face and dashed against her. She nearly strangled. Then she felt Jason struggling beneath her, and she knew that he was not dead. She felt herself rise in the water. She opened her eyes. Where were they? Where was the light? What was this before them? It was the great mountain, and the waves were lifting them up, up, and bearing them toward the shore.

And that dark head before her! It was Jason's. "God bless you!" screamed Christine, tightening her hold—he

was swimming.

She felt a jar, he had touched bottom. He tore himself from the waves, stumbling and half falling as the water rushed back against him. Once more a huge wave struck them, nearly dashing Christine from her hold, lifting Jason, but when it receded the horse was tearing away from it, headed for the point light.

Jason kept his course. Christine still clung with both hands to the surcingle, regardless of the reins. Jason shied at the breaking waves now seeming nearer than when they started, perhaps the tide was coming in. If he could only reach the end of the beach and the steep roadway leading down to it! The spray was too blinding to see. The roar and shrieking and howling of the wind was maddening. Christine was only conscious of bounding along with Jason beneath her.

What? Was he again swept from the shore? Was Christine slipping from him? She loosened one hand and caught at his mane. He was not galloping, she felt herself rising.

"The light!" screamed Christine. Jason had climbed up the cliffside roadway, and had left the swirling ocean beneath and behind them.

Over the remaining six miles of coast road Christine flew, her body growing colder and colder in the sharp wind. The water from her clothes streamed down the sides of poor Jason who kept up his mad run as though life depended upon it. Finally the valley of Pescadero spread out before them. Jason slackened his pace and trotted gently down the long hillside to the little town, its white houses gleaming from the trees like a nest of eggs in the sedges. It is the one small town from Santa Cruz to San Francisco, and forty miles of coast lies between it and them. Christine saw lights in the houses of the early risers, and immediately, upon arriving at a corner of the public square, she gathered a meeting of the willing hearers.

"I have come from beyond the beach," she began, breathing heavily. The strong arm of the villagers lifted her from her horse and carried her into the tavern parlor. She was very weak. Women began to pull the wet garments from the stiff little arms, and men were putting hot drinks to her mouth. Meanwhile Christine was telling an extraordinary story.

"My brother is away, and none of my men would go, and the Englishman's family is starving, and someone must take them food. The father is sick and I came for you, and you must go right away, and I must go with you." Her teeth were chattering.

The good people about her felt that there was something which the little purple face tried to hide.

"Why, it is little Christine Sturburg," exclaimed a fleshy woman who was just then placing a pan of warm water for her feet.

Christine gave her a hasty glance, then turned her gaze again to the men hanging about the doorway.

"Thou wilt go right away to save their papa," she pleaded, dropping into the familiar tongue, but immediately repeating her request in English.

"Yes, they will go, seven of them," said an old woman coming from the group which had then left the doorway.

"You will tell me when they start?"

"Yes, you poor little one," replied a young mother, kneeling beside her.

There was a stir in the little town. Women collected their yesterday's bakings and made up bags and bundles for the seven horsemen. Meats, fruits, breadstuffs were tied behind the saddles and stuffed into saddlebags.

"The child seems so terribly anxious for you to be off,' said one housewife, helping a horseman into his coat.

"Yes, I dare say there is some trouble on the range. I shall carry my pistol."

"No," spoke up the eldest of the seven. "We shall have no weapons. Our mission, is to feed the starving," and he flashed an eye about the little group with an air of command.

* * * *

All unconscious of his sister's absence, Gustaf had started with his herders to the pasture. It was hardly daylight, and the feeders had said nothing to him of the lost Jason, fearful of his anger.

Gustaf rode in advance, muffled in his

great coat. Some way he had no mind for this business, but justice had to be taken into one's own hands in this coast country, or there would be no living in it.

At the top of the hill he looked back at his home. "Gustaf, I have no papa, and it is so very hard." He kept hearing the words. He believed she must be calling to him.

"It is a bad storm," he said to Kossuth.

"So, senor, but good for the work before us."

Gustaf had hoped it was otherwise, but he now saw plainly that to go back was to be put to shame by his vaqueros. Once at the upper pasture they took to the trail which winds down the ridge, crosses Waddell's Creek and leads up the mountain on the other side. Picking his way through the timber, he heard the wind in the trees. Occasionally it carried a limb to the ground.

"No papa—very hard—no papa," he caught the words from the ocean's distant roar.

It was a silent ride to the Englishman's miserable little ranch.

Emerging from the brush, right before the house, the men were astonished to see another party of riders coming up on the other side. In advance rode a man with a little girl before him. Gustaf waited for them to approach. A pale faced woman opened the door, and, with her hand on the knob, stared first at one group, and then at the other. Gustaf drew his breath hard at sight of that face—it was so beautiful. The approaching horsemen rode right up to him, and the high-piping voice of the little girl called out:

"Oh, Gustaf, I thought you would not get home in time, so I went for these people to get food for them."

In an instant he saw what had happened.

"I have come to see what was needed," he said grimly, looking into the eyes of the advance horseman.

Men were dismounting and carrying things into the house, and Gustaf lifted his little sister to his lap. She sat very still, but trembled visibly. He called to Kossuth. The vaquero drew near.

"Not a word of this, Kossuth, mind. See what is needed there, then follow me home and we will provide. Tell those young blackguards to keep their mouths closed."

With these words he turned and rode away with his sister, patting her gently, the nearest he had ever come to demonstrative affection.

Up at the English home the good people of Pescadero had taken charge. The woman stood near the doorway petting a large black horse whose sides were wet with the salt of the sea. She laid her cheek against his face, and looking into the great dark eyes, whispered:

"And you risked your life for my little ones.

The Haven of Sweet Dreams.

I.

Over the sea, the deep wide sea,
Like a boat life's fleeting miles
My soul will glide on a placid tide,
And its sails will be thy smiles.

II.

Thy sweetest song as I glide along,
Will be the wind which bears
A sunlit soul to its cherished goal,
Away from a world of cares.

III.

The merry light of thy glances bright
Will be my noonday themes,
And thy kiss will say we will anchor weigh
In the haven of sweet dreams.

IV.

In a haven near, where never a tear
Our fond content can mar,
Where the ebb and flow will bid us know
All of the joys which are.

V.

My soul like a boat would ever float
Over the sunlit streams,
Over the sea, my love, with thee,
To the haven of sweet dreams.

Valentine Brown.

Early Days on the Golden Yuba.

By CAPTAIN HARRY L. WELLS.

NO name is more intimately associated with the mining annals of California, than that of "Yuba." Many a "forty-niner," his head whitened by the frosts of more than three score winters, as he sits by his glowing hearth in some house of wealth, or smokes his long-used pipe in some lonely cabin, wanders in fancy on the banks of that swift-rushing stream, where so long ago he delved for gold. Mayhap, as the exciting scenes of those stirring times troop through his mind, in a shifting and continuous procession, he softly repeats the old familiar parody:

> Up yonder, where the miners go,
> The rains are anything but slow;
> And dark, and muddy is the flow
> Of Yuba, rolling rapidly.

Perhaps the world-famous story of "Yuba Dam," [This was, in a measure, a true story. The locality still bears that name, and is but a short distance up the river from Marysville, at the point where, formerly, a toll bridge crossed the stream.] will present itself, followed by the exciting scenes of the vigilante reign in Marysville, the highway exploits of Jim Webster and Tom Bell, the hanging of the woman at Downieville, the Gold lake stampede, the Washoe excitement, and the thousand and one incidents of life along the stream during the first few years the Argonauts spent in the search for wealth on the bars and flats of that noted river.

Gold was discovered in California on the 25th of January, 1848, by Jas. W. Marshall, in the tail race of a saw mill, which he was building for Captain John A. Sutter, at Coloma, on the South Fork of the American river. About the middle of April, 1848, Jonas Spect and several companions were on their way from Yerba Buena (San Francisco), to Johnson's ranch on Bear river, having come down from Oregon in a vessel, their object being to make up a party to cross the plains to the States. One night, while encamped at Knight's Landing, on the Sacramento, they were overtaken by a party hastening to the mines, and were informed that there was a great rush from all directions to Sutter's mill. The overland journey was forgotten, and all hastened to Coloma. But disappointment awaited them. Sutter and Marshall, under Mexican laws, claimed the ground and exacted rent from all who chose to work, and, it was then supposed that gold was to be found only in the vicinity of Coloma, a great many of the men left the mines in disgust and returned to their homes. Among these was Spect, who went to Johnson's ranch to carry out his original intention of going overland to the States. He spent a few days at Johnson's and then learned that there had been new discoveries made on American river, and that a new stampede for the mines had set in. He then proposed to Johnson to prospect the Yuba on shares, he to do the work and Johnson to furnish the supplies.

Johnson supplied Spect with a quantity of provisions, tools, etc, and an Indian guide, and the pioneer prospector of the Yuba crossed the flower-carpeted valley, lying between that stream and Bear river, and began his labor. The Indian piloted him up the stream to Rose bar, as it was soon afterward called, where was a rancheria of Indians. Spect had known something of the American aboriginee in Oregon, but this was his first experience with the guileless Digger on his native heath. He saw nothing attractive in their long-used raiment of dirt and modesty, nor did their simple fare of clover and crickets tempt his stomach. Consequently, when he had panned out a few shovelfuls of dirt, without satisfactory results, he hastened away, neglectful of their urgent offers of hospitality. In the afternoon of the same day he made one more effort, be-

fore returning to Johnson's ranch. He washed a pan of dirt near the mouth of Timbuctoo ravine, and his eyes were gladdened by the sight of coarse gold to the value of $7.50. He went into camp on the lucky spot, dispatching the Indian to Johnson's, to convey the intelligence of his success, and to procure more "grub." Intelligence that gold had been found on the Yuba soon reached American river, and quite a number of men came over and took up claims. Among these were Rose & Reynolds, a firm of ship-carpenters, who took up claims on the bar where had stood the rancheria, whose hospitalities Spect had denied himself.

Mining was conducted in 1848 upon an entirely different principle than that of the following year, when the influx of thousands of eager gold hunters worked a sudden and wonderful transformation. The pioneer miners were scattered for some distance up and down the stream, and, in the main, labored vicariously. The Indians were docile and tractable and for the slight reward of a good meal of white man's food would labor diligently in the broiling sun, while the white proprietors of the tools they used, smoked their pipes serenely in the shade. Yet the miners had but little to sell, besides food and tobacco, and the Digger, improvident by nature and education, worked only long enough to wash out sufficient dust to buy something to fill his stomach and his pipe. In this way many of the miners became wealthy in a few months, and left the mines for good.

The most notable case of this kind was David Parks, who located on Park's bar. News of Marshall's discovery had reached Parks on the plains, while on his way to Oregon with his wife and family of children of graduated sizes. He at once changed his destination and early in the summer reached the Yuba, and located on the bar which afterward bore his name. He was well supplied with provisions, and, when he learned the ways of the unsophisticated Digger, it took him but a short time to become convinced that his household could dispense with the luxury of sugar in their coffee, as long as the Indians were willing to pay gold dust for it, measure for measure. When they had filled a pint cup with the yellow particles, they took it to kind-hearted Mrs. Parks, who filled another cup with sugar, of almost the same color, and exchanged cups. This was as good a thing as the Indians wanted. Sugar was a new luxury to them, and it was just like finding it to have it given them in exchange for this useless yellow dirt, which they could neither eat nor wear. The Parkses were also satisfied. Their supply of sugar was light, and was soon exhausted, and the Indian trade threatened to leave them and go to other points. It was then that the ready woman's wit of Mrs. Parks came to the rescue. In the family outfit was a lot of red cloth, from which, as occasion required, various garments were manufactured for the members. Mrs. Parks converted this material into flaming shirts, and displayed them before the covetous eyes of the savages. To be sure the cutting was crude and the stitches were few, while the whole garment extended but part way down the back; but then a warrior's social position depended little on the length of his raiment, and what was the use of making them long, when short ones answered all the ends of their creation? This matter of wearing clothes was an innovation, at best, upon the immemorial customs of the Diggers, and as the garments were purely ornamental in their nature their brevity was no detraction from their commercial value. Mrs. Parks hit a popular idea. The latest fashion of wearing the indication of a shirt swept like wild fire through the ranks of Digger society. The price of these garments depended upon the ability of the savage to pay—for Mrs. Parks took all she could get—and the eager savages were willing to pay all the dust they could dig. When the red cloth was used up, the market was still "booming," and other colors were called into requisition, blue and white soon mingling among the crimson. Their relative values were somewhat proportionate to the ivory "chips," which circulated so freely among the Yuba a few months later, the red, however, being the most valuable. They paid more for the color than they

did for the cloth. There was more of it. The fashionable color came higher than the shirt, although the latter, viewed in the same light, came high enough in all conscience. Owing to competition by traders at other points, and, as well, to the rapid education of the natives in the comparative value of gold dust and other articles, the trade rapidly became less profitable. The Parkses then "folded their tents" and departed, bearing away with them $85,000 as the result of a few weeks of vicarious mining.

The competition which drove the Parks family from the Indian trade was chiefly that of Rose & Reynolds, at Rose bar. They, too, discovered that the Indians, ignorant of the value of the yellow stuff, were willing to dig it up and trade it to the new comers for anything which pleased their eccentric fancy. Rose & Reynolds being regular traders, had a varied stock of provisions, which the Parkses did not possess, and thus absorbed the trade, for the native first demanded a pound of sugar for a pound of gold, then struck for two pounds and then three, until, finally, the sugar became so cheap that they did not care for it any more, and the trade was ruined. To offset the shirt excitement down the river, they procured, in Yerba Buena, a quantity of beads. A string of beads made a splendid substitute for one of Mrs. Parks' shirts, and was soon prescribed by Dame Fashion for all her votaries. Gaudily-colored glass beads were sold, measure for measure, for gold dust, and not enough could at first be procured to meet the demand. Beads soon became plentiful, and, under the competition of other trading posts, fell from their high estate, though for seveal years they were a prominent and profitable item in the Indian trade. A transient and profitable fever was created by the introduction of calico dresses, which the squaws seized upon with avidity. A squaw bedecked with one of these gaudy garments, and a warior gorgeously arrayed with a necklace of porcelain beads and an abbreviated shirt, constituted a family of Digger bon ton, whose social position was impregnable.

In the winter of 1848-9, some two hundred men mined along the Lower Yuba. Early in the spring of 1849 their number was augmented by arrivals from Oregon, Chili and the Sandwich Islands, followed, a few months later, by the advance guard of the vast army of gold hunters, which came trooping over the plains, through Mexico, and across the Isthmus of Panama, or made the long voyage around the cold and stormy Horn. Up the river and all its tributaries they pushed, and before another year had rolled around, Marysville, Long bar, Parks' bar, Rose bar, Foster bar, Downieville, Rough and Ready, Gold run, and scores of others, were names well known in the mining camps of California. Then the Yuba was in its glory, and ten thousand miners lined its banks, whose varied experiences would make a volume as strange and exciting as those tales of romance which charmed our youthful minds.

Down the River.

I.

We were floating down the river,
And were speaking soft and low;
And our voices blended sweetly
With the river's gentle flow.

II.

You were telling me of sorrow,
Of the grief that wrecked your bliss;
And you bent and kissed me gently,
Gave it as a parting kiss.

III.

Far away the bells were chiming,
Pealing out a marriage hymn;
And your face was full of sorrow,
And your eyes grew dark and dim.

IV.

But I held your hands within mine
And you never guessed my pain;
For I knew my desolation
Only meant your fullest gain.

V.

We were floating down the river,
Feeling momentary bliss,
When you bent and kissed me gently,
Gave me that sweet parting kiss!

I. D.

The Rivers of Oregon.

If Thoreau had spent a week on the rivers of Oregon, on the Willamette, the McKinzie, the Rogue or the Columbia, there can hardly be any other conclusion than that his "week," great as it is, would have been much greater, much fuller of brightness and beauty, much more optimistic. For it would be difficult, if not impossible, to conceive a state more fortunate in the possession of every variety of river scenery than Oregon. From the turbulent McKinzie to the placid Willamette, to the broad and majestic Columbia, there is all that the lover of nature can wish. He is bewildered by the beauty, by the heights of mountain and falling streams which jet the Oregon banks of the mighty Columbia. He is lulled to rest by the gentle ripplings of Willamette "softly calling to the sea." He is thrown into an ecstacy of admiration at the unexpected beauty, the quietness and repose of stream and wooded bank, which to him are full of wonderful possibilities for literature and art. In the coming months The Pacific Monthly will endeavor to bring out some of these things; will try to bring before its readers some of the beauty and richness of Oregon's streams which have been too long unappreciated.

Multnomah Falls.

Over the precipice towering above us,
Leaps the pure streamlet, joyous and free,
Epithalamium singing to move us
At her glad bridal accordant to be;
Lordly Columbia waits her advancing,
Smiles open-armed to receive her embrace,
Smiles as the sun, on her tinted gauze glancing,
Dowers her form with effulgence and grace.

Spruce trees which crown dizzy heights join the chorus,
Symphonies soft through the alders breathe low,
Carol of birds trilling near us and o'er us,
Mingle all notes in the rhythmical flow
Of thy waters descending, descending, ne'er ending,
With music like that which we hear in a dream,
While Nature, the Priestess, serenely attending,
Bestows benediction on river and stream.

Haste to the wedding, ye dwellers in city,
Let the bride show ye the fringe of her robe
Spangled with jewels, resplendent and pretty,
Pure as the purest e'er found on the globe.
Throw off your trappings of care and of sorrow,
Hark! how the bride with her welcoming calls:
"Come and make merry, nor wait till tomorrow
To mark how each fold of my bridal veil falls."

J. W. Whalley.

The M'Kinzie.

By GEORGE MELVIN.

FAR up in the fastnesses of the Cascades there lies a beautiful lake. Its waters are so clear that you can look down a hundred feet and see the tree tops of the forest that was submerged when the lake was formed. For ages those trees have stood preserved in the still depths of the icy flood, and a new forest has sprung up and grown to maturity on the lava flow that walled and crossed the canyon in the days when the West was young, so that the snow-fed stream which threaded the gloom was checked in its course and compelled to rise and rise, filling the lava-rimmed reservoir, and finally bursting from its lower edge, a full-born rushing river, mad to reach the sea.

This river, known as the McKinzie, had in the days when the Indians fished in its lower reaches and hunted along its banks, another and more musical title, one better befitting its silver-flashing tide, its leaping cataracts, rainbow-arched and white as driven snow. It is a matter of regret that this Indian name should have been lost.

Beautiful as are all the rivers of Oregon—and there is not another land in the world in this respect so blest—there is none that can compare in charm with the McKinzie. Only seventy-five miles from its source to its confluence with the Willamette, but every mile of that swift course is girded in beauty that mounts to grandeur. When a child I played upon its banks with my sister, and built forts and roadways in its shining sands. Often we lifted our wondering eyes to the hills from whence it seemed to come, and said, "When we are older we will go together to find the place where the river is born." It was to us always a companion, a friend, and yet a mystery. Whether we watched its turbid tide in flood or harkened to its silver singing in summer nights when the world was in flower, and the willows and maples and alders trailed their fragrant boughs in its cool waves, we were always questioning, always longing to see and know what lay beyond, up there toward the gates of dawn. In later years the rare joy was vouchsafed us of going, as we had dreamed, together to the birthplace of the stream we loved. Step by step, mile by mile, from its shining lower reaches, we traced it to its source. And the rapture that was ours in that eager journey is something that cannot be told in words.

It was before the settlers had "improved" their claims. The forest still clothed the hills from base to summit. The despoiling lumberman had not yet invaded the primeval silence of the woods with his noisy logging camps. And the road that hugged the river bank was as lonely and as little traveled as even we could desire. The cabins in the little clearings, scattered at far intervals along the way, served only to enhance the solitude.

And the river—how it dimpled in green eddies; how it flashed in the sunshine and lurked in the shade, tore at the obstructing boulders and laughed like a thousand fairies on the silver bars. At Hixon's, where two mossy ledges of gray rock, lichen stained and decked with tufts of emerald water grasses, barred the way on either hand, the strong tide gathered itself together and shot like a shaft from a bow through the cleft between. And then, as if wearied with the effort, stopped to rest in a great wide pool that spread out to reach and clasp the willow-fringed shores. A few miles farther on it flowed leisurely past a wooded mountain—that is like the mountains one sees in dreams—and still beyond and ever toward the east it washes the base of Eagle Rock, a perpendicular face of black basalt that casts a sombre shadow to the further shore. At the "Bridge" the narrow valley widens and the mountains that wall it in are splendid in their bulk and height. Through the valley the river goes singing on its way, as if glad to have reached the haunts of men and found human companionship. A few miles beyond the road stops suddenly. There is only a trail for those who would go on. In those days there was not even a trail, save some faint recollection of the way once trodden by moccasined feet before the paleface found the land of the sundown sea.

It was not an easy task at that time to follow the remaining fifteen miles of the river's course, and none but those who were in love with danger undertook to do so. For there was danger, deprivation and other things to be encountered and endured. The way was so rough that days were consumed in traversing a few miles. It was often necessary to hew a path through the dense forest for the passage of the pack horses. There were streams to be crossed whose treacherous fern-fringed margins were akin to the bottomless pit. In places the later lava flow was not yet carpeted with moss, or covered with vegetation, and its ragged roughness cut the horses' feet most cruelly. There were mountains to be scaled that seemed to rise straight to the clouds. There were descents that were so steep it made one dizzy just to contemplate

them. But oh! the wonder and the beauty and the joy of it all. The swift streams, tributaries of the McKinzie, that burst, full-grown, from the mountain side, and in their short journey never, winter or summer, spring or autumn, feel the added impulse of a freshet.

At the first fall, just above where the river makes its grand leap into the circular green pool, it flows for a little space through a trough of lava so narrow that you might almost step across. For several miles to northward—for the course lies no longer toward the rising sun—the canyon widens, and the stream loiters idly, losing itself utterly at times beneath the lava bridges, and the walls on either hand are sheer five hundred feet in height.

Within five miles of the lake there is a tiny meadow where the horses may be loosed to graze, and where one may cross the river on a natural bridge, grassed and grown over with willows and hazel. Just above is the second cataract, with a single fall of seventy-five feet that leaps from the ledge and speeds down the narrow canyon, leaving a free passageway behind its shimmering green veil, where one may cross dry-shod from bank to bank. There is yet another and more beautiful fall nearer the lake, said to be eighty feet in height, and spanned by a double rainbow when the sun is out.

But the lake itself—to have seen it once is to dream of it forever after. A lovely crystal, it lies in the lap of the mountains. Mount Jefferson and the Three Sisters keep watch above it, and Echo, that lost spirit of wandering sound, forever haunts its shores. It is a fitting birthplace for Oregon's fairest stream. And we sang for joy when we saw where the river was born.

The Legend of the Lake.

I.

Far up in the heart of the mountains,
Where the peaks loom ghastly and white,
Where the forest is clothed in silence,
And dark as with shadows of night,
Is a lake, like a gleaming jewel,
Or a star dropped out of the sky.
And over its breast, and about it,
The wild wind goes whispering by.
The wind that is loud n the valleys,
Is here but a moan, and a sigh.

II.

And once in the years that are vanished,
The ages forgotten of men,
When the world was new, and the mountains
Spoke out, and were answered again,
When the moon and the stars companioned
With the children of earth, and filled
The wood with a mystical splendor
That lured them, and charmed them, and thrilled,

III.

There were tokens of strife in the heavens,
There were ominous sounds and signs,
The creatures were shaken with terror,
As the wind shakes the sombre pines.
The gods were at war, and the mountains
Were drunken with anger and hate.
The smoke of the battle that drifted
Was black as the banners of fate.

IV

O gloom of the night that engulfed them!
The children of earth, in that vale
Where the lake, a jewel is nested,
And the peaks, like warriors in mail,
Stand guard. And silence is ever
The seal of a mystery set
To cover the secret that even
The pitying stars shall forget.

V.

For the pen of man shall not write it,
And the tongue of man shall not speak.
Go look you, and loiter and listen,
Go find you whatever you seek.
'Tis only to him who can read it
That Nature will open her book,
Not written in words. If you love her
Go loiter, and listen, and look!

Clarence Danvers.

A Matter Purely Literary.

By W. W. FIDLER.

AMONG the numerous notices called forth by the death of Oregon's gifted bard was the following:

The death of Sam L. Simpson leaves an absolute blank in respect of the fact that we have among us no poet of merit or reputation. Singular it is that so much of poetic inspiration as we have in the splendors of nature and in the romantic suggestions of pioneer life should have found so few tongues. Men of intellect we have in plenty, as our professional and business life bears witness; but the world of artistic interests finds here few recruits or none at all. It has long been hoped that there might rise among us a mind combining enthusiasm for Oregon and her history with the insight of literary art and the gift or dramatic portrayal, and that these powers might be devoted to preservation in the forms of historic or romantic fiction the tone, color, sentiment and spirit of the older Oregon, now passing away. Thus far this hope has been vain. The atmosphere which produces the artistic mind is wanting here, as in every new country where practical affairs claim all the energies of life. The writer who shall voice the romance of Oregon must come, if at all, at a later time.

Reading this paragraph carefully between the lines one might easily get the impression that it was not so much the object of the writer to pay a just tribute to the memory of a deceased author as it was to vent a soulful scorn for the living. Too high a compliment could not well be paid the splendid genius of our departed poet; but why should even an Oregon editor of the old school so lightly prize his reputation for candid criticism as to assert that there is "an absolute blank in respect to the fact that we have among us no poet of merit or reputation."

Public opinion is not always supposed to be made up from the unsupported utterance of one individual, and before these excathedra statements are taken as the settled verdict of the state it might be well enough to invite a more numerous expression of prevailing sentiment. Otherwise, some such thing as a crabbed and long-cultivated animosity to local talent might exert a preponderance of influence, where the decision is left wholly to a single self-elected Sir Oracle.

While loath to concede the accuracy of the views so authoratively set forth in the above quotation, I am free to confess there are many reasons why they should be essentially true and remain so. This Oregon of ours, it must be owned, is not an o'er hospitable region for "weavers of mild rhymes," or rhymes of any sort. Sam L. Simpson once informed me that he had never received a dollar by way of remuneration for any of his numerous poetical offerings, except on one occasion. A man once paid him twenty dollars for a private obituary poem. This was the sum total of monetary emoluments that had, up to that date, attended his hazardous and laborious climbing of Parnassus. At one time, as I very well remember, he was particularly anxious to convert some of the products of his genius into hard cash, for cash was the one thing he very much needed in his business. He sent two of his poems to a friend in Portland to be sold to the "West Shore." Failing in that, they were to be turned over to the "Oregonian" to be published, of course, "without money and without price." One of the poems, "The Mother's Vigil," appeared in the Daily Oregonian in a mutilated form; the other, "Sayonara," failed, for some reason or other, to meet the exacting requirements of a purblind literary taste.

Now the point sought to be got at is this: If a poet with the unquestioned genius and established reputation of Simpson must fare so badly at the hands of the newspaper fraternity, where is the encouragment for "a mind combining the enthusiasm for Oregon and her history with the insight of literary art and the gift of dramatic portrayal" to arise among us and devote those powers to the presentation of "tone, color, sentiment and spirit of the older Oregon,

now passing away?" The poet referred to did his full share of this thankless work, always without reward and seldom without the fear of punishment. If a leading newspaper published some of his free-will offerings gratis, it felt that it had discharged its whole duty in the premises with enlarged, if not ruinous prodigality.

The papers are certainly standing well within their own rights when they taboo poetry, but it looks like they were, at the same time, estopped from indulging in any very loud lamentations over hopes made vain through their own persistent contriving. The whole spirit of their policy is clearly exemplified when they tell us that they don't want poetry, that if they want poetry they know where to find it. The budding genius that could bourgeon and blossom and advance to autumnal ripening under such chilling influences as this, would, indeed, be a prodigy.

Suppose the now-famous muse of Mr. Markham (and he was once an Oregonian, I believe), had had to depend for its first encouragement upon the generosity of Oregon journalism, does any one doubt that he would still be "wasting his sweetness on the desert air?" He would have had plenty of practical reasons for believing that "The Man with the Hoe" has a comfortable time of it compared to the Webfoot poetaster. But, as has been aptly remarked: "the world needs poets as well as potatoes, though the popular taste is largely in favor of the latter."

The Poet of the Sierras got his initial coaching in Oregon; but it was at a time when a more tolerant spirit pervaded the press. He had, however, to take his wares to a more appreciating community before his talents were justly recognized. He might have chanted his lays a lifetime in Oregon without attaining any higher reward than that passive tolerance—a sort of strained acquiesence in his demented existence. When he reached "literary London" he was quickly recognized as "that wild Byron of the unfurrowed plains." English critics were enthusiastic in his praise.

Before we can repeat the spectacle of sending a backwoods rhymster to captivate the literary centres of the old world there must be a subsidence of studied antipathy for local talent at home. The establishment of a monthly magazine devoted to the drawing out and development of the literary genius of the Coast, is a favorable omen in the right direction. That "the world of artistic interests" need not worry about finding "recruits" is sufficiently evidenced by our past history. What other state, for instance, at the same age, could boast two such lyrical geniuses as Joaquin Miller and Sam L. Simpson?

"Simpsoniana."

Note.—The appearance in The Pacific Monthly last month of several of the unpublished poems of the late Sam L. Simpson has attracted some interest in the genius of the author of "Beautiful Willamette," and The Pacific Monthly will be glad to further this interest in any way that it can. We publish this month a poem sent us by Dr. C. L. Large, of Forest Grove, Oregon, besides the "Sayonara" mentioned in "A Matter Purely Literary."—[Ed.

Forest Grove, Ore., April 10.

The following beautiful poem, was written by Sam L. Simpson, in memory of Bishop A. Bagley, who died at his home in Tillamook, Oregon, April 7, 1887.

C. L. Large.

The life of a chivalrous, bold pioneer
Has gone to its shadowless setting,
Just across the divide from the fever and fear
Of our wearisome toiling and fretting.

The hand that was true to a friend or foe
And was ready for labor or battle,
Has waved us good-bye from the valley below
Where the buckler and spear never rattle—

Where the winds whisper low and the bright waters beat—
And the handmaids of Honor are turning
Fair chaplets for them who with world weary feet
Haste thither at life's swift declining.

In the nighty Valhalla of heroes unarmed,
And inwed to all conflicts and sorrow,
He now takes his place with the spirits that flamed
In the battle that pledged us the morrow,

And who never asked quarter in sunshine or storm,
But clung to the steep trail of duty,
With hearts that beat ever responsive and warm

And I tenderly lay it upon the low mound
That is heaped on the heart that I cherished,
And I listen the while for the faint and far sound
Of the voice of the friend that has perished.

In that bosom of his with its burden of care,
Throbbed the passionate heart of the poet,
And mourning I thus to his lone grave

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MEMALUSE ISLAND.

By SAM L. SIMPSON.

The spot referred to in this poem is an island in the Columbia river above the Cas- where the Chinook Indians buried their dead.)

e the King of Hesperian rivers,
nbia, with glimmering sweep,
a passionate bosom that quivers,
dream of the mystical deep—
ts in his empire eternal
the myriad rush of his power,
l island of sadness supernal
re the horseman has made him a bower,
the eagles, that wheel there so slowly,
so pallid and patient and holy—
the vestals that cherish its dower!

Avilion as fair as that other
re the lances of Camelot rest—
King and each chivalrous brother
h the plumage of fame in his crest—
ie isle of our bountiful river,
ts calm where commotion is rife,
a finger of warning forever
the murmurous lips of life!
the waters around it intoning
adly, and banish their moaning
h a crystalline paean of strife.

l a magical scene for its story
und you enchants an appals
h the barbarous gloom and the glory
the bold and embattled walls,
ere the host of the waters, advancing
ough the desolate eons of time,
s resoundingly marched, with the glancing
innumerous arms sublime;—
iere a whimscal shadow has faltered
its grandeur undimmed and unaltered—
d has passed like a hurrying mime!

d the firs, with their banners uplifted,
e delayed like an army in prayer,
hile the vapors of battle are drifted
the gloom of their Gothic hair.
id a mountain in mail uprising,
ie Attila of Oregon lands,
ems to stand like a chieftain advising
itn his fierce and untamable bands—
id to threaten the valleys, the queenly,
iat repose by Willamette serenely,
ith a gesture of valorous hands.

the days that have faded to gloaming,
the plaintive, traditional years,
was the end of a marvelous roaming,
retreat from avenging spears.

It was here, when the moon was at setting
And the shadows were solemn and strange,
And the peaks in their silvery fretting
Were the proudest of a ghostly range—
That the fleets came wierdly sailing
With the songs of the dirge and the wailing
Of the dark, immemorial change.

For the warrior, all crimson from battle,
And the maid with her lingering smile,
And the child that had worshiped the rattle
Of the arrows—were borne to the isle!
And they died in a faith as uncertain
As the flickering funeral glare
Of the torches that painted the curtain
Of the sorrowful midnight air—
But the sombre and sailing eagle
Was the guard of a slumber as regal
As the Parian marbles declare.

And the spring never comes with the daisies
In the flame of her bivouac,
But she lingers about it and raises
A memorial arch on her track.
And the beautiful mists that surround it
With a lustre of beaded brows
Are renewing the flowers that found it
With the dew of their nightly vows;
And so tenderly passes the river
With the braid of the sun on his quiver
That the slumberers never arouse.

The romance of the red man is ended,
And the shade of his primitive bark
With the mists of eternity blended,
Is a part of the dusk and the dark;
And the spray of the thundering steamer
Is the ghost of our loftier dream,
And the plume of its vapory streamer
But a shadow of things that seem;
For the highway of trade and of science
Is only a trail—a reliance
For the wants that confusedly teem.

And I hear, in the song of the river,
As it washes the funeral isle,
The response of this song—which is ever
The prophetic refrain of the Nile;
"O the lands may be braided together,
And the East lend its rose to the West,
But the nations will pause and ask whether
The rewards they have sought are the best.

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now passing away?" The poet referred to did his full share of this thankless work, always without reward and seldom without the fear of punishment. If a leading newspaper published some of his free-will offerings gratis, it felt that it had discharged its whole duty in the premises with enlarged, if not ruinous prodigality.

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I have listened to love and to laughter,
And have mourned with the nations in tears,
But the heart has not changed, nor hereafter
Will it change in the cycles of years;
And the mansions of thought that are builded

He might have chanted his lays
Where thy fortunes are builded aright
But thy science—all wingless and broke
Shall return, and with never a token
Of its long and delirious flight!"

THE LOVES OF THE MOUNTAINS.

By De ETTA COGSWELL.

When this far west was in its youth,
Where ocean thundered on the steeps
Of new-made boundaries;
Rushed inland with the mighty force
Of all its moon-swayed tides;
Sounding reverberations deep
And loud from iron-bound cliffs;
St. Helen reared her fair young head
And looked to where two mountains stood
In undivided brotherhood.
The kings of that vast solitude
That stretched o'er all this new made land.
Low at their feet lay forests deep,
Interminable, forests long since dead
And buried beneath
Debris of countless ages.
And creatures stranger than
The eye of man has seen—
Huge Oreodons and Bramatheres
Lumbered their unwieldly bulks along
The margin of lost seas,
And roamed the awful silences
Of these primeval woods.

* * * * * *

Know ye these mountains now?
Lo! sundered far they stand,
Old Hood, all seamed and scarr'd—
Mount Adams like a God,
Sublime, majestic.

Cycles and eons have swept,
Thus savage legends run—
Vast changeful shadows o'er
Their hoary summits
Since wild western tides wash'd in
With sounding music; flung
Upward salt showers against
St. Helen's frozen breast;
Since mailed and helmeted
These kingly warriors held
In brotherhood the land.

* * * * * *

Long, long, they gazed
In growing tenderness upon
Their queenly sister,
White-browed, serene, to westward,
'Till their deep hearts were stirr'd
And all their veins ran fire,
And jealous hate rose up
Enshrouding them
In black, sulphuric clouds;
And each environment of crag
And cliff and stately canyon wall
Convulsive shuddered;
All the wild western world
Thrilled with sympathetic fear.

The mighty peaks grown rivals
And enraged, hurl'd
Each to each defiance;
Rolled threat'ning peals of thunder;
Belched floods of flame
That in volcanic fury poured down
Swallowed up the forests at their feet,
Spreading desolation;
Burst forth with awful glare
That lit the vast upheaval
Of that mountain world;
Crashing into chaos
With a sound that made
Old ocean tremble in
His rocky bed.

Three thousand years they fought
As mortal man counts time,
Then
The rocky forces of the Andean chain
Which walls this mighty continent,
Tore these fierce foes apart
And gathering up the scattered waters
Sent a broad deep river,
Thundering down between.

* * * * *

And then Mount Adams turned
And looked upon St. Helens;
There stole a flush
Of warmest sunset
O'er her virgin brow,
And all the rage died out
Of his great soul,
And calm content
Reigned there evermore.
Southward
Beyond Columbia's cleaving current
Mount Hood in sullen grandeur
Feeds the smouldering fires
Of his baffled hate—
Waiting.

In the nighty Valhalla of heroes unarmed,
And inwed to all conflicts and sorrow,
He now takes his place with the spirits that flamed
In the battle that pledged us the morrow,

And who never asked quarter in sunshine or storm,
But clung to the steep trail of duty,
With hearts that beat ever responsive and warm
For affection and valor and beauty.

No trumpets of victory sounded for him,
His days were a struggle unbroken;
And now, while he lies in death's mystery dim,
I have twined him this garland and token.

And I tenderly lay it upon the low mound
That is heaped on the heart that I cherished,
And I listen the while for the faint and far sound
Of the voice of the friend that has perished.

In that bosom of his with its burden of care,
Throbbed the passionate heart of the poet,
And, mourning, I thus to his lone grave repair
With some flowers of Castalia to strew it,

Too soon will the wreath I have woven decay
But our friendship no changes can sever,
And I think of him ling'ring at parting one day
As if knowing we parted forever.

In peace may he rest while the fairies of spring
Come to garnish the place of his slumber,
For the struggle is over, the heart-ache and sting
Of the ills that our journey encumber.

Sayonara.*

By SAM L. SIMPSON.

They know a tender parting phrase,
In flowery Khuledeen,
Where Summer's breezy, tangled rays
Shine through the groves of green;
Where the lotos blooms, the buhl-buhl sings,
And they kiss the cup of woe,
And murmur on life's broken strings,
"And since it must be so."

Be that our gage at parting, too,
With hearts of Orient calm;
We cannot change the things we rue
Beneath the pine or palm,
For the wind is fair, the sails unfurled,
Good speed to those that go,
And send the farewell round the world,
"And since it must be so."

The leaves that curtained birdie's nest
Drop softly, one by one,
For birdie roams like all the rest
(Alas, for song and sun),
And the braided brooklets flash and fall,
By many a mead they run,
And answer Ocean's sullen call
"And since it must be so."

The hopes that blossomed in our sky
And faded all too soon,
Like purple shade of twilight lie
Upon the brow of noon,
And though youth may train his jeweled hair
And sing to the years that flow,
He sails at last with a sweet despair,
"And since it must be so."

Ah, sweetheart, we must go our ways—
Divided lives and dooms—
The marching spirit still arrays
Its crest with shining plumes;
Red roses and red lips are dust,
And the nurtured truth comes slow
Till our souls are tuned to that tearless truss
"And since it must be so."

We meet and pass on sea and shore,
And smile with nameless pain
As we dream that a bridge of gold floats o'er
The sweep of the soundless main.
And we crown the ruin we cannot stay,
For the feasts that are lost below
By the crystal sea, some seraph may
Reveal why it must be so.

Then lightly pitch the silken tent
Of life's capricious day
Where sun and shadow, blown and blent,
Weave garlands o'er the way:
For the lily's golden censor swings
To its shadow, to and fro,
And the soul to itself nepenthe brings
"And since it must be so."

* Sayonara is a Japanese word signifying "since it must be so."

Elise.

A Sequel to "The Voice of the Silence."

Chapter IV.



"SO you have become a philanthropist?" remarked Colonel Randolph, on discovering Miss Farmer, temporarily sheltered from observation behind a friendly palm, at Mrs. Natron's fete. "Don't put yourself to the trouble of denying the charge," he added, taking possession of her fan, "I have had the whole story from an authentic source."

"Oh, but I do deny it. I don't even know what a philanthropist is. Do you?"

"Well, perhaps not; though I have rather labored under the impression that any generously-inclined person who, having a larger income than he could conveniently spend upon himself, sought to placate heaven and advertise his beneficence by investing the surplus in newsboys' retreats, shopgirls' clubrooms, free lunch counters, etc., with, maybe, a public library, or a university or two thrown in, could lay claim to the title."

"Then I am clearly not guilty. In the first place, I haven't half as much money as I want myself."

"And in the second?—that firstly presupposes a secondly, you know."

"Does it? Well, then, secondly, if I had the wealth of Croesus, or to be more modern, Rockefeller, or Carnegie, I would not give one penny of it to found institutions for the poor.'

"By Jove! I half believe you mean it."

"I do."

He regarded her curiously over the top of the open fan. She was a handsome girl, tall, well-formed, with clearly modelled features, dark eyes full of intellectual fire and feeling, and an abundance of dark hair. She knew her own good points and dressed up to them. There was always a sort of subdued splendor about her that suggested regal robes. One instinctively felt that a diadem would not be out of place on that small, shapely head. Colonel Randolph found her very pleasant to behold, but he was conscious of a growing resentment as he looked. It was, according to his notion of the general fitness of things, a woman's first duty to be womanly. He had of late begun to believe her almost ideally so, and it gave him a shock to hear her emphatically declare a sentiment so distinctly unfeminine.

"Is this, then, the result of your recent excursion into the delectable regions of Reese Alley?" he asked, somewhat coldly.

"Partly, yes. At least my eyes have been opened, and I see much in a definite manner that hitherto has seemed only a vague and formless truth."

They were silent a little while. Then he said, slowly, "You have found one experience sufficient. I do not know why I should be disappointed, but—I am."

Katherine leaned toward him ever so

slightly, a sudden soft light in her eyes. "No," she said, "I have enlisted for life. Do you think I could see the things that exist there, and come back permanently to this?" She made a scarcely perceptible gesture that was yet expressive enough to include the gay scene half hidden by the sheltering palm. "Do you imagine, for one moment, that I can ever shut out the sight of the wretchedness, the pitiful faces of the children, old before they are born. The mothers, hopeless, ignorant, yet women still, and as divinely entitled to life and love and happiness as any maid or matron here tonight? Do you think I can forget all that? No, Oh no, the voice of want that vexes the reeking atmosphere of Reese Alley is echoing in my ears at this moment. I shall hear it forever, and—and I am close kin to those women down there."

He clasped the hand she half extended. "Forgive me for misunderstanding you," he said. "For my wife's sake I am glad. She needs you. It is women like you who make me comprehend the Divine Miracle." He bent and kissed the hand he held, lightly, reverently. "Elise is wise in the choice of her friends, as she is in other things. I could not wish her a nobler comrade in a noble work."

Afterwards it occurred to both that this was a very unusual conversation to have taken place in a ballroom, but the man was the better for it, and as for the girl, she felt that she had, in that brief interchange of words, come very close to the foot of the white stairway—had, in fact, touched the highest point of personal happiness possible to her on earth. And her heart sang a peaen of praise, a hymn of gratitude.

"Ah, I have found you at last," cried Mrs. Banks-Berry, breaking in upon them, "Mrs. Natron has been organizing expeditions and sending them out in search for you, Jack. She says you promised to look after the dowager duchess to keep her within bounds, or, as she graphically puts it, help Sandy McTavish corral her grace. Do go to his relief. Do go to his relief, the 'puir laddie's' about ready to collapse from sheer exhaustion. The duchess is awful. And Mrs. Natron is tearing her hair."

"Who's hair? the dowager's?"

"Don't be absurd! You know how she toiled and struggled and contrived to capture this corpulent specimen of the British nobility to adorn her fete, and now she is tasting the gall in the cup, the bee-bread in the honey, so to speak, for the duchess is worse than several white elephants."

"Mrs. Natron is an idiot," cried Katherine, laughing in spite of herself. "I always suspected it, now I am convinced. Who was this woman before she married a title? A mere vulgar nobody whom not one of us would have hired as a cook."

"Oh, that is all forgotten, she is somebody now, and if Jack does not drop your fan and fly to the rescue, poor Sandy McTavish will faint in his tracks. He is limp to the tips of his patent leathers. The duchess is taking it out of him savagely. She is like a caged hyena."

"Pray keep on, Kitty. You will soon have a whole menagerie," advised her brother, encouragingly. "Besides, your account of the situation, thrilling though it is, and offering, apparently, rare opportunities for display of heroic qualities and self-immolation, does not fire me with an ambition to relieve McTavish, or to share his glory. I am far too comfortable where I am, to desire a change of scene."

But a moment later Katherine was carried off by a very young man with a very pink camelia in his button-hole, to match his very pink cheeks, presumably, and the location behind the palm suddenly lost its charm.

"Serves you right," laughed his sister, flitting away. "You needn't have been so selfish."

However, he was in no mood to mingle in the gay crowd just then, and he settled himself in the chair which Katherine had vacated and idly watched the dancers gliding past like a kaleidoscope, his eyes instinctively searching for Elise. He always took a certain degree of pleasure in her dancing, she was so graceful, so light, and so exquisitely gowned.

"She makes every other woman in the room feel over-dressed the moment she enters," complained Mrs. Banks-Berry once, discussing this same matter of clothes with Mrs. Corey. "I wish I knew the secret of it. I spend twice as much time and money and mental worry on my toilet as she does, and yet—"

"It is not so much what she puts on, as the way she wears it," replied Mrs. Corey. "Elise seems really never to think about her wardrobe. I believe she would look equally well in calico."

But in this Mrs. Corey was wrong. Mrs. Randolph did think of her clothes—and to good purpose, as was amply proven by results. There are few women in the world who can afford to disregard, or to treat with indifference, the very important matter of dress. What to wear, and how to wear it, are two questions of vital significance which present themselves continually to the consciousness of the sex. There is something morally wrong in the woman who does not care how she looks.

Elise was not dancing tonight. She had danced very little of late. "I no longer care about it," she said when questioned. 'It seems such a useless waste of energy. I suppose I am growing too old to enjoy such a youthful form of amusement."

It came to the Colonel, sitting there in the shadow of the palm, listening to the pulsing music of a Strauss waltz, that his wife was not looking quite herself that evening. Not that she was less lovely—but there were weary lines about her mouth, and a shadow in her eyes. When he thought it over he remembered that these lines and this shadow were becoming habitual, and, man like, he resented the fact.

"It's that confounded slum business," he said savagely to himself. "I'll have to step in and put a stop to it. She is working herself to death." Then his mind reverted to Katherine Farmer, and he took comfort in the hope that she would help to lighten the burden of Elise. It did not occur to him to lend his own interest and assistance. He had never intruded upon the scene of his wife's most arduous labors. Reese Alley, with its swarm of wretched humanity, was but a name to him. He felt, indeed, that it was rather fine in him not to interfere in any way, or to impose restrictions upon her in her reckless expenditures for charity. He admired her extravagance in this direction, was proud of it, and it gave him a certain sense of satisfaction to hear her everywhere praised and lauded for her good works. But she was becoming so absorbed, too oblivious to other obligations. He could not permit her to sacrifice her health, her youth and good looks to an exaggerated idea of duty, and he made up his mind then and there to tell her so, and to insist upon a change that would relieve her somewhat, if not altogether, from the supervision of the club or school, or whatever it was, that claimed the larger part of her time every day, in Reese Alley.

There was a faint streak of gray widening in the east as the Randolphs drove homeward from Mrs. Natron's ball. Elise, white and weary with more than bodily fatigue, leaned back in her corner with closed eyes. Her husband reached his arm and drew her close, till her soft cheek lay against his own. "Poor girl!' he said, tenderly, "You are worn out. I am going to take you away from all this sort of thing for a while, and give you a chance to get back your color. You are growing positively haggard."

She did not answer, but he caught the sound of a stifled sob, and felt his cheek wet with her sudden tears. "Darling!" he cried in alarm. "What is it? What have I said? You are weeping! Elise, Elise, my love, forgive me, and tell me what it is."

His loving solicitude seemed only to open the flood gates wider. She leaned upon his breast and let the storm of longpent emotion sweep over her, unchecked. He had never seen her like this. She was usually so self-contained, so sweetly mistress of herself, and it frightened him. Still he felt, instinctively, that it was best to let her have her cry out before he sought to inquire into the cause and meaning of it.

"My own," he murmured, taking her in his arms, as one would take a sob-

bing child, "My love, my sweet Elise!" And soothed her thus with endearing words and caresses till her passion had spent its force, and she lay mute and faintly trembling, like a white, rain-drenched flower upon his breast. And he, ignorant of the tragedy that had been slowly and silently enacted in this woman's life, during the two months just passing, was destined not to know how near to breaking had been the heart that beat against his own, and how it had been saved by the blessed balm of tears, and washed clean of all its bitterness and pain and sore distrust. In that culminating hour she forgave him, and he—it was unknown to him that she had aught to forgive. Arrived at home, he lifted her from the carriage and carried her into the house and up to her room. The sight of her pale, tear-stained face in the wan light, was like a reproach which he felt, but could not comprehend. What if she were to fall ill—what if—but that thought was too awful to admit. He realized, with a sudden gripping of the heart-strings, how dear she was, how necessary to his happiness—to his existence. He would not leave her—could not—but sent the sleepy maid back to her interrupted slumbers and ministered to her wants with his own hands, and did it as deftly and tenderly as any woman could have done, so true a teacher is love, and so sanctified is his service.

(To be continued.)

His Opportunity.

By LUE VERNON.

EVERY one was glad about it, "every one" being the motley collection of struggling pressmen, artists, spacewriters and others of even vaguer description, who were gathered round the boarding-house table, and the "it" which rejoined them was the jubilant expression on Dan's face.

For the last few days he had been buried under one of those black clouds of depression in which his delicacy periodically involved him, but now apparently the cloud had burst, and there was not a man present but was pleased at the change, and who said so.

"Shure, an' it's an illigant fortune they be after laving ye, Danny, me bhoy," shouted a friendly voice from the farther end of the table. "Halves, Danny, darlint, halves."

"You shut up, Mike. Mere fortune? Pooh! it's fame. That's it, isn't it, Dan? You've had the straight tip for something good."

"The planet is in a state of twinkle tonight, eh, Dan?" put in a third voice. "I drink to your success, old fellow."

"A toast! A toast!"

And then there was much laughter and congratulation, while "Mother" Jennings, the kindly proprietress, beat upon the table with the butt end of the carving knife in a vain endeavor to quiet the uproar.

The subject of the demonstration went on quietly eating his dinner. He had a thin, sensitive face, a shock of fair hair, and dark eyes large and luminous, "like a girl's," vowed his friends, who, watching the bright flush in his cheeks, were apt to add their suspicions that Danny Moore painted. He was nearing thirty, but looked considerably younger, a fact owing doubtless to his boyish, eager manner of bestowing his confidences upon all and sundry, and to his unconquerable optimism.

"'O thou dread planet, Opportunity.' That is my favorite quotation," he used to say. "I like to think what rot it all is, don't you know? Dread planet! What rubbish! Opportunity is a gift from the gods, and I shall take precious good care I don't lose mine."

The manliness of this remark and its pathos were to be found in the slow tap, tap of the heavy crutches on which Dan swung himself along, but except in his

very dark moments he refused to see how heavily handicapped he was in the race of life, and stoutly affirmed that his planet would shine on him at last.

"It's uphill work, for I can't persuade the stubborn-headed asses in authority that I have as much work in me as the other boys," he occasionally explained; "and so I only get odds and ends of work. But that blessed old planet will twinkle one of these days, never you fear. 'O thou dread planet, Opportunity.'"

Tonight, as Sternhold had already vociferated at the top of his voice, the "twinkling" seemed to be an accomplished fact, and he and the rest of the men, with plenty of whole-hearted affection showing through the rough chaff, began catechising him as to where and how and why he didn't blurt it all out and have done with it. Moore, laughing, bubbling over with merriment, explained that he couldn't. He had been especially charged not to let the thing go farther until—well, until. No, that did not strike him as an incomplete ending to the sentence, for "until" might be taken to mean— And, oh, well, bother them all! He wasn't going to say any more.

"Look here, I'm off," he said presently. "You fellows would get it all out of me in a jiffy, and I'm just bursting to tell!" And reaching for his crutches he swung out of the room, his fair face flushed with the pain of movement, but with the happiness of his wonderful secret still shining in his eyes.

"There goes the best fellow in 'Frisco," declared one of his late tormentors, and there was a universal chorus of assent.

Late in the evening a knock came at his door. Moore, still dressed, was lying on the bed, far too excited to try to read, and he welcomed the interruption gladly.

"That you, Blake? Come in."

"How did you know?"

"None of our own boys have the decency to knock. What brought you here?"

"I came in for a game," said Blake. He was lodging in rooms of his own a street or two off, and when nothing more exciting offered often dropped in at the boarding-house for a game of cribbage. "I heard you were in for a stroke of luck, so I came up to congratulate. A man in luck is a rare sight nowadays."

Dan Moore drew a long breath. "It—it is just ripping. That's what it is. I can't understand it," he declared. "Here have I been saving and pinching to make both ends meet, and swearing to old Mother Jennings that it upset my museum work if I came in for luncheon, and almost crying with hunger for my pains, and all the time my luck has been coming nearer and nearer to me. I say, Blake, what ungrateful fools we must seem, eh, when everything has been planned out for us?"

"You're a quaint fellow, Danny," said Blake, after a pause. "Tell me all about it."

So Dany told. He did not know very much of this man, but there was a certain reticence and stiffness about him, a dignity, as it were, both of mind and body, which made him distinctive in this crew of jovial Bohemians and impressed the other man by virtue of its rarity.

"I did not tell the others, for it is supposed to be kept dark at present, but you are different," he said.

The great news did not take many minutes to impart. A new art magazine was to be started almost immediately, and Moore was to be musical critic. He was to go and see the editor at his private house on the morrow, and then it would be all definitely decided.

"Dear old 'Puff' said I was to mention his name and the thing would be settled out of hands," cried the exultant protege, and even Blake was forced to own that no introduction could be better, "Puff" being the nickname of a very noted and important man in the musical world, whose critical opinion carried enormous weight. "I am to see the editor tomorrow at 5. It will be worth at least a thousand a year, and then just look at the people I shall come to know. Why, it will be the stepping-stone to any heights—you just see if it isn't."

Here a thought struck him, and an odd note of remorse crept into the bright voice.

"What a mean fellow I am! I forgot

all about you, old man. It is the sort of post you would like yourself, isn't it? And here I am racing on like a clumsy—"

"Not at all," interrupted Blake. "First come, first served, is a fair sort of proverb, and besides you haven't got it yet. Well, good night, Danny; I must be off. Look me up some night, won't you?" and he went away, leaving the cripple to pursue his roseate dreams.

The man who occupied the room under his declared next day that it sounded to him as if Danny had got up in the middle of the night to be in plenty of time for his appointment. Be that as it may, the fact is duly authenticated that he devoted the whole day for his preparations, and as these mainly consisted in adorning himself for his visit the services of the entire household were speedily enlisted.

Such of them as a hard fate was temporarily relegating to the ranks of the idle, rose nobly to the great occasion. Brown's new coat, by a judicious shifting of the buttons, was pronounced a perfect fit upon his friend's slender frame, and when it was crossed by Maggie's Sunday watchchain it really looked very handsome indeed. His boots were polished until they shone resplendent, and at least five hats were brought to him to choose from since his own left much to be desired.

"And now we'll have a collection and send round the plate for the hack. You're too divine for a gurney. We should have you mobbed. Eh, what, Danny? Oh, nonsense; you can stand us all round on your return, don't you see? That's why we're worshiping the rising sun."

For, of course, they had heard all about it by now, had had promises made them the fulfillment of which would have taxed even a millionaire, and had given it as their united opinion that in music he was "tiptop," and no mistake, and would speedily boss the whole blessed show.

The unwonted luxury of the journey was spoilt to him by a fear that he should be too early or too late for the exact hour—to wit, 5 o'clock—at which his patron had suggested he had better call. But when he had actually arrived and had dismissed the hack his spirits rushed up again mountains high.

"This way, sir. What name did you say, sir?" and Moore was left to get five minutes of alternate heat and cold in tremulous anxiety.

At the end of that time an elderly, busy-looking man came to inspect him.

"No, I'm not the editor. I'm his secretary. But neither he nor I can make head or tail of your note and the inclosure from Dr. Hill. The doctor certainly told us he would send us a man this afternoon, but we have already seen him."

"Seen him!" Moore was thunderstruck.

"Certainly. Mr. ——," he glanced at one of the papers he had brought in with him. "Mr. Edward Blake."

Danny's face twitched convulsively. His upper lip was wet.

"The —— blackguard!" he burst out. "But you haven't given it him, sir? He hasn't got the position?"

"Certainly he has it. His testimonials are excellent, and we were anxious to oblige Dr. Hill." The secretary's tone was impassive, though he scanned his visitor curiously. "I am sorry if there has been any mistake. I confess I don't understand how it arose."

Danny Moore answered the man, hoping dully the while that his agony of disappointment was not shrieking at him through the few broken words which were all he could manage to utter. Then he saw the editor; saw, too, the papers which bore witness to Blake's formal engagement.

"Some other time, perhaps," the secretary said blandly. He was thinking they had secured the better man of the two. "So sorry again. Good morning, Mr. Moore—good morning."

But the editor merely shook hands and refrained from meaningless consolation.

"I liked the look in his eyes, the grit of them," he remarked, presently, being new to his work, and consequently affected by such things. "You mark my words; that fellow will climb high one of these days, if he doesn't starve first. I wonder which it will be."

Our Point of View

Special Offer to Our Readers.

We desire to call your attention to the special announcement made on another page of this issue, whereby we have arranged with the Press Publishing Association of Detroit, Michigan, to enable our readers to participate in the distribution of the $25,000 in cash prizes, for guessing the population of the United States for 1900. You will do us a favor by calling your friends' and neighbors' attention to this remarkable offer.

* * *

The Pacific Coast.

When Columbus was besieging the Courts of Europe something over 400 years ago, seeking aid to prove his great inspirational theory a reality, the conditions prevalent throughout the then-known world were of the most fascinating and remarkable character. Men were awakening from a sleep of ages. Thought which had lain dormant was aroused and whetted, and nations were on the tip-toe of expectancy. Nature had, as it were, brushed the cobwebs from the minds of men, and they began to see, to think, to investigate. What a marvelous range their thoughts had! The whole world of discovery and invention lay at their feet, and each month or week or day was full of wonderful possibilities. The Atlantic an untried and unknown sea, America undreamed of—a world to be discovered! The coming of the Americas into the theatre of the world's activities was like the undamming of a great river. The tide of immigration, the great movement of mankind which had been pushing steadily westward from the dawn of history, leaped forward with a mighty rush. Men's minds were sharpened. Inventions were stimulated to a far greater degree than ever before. A new world was to be peopled; towns to be built; governments to be established; riches to be had. Men were to meet these conditions. A new world! What an amazing, what a wonderful prospect! Since that day men have turned their faces westward and pressed onward, though subjected to the severest privations and hardships. The history of the world has turned upon this movement, a culmination of which we see to-day. The West has touched the East, and a movement of humanity older than time, which has embraced no less than the circling of the earth, has reached its climax. In respect of this movement and its relations to the history and development of the world the Pacific Coast occupies a unique and very important place. Those who hold that this Coast has been reserved by a Divine Power for the development and perfection of the race have much, indeed, to urge in favor of such a theory, if we are to judge by what has been and what is. For, we may argue, as the Children of Israel were led through trials and tribulations to a promised land, flowing with milk and honey, so, through ages, has the race of mankind been led to the promised land for humanity where the favorable conditions on earth obtain, where great men and great states are to come into being and the most perfect race is to be produced—where the land, the climate, the environment, the men, are in perfect accord. This promised land can be no other than the Pacific Coast. We may believe this and we may not, but whether or no we must feel that here are found a harmony of climate, soil, scenery, an environment such as no other part of the world can boast, and which must produce a great people and great results for the social and political elevation of humanity.

* * *

In addition to the natural advantages of climate and soil that contribute to the development of a great race, the Pacific Coast is favored with various and almost

unlimited resources which must inevitably build up here great world enterprises. One of the most important of these in developing the Coast has been the gold that has been found since '49 in such wonderful quantities in the rivers and mountains of the Pacific Coast states, and later in the frozen regions of Alaska. The recent discoveries in Eastern Oregon are bringing the Coast still further to the front as a great mining center, and in view of this fact, beginning with the May issue, the Pacific Monthly will commence a department devoted to mining. The new department will be conducted along the most conservative lines, and every effort will be made to verify every report published. At this time, when so many wild rumors are floating around a department conducted along such lines cannot fail to be of interest and value to the mining fraternity, as well as to the general public.

* * *

The Passing of Ministers, Lawyers and Doctors.

Some unconscious wit has recently said that, at our present rate of progress, in thirty or forty years the world will be so far advanced that lawyers, ministers and doctors will be entirely unnecessary, and can be dispensed with. It follows, of course, that if by some unforeseen circumstance the world should become so circumspect that ministers were unnecessary, the lawyers would have to go, too. But if the legal fraternity is thrown into a panic over the contemplation of such a calamity to mankind, and the ministers are rejoicing at the near approach of the millennium the doctor will never cry "Othello's occupation is gone!" The profound knowledge of human nature displayed in the inclusion of lawyers and ministers in such a category fails here. It is conceivable, of course, in thirty or forty long, long years, judging by the past thousand, that our courts might be evoluted away, and that our lawyers might all become like George Washington. This is conceivable, we say. It is also conceivable if we can stretch our reasoning power a trifle more than we ever have before or ever expect to again, that the world might in the long period of time embraced in forty years become so good and pure that a reprimand or an exhortation or a warning would be superfluous—that ministers, in short, would be unnecessary. But that people will continue to upset their digestions by irregular habits and that the ills that flesh is heir to will continue to afflict humanity is as certain as death itself. "Accidents will happen" and the surgeon will be in evidence as long as there is a race upon this green old earth. The weather will continue to change and the seasons will come and go. There is wherein the doctor has the lawyer at a great disadvantage, and the minister, too. It is only a small matter of human nature with them. Nature herself is on the doctor's side, and this prediction, therefore, has no terrors for him.

* * *

Miss Anthony.

Miss Susan B. Anthony, whose eightieth birthday was hailed as an event of importance and made the occasion of great rejoicing by suffragists everywhere, as well as in the national convention in Washington, is clearly entitled to all the honorable recognition that her sex can accord her. For whether or not we hold with her in her belief that the political enfranchisement of women would result in untold benefit to the world in general and the sex in particular, we must admit that her work has gone far toward bettering conditions and opening the way to higher education for women. And yet with it all there is an element of tragedy in the fact that she who for over half a century has devoted her time and energies to the advancement of women has, willingly or otherwise, missed the two things that make a woman's life worth the living—wife and motherhood. And all the honor an admiring world can bestow cannot suffice to make up the loss.

Men and Women

No friendship can flourish, no love can flower and bear perfect fruit, that is not firmly rooted in mutual faith and confidence. The affection that is fed upon doubt and distrust is doomed, inevitably and surely, to a slow and painful death, often involving the loss of all that makes life worth the cost of living. Ruined hopes and wrecked ambition, the high dreams of youth, the noble aspirations of manhood, broken and blighted by the hand that should have helped—alas, it is a tragedy that is enacted again and again, and we are too blinded by selfishness to see and profit by the pain. Bound by the petty restrictions of a self-imposed standard to which we arrogantly demand those about us to conform, we deny the divine right of the individual to work out his own salvation in his own way. We forget that God is leading him, and cry out impatiently:

"You must walk in the path I have marked out for you, or you are eternally lost! If you love me you will follow where I lead."

We forget—perhaps, indeed, we have never known, or fully realized, that love that lives must be broad enough, and deep enough, and trusting enough to accept things as they are, and by mere force of loving faith, mold them to highest good. For love and friendship, which is but another phase of love, if it is real, if it is to last, must be able to look beyond the present, must possess the keenest of vision that can pierce the veil of the future and behold the soul, made perfect by the perils and pains through which it has passed, unfolding its wings for the long flight into eternity, must be able to say, "Thy will, not mine," and must, above all, have grace to recognize the good that dwells in the heart of man, and to believe unswervingly in the ultimate triumph of that good.

The Divine Will works through human agencies. Every man is a part of God, though not all are cognizant of the relationship. Every created thing bears the impress of the Creator and is the visible expression of His thought and love, the love that gave a Christ to save a world, a love that proved itself upon the cross, that is today and forever the only way of life that leads to heaven. And human affection is enduring and productive of happiness only when it partakes of the nature of the Divine. Beware of all friendships, beware of all passions that draw you not nearer to Christ.

Does the star of hope burn with a steadier, whiter radiance? Is life's purpose nobler, more clearly and definitely outlined? Do you see, afar off, maybe, but not inaccessible, upon the sunlit mountain-top of fame and fortune, and high endeavor the gleaming of the gates of Paradise? Is the soul awed into silence when it contemplates the glory of God, and keyed to sweetest music when it glimpses the possibilities and promises that are waiting realization? Is your heart so tender that the humblest of created things appeals to you not in vain?

If you can answer yes to these questions, or to any one of them, then is the love that calls itself yours real and lasting as time, a heaven-ordained possession of which nothing shall rob you. There is no doubt or dread or questioning of the future, no more asking, "Shall I win happiness, will I succeed?" The happiness is already won, and it deepens and intensifies as the days go by and the months are woven into the shining fabric of the golden years. Success is yours, because, armed with faith and fortified by love, the possibility of failure has shrunk to a faint film of mist which vanishes before the kiss of the sun. You are already climbing toward the heights from whose radiant levels there is but a step into heaven itself, and so beautiful is the path by which you mount, so bordered and lined with flowers, so blest by

sweet companionship, that you only know you are climbing by the ever-broadening outlook, by the constantly-widening horizon, and the increasing splendor of the star, whose steady rays shine down to light the way of your never weary feet. Your eyes are opened to behold the beauty in the world about you. There is a warmer glow in the sunset sky, a softer velvet on the petals of the rose. The music of the flowing stream, the murmur of the wind amid the branches of the trees, the song of the birds and the fluting note of the cicadae, all thrill you with a tenderness akin to tears. Your soul lives in gratitude to God, and stands uncovered upon the heights, among the stars, for love has lifted you to rank with angels.

George Melvin.

The Song of the Chinook.

I.

The mad Chinook, born of the sea,
By a breath of the cold, salt air,
The God of the western winds is he,
When forth he springs from his ocean lair.

II.

The mermaid hides in her rock-bound cave,
As he upward leaps on the swelling tide,
While the heaving billows froth and rave,
As he onward bounds in boastful pride.

III.

He rises above the ocean's foam,
And over the rugged mountain flies,
Away from the tall cliff's lofty dome,
And the seagull's shrill echoing cries.

IV.

By wild mountain tarn or rippling rill,
He onward speeds with increasing might,
He sways giant trees by his strong will,
And kisses the ice king in his flight.

V.

When the earth is covered with snow and ice
And the frost king reigns on his white throne,
The Chinook melts them all in a trice,
And winter's image away has flown.

VI.

When summer's heat scorches the fair earth,
And waving grain is bending low,
There comes a sound of joy and mirth,
When the cool Chinook begins to blow.

VII.

A sudden puff, a warning gust,
The gentle breeze is now a gale,
A whirlwind wildly scatters dust,
The wind is mad as Banshee's wail.

VIII.

An echo of sounds that comes from afar,
The noise of the surf trampling the sands,
The booming of breakers on the bar,
The whispering of palms in other lands.

IX.

All this is told in the Chinook's song,
As he gaily hies o're land and sea,
And blows he weak or blows he strong,
The lord of all the winds is he.

X.

Oh, sea-born wind blow high, blow low,
Bring summer rain or winter's snow,
We give you a welcome warn and true,
When clouds are grey or skies are blue.

Willikiaka.

The Home

LIVING ON $25.00 A WEEK.

"No," remarked Narcisse, with decision; "no young man of today can afford to marry on a salary of $25 a week, or even $50; he can't, in fact, afford to marry on a salary at all."

"Why not?" I asked. I was surprised, for I had heard of people living quite comfortably and happily on less than the smaller sum mentioned by Narcisse. In the interval that elapsed between my question and his reply, I ran over in my mind the list of my acquaintances, hoping to find some recently wedded couple among them whom I might cite as a living contradiction to this sweeping statement, but could think of none.

There were the C's., it is true, but they were domiciled in a cheap boarding house and could not really be said to be living. Besides I remembered that I had met Mrs. C., a few days before, on the street—such a pretty girl, by the way, with a most bewitching dimple and a weakness for Gainsborough hats—and I could not help noticing that the braid was ripped off her fashionably-cut skirt in two or three places, and that one of her gloves had a hole in the finger tip. Trifles, but they show the drift of fortune. Clearly the C's. could not, under the circumstances, be cited as an example of "love in a cottage." Still, I was morally certain that this ideal condition existed comewhere, and I was about to make another mental search for it, when Narcisse answered my question.

"Because," he said with emphasis, and a degree of feeling that rather startled me, "because the girls of today are both selfish and extravagant. They want everything, and they want the best. Why," he cried, waxing warmer, "it costs more to keep a girl in hats and handkerchiefs now than it cost a man fifty, or even twenty years ago, to keep up a handsome establishment, with carriage and coachman thrown in. No; it is alas, too true, no young man can afford the luxury of a wife in this progressive age, unless he has a settled income of practically unlimited dimensions."

"Don't you think," I ventured timidly, "that a young man's pride stands just as much in the way of wedded happiness, as a woman's extravagance? Do you know of any instance among your own acquaintances, where a girl has refused a worthy young man, solely because his salary was inadequate to the support of a family in luxury?"

Narcisse considered a moment, regarding me thoughtfully over the rim of his glasses "No," he said at length, "I do not, for the simple reason, probably, that none of my acquaintances are foolish enough to ask a girl under such circumstances."

Then you admit that the men of today are either too selfishly proud, or too cowardly to venture."

"No, they are too cautious, and too wise."

"I don't think that sounds any better, and you haven't convinced me at all. On the other hand, you have made it quite clear to me that it is not woman's extravagance, but man's selfishness and pride that stands in the way of marriage in our day and age. Any girl who loves a man well enough to marry him at all, is perfectly willing to face poverty and endure hardships for his dear sake. The fashions may have changed since our fathers wooed and won our mothers, but the heart of woman is the same today, as it was in those far, forgotten ages of which the poets sing."

"Nonsense," cried Narcisse, "the twentieth century woman will be born with that organ missing from her anatomy."

But I know better than this and I am going to prove to Narcisse that two young people can made and maintain a home on an income of $25 a week or less, if they have any inclination to do so. And I shall give you my facts and figures in the May number of The Pacific Monthly.

Oraaro.

* * *

THE LUNCH-BASKET.

The subject of luncheons for the little ones attending school is not generally given the thought and care it deserves.

Small toilers up the hill of knowledge find the way a rocky one at best, and need all the loving assistance that can be given them. One help always appreciated is a nicely prepared and neatly arranged lunch. A growing body and active mind require proper nutriment. So many mothers consider their duty in this regard fully accomplished when they have filled the little basket with bread and butter and a slice or two of cake. They cannot understand why the children are always so hungry when school is dismissed; yet these same mothers would not consider that they had lunch-

ed very satisfactorily off thick slices of buttered bread, and a piece of cake not overly fresh. To be convinced of how unpalatable such fare becomes, it is but necessary that this unvarying regime be followed daily for one week. This experiment would result in a general upheaval of the established rules of "putting up" the children's lunch.

The object of this short article is to show how one mother solved the problem. After much thought she decided upon writing a weekly "bill of fare," which would rigidly exclude all rich pastry and unwholesome dainties. This was changed every Monday, and a new one substituted for the week. In the course of one or two months the first one was taken up again, and so on in rotation. She found that knowing just what to prepare was a great help, and that the matter did not occupy more than fifteen minutes any morning, sometimes not more than five. Appended is her list for one week:

Monday.—Egg sandwich, crackers, tea-cakes, one small jelly-glass of canned fruit. Tuesday.—Cold tongue, "patty" cakes, bread and butter, one large apple. Wednesday.—Cheese sandwich, layer cake, cup custard, bread and butter. Thursday.—Ham sandwich, buttered crackers, one small glassful canned fruit, bread. Friday.—Sliced beef, small pickles, thin bread and butter, apple, tea-cakes. With this was always placed carefully a small flask of milk, the whole covered neatly with tiny napkins kept for the purpose and marked "school." The egg sandwich was prepared by mixing one nearly hard boiled-egg with butter to make a paste, and covering thin slices of bread previously spread with a mixture of butter and a dash of mustard. The cheese sandwich was simply grated cheese substituted for the egg paste, with the bread prepared as before. (It greatly improves any sandwich to mix the desired amount of mustard with the butter and spread it on the bread.) The "patty" cakes and layer cake were prepared at the same time from the following simple recipe:

One egg, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two cupfuls of flour, one half cupful sweet milk. Flavor with vanilla or lemon. This quantity made four little cakes, baked in muffin-moulds, for one lunch, and a two-layer cake baked in a very small pan, about the size of a saucer for the second. This layer cake was varied by different fillings, sometimes caramel, at others orange or lemon custard. The cup custard was made by beating one egg in a teacup, sweetening, flavoring to taste and filling the cup with sweet milk, stirring all briskly and setting in the oven in a pan of boiling water until done. She found an apple was always enjoyed, and frequently put in an extra one for recess. Of course these are but a few of her ideas. It was a real pleasure to her to find some suitable addition to the "bill of fare." She felt amply repaid in the good health of her children and their pride and delight in "mother's lunches."—The Interior.

Song.

Love came to me—till then I knew Love not,
Love talked with me, ah me, what said he not!
Words, glowing, hot like coals of living fire,
And eager kisses fed my soul's desire.
I looked above, there was no sky but Love;
His sheltering arms hid all around, above;
There was no time, no space, no sound, no anything
That was not Love, for Love was everything!

And when Love went—"It was not Love" they said,
"True Love is changeless as God's Holy Word."
"Some evil one in Love's disguise," they said,
Had flattered me, had tired and fled.
I looked around, the earth was desolate.
I looked above, the very stars seemed dead.
I looked into my heart for hate—for hate—
But pity, weeping, lingered there instead.

Hilary Neil.

Books

CONDUCTED BY DAVIS PARKER LEACH.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.

By Mary Johnston.
Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

It is the era of the historical novel, and of all countries and ages. Roman, Egyptian, Scandinavian, Spanish, Polish and American romances follow each other in quick succession, and the reading public is in no wise the loser by this change in style. On one hand we have had the problem story, with its bitterness lightly sugar-coated, and on the other was the school of novelists who compelled us to admire the consummate skill with which they wrote much and said nothing. So when the novel of incident was revived, it found a ready and appreciative audience.

In "To Have and to Hold" the time is of the earlier colonial days of the Old Dominion, when the colony was made up of all sorts and conditions of men and among the wives were many who had been "imported" from England. Thrifty traders had taken advantage of the situation and brought over maids by the shipload, who were willing to exchange a life of drudgery and dullness at home for the freedom of the frontier and the probability of becoming mistresses of plantations. The traders demanded one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco apiece for the brides, and the price was eagerly paid by the lonely bachelors of Virginia.

Among such a shipload was the heroine of Miss Johnston's absorbing romance. Disguised as a serving-maid, the Lady Jocelyn Leigh, ward of the King, sailed to the new world to escape marriage with Lord Carnal, the King's favorite. When My Lord followed in pursuit on the next ship he found her already married to Capt. Percy, the hero of the story, who is by far the most knightly character in the fiction of today. The attempts of Lord Carnal to have the marriage annulled by the King, and his plots to destroy the brave captain make a series of highly dramatic events that follow each other with great rapidity.

It is of all things a novel of action and in weaker hands might have become melo-dramatic and sensational. Indian wars and surprises, buccaneering, attempted poisonings and assassinations fill the pages of this good-sized volume, and one wonders why Miss Johinson is so prodigal of "material," as there is sufficient here for several ordinary romances.

The reader's interest is secured in the first pages, and as the plot unfolds he becomes so absorbed in the story that to him the characters live again and the scenes become an actuality.

Master Sparrow, the muscular preacher, Nantauquas, the son of Powhatan and John Rolfe, of historic fame, figure in the romance and are admirably described by the brilliant young author.

This fascinating story is strong in local color and it is easy to see that the writing of it is a labor of love with Miss Johnson, who has more than met the expectations of her many friends made by her first romance, "Prisoners of Hope."

* * *

BETWEEN CAESAR AND JESUS.

By George Herron.
Thomas Y. Crowell, New York.

The author, formerly professor in Iowa College, has here presented in a condensed form, the lectures given in Willard Hall, Chicago, for the Christian Citizenship League, upon the subject of the relation of the Christian conscience to the existing social system.

Perhaps in this country there are none better qualified to speak upon this vitally interesting topic than Prof. Herron. He writes with power and to a careless and

lethargic middle-class his words must come with a startling force that commands instant attention.

Charles Dudley Warner somewhere says that all reform and education movement must begin at the top and work down, and it certainly is a good indication when so many of our brightest minds have taken up the "poor man's burden" when self-interest would seem to point to more remunerative fields. There is a tendency to fall back on the teachings of Jesus as the true precepts of life, and in attempting to apply these teachings one finds himself confronted with a state of affairs utterly at variance with them. The growth of individualism has been fostered until the theory of "survival of the fittest" (or rather strongest) has been accepted without question, and the old, evasive query of Cain: "Am I my brother's keeper?" is confidently answered in the negative.

The author has shown that the trouble lies not in natural causes, but artificial, and quotes a statistician who estimates that "the state of Texas alone, if its resources were all organized to that end, could support the present population of the world. Our inequalities are not in nature, but they are in man's wasteful perversion of nature, and we have given into the exclusive ownership of the few the provision that a bountiful Father has made for all."

Prof. Herron treats the subject very broadly, and marshals his array of facts and deductions in a solid "firing line" which is ever moving forward. Unlike the majority of critics he sees the happy solution of all these distressing problems through the growth of man's love for his fellow man. "Already human life is so settled in discontent with all that is not love, so glorious with brotherly feeling and so active with saving forces, so near to breathing the heavenly breath, and so watchful for the holy city, that it may be that the social crisis will open the gates of the nations for the universal revolution of love, and the peoples enter upon the strifeless progress of the ransomed society. The full power of incarnate love has never yet been tried, save in Jesus. When it is finally tried, and we in any considerable measure learn how to love, the problem may vanish from progress, and a thousand years of yesterday be achieved in a moment of the concord of tomorow."

It is, indeed, fortunate that the men in the higher places have entered upon the work of the redemption of the masses, for they will always command a respectful hearing, while those from the toilers find a limited audience and a reluctant confidence.

No one can read this work and not be impressed with the terrible earnestness of the author, and as time goes on it will be found that the seeds of reform have not been sown on stony ground, but will yield a glorious and golden harvest for posterity.

* * *

GUIDE TO MEXICO.
By Christobal Hidalgo.
Whitaker & Ray, San Francisco.

This guide-book, unlike most of those already issued of this land of sunshine and promise, is not, the author says, "written in the interest of railway nor land company nor private party, but is a guide that gives correct and reliable information about all sections of Mexico and how to go there and secure desirable homes or good situations."

The writer, as his name would indicate, is a Mexican business man and exporter, and while alive to the scenic and climatic beauties of his native country, never allows them to overshadow the practical side in this handbook. He takes up in detail the different industries and their possibilities, and points out what has impressed every observant traveler and sojourner there, the vast field for business enterprise that Mexico offers. To those seeking employment he shows the necessity of the Spanish language, which, he asserts, can be acquired in a few months by a diligent student. Stenographers, bookkeepers, clerks, salesmen, railroad men, etc., are reasonably sure of positions if they have a working knowledge of Spanish, but common labor is not in demand at prices that would be accepted by Americans. The peons do all the work where unskilled labor is required.

Questions of the Day

This Department is for the use of our readers, and expressions limited to six hundred words, are solicited on subjects relating to any social, religious or political question. All manuscript sent in must bear the author's name, though a nom de plume will be printed if so desired. The publishers will not, of course, be understood as necessarily endorsing any of the views expressed.

THE RACE PROBLEM IN THE SOUTH.

The most serious problem confronting any section of these United States today is the race question of the South: "What shall we do with the negro?" Well-meaning philanthropists of the North have answered: "Educate him." Phenomenally intelligent, ambitious and patriotic representatives of his own color (of whom Booker Washington, of Tuskegee, stands easily first), have said: "Train him to skilled labor."

Unquestionably both adjurations are born of sincere conviction and Christlike desire for the elevation of the race. But the fact stares us in the face that after years of patient trial the results from both expedients are so sorely discouraging that we must, perforce, look elsewhere for a solution of the difficulty. The negro as he is today is a roving, irresponsible vagabond, more or less tinctured with the rudiments of an education, and saturated with self-importance and indolence. He has the idea that, somehow, the white man has grossly defrauded him; and that he is, therefore, to be cheated whenever possible, robbed when it can be done with impunity, and treated deferentially to his face only that he may be the more easily overreached when his back is turned.

A few negroes have taken high honors in collegiate and professional work. These are cited by enthusiasts as representatives of their race. The sorry fact is that the overwhelming majority of those who attempt this sort of thing never get beyond the idea that an education means merely the right to wear a grade better clothing and to spend their time in more unquestioned idleness, and the ability to use "words of learned length and thundering sound." The schools of manual training are succeeding somewhat better; but even here the dominant idea of the negro of today crops out; and their graduates, instead of rejoicing in their ability to drive a smoother plane, or to frame a neater joint than their fellows, are consumed with an ambition to become at a bound "boss" carpenters, machinists, etc., to draw large salaries and to exercise authority and to loaf.

It has been argued that a grievous blunder was made in committing the elective franchise into the hands of the colored man. With that question it is not the purpose of this article to deal. But whether or not the manumitted negro of thirty odd years ago should have been vested with the right to vote and hold office (save in a reservation or colony of his own), no man of intelligent and honest mind, who will come to the South and study the situation as it is today, will claim that any good end can be served by the exercise here of the elective franchise on the part of the negro of today—take him as a race.

The old, plantation darky has disappeared. His faithful hands are folded in the long rest he has so well earned; and the closing century swings shut over his new-made grave beside that of the "ole marster" he loved and served to the end. He was a fixture. He had "a local habitation and a name." Between him and the white race was a bond of genuine affection, which grew naturally out of their mutual relations in his earlier years. It is a gross mistake to insist upon applying the same methods that might have operated satisfactorily in his case to the wholly different and less responsible generation that has taken his place.

So much for the actual situation. The remedy is more difficult to outline. Some

of the Southern states are, by statute, so restricting the right to vote as to practically disfranchise the negro. The result is to complicate and aggravate, rather than to allay, the trouble, which has a social and economic as well as a political bias. Transportation to Africa has never succeeded to any extent, for two reasons: First, because Africa has nothing to offer that is really an inducement to the negro to go there; and second, because of the cost of wholesale transportation thither. To leave the negro where he is, is to invite inevitable trouble; for his growing disregard for the laws of the land, and his increasing numerical proportion to the white population in many parts of the South, make it merely a question of time when a race war shall become inevitable.

Would it not be wise for Uncle Sam to set apart a portion of our newly acquired possessions, where climatic conditions suit the negro, and where fertile soil and semi-tropic productions offer him that ease and smiling plenty so dear to the African heart, and by statute compel the transportation thither of all his race who are not holders of real estate here at this time? The cost of transportation would be considerable, and would necessarily be borne, as was the cost of removing the red man to his reservations, by this government; but it would be far below the probable property loss in that inevitable conflict toward which we are drifting as matters stand—say nothing about the bloodshed that might be thus averted.

John Leisk Tait.

* * *

A DISTURBING FACTOR.

In a recent trade review this statement is found: "The only disturbing factor in the industrial situation is the uneasiness in labor circles." This is deplorable! Just as everything that the heart of the capitalist could wish for was nearly accomplished this old and annoying trouble (like Banquo's ghost) must make its appearance and be a "disturbing" influence. The high tariff had given him a practical monopoly of the home market, enabling him to make the consumer here pay two prices for his goods, so that he could enter the markets of the world and dispose of his surplus without loss. Later, by the formation of trusts he could throttle competition from small manufacturers and by overcapitalization get large dividends from watered stock representing capital which never existed. Wars and threatened international complications taxed the capacity of his works to the utmost and all things seemed to be coming his way. He then must be confronted with this "disturbing factor" just as his cup of happiness seemed to be full and overflowing! Is there no way to prevent these irritating recurrences of demands for more wages? What if the cost of living is twenty-five to thirty per cent. more than three years ago? Think how much better off he is than the peasant of Europe or the coolie of Asia. And how ungrateful and forgetful for the free libraries and colleges that are being endowed for him all over the country. True, he may have to subsist on scant food and wear insufficient clothing, but what trifles these deprivations are compared to the privileges of free institutions where he can learn of the great advantages of living in this free and glorious land. He even has the effrontery to assert that he is worse off than the retainers of feudal times and the slaves of the present century. He argues that the baron guaranteed the poor a comfortable living for their services in upholding his supremacy, and that the negroes were sure of enough to eat and generally were cared for, if only from motives of self-interest. At the present time, he says, the capitalist has none of the responsibilities and all the advantages of those days of vassalage and slavery. It is time for the workman to understand that he must be counted as a factor or machine, and not as a human being in whom the manufacturer can be expected to take any interest whatever except (as has been previously stated) in the improvement of his mind. If he is still perverse and intractable, he should be controlled by law, and strikes against the reduction of wages in dull times or petitions for an increase in periods of prosperity should be made criminal offenses. Then, and not till then, will the industrial millennium come and the "uneasiness in labor circles" cease to be a "disturbing factor."

L. Davis.

The Idler

A DEPARTMENT OF MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHAT.

The coming of Paderewski to the Northwest so soon after Gadski's visit is quite conclusive evidence that we are no longer a people isolated upon the far-off edge of the world. As the globe has contracted under pressure of steam and electricity, the West has increased in wealth, population and importance to the extent that the great ones of the earth, the musicians, the singers, artists and actors find it well worth their while to cross a continent in order to entertain and charm, if they can, the most self-contained and conservative community under the blue dome of heaven. Paderewski's star is still in the ascendent, likewise the scale of prices. It costs one nearly as much again now, to hear him play and to admire his hair as it did three years ago. This man understands human nature quite as well as he understands music. The man is a genius—the world admits it, but he is something more, something which the world, blinded by its adoration, fails to comprehend.

* * *

Vladimir de Pachman, not unknown to Pacific Coast audiences, modestly admits that he is not a "finished artist." Of Godowsky he says:

"Yes, I have mastered the technique of Liszt and of Rosenthal, but Godowsky is greater than all the others. He is a genius. I worship him."

* * *

Rosenthal, by the way, is now in London, where he is announced as the "fastest piano player in the world." However, it is a difficult matter to shock the British public.

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The Kneisels are delighting Boston audiences at present with their fairy music that is so like the orchestral concerts one hears when the world is sleeping.

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The Oratorios, "Saul," and "Judas Maccabaeus" will be given at the Handel festival to be held in Bonn during the last week in May. The principal choirs in Bonn will be assisted by choristers from neighboring cities, and all Southern Germany is actively interested in the production of the master's works.

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The London Crystal Palace concerts which take place this month offer a novelty in the form of a symphony entitled "Walt Whitman." It must be heard, I think, to be comprehended, that is, if it is capable of comprehension to any but the initiated. A Walt Whitman symphony is something to be wondered about, but to hear ——!

* * *

"The Master of the Mountains" is rather an impressive title for an opera, and inspires one with a desire to hear and see. Ignance Brull has chosen it for the name of his just-finished work.

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"I Plucked a Quill from Cupid's Wing" is the charmingly-suggestive title of a new song by Henry K. Hadley.

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"The Storm," now being played in Boston, is the first Russian drama to have been translated into English and put upon the American stage. Alexander Ostrovsky, who is the author of it, is considered the greatest of Russian play writers.

* * *

Ernest Seton-Thompson is popular among the children who flock to his lectures, and who love and understand the feathered and four-footed folks he talks about so entertainingly. He is constantly receiving letters from little children all over the country asking questions and telling him their own experiences with the people he has put into his books. He answers these letters and seems more pleased to talk to these young ones than to their elders.

The Month

In Politics—

The unexpected announcement of Admiral Dewey that he is a candidate for the Presidency has been the all-absorbing topic in politics during the month. In view of the Admiral's previous uncompromising attitude, it is not surprising that the announcement has been received at this time in a very ungracious manner by the press throughout the country. Republican and Democratic editors unite in condemning the candidacy as ill-advised and untimely. It is expected at this writing that Dewey will be the candidate of those Democrats who are opposed to Bryan and the principles he espouses. It is a foregone conclusion that Bryan will be nominated at the Kansas City convention, July 4, and that McKinley will be placed by acclamation at the head of the Republican party. The only elements of uncertainty seem to be the attitude of Dewey toward the action of the Democratic convention, and who will be the nominees for the Vice-Presidency, an office which is going begging.

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The Puerto Rican Bill passed the Senate by a vote of 40 to 31. Opposition to the bill has been more universal and persistent than that which has developed in the case of any other bill before Congress during the last decade.

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President McKinley has appointed a new Philippine Commission as follows: Prof. Dean C. Worcester, of Michigan; Judge Taft, of Ohio; Luke Wright, of Tennessee; Judge Henry C. Ide, of Vermont, and Bernard Moses, of the University of California.

* * *

On March 5 Presidents Kruger and Steyn made overtures for peace to Lord Salisbury. The complete address and the important part of the reply are given below:

The blood and the tears of the thousands who have suffered in this war and the prospect of the moral and the economic ruin with which South Africa is now threatened make it necessary for both belligerents to ask themselves, dispassionately and in the sight of the triune God, for what they are fighting, and whether the aim of each justifies all the appalling misery and devastation.

With this object, and in view of the assertions of various British statesmen to the effect that this war was begun and is being carried on for the set purpose of undermining her majesty's authority in South Africa and to set up an administration over all of South Africa independent of her majesty's government, we consider it our duty to solemnly declare that the war was undertaken solely as a defensive measure to safeguard the threatened independence of the South African republics, and is only continued in order to secure and safeguard the incontestable independence of both republics as sovereign international states, and to obtain the assurance that those of her majesty's subjects who have taken part with us in this war shall suffer no harm whatever in person or in property.

On these conditions, and on these conditions alone, are we now, as in the past, desirous of seeing peace re-established in the South African republics and of putting an end to the evils now reigning over South Africa. While her majesty's government is determined to destroy the independence of the republics, there is nothing left to us and to our people but to persevere to the end in the course already taken.

In spite of the overwhelming pre-eminence of the British empire we are confident that the God who lighted the inextinguishable fire of love of freedom in the hearts of ourselves and of our fathers will not forsake us, but will accomplish his work in us and in our descendants.

We have hesitated to make this declaration earlier to your excellency, as we feared that as long as the advantage was on our side, and as long as our forces held defensive positions far in her majesty's colonies, such a declaration might hurt the feelings and the honor of the British people. But now that the prestige of the British empire may be considered to be assured by the capture of one of our forces by her majesty's troops, and that we were thereby forced to evacuate other positions which our forces had occupied, that difficulty is over and we can no longer hesitate clearly to inform your government and people, in the sight of the whole civilized world, why we are fighting and on

what conditions we are ready to restore peace.

The conclusion of Lord Salisbury's address:

The British empire has been compelled to confront an invasion which has entailed upon the empire a costly war and the loss of thousands of precious lives. This great calamity has been the penalty which Great Britain has suffered for having in recent years acquiesced in the existence of the two republics.

In view of the use to which the two republics have put the position which was given them and the calamities which their unprovoked attack has inflicted upon her majesty's dominions, her majesty's government can only answer your honors' telegram by saying that they are not prepared to assent to the independence either of the South African Republic or of the Orange Free State.

* * *

In Science—

Emperor William has offered a prize of $20,000.00 for an automobile best adapted for war purposes.

* * *

A motor fire engine is in use in Paris. It travels thirteen miles an hour, and carries six men.

* * *

The double-turret system on the "Kearsarge," which was recently tried at Newport News, has, on the whole, proven a success.

* * *

The French Academie des Sciences offers annual prizes for inventions or improvements of instruments useful in agriculture, the sciences, or mechanical arts, and to authors who have contributed to progress in astronomy, physics, chemistry, geology, etc.

* * *

In Literature—

"Our Native Trees, and How to Identify them," is the title of a book soon to be published by Scribner's. It will be out in time for summer reading and is written by Harriet L. Keeler, who deals with her subject in a popular fashion, and not scientifically. There are nearly two hundred full-page illustrations, and one can readily "identify" old friends, and make new ones, among the trees, by means of this book.

* * *

Sir Walter Besant has written another story of social work in the slums of London, and Dodd, Meade & Company are bringing it out. It is the result of the author's own experience in a London settlement, and is said to be a degree more interesting than anything he has hitherto produced, though one always feels that Besant's social studies are made on the ground, from actual contact and observation, not drawn from books, or gathered at second-hand.

* * *

There are two distinctly interesting features about the new book which Doubleday & McClure are bringing out for Mary E. Wilkins. First, it is to be illustrated by Frank DuMond, and secondly, it is not a New England story, but a southern one, which means, of course, that it is to be warm and glowing and tender, in direct contrast to the cold, hard angularity which has hitherto characterized all that she has written.

* * *

Robert Burns is made the central figure in the novel which is to be published soon by Scribner's. The author's name, Alan McAulay, is comparatively unknown to the American public. The title of the book is to be "The Rhymer," and it is said to be a "charming romance" in which the character of the "great master of the pen and plough," is portrayed with vivid, and, let us hope, tender touches. It would be hard to forgive a novelist, however famous, who wrote with an irreverent or unkindly pen of this "sad sweet singer" who kneeled

A stranger at his own heartstone;
One knowing all, yet all unknown,
One seeing all, yet all concealed.

* * *

Mr. William Ordway Partridge, the sculptor, has written a novel entitled "An Angel of Clay." It is a story of artist life in New York, and will be published by the Putnam's. There is little of the conventional Latin quarter flavor about it. In fact, it is remarkable for a lofty and almost Puritanical tone. Another new book soon to appear is by the author of that morbid and hopelessly depressing story "The Descendant," and is to be called "The Voice of the People." It is sincerely to be hoped that she has made the "people" speak in a

more cheerful and healthful fashion than "The Descendant" had it in him to do, else they had best remained dumb.

* * *

Harper's Monthly celebrates its fiftieth anniversary in May. Two volumes each year brings the number up to one hundred. The May edition will be something out of the ordinary. Zangwill, Kipling and, of course, W. D. Howells, will appear. The latter has written for this number a dramatic piece of fiction which is said to be something after the style of Maeterlinck. The title is "Father and Mother: A Mystery.'

* * *

The discussion as to the relative merits of the three Colonial novels, "Janice Meredith," "Hugh Wynne" and "Richard Carvel" still goes forward with so much animation that one may be pardoned for suspecting interested publishers of having a hand in it.

* * *

In Art—

The complete list of works in oil, water color and pastel for the American display at the Paris Exposition has finally been issued. There are altogether one hundred and sixty-nine pictures. Edmund C. Tarbell has two of these, "The Venetian Blind," and "Across the Room." John S. Sargent has one, and George Inness, no longer living, is represented by three beautiful landscapes. Kenyon Cox will have his "Pursuit of an Ideal" and William Chase is lucky enough to have three canvasses accepted. There is to be one, and only one, Mural painting in the United States building in Paris. This is a symbolic work of America, by Robert Reid, and was very hurriedly executed. It is in high lights and colors and is considered very effective.

* * *

In Religious Thought—

Father L. L. Conrady, for eight years a priest on Molokai, where Father Damien gave his life to the service of the lepers, has graduated from the medical department of the University of Oregon, and is going at once to Canton, China, to take charge of a colony of sixty thous-

Sooner or Later

You must read what we have to say here, and sooner or later you must **think** about it, but

What is the sense

of putting it off, and tramping around in agony with a corn that makes life miserable?

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and nearly everybody has—you know what it means to suffer. We simply want to tell you how to secure relief. You can take advantage of it or not, but if you do what we recommend, we guarantee you will get relief—that the corn will be entirely removed, and a clean white skin left in its place.

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and lepers. He is already well along in years and his medical course was taken solely with a view of better fitting himself for the work among these afflicted people.

* * *

The Bookman seems to be of the opinion that the Atlantic Monthly made a mistake in refusing to publish Father Brosnahan's reply to President Eliot's article which was published in its pages, and in which the head of Harvard pleading for the extension of his elective system to the secondary schools, criticized somewhat severely the Jesuits. The reverend father has had his rejected reply printed in a little pamphlet and is sending it everywhere, and it is remarkably well written and clear and able as to argument, it is attracting a great deal of attention.

* * *

The Sunday observance agitation has already begun with reference to the Paris exposition, and our Government is asked to see to it that the United States building is closed on Sundays.

* * *

In Education—

The German Reichstag has declined to consider the petition for the admission of women to matriculation in the German universities, and to undergo state examinations. The French Senatorial Committee has reported favorably a bill for admitting women to join the bar.

* * *

An American school will be established in Palestine.

* * *

Leading Events—

March 1.—Kentucky Legislature appropriates $100,000 to be used in detecting the assassin of Goebel.—Government received $7,892,793.00 more than it spent during February.—Boer attacks on Mafeking repulsed.

March 2.—Buller reports Ladysmith district cleared of Boers.

March 3.—Strike in Chicago, and 60,000 men out of work.—Boer prisoners captured by Roberts number 4,666 men.

March 4.—Gold reported to be found in great quantities at Eagle City, Alaska.

March 5.—Sir Hicks-Beach estimates the total cost of the South African war for England to be about $300,000,000.

March 6.—Social Democratic party begins its sessions in Indianapolis.

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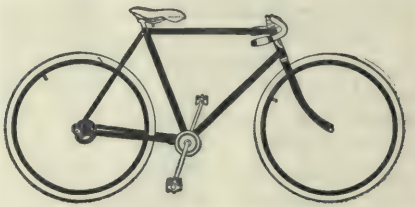
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March 7.—Orders sent to Otis to begin sending troops home from the Philippines.—Samoan treaty is ratified.—General Roberts turns Boers' flank at Modder River, and they retreat.

March 8.—A member of the cabinet defines President McKinley's position on the Puerto Rican tariff bill.—The Theatre Francis, the historical playhouse of Paris, is burned.—Roberts advances 10 miles nearer Bloemfontein.

March 9.—The Filipinos resume active operations against American army, and generals ask for reinforcements.—Hay-Pauncefote treaty amended so as to give United States right to defend canal in case of war.—Salisbury rejects Kruger's peace terms.

March 10.—Kentucky situation again becomes critical by attempts to arrest two Republican officials in connection with Goebel murder. Officials escape.

March 11.—British advance on Bloemfontein continues.—Officials charged with complicity in Goebel case are arrested, and sent to Louisville for safe keeping.

March 12.—At the request of the Boers, United States tenders its good offices in behalf of peace between England and Transvaal.

March 13.—Ray, chairman of house judiciary committee, prepares a constitutional amendment, giving Congress power to repress and regulate trusts.—England refuses intervention in South Africa.

March 14.—General French reaches Bloemfontein.—United States exported $26,000,000 more goods in February, 1900, than in February, 1899.

March 15.—President McKinley signs gold standard bill.—English army enters Bloemfontein.

March 16.—Attempt is to be made in Chicago to organize a grave-diggers' union, and to accept for burial only union-made coffins.

March 17.—Free State forces are disintegrating rapidly. Boers disheartened.

March 18.—The new warship Kearsarge is tested.—Manila becomes center of Filipino plotting.

March 19.—United States Supreme Court sustains anti-trust law of Texas in a Standard Oil case.—$1,000,000 worth of supplies are needed for troops in Philippines.

March 20.—5,000 deaths are reported in India from Bubonic plague during week just passed. — Conference committee on Puerto Rican bill reaches an agreement.

March 21.—Ratification of Franco-American reciprocity treaty is extended one year.—Reported that negotiations are being made to end South African war. Lull in hostilities.

March 22.—Mexico invites delegates to Pan-American Congress to meet in that country.—Boers report defeat of Gatacre.

March 23.—A delegation of Kentucky Republicans call upon the President.—The Carnegie-Frick case is settled in Pittsburg.—Boers force Plumer to retreat.

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The Financial World

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While the new financial law has been under debate, or at least under observation since last December, Wall street rather singularly awaited its enactment before it accorded the measure any material degree of attention. Yet, ever since the recommendations contained in the President's message to Congress, the most trustworthy Washington information has been to the effect that the bill would be finally enacted on the substantial lines it had been reported by the Senate Finance Committee. It is customary to say that Wall street always discounts expected events, but here is a striking instance in which the provisions and bearing of the bill were virtually ignored until it went into actual operation. Having realized the importance of the new law, Wall street is now disposed to accord it the first place in current estimates, and it has, beyond question, played a considerable part in the month's revival of animation. Many competent persons who have considered the measure comprehensively are still disposed to question whether current ideas as to the extent of the inflation of the currency to follow its operations will be fully realized. It is still too early to speak, with any great certainty in this regard. Still, the circulating medium of the country will unquestionably be increased, and, for the time being, at any rate, it is evident that the Treasury will disburse a sufficient amount in commutation of the premium on the refunded bonds to offset its excess receipts from the customs and revenue laws.

There is one aspect of the new law to which scant attention has been paid, but which is likely to have as much bearing upon the market for securities, and particularly for investment securities, as the other features of which more sensational results have been expected. Reference is had to the refunding of the old 3, 4 and 5 per cent bonds in 2 per cents. Of

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course the bill contains no mandatory features in this respect, and no holder of the old bonds can be compelled to exchange into the new 2 per cents against his will. At the same time, the 5 per cent bonds, of which there are $100,000,000 outstanding, mature in 1904, the 4 per cent bonds, amounting to $559,000,000, mature in 1907, while the 3 per cents, amounting to over $198,000,000, are redeemable in 1908. Upon maturity of these bonds their holders will have no option except to sell or refund. There is, herein indicated, a tremendous dislodgment of invested capital, a very considerable part of which, at least, will undoubtedly find its income heavily reduced, and which will be forced to seek investment in other securities furnishing higher returns, even if of smaller security. It is fairly certain, however, that the bonds to be refunded, now held by the larger class of investors and by the great investing corporations, will be exchanged into 2 per cents, while of course it is highly profitable for the national banks to make the transfer it is also profitable for the new national banks now organizing so rapidly to purchase the bonds and take out new circulation based thereon.

The material progress making toward the conclusion of the war in South Africa has stimulated the London market and has caused operators there to take a more favorable view, not only of their own securities but of American shares. Still, communication with Johannesburg has not yet been reopened, and until that has been accomplished, and until it is possible to recall home a large part of the British forces in Africa, the general situation is still deprived of an altogether definitely favorable financial bearing. Domestic and foreign trade conditions may still be placed unequivocally on the side of the market stability and improvement usually associated with this season of the year may be counted upon.

* * *

Oh, hold this truth, the poet sings,
Hard to your heart and cherish it,
And may it lend your spirit wings
To soar from darkness unto light,
For truer truth was never writ:
From evil some good always springs;
And dawn must always follow night.

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Professor Huxley's Views of Chess.

In the article on "A Liberal Education" in the first volume of "Lay Essays," he says:

"Suppose it were certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon his winning or losing a game at Chess. Don't you think we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think that we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn, upon the father who allowed his son, or the state which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a Pawn from a Knight? Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth, that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us, and, more or less, of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than Chess. It is a game that has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The Chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know, to our cost that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the slightest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well, the highest stakes are paid with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse. My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at Chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win—and I should accept it as an image of human life."

* * *

A Steinitz-Lasker Game.

Giuoco Piano.

	Steinitz. White.	Lasker. Black.
1	P—K 4	P—K 4
2	Kt—K B 3	Kt—Q B 3
3	B—B 4	B—B 4
4	P—B 3	Kt—B 3
5	P—Q 4	P x P
6	P x P	B—Kt 5 ch

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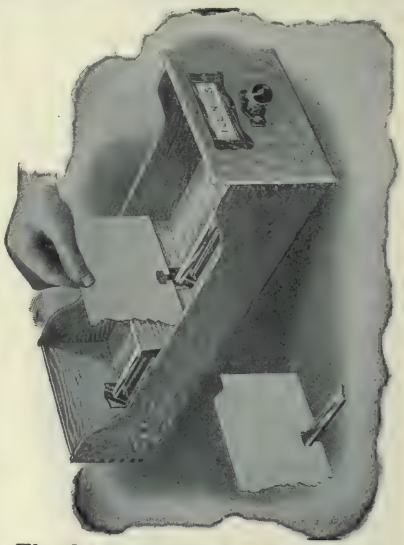
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10	B—R 3 (a)	P x B (b)
11	R—K sq	P—B 4
12	Kt—Q 2	K—B 2
13	Kt x Kt	P x Kt
14	R x P	Q—B 3 (c)
15	Q—K 2	B—B 4
16	Q x P ch (d)	K—Kt 3
17	R—K 3 (e)	Q R—K sq
18	Q R-K sq (f)	R x R
19	R x R	P—K R 4
20	P—R 3	P—R 5
21	P—Q 5	Kt—K 4
22	Q x P	Kt—Q 6
23	Q x Kt P (g)	B—B sq
24	Q—B 6 (h)	Q x Q
25	P x Q	Kt—B 5
26	R—K 7 (i)	P—R 3
27	P—B 4	K—B 3
28	R—R 7	Kt—Q 6
29	B—K 7 ch	K—K 3
30	R—B 7	Kt—K 4
31	B—B 5	R—Kt sq (k)
32	B—K 7	P—Kt 4
33	P—B 5	Kt—B 2
34	P—B 3 (l)	R—K sq
35	K—B 2	R x B
36	R x B	K—Q 4
37	R—Q R 8	Kt—K 4 (m)
38	K—K 3	Kt x Q B P ch
39	K—Q 2	P—R 4
40	R—K B 8	R—K 4
41	P—B 4	P x P
42	R x P	R—R 4
43	K—K 3	Kt—K 4 (n)
44	R—R 4 (o)	Kt—B 5 ch
45	B—B 2	K x P (p)
46	Resigns	

Notes by Emil Kemeny in the Philadelphia Ledger.

(a) This ingenious move is Steinitz's invention. He offers the sacrifice of a piece in order to prevent Black from Castling.

(b) Up to this point the moves were identically the same as in the Steinitz-Schlechter game played at the Hastings tourney. Schlechter did not capture the B, but played more conservatively B—K 3, followed by Kt —Q 3. Lasker in his notes to this game says: "Black declines the acceptance of the sacrifice with doubtful judgment." The progress of the present game, however, shows that the sacrifice is pretty sound. At any rate, by accepting the sacrifice, Black subjects himself to a more forcible attack than was anticipated according to Lasker's analysis.

(c) Much better than R—K sq, which would enable White to win with Q—R 5 ch.

(d) Lasker in his analysis gives R—B 4, and on Black's answer, P—K R 4, he plays Q x P ch. White's continuation in the present game is undoubtedly an improvement.

(e) Black now cannot play P—K R 4, for Q R—K sq would come in with force.

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* * *

Cauldron of the Pacific.

"Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble."
(Aurthur I. Street, in Ainslee's.)

"The Philippines are surrounded on all sides by islands belonging to one power or another of Europe. It is only a step from the domain of the polygamous Sultan of Sulu to the autocratic, syndicated domains of British North Borneo. It is only a little further from the pinnacle of Aguinaldo's Luzon to the lower point of the island of Formosa, where the Japanese are wrestling with a stubborner rebellion against the mission of civilization than America has encountered among the Tagalogs. From Borneo it is only a width of the British Channel across the waters to the Dutch Celebes; and from there to the conglomerate New Guinea, where Dutch, English and German alike are tussling with the intractable Papuan, it is only as far as it is from Maine to Virginia, or from Denver to Omaha. British red is blurred all over the map south of New Guinea and beyond New Zealand, as far eastward as Chatham Island. The French intervene between British Fiji and British Australia, and the tricolor floats far out on the Society and the Paumotu and Marquesas islands more than six thousand miles from Hong Kong. The passage from the American Hawaii to the American Manila is through archipelagos, which either

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belong to Spain or have belonged to her, and are now a portion of the aggressive German empire.

"Indeed, from the point of the Straits Settlement and Cochin China, from the bulge of the Asiatic continent at Foochow, from the thumb-like projection of Corea, out into the Pacific Ocean and more than halfway across it, extends the Asiatic continent in broken pieces and scattered spots, like a piece of glass dropped flat; with all the Asiatic complexity of international ownership, suzerainity spheres of influence, and struggles for possession."

* * *

The Legend of the Imnaha.

The beautiful "Smile-of-Dawn," the fairest Indian maid the sun ever shone on, knelt by the treacherous "Shoshonee," gazing sadly into the dark waters. Good cause had she for sorrow, for, three suns ago, the flower of Nez Perce warriors had gone forth to war, and among them, resplendant in his war-paint and feathers, road "Wounded Buffalo," her lover. At last they met the foe, and in the battle that followed, many of their best and bravest fell. And now, the loveliest of all Nez Perce women wept by the river for the one who had gone to the "Happy Hunting Grounds" and left her alone to mourn.

She recalled a story she had heard their "Medicineman" tell of a magic canyon, not far up the river, from whence echoes of earth reach the ears of the dead. If she could but assure her lover of her faithfulness, and of her vow to love no other, perhaps, he would not forget her in the pleasures of the blest. Of the danger she thought nothing, although the canyon was said to be peopled by fiends, who delighted in the destruction of mortals. Resolution lighted her mournful eyes, and rising, she shook her long, black hair from her face, and turning to her companions, said briefly: "I go to sing in the death canyon. We may not meet again. Farewell." And, unheeding their protests, she left the camp, and set out up the river.

The canyon was dark and chill; the great cliffs towered grimly to the sunny sky; the low gurgle of the creek whispered mysterious secrets to the overhanging willows. "Smile-of-Dawn" cautiously made her way through the undergrowth, her heart singing with hope. The sky was a mere thread of light, and deep, threatening shadows bent down from the frowning cliffs, and filled her soul with terror. At last, she paused, and soft and clear, her song to her lost lover echoed up the canyon.

"Oh, loved of my heart, thou hast left me,—
Left me, and art sporting with the shadows
of men that were and are not.
The sun looks down no more upon me;
And at night, the moon weeps through the
mist-clouds;

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No more the Star-Spirits laugh and beckon,
As in the days when we set our paddles
In the waters of the treacherous Shoshonee;
Or drifted gently in the moonlight,
Down to Tsceminicum, the meeting-place of the rivers.
Though thou art dead, yet will I be true to thee.
Though I never look upon thy face again, yet will I love thee.
Oh, love, in the pleasures of the blest, do not forget me."

The song died away in a long wail, and all was silence; but the dark shadows crept nearer and nearer, till a million, yelling fiends seized the maid, and bore her away to enchanted caves, far up the cliff. The wind that swept through the canyon, heard her cries, and the gods of wind and river, wroth at such treachery, seized many of the imps, and ground them to powder, which fell, shining and sparkling into the stream; and now, men face danger, hardships,—nay, death itself,—to possess this beautiful dust of fiends, as each year it is scattered in the canyon of death, by the avenging gods of stream and air. The Indians gave the canyon the name of "Im-nah-ha," which means "a love song from the grave," and from her prison, the maid still sings to her lover, songs that mingle with the sobbing of the wind in the pine trees, and the mysterious murmur of the river.

C. W. Pefley.

* * *

The Color Charm of Paris.

In our American towns and cities, variety of color is one of the most conspicuous features. The other day in Chicago I occupied a room on the eighth floor of a big hotel, overlooking the city. From my window I counted twenty distinct shades, gray, brown, red, and green, not to speak of one brilliant yellow building. This experience might be repeated in almost every American city excepting Washington; happily there the prevailing red brick, relieved by the marble of the public buildings, is as harmonious as unusual. In Paris, there is no such variety; from wall to wall gray is the prevailing tone; dwellings, churches, palaces, stores, arches, bridges, quays, walls, everything is gray. Nature ordered it so in the first place, for the quarries of this portion of France are very rich in gray stone; art has seen the wisdom of it since; and if other material has been employed, it has been painted some shade of gray. I do not mean to say that there are no exceptions to the rule. There are; for example, there is a little red brick in one of the old quarters, but not much, and many of the ancient brick facades put up in Henry IV.'s day have in later years been painted to harmonize with the stone. This may strike one who has not seen it as of questionable taste, and perhaps as tiresome,

John H. Mitchell Albert H. Tanner

MITCHELL & TANNER

Attorneys at Law

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but the effect on one who lives in it is restful and harmonious. Indeed, there is a dignity and good taste about the coloring of Paris which make the fantastic coloring which prevails in most cities irritating and vulgar. From "The Charm of Paris," by Ida M. Tarbell, in the April Scribner's.

* * *

The Sweetest Words.

The sweetest words of mother, friend or brother,
The dearest words of lover, fond and true,
The words that speak the heart, imparting gladness,
Rich jewels like the stars in heaven's blue:
That fall upon the ear like psalms at twilight,
And calm the soul like carol of the birds,
The sweetest words may not be these, "I love you,"
"God bless you," softly spoken,—sweetest words.

* * *

Ho! Ye Stamp-Gatherers.

In Switzerland, at Locle, nestled among hills, there stands a large, substantial-looking building which shelters eighty-five orphaned girls. It is entirely supported by the gifts of benevolent people and among other sources of its revenue is the sale in many shops, by those who are willing to devote some time to the good work, of canceled postage stamps. These are sent from different parts of the world by friends of the institution. Once a week the children of the orphanage devote a day to sorting and counting the stamps. The income amounts to 3,000 francs (or $600) a year from this source alone. If those who contribute, add to their good deeds by soaking the stamp from the scrap of paper to which it is attached after cutting it from the envelope, they not only save the time of the workers at the orphanage, but postage in transmission. If any in this country are impelled to utilize spare moments in this way, they may dispatch the stamps to an address in New York, thus saving foreign postage. Loizeaux Brother, 63 Fourth Avenue, will receive such contributions and forward them.

The stamps are sometimes used for ornamental work, such as screens, stands, pictures, boxes, plates, lamp-shades, and even for wall paper; but are now principally sold to collectors, those which are very common to us being of more value, of course, in a foreign land. Any stamps which lack a serrated edge on even one side and which are torn, are excluded. There is no exception made but for the very rarest stamps. The government stamps on letters and envelpoes, newspaper wrappers and postal cards are all accepted, but to be useful must be carefully cut rectangularly with a margin at the narrowest point of one-quarter to three-eights



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IF YOU WOULD,

Read our
GREAT PREMIUM OFFER
in front of magazine.

of an inch. An interesting circular is published and sent out, reporting the gifts to the institution and briefly recounting the benefits which it is accomplishing. Perhaps there are still some hundreds of thousands of old stamps lying hidden in forgotten corners since the time when the craze was abroad for collecting a million, which in some mysterious way was to endow a bed in a hospital. Our fathers and brothers and husbands who scoffed at that scheme may be assured that the present one is well authenticated. The writer has also been credibly informed that this stamp-collecting for benevolent purposes is, or has been, followed among fashionable young ladies of Denmark.

This is something the children could do. A little blind girl in Baltimore is about to send three hundred thousand stamps to the Orphanage, having just learned where her collection can be made useful. One small person of our acquaintance began the industry at four years of age and still—two years later—continues to sift and soak his stint of three dozen stamps a day as long as there is "grist" for his mill. Kind friends in the home and the office save them and from time to time his stock is replenished. Though this help may amount to very little in dollars and cents, it has the reflex advantage of teaching the young idea to think and work for others; and Ruskin's motto to "root up thistles and plant flowers," is a frequent admonition.

"The Asile des Billodes," to quote the closing words of the circular, "for whose benefit the stamps which we collect are sold, is an establishment which Christian philanthropy has erected for the education of young girls. It receives no government grant and asks for no subscriptions. It confidently awaits voluntary gifts from friends of unhappy childhood. The managers of the Orphanage seek to carry out the wishes of the foundress which she expressed in her will, as follows:

"This institution, founded in 1815, is destined solely to educate unfortunate children in the religion of Christ, of whatever nation or denomination they may be. Regarding all men as my brethren, I feel myself obliged to fulfill toward all the precepts of the Savior who commanded us to care for the orphan. "I desire, therefore, that the Orpanage be continued after my decease, to the glory of God and for the benefit of the souls of those who shall be trained therein. Commending them to His divine protection, hoping and praying that all work for the same end in the same spirit, under the eye of Jesus who is the rewarder of all. May God's blessing rest upon all. Amen!"

Meldon.

* * *

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In KO-NUT *Sir, entirely*
And it makes a wholesome dish."

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If you bake with KO-NUT
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they will be light ones."



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THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

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Highest single issue	**6500 copies.**
Lowest single issue	**5000 copies.**

Our rates are unusually low. It will pay any advertiser wishing to reach this field and the entire Pacific Coast at one and the same time, to drop us a postal. Let us tell you more about it. We can make it worth your while. Address

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2 Overland Trains Daily 2

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U. B. SCOTT, President

Astoria and Columbia River R. R. Time Card

WINTER SCHEDULE—Daily.

Train No. 22 leaves Portland at 8:00 a. m., arrives at Astoria at 11:30 a. m.

Train No. 24 leaves Portland at 6:55 p. m., arrives at Astoria at 10:30 p. m.

Return

Train No. 21 leaves Astoria at 7:45 a m., arrives in Portland at 11:15 a m.

Train No. 23 leaves Astoria at 6:10 p. m., and arrives in Portland at 9:40 p. m.

Train No. 22 runs through to Seaside, leaving Seaside on the return at 2:30 p. m.

All trains leaving Astoria for Seaside or returning from Seaside run on the Flavel Branch.

The Astoria and Columbia River R. R. Winter Schedule is now in effect. Trains leave Union Depot, Portland, daily at 8:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m., arriving at Astoria at 11:30 a. m. and 10:30 p m. Leaving for Seaside at 11:35 a. m.

EAST AND.... SOUTH * VIA * SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

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* 8 30 a. m.	Roseburg Passenger....	* 4 30 p. m.
Daily except Sunday.	Via Woodburn for Mt. Angel, Silverton, West Scio, Brownsville, Springfield and Natron.	Daily except Sunday.
‡ 7 30 a. m.	Corvallis Passenger.....	‡ 5 50 p. m.
‡ 4 50 p. m.	Independence Pass'ng'r	‡ 8 25 a. m.

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday.

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Leave for Oswego daily at 7:20, 9:40* a. m.; 12:30, 1:55, 3:25, 5:15, 6:25, 8:05, 11:30 p. m., and 9:00 a. m. on Sundays only. Arrive at Portland daily at 6:35*, 8:30, 10:50* a. m; 1:35, 3:15, 4:30, 6:20, 7:40, 9:15 p. m.; 12:40 a. m. daily except Monday and 10:05 a. m. on Sundays only.

Leave for SHERIDAN daily, exeept Sunday, at 4:30 p. m. Arrive at Portland at 9:30 a. m.

Leave for AIRLIE Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8:35 a. m. Arrive at Portland Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 3:05 p. m.

* Except Sunday

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DEPART	TIME SCHEDULES FROM PORTLAND.	ARRIVE
Chicago-Portland Special 9:15 a. m.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	4:00 p. m.
Atlantic Express 6:20 p. m. Via Spok'e	Walla Walla, Spokane, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago and East.	8:00 a. m.
8:00 p. m.	*Ocean Steamships.* All sailing dates subject to change. For San Francisco—Sail every five days.	4:00 p. m.
8:00 p. m. Ex. Sunday Saturday 10:00 p. m.	*Columbia River Steamers.* To Astoria and Way Landings.	4:00 p. m. Ex. Sunday
6:00 a. m. Ex. Sunday	*Willamette River.* Oregon City, Newberg, Salem & Way Landings	4:30 p. m. Ex. Sunday
7:00 a. m. Tues, Thur and Sat.	*Willamette and Yamhill Rivers.* Oregon City, Dayton and Way Landings.	3:30 p. m. Mon. Wed. and Fri.
6:00 a. m. Tues, Thur and Sat.	*Willamette River.* Portland to Corvallis and Way Landings.	4:30 p. m. Mon. Wed. and Fri.
Lv. Riparia 5:00 a. m. Daily	*Snake River.* Riparia to Lewiston.	Leave Lewiston Daily 9:00 a. m.

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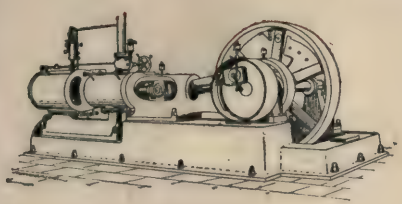
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